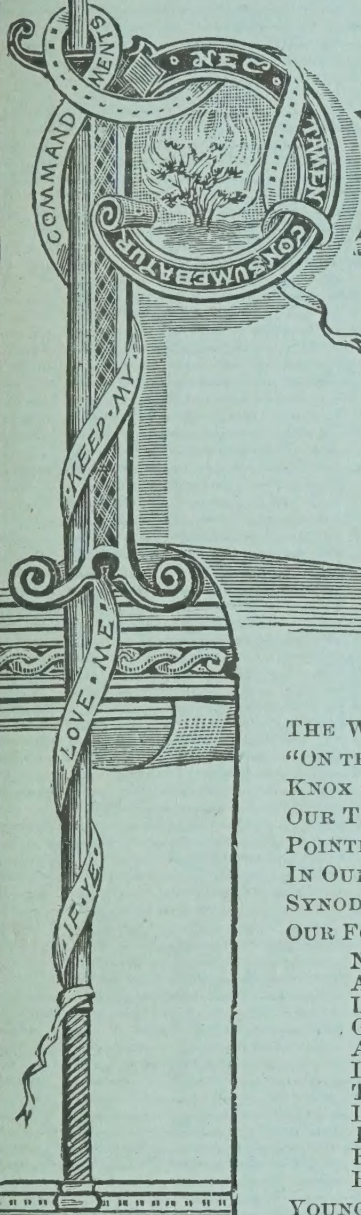


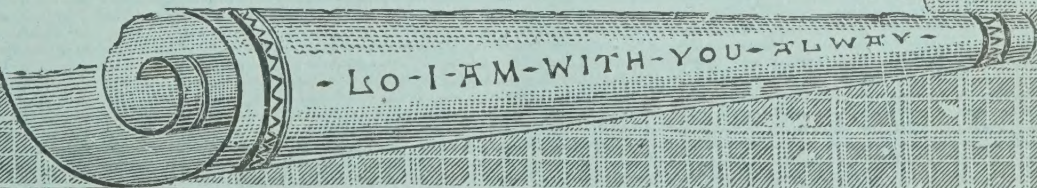
GO YE INTO  
PREACH THE GOSPEL  
ALL THE WORLD AND  
TO EVERY CREATURE

The  
**PRESBYTERIAN**  
**RECORD.**



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# Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIV.

JANUARY, 1909.

No. 1.

## THE WORLD'S NEW YEAR.

This is the best New Year the world has ever seen. She has still many open sores, with new ones at times breaking out, but they are healing one by one, and on the whole growing fewer, her heart stronger, her pulse steadier, her tongue cleaner, her tastes healthier, her eye clearer, her form straighter, her step firmer, her walk steadier, her voice cheerier, her laugh heartier. Far from teetotal, she is trying to sober up. Her ignorance, still dense, is being dispelled. Her dark outlook and her hopeless condition spiritually is giving place to knowledge and hope and joy. The sway of ill is passing, little by little, and "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness" is slowly but surely finding place. Suddenly here, more slowly there, but surely, almost everywhere, recovery goes on.

One outstanding illustration of this during the past year has been the emancipation of Turkey, for centuries the home of oppression, where life and property have been at the will, the whim of a tyrannical ruler. Men who ventured to breathe their thoughts of liberty risked prison, or exile, or death. Often they mysteriously disappeared, and recent story tells of them seized at night in their homes by emissaries of the sultan, tied in sacks, dropped in the Bosphorus, heard of no more.

In a day all this was changed. The spirit of freedom, long suppressed, broke forth. A few months ago leaders among the people demanded self-government, parliament, constitution, amnesty. The army was behind them, the sultan yielded because he could do no other, and just before Christmas, fit time for glad tidings of great joy, a Turkish parliament met amid the cheers of released prisoners, returned exiles, a free people. All through the Turkish empire there has been rejoicing. "No more they hear the oppressor's voice, or dread the tyrant's rod." It is a New Year of jubilee for that down-trodden land.

Russia, so long ill, is throbbing with a new life. In some years the healing is patent, in some more latent, as with that now ended, but the forces that make for recovery are steadily gaining and will some day win; and progress may be as real in the quiet as in the turbulent times, gathering strength for fresh advance.

In China, the flood tide of a new life, intellectual, moral, spiritual, is quietly, rapidly, steadily rising. During the year the Emperor, in name, and the Empress, in fact, who has so long and masterfully ruled, and who has been at times a barrier to progress, have both passed away. But reforms go on. A constitution for China is emerging from shadow into reality. Only by comparing with care, along various lines, the China of a year ago with that of to-day can the progress of the year be realized.

Passing over other illustrations of the same general advance, as for example, the protests against tyranny in Persia and against absolutism in Germany, there are two movements on our own continent, quiet, but deep and strong, that have marked the year.

One, with which we in Canada are less conversant, is the temperance movement in the U.S.A., in which county after county, and State after State, has gone "dry." The work has been taken up and pressed forward, not so much from the religious side as from the material. Men have begun to realize that the saloon is a hindrance to prosperity in any community, and have taken hold of the matter as a business proposition, in a business way, as they would any other obstacle to progress. Many of the great corporations and railroads have been for years taking this view of the matter, refusing, on the ground of safety and efficiency, to employ men who drank. Now the movement has spread more widely, and with results never before attained.

The other is the Layman's Missionary Movement, which in Canada has been a na-



tional movement, from ocean to ocean, with the result that the twenty-four leading towns and cities visited, resolved on effort to treble this year their last year's giving for missions. All over the world this movement is spreading, not so much a tide of emotional fervor, but of quiet resolve, a realization of duty and a determination to do it, to give to the world of our own time the cure for her sin and wrong.

No mention has been here made of the ills that yet remain. There are wants and woes many and great, sorrows and sufferings deep and sore. They press everywhere. They need no mention to be known. Nor is it helpful. For an invalid to ponder his ills is to foster them. What the world and its healers need to realize is that the good is gaining, and will win out in spite of all that may oppose.

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#### **"ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK."**

##### **"AS GOD HATH PROSPERED."**

Such is the simple, apostolic direction about Christian giving. The whole question of the relationship between man and God, with regard to worldly goods, may be summed up in a few simple propositions; viz.—that all things belong to God; that He entrusts more or less of His belongings to us to manage for Him, for doing what He wants done in helping the world; that we have our support out of it, but it is not ours; that for any one to use in excess, or to waste what we have in trust, or not to use a fair share of it for the Owner's work, is, in Scripture language, "robbing God"; in commercial phrase "misappropriating funds."

But there are many, and their number is increasing, who wish to be faithful as stewards, and who honestly ask themselves the old time question—"What shall I render to the Lord, for all His benefits toward me." To such comes the direction "On the first day of the week"—"as God hath prospered." The time is definite, the amount indefinite.

##### **"AS GOD HATH PROSPERED."**

This command, though indefinite, is on a higher level than the various definite tithing laws of Old Testament times. Such rules were for the childhood of the church. "As

God hath prospered" is the guide for riper years. It is not a rule but a principle. Rules are for the immature, principles for the strong. Rules do not call for judgment, only for unthinking obedience; principles call for both judgment and obedience. Rules develop submission; principles develop the highest reasoning of which men are capable. In the Old Dispensation God gave His people rules, ready made; in the New He gives principles to guide men in making their own rules.

---

But while the rules which men make for themselves may vary, and each man is responsible for the amount which he decides to return to the Master and Owner of all, there are some things which may be fairly assumed, from the above instructions.

(1) "As God hath prospered" means that each one should set apart some definite proportion, larger or smaller, one tenth or more or less. Only in this way can giving be "in proportion" as God gives to us.

Not only is proportionate giving in accord with Scripture, but it is helpful. It benefits in two ways. First, whatever proportion may be adopted, as a rule the giving will be increased, for those who do not give proportionately usually think that their giving is much larger than it actually is. A second benefit is that the giving, though larger, is more easy and pleasant. Let it be once settled that a definite proportion, more or less, belongs to God, and the disposal of that proportion becomes a pleasure.

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(2) "As God hath prospered" means that the proportion given should not, except in rare instances, be less than the Old Testament rule. We live in clearer light, with greater privileges. Our receiving, along all lines, is greater than was theirs of old. Our rule of giving, our proportion, should certainly not be less. Our Great Exemplar "gave Himself" and we who name ourselves His followers, having received so richly in things temporal and spiritual, cannot, following Him, name a smaller proportion than the childhood rule of long ago.

(3) "As God hath prospered" suggests that a larger proportion should be given as prosperity increases. If a man has now a yearly income of the value of four hundred dollars, and gives one tenth, he has the



value of three hundred and sixty dollars to live upon. If his income forty years hence is forty times larger, and he gives but one tenth, he will have forty times more to live upon than now. His position may then necessitate a much larger personal expenditure, but it is not in keeping with the spirit of stewardship to spend needlessly on self, no matter how large the income may be.

Many, early in life, when poor, have begun giving a certain proportion and keep it to the end, though greatly prospered. Even this is a high attainment, but not the highest, and to-day good men are realizing more fully that with growing prosperity the proportion should be increased. It is stated that a wealthy man in Toronto, inspired by the Laymen's Missionary Movement, or rather by God's Spirit working through that Movement, has decided henceforth to devote all his income, after necessary living expenses, to the furtherance of Christ's kingdom. Many others are in their own way recognizing the same principle.

#### "ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK."

This teaches two things. First, that setting apart the Lord's portion should be done frequently, that it should be practically continuous, like our receiving, that when a six-day period of work is finished, and its rest day has come, its prospering should be divided and God's part set aside for His use. There may be special cases where this is impracticable, but most people can fairly measure their average yearly income and set aside each week's portion as the Sabbath comes round.

"The first day of the week" also implies that giving is associated with worship. It is worshipping Him with the body, on the day set apart for worshipping in spirit. It thus completes, rounds out, the worship. Worship in spirit, while that of the body is lacking, is incomplete, not only in that it is confined to the spirit, but that worship in the spirit is itself incomplete, for no one can truly worship God in spirit who withholds from Him, for self, more than a steward should use, while so much remains to be done in God's work of helping humanity.

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Of Thine own we give Thee.

#### Queen's Theological Department.

Two things should be borne in mind by all friends of Queen's and of Theological education:—first, any formal change of relationship or name will make no real change in the University, that she is dependent upon her children and friends as before; second, that no matter what formal action may be taken regarding the University, the Theological department belongs to the church, is one of the colleges of the church, is doing the work of the church, is entitled to its share of the support of the church, and should receive a fair proportion of the amount given by the church for training a ministry to do the work of the church.

#### The Weekly Offering.

There has been a large and growing demand for Contribution Envelopes from the S.S. Publications Offices in Toronto, both those for the ordinary weekly offering for Congregational revenue and those for the weekly offering for the missionary and other schemes of the Church. The demand is greatest of all, however, in the case of the duplex envelope, which provides for both of the above purposes in one envelope, ingeniously constructed, so as to divide into two. Many country, as well as town and city congregations, are introducing the weekly method of giving for their own support and for the spread of the Kingdom.

#### Missionary Lantern Slides.

The Sunday School Committee of the Synod of Toronto and Kingston has organized a lantern slide department, illustrating S. S. Lessons, and mission pictures bearing on the same suitable for Quarterly Reviews, etc., also sets of slides of Home and Foreign Mission fields. All interested in the promotion of this work are asked to loan photos to make slides from, if they have suitable ones. The price of slides is two dollars per dozen. Address all correspondence to F. W. Moffatt, Weston, Canada.

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"Too much of our religion is up in the air. It consists of rhapsodies and emotions, rather than downright, every-day righteousness and exertion. Religion should have wings, it is true; but it equally should have hands and feet and tongue. Only the creed translated into deed is of any importance for either world."



A letter from Mr. Goforth, as we go to press says:—"You will soon be hearing of the blessing Changte received, in our meetings there. It was the most wonderful in result I have ever seen." This is one of our Honan Stations.

### **KNOX COLLEGE STUDENTS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**

BY MR. W. A. CAMERON, TREASURER.

For The Record,

The Knox College Students' Missionary Society has completed its sixty-fourth year. The Annual Report just issued shows that the past year has been one of the most successful in its history. In 1907 thirty-five of our Home Mission Fields were manned by the Society without expense to the Home Mission Committee. Last summer this number was increased to forty.

This advance in our work was a response to the very generous financial support given by our friends throughout the Church. \$6,070 was received from friends and congregations from November 1, 1907, to November 1, 1908, being an increase of \$1,200 over the previous year. For this we are deeply grateful. Of our fields, twenty-five were west of Winnipeg, not a few of these being pioneer, and thus unable to contribute very largely to their own support. Yet from these \$4,332 was received, being almost forty-one per cent. of the total cost.

Our contributions from friends have ranged in amount from one dollar to two hundred and fifty dollars. We thank one and all for the work you have enabled us to do during the past summer for our Master and our Church.

But though the work has been faithfully done, only a few of the men have as yet been paid in full. To remove our present indebtedness we require \$2,400. We have sufficient confidence in our friends throughout the Church to feel assured that the men who have represented you in the new and difficult fields will not have to wait long for what is due them.

But we wish also to add to our supporters and to this end copies of our Report will be gladly sent in any quantities desired on application to A. A. Scott, Knox College.

Contributions sent to W. A. Cameron, Knox College, will be promptly acknowledged.

### **A NEW HEBRIDES TRAGEDY.**

LETTER FROM REV. JOS. ANNAND, D.D.

(Since the Foreign Mission pages of this issue went to press the following letter from Dr. Annand has come to hand.—Ed.)

Tangoa, Santo, New Hebrides,  
20th. October, 1908.

My Dear Dr. Scott,

South Santo has been the scene of another sad tragedy. On the afternoon of the 7th instant seven bushmen came to Tangis, and murdered Mr. P. C. Greig and his daughters, Joyce, aged seventeen, and Marion, fifteen.

Six years ago Mr. Greig and his family came to Tangis to make a home for themselves in this fertile land. More than three years had passed when Mrs. Greig died of fever. After her death the two youngest children were sent to Australia. The father and three children remained to carry on the cocoanut plantation then well started.

After many hardships and trials peculiar to pioneer life in these islands, and when home comforts were accumulating, this band of stealthy savages came upon them and murdered them all but Alex, a lad of thirteen, who providentially was out of sight at the time. The story of the tragedy as known to us is this:

On Thursday morning Alex arrived at our house and reported that his sisters were dead, killed yesterday afternoon, and his father had not come home. Immediately I started for the place, two and a half miles away, accompanied by a few students. Mr. McAfee and others followed as they heard the news.

Beside the path, some two hundred yards from the house, we came to Joyce's body. A bullet in the brain had ended her bright and joyous life. A few steps further on lay Marion with a horrible axe wound on her head. Carefully attending to the bodies, and sending some of our company on with them to the house, we began the search for the father.

By this time some of the settlers and many of the Tangoans had arrived. In a short time the mangled body was found near the corn shed where he had been working. The murderers had dragged the corpse away a little distance and partly concealed it with cocoanut leaves. We buried the three bodies side by side in one grave close to



that of the wife and mother, and just twenty yards from the spot where I found the murdered body of Mr. Sawers seventeen years ago.

This band of bushmen knew the Greigs well as they had worked for them many times. So far as we can learn plunder was the sole motive for the deed. They came upon him alone unarmed and unsuspecting. His own axe was one of the two used in killing him.

After disposing of Mr. Greig they went to the house and carried away every thing of value to them. They left the two blood smeared axes in the house, taking new ones instead. Starting homeward they met the girls coming from the corn field with shallots, cabbage and green corn, and killed them,—the dead tell no tales.

Late that evening two different parties saw seven bushmen making their way to the mountains with unusually large loads of goods.

Eight days ago a French man-of-war called here and gathered all the facts so far as then known to us. We are now daily expecting her return in company with a British man-of-war to take some action.

We all miss the murdered ones sorely. They were regular attendants at our church. The father was a communicant with us, and the girls were intending to join the church at the end of the year. A few years ago they both received the P. Church in Canada's Certificate for correctly answering the questions of the Shorter Catechism.

In a letter to Rev. Dr. Mowatt, dated ten days later, 30th October, Dr. Annand says:—"The murder of our dear friends was a terrible shock to us all. The scene that met my eyes on our arrival that Thursday morning at Tangis will never pass from my mind."... "On the morning of the 23rd, a punitive force arrived here, man-o'-wars, men and island police, both English and French. They have not succeeded in catching the murderers yet. The latter live inland in Santo, some ten or twelve hours' walk. Their huts have been burned but not a soul of their two villages was seen. However, a company went in again yesterday, prepared to stay a week or more if need be, to try and hunt them out. The men-of-war steamed away after the men left for the

bush, to make the bushmen on the mountains believe that the matter is ended, so that they may come out of their hiding places. There is great indignation everywhere on account of the girls being killed.

---

### OUR "MACAO" MISSION.

DR. JOHN A. McDONALD.

Kongmun, 3 Nov., 1908.

Dear Dr. Thompson,

Your good letter came some time ago, but since then I have been very busy. Between my Confucius and Testament in "Wan Li" and the dispensary, I have little time to write. I have two country trips that I take weekly, one to Ngoi, the other to the island of Chin Lin. These trips have brought us much closer to the people and have, I know, made their opposition less strenuous. Of course we still hear "fan kwai" (foreign devil) and I expect we will until the end of the chapter. Chin Lin seems to hold out in a way that is almost disheartening. However, others have had harder times than we and we should only go forward with more earnestness and prayer.

If there is one message that I would send home to the workers, it is, do your best to Christianize the Chinese before they return to their native land. It is a sad, sad thing to meet, as I have, men who have been forty or more years in America and do not know Christ. There are others, young men, whose chief pleasure it seems to be to make light of the Gospel.

I spent a week or so at Yeung Kong city, where I believe you were one of the pioneers. The work has a good start and they are now reaping. They have a fine chapel in the city, as well as a small one at the hospital.

---

### Progress among the Bhils.

How much is contained in the quiet sentence in a private letter of a few weeks since, from Rev. J. Buchanan, M.D., our missionary among the Bhils in Central India. Writing about his class for training native Christian workers, he says that in the five months preceding, "We have had seventy-five baptisms, so you will see that with the increasing numbers how much we need to get our people ready to be pastors of the people."



**OUR TEMPERANCE POLICY.**

BY REV. J. G. SHEARER, D.D.

For the Record,

The Canadian Royal Templar, the Official Organ of The Dominion Council of the Royal Templars of Temperance of Canada, published in Hamilton, Ontario, in its issue of November 10th, 1908, contains the following thoughtful and appreciative comments upon the recently published statement of "The Presbyterian Policy on Temperance Question":—

"The 'Statement of Presbyterian Policy,' which we give in full on another page, seems to have been carefully framed so as to avoid wounding the conscientious scruples of the most advanced prohibitionist. The fact that it has, in essence, been adopted by the General Assembly, and by seven out of eight of the Synods of the great Presbyterian Church in Canada, entitles it at least to respectful and deliberate examination.

"It is gratifying to observe that prohibition is set forth as the ultimate aim of all effort, and the ideal state of things in favor of which all temporary adjustments must eventually give way. In other words, the Presbyterian policy is: Prohibition the rule, anything else the exception. And in dealing with the exception, extreme care seems to have been taken to avoid anything like the Gothenburg or the South Carolina Dispensary System, anything, in fact, which would hurt the feelings or contravene the principles of the most sterling prohibitionist.

"If sale by public authority is permitted anywhere, it is to be permitted not by the votes of prohibitionists, but by the votes of those who are not prohibitionists, if they happen to be in a majority in the locality. Prohibitionists can continue to bear testimony against the liquor traffic, first by assisting in the adoption of prohibition as the general rule for the whole community, and secondly, by voting against legalized sale in their own community, even though they know they are in a minority.

"The best feature of the proposal is the elimination of private gain in liquor-selling. It was because the gain of the silversmiths was threatened that they induced the mob to cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' Prohibitionists in trying to put liquor sellers out of business, run up against the power of pelf at every turn. Vastly easier would

it be to limit and banish the traffic if there was no money in it for individuals.

"We have only taken space to glance at the outstanding features of the 'Statement of Presbyterian Policy.' It will bear further analysis, and by every friend of the temperance cause, it should receive the most patient and thorough consideration."

**POINTE AUX TREMBLES SCHOOLS.**

BY REV. JAMES TAYLOR.

Chelsea, Que., 9 Nov., 1908.

Editor Record,

I recently made a visit to Pointe Aux Trembles Schools. It was evening when I arrived. Classes were over for the day, pupils were at their studies, and I found Principal Brandt in his office, absorbed in his ledger, for the keeping of accounts in so large an institution is no small task. But there beside the ledger lay his Bible, and between its leaves his lecture notes for a future lesson. This combination of Bible and account book, the principles of the former guiding the practice of the latter, would be a good one for all the business of life.

I remained two days at the school and saw and learned much for which I am grateful. The buildings and equipment are modern and attractive, and simplicity, cleanliness and brightness prevail on every side.

One cannot fail also to notice the confidence, co-operation, and ideal discipline that prevail, and the sympathy, impartiality and thoroughness that are manifest in all the arrangements and working of the schools. It would not be easy to find, living under one roof, two hundred and fifty people more happy and successful in their work.

The motto of the School, which is taken from the initial letters of Pointe Aux Trembles, is Priere, Amour, Travail (prayer, love, work) and such ideals ever mean success.

The majority of the children are from the homes of the poor, the very poor, but all are required to pay something per month, even though it be little. Some give more, some less. The benefactors of these schools may rest assured that their giving is well bestowed. The Church has here an Institution which well deserves maintenance and further advancement along the same lines.



## IN OUR JEWISH MISSION.

BY "OBSERVER."

For the Record,

It was the Sabbath evening of a warm day during the past summer, and as we entered the Hall of our Jewish Mission at 156 Terauley St., Toronto, on the second floor, we found the school just assembling. Around small tables were gathering the teachers and their pupils. Each one on entering was greeted by the superintendent, Mr. Rohold, the Jewish missionary, and given the books to be used.

At the end of one table sat a well-known author and cartoonist, who, like ourselves, had come to the school for the first time and was finding out, in a most practical way, what it means to teach English to foreigners, by translating the words into vivid pictures. Another teacher we identified as a prominent city physician, who was teaching a lesson from the life of Joseph, using the English Bible, while at the next table a German professor was interpreting in that tongue an Old Testament story. The lady teachers were much more numerous and when we noticed amongst them a member of the Board of the W. F. M. S. and others who for years have been known to be actively interested in the Jews, we felt certain there was good work done there for the Master.

And what of the pupils? With the exception of those at one table, they were men and mostly quite young. Some did not even know the alphabet. Others could read our language fluently, but all were anxious to know more English. The text books used were the First Reader and John's Gospel with its little words freighted with such big meaning.

A teacher, while waiting for her tardy pupils, told me a pleasing incident which well illustrates the spirit of loving helpfulness which pervades the school. A public school teacher, who gives one evening a week to this Mission, had asked her children to bring her bunches of daisies for the Jewish children who live in the heart of the city. They gladly brought her scores of bouquets neatly tied, and in the evening as she passed through the thronging streets of the ward to the mission, she gave into the little, eager, outstretched hands of the children, these "messengers from heaven," thus leaving behind her a golden path of love light which will reach on into eternity.

Two Jewesses coming in late, we had the pleasure of being their teacher for the evening. They were recent arrivals from Russia and this was their first appearance in the school. One had picked up enough English to make herself understood, and immediately asked: "How much do we have to pay?" When assured that the tuition was absolutely free, that the teachers loved the Jewish people for Jesus' sake, she looked so perplexed and said, "In Russia Christians kill Jews because they (the Christians) love Jesus, you say you teach for nothing because you love Jesus; I don't understand." Instantly, there came into our mind the words of a prominent Hebrew: "If the Jews up to the present time have not rendered homage to the sublime beauty of the figure of Jesus, it is because their tormentors have always persecuted, tortured, assassinated them in His name."

The school lasted one hour, when the tables were quickly moved to the end of the Hall, allowing the teachers and pupils to form a compact and most attentive audience.

After the hymn commencing "A ruler once came to Jesus by night" had been sung most heartily and a prayer offered in English, a Hebrew Christian well versed in the Holy Tongue read in Hebrew and translated into Yiddish the "M'yonya D'yomah," or "Scripture portion for the day," which had been read in every synagogue throughout the world, on the previous day. Then the Superintendent, in Yiddish expounded it, citing parallel passages from the New Testament, and judging from the oft-repeated name of Jesus and familiar quotations which an Anglo-Saxon could make out, the whole address was an earnest appeal to his brethren, to give their hearts to Jesus, the gentlest and noblest Rabbi of them all, the great, holy, Divine Man."

The hymn "Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine" was sung, the benediction pronounced and the audience quietly dispersed, but the atmosphere of loving helpfulness, which we had been breathing for the past two hours, so possessed our souls that it burst forth into Browning's song:

"For life with all it yields of joy and woe,  
and hope and fear  
Is just our chance of the prize of learning  
love.  
How love might be, hath been indeed and is.



### SYNOD AND PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

*Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls, inductions, resignations, as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.*

#### Synod of the Maritime Provinces, St. John, 1st Tues. Oct.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 23 Feb., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Whycocomagh, 15 Feb., 7.30 p.m.
3. P. E. I., Charlottetown, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
4. Pictou.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro, Truro, 3rd Tues. Jan., 9.30 a.m.
7. Halifax, Hx., St. Matt., 16 Mar., 10 a.m.
8. Lunenburg, Bridgewater, 15 Mar., 7.30 p.m.
9. St. John, St. John, 19 Jan., 10 a.m.
10. Miramichi, Newcastle, 9 Mar., 11 a.m.

#### Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Pembroke, 2nd Tues. May.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 2 Mar., 2 p.m.
12. Montreal, Montreal 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Cornwall, last Tues. Feb.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 5 Jan., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Carlton Place, 15 Feb., 7.30 p.m.
16. Brockville, Morrisburg, 2 Mar., 4 p.m.

#### Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto, 2nd Tues. May.

17. Kingston, Kingston, 2 Mar. 10 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 9 Mar., 2 p.m.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 1 Mar., 11 a.m.
20. Whitby, Pickering, 20 Jan., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 12 Jan., '09.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 9 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
24. North Bay, Burk's Falls, Mar.
25. Algoma, Thessalon, 1 Tues. Mar., 8 p.m.
26. Owen Sound, Owen Sd., 1 Tues. Mar. '09.
27. Saugeen, Mt. Forest, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 19 Jan., 10.30 a.m.

#### Synod of Hamilton and London, Hamilton, last Mon. May.

29. Hamilton, Hamilton, 5 Jan., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Woodstock, 12 Jan., 10.30 a.m.
31. London, London, 12 Jan., 10.30 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 1 Tues. Mar., 11 a.m.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 23 Feb., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Clinton, 19 Jan., 10.30 a.m.
36. Maitland, Wingham, 2 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
37. Bruce, Chesley, 2 Mar., 11 a.m.

#### Synod of Manitoba. Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov.

38. Superior, Fort William, March, 1909, 10.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake, Belmont, 2nd Tues. Feb.

41. Glenboro, Elm Creek, Feb., 1909.
42. Portage, P. la Pra., 1 Mar., 7.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, Feb., '09.
44. Minnedosa, Rapid city, 9 Feb., 2 p.m.
45. Brandon, Brandon, 3 Mon., Feb., 7.30 p.m.

#### Synod of Saskatchewan. Saskatoon, 1st Tues. Nov.

46. Yorkton, Yorkton, Feb.
47. Arcola.
48. Alameda, Estevan, 9 Feb., 9.30 a.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Moosomin, Feb., '09.
50. Abernethy, Esterhazy, Feb.
51. Regina, Pense, 3 Tues., Feb., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 23 Feb., 3 p.m.
53. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, Feb. 10.
54. Battleford, N. Battleford, 2 Feb., 10.30 a.m.

#### Synod of Alberta. Calgary, last Tues. April.

55. Edmonton, Edmonton, 23 Feb., 8 p.m.
56. Vermillion.
57. Red Deer, Olds, Feb.
58. Lacombe, Camrose, Feb., '09.
59. Calgary.
60. McLeod, Lethbridge, Feb.

#### Synod of British Columbia. Victoria, 1st Wed. May.

61. Kootenay, Cranbrook, Feb., 1909.
62. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
63. Westminster.
64. Victoria, Victoria, 1 Tues. Feb., 2 p.m.

### CALLS, INDUCTIONS, ETC.

#### Calls from

- Keady & Peabody to Mr. N. T. C. McKay, Toronto.
- Delaware, Lon. Pres., to Mr. F. O. Nicoll, of Cargill.
- Knox Ch., Vankleek Hill, to Mr. Chas. A. Ferguson.
- Ross & Forester's Falls to Mr. Alexander.
- Hornby & Omagh to Mr. W. J. Booth.

#### Inductions into

- Desboro, etc., 10 Nov., Mr. W. N. Bethune.
- Sawyerville, 8 Dec., Mr. Jas. Hastie.
- Bridgeburg and Fort Erie, 17 Dec., Mr. Robt. McIntyre.
- Halbrite, 18 Nov., Mr. A. M. Skea.
- Blenheim & Guild, 7 Dec., Mr. Jno. W. Currie.
- Knox Ch., Scarboro, 3 Dec., Mr. J. Anthony.
- St. Helen's & E. Ashfield, 5 Jan., Mr. S. H. Mozer.

#### Resignations of

- Dauphin, Mr. R. H. Gilmour.
- Knox Ch., Paisley, Mr. Jno. Johnson, Modr., Mr. R. T. Cockburn, Southampton.
- Zion Ch., Thessalon, Mr. Jno. Pate.



# Our Foreign Missions

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## NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF OUR MISSIONARIES IN THE FOREIGN FIELD.

(Note.—Please send to this office prompt notice of any omissions or misdirections or errors in the following list. Ed.)

---

### In the New Hebrides.

Rev. J. W. Mackenzie, D.D. and wife.  
Address, Efate.

Rev. H. A. Robertson, D.D., and wife,  
Address, Erromanga.

Rev. Jos. Annand, D.D., and wife,  
Address, Tangoa, Santo.

These names should be addressed in addition to the above:—

New Hebrides,  
via Sydney,  
Australia.

The rate of postage is two cents per oz.

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### In Trinidad.

Rev. John Morton, D.D. and wife,  
Rev. H. H. Morton, B.D. and wife,  
Address, Tunapuna.

Miss A. L. M. Blackaddar,  
Address, Tacarigua.

Rev. S. A. Fraser and wife,  
Address, San Fernando.

Rev. A. W. Thompson, B.A., and wife,  
Address, Couva.

Rev. W. J. Jamieson, Ph.D. and wife,  
Miss A. Archibald,  
Address, Princetown.

These names should be addressed, in addition to the above:—

Trinidad,  
B. W. I.

The rate of postage is two cents per oz.

### In British Guiana.

Rev. J. B. Cropper,  
Address, Better Hope.

Rev. R. G. Fisher and wife,  
Address, Essequibo.

Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, M.A., B.D., and wife,  
Address, Georgetown.

These names should be addressed, in addition to the above:—

British Guiana.

The rate of postage is two cents per oz.

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### In Korea.

Rev. W. R. Foote, M.A., B.D., and wife,  
Rev. A. F. Robb, B.A., and wife, B.A.  
Miss K. McMillan, M.D.  
Miss Jennie B. Robb,  
Address, Wonsan (Gensan).

Rev. D. Macrae and wife,  
Rev. L. L. Young,  
Miss Louise H. McCully,  
Miss Catherine F. Mair, B.A.  
Address, Hamheung.

Rev. R. Grierson, B.A., M.D. and wife,  
Rev. A. R. Ross, B.D.  
Address Songchin (Joshin)

These names should be addressed, in addition to the above:—

Korea.

The rate of postage is five cents per oz.

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### In India.

Rev. W. A. Wilson, M.A., D.D. and wife.  
Rev. R. A. King, M.A., B.D., and wife.  
Rev. Alex. Dunn, M.A., B.D., and wife.  
Rev. J. A. Sharrard, M.A.  
Miss Janet White,  
Miss Harriet Thompson,  
Miss Jessie Duncan,  
Mrs. Menzies,  
Miss Marion Oliver, M.D.  
Miss Elizabeth McMaster, M.D.,

Address, Indore.



Rev. J. R. Harcourt, B.A., and wife,  
 Rev. J. T. Taylor, B.A., and wife,  
 Rev. D. G. Cock, B.A., and wife,  
 Rev. A. P. Ledingham, M.A., and wife,  
 Miss Jessie Weir,  
 Miss M. S. Herdman.

Address, Mhow.

Rev. J. S. McKay, B.A., and wife,  
 Rev. D. F. Smith, B.A.,  
 Miss Chone Oliver, M.D.,  
 Miss M. Mackellar, M.D.,  
 Miss Catherine Campbell.

Address, Neemuch.

Rev. J. Fraser Campbell, D.D., and wife,  
 Rev. F. J. Anderson, B.A. and wife,

Address, Rutlam.

Alex. Nugent, B.A., M.D., and wife,  
 J. M. Waters, M.D., and wife,  
 Rev. W. G. Russell, B.A.,  
 Miss Jessie Grier,  
 Miss Bella Goodfellow,  
 Miss Florence E. Clearihue,

Address, Ujjain.

Rev. F. H. Russell, M.A., and wife,  
 Rev. D. J. Davidson, B.A., and wife,  
 Miss Margaret O'Hara, M.D.,  
 Miss Anna M. Nairn,

Address, Dhar.

Rev. J. Buchanan, B.A., M.D., and wife, M.D.  
 Mr. K. G. Mackay, B.S.A.,

Address, Amkhut.

A. G. McPhedran, M.D., and wife.  
 Miss Lottie Madill,  
 Miss Ethel Glendinning,

have been recently appointed.

Address meantime to Indore.

All these names in our India Mission  
 should be addressed, in addition to the  
 above:—

Central India.

The rate of postage is two cents per oz.

#### **In Honan.**

Rev. J. Goforth and wife,  
 Rev. Murdoch McKenzie, D.D., and wife,  
 Rev. J. Griffith, B.A., and wife,  
 Percy C. Leslie, M.D., M.R.C.S., and wife,  
 Rev. Jas. A. Slimmon and wife,  
 Rev. J. H. Bruce, B.A.,  
 Rev. Gillies Eadie, B.A., and wife,  
 Miss M. I. McIntosh,  
 Miss Jean I. Dow, M.D.,  
 Miss Mina A. Pyke,

Address, Changteho.

Wm. McClure, B.A., M.D., and wife,  
 Rev. W. H. Grant, B.A., and wife,  
 Rev. R. A. Mitchell, B.A., and wife,  
 Rev. A. W. Lochead, B.A., B.D., and wife,  
 Shirley O. McMurtry, B.A., M.D.  
 Miss E. McLennan, B.A.,  
 Miss Isabella McIntosh,

Address, Weihufu.

Rev. Jos. A. Mowatt, B.A., and wife,  
 Rev. James Menzies, M.D., and wife,  
 Rev. Geo. M. Ross, B.A., and wife,  
 Wm. J. Scott, B.A., M.D., and wife,  
 Miss Mary Thompson,  
 Miss Edith McGill,

Address, Hwaikingfu.

Rev. Harold M. Clark, B.A.,  
 Rev. Andrew Thompson, B.A., and wife,  
 Address, Tao Kou.

All these names in our Honan Mission  
 should be addressed in addition to the  
 above:—

North Honan,  
 China.

The rate of postage is 5 cents per oz.

Rev. D. MacGillivray, M.A., D.D.,  
 Address, 44 Boone Road,  
 Shanghai,  
 China.

The rate of postage is two cents per oz.

#### **In Kongmun, Macao.**

Rev. W. R. McKay, M.A., and wife,  
 J. A. McDonald, B.A., M.D., and wife,  
 Rev. T. A. Broadfoot, B.A., B.D., and wife,  
 Miss Agnes I. Dickson, B.A.  
 Miss Jessie MacBean, M.D.,  
 Miss Rachel McLean,

Address, Kongmun,  
 via Hong Kong,  
 China.

The rate of postage is five cents per oz.

#### **In Formosa, Japan.**

Rev. William Gauld and wife,  
 Rev. J. Y. Ferguson, M.A., M.D., and wife,  
 Rev. Milton Jack, M.A., B.D., and wife,  
 Rev. Duncan MacLeod, B.A., and wife,  
 Miss Jane Kinney, B.A.  
 Miss Hannah Connell,

Address, Tamsui,  
 Formosa,  
 Japan.

The rate of postage is five cents per oz.



**GLIMPSES OF HONAN.**

FROM DR. WM. J. SCOTT.

(The following are a few sentences taken from private letters written at different times through the past few months. They were not intended in any way for publication and are not given as missionary news but for the side-lights they furnish on the life and work of our missionaries there.—Ed.)

"This is Sunday evening and we have just come home from the Mowatt's house which is the church for this week. Instead of the mid-week prayer meeting we have a daily prayer meeting at noon for about twenty minutes (those who are in the compound) each house taking it in turns."

"The Sunday School, started here three weeks ago, is flourishing, an average of eighty-five for the three Sabbaths; seven classes, all seemingly eager to learn."

"This is the fourth day of what the Chinese call the 'great heat' and we feel more comfortable than in the 'small heat' which preceded it. The Chinese, however, feel it more now, on the same principle that they will not cut grain until a certain phase of the moon, even if the ears fall off themselves and the crop is spoiled, at least so we are told. So, because it is the season called the 'great heat' it must of course be hot, and equally as a matter of course they must feel it hotter than before."

27th June.

"It has been pretty warm here lately. The mosquitoes are just now buzzing around my head and except for the little Ross baby, who has been crying in distress because it can't sleep, they are the only sound to be heard. One would not imagine that there was a town of forty thousand people within a few hundred feet of us. I sleep in a canvas cot, on the house top, on the flat roof, and under a mosquito netting, so manage pretty well."

17th July.

"The 'fly season' is now on and not having screens for the windows they come in in swarms. I have plates of soft paper soaked in liquor of arsenic and every day the tables and books are black with them so that a good many less get at the food. You know

flies in tropical and sub-tropical places are one of the dangers, being great dysentery and cholera carriers."

9th August.

"It has been 94 degrees in the coolest room in the house, except in the cellar, every day for three weeks and 102 degrees in the coolest spot in the shade outside yesterday. Rain is badly needed for the crops."

"It is a bad place for women and children in the summer, here in the interior."

"It wouldn't be so bad if one could sleep at nights, but the air doesn't get cooled off till the sun rises again."

"In the London mission and some others, they do not pretend to stay at the station for the two months and there is really no use, as the people are all busy in the fields, and if they will not listen to the preacher if he goes out touring during this season, much less do they come to the compound of their own accord. It does not matter for the men but one does not like to see the women and children go through it."

"Miss ——— is feeling much better . . . had been troubled with insomnia for a time. It is a terrible disease out here and is responsible for a good many of the breakdowns."

"One of the most noticeable and pleasing things about the deliberations of the Honan Presbytery, and which greatly promotes smooth running, is that questions about which there is not agreement, i. e., serious matters, like new departures in the work, are usually not allowed to go to a vote, to be decided by a majority. If even one or two members are strongly against a proposal on some important question their opinions are respected, and the matter is not pushed, but modified, or laid over till all see their way to voting for it."

"There has been quite a run of opium poison cases lately. One case, which called me out of a communion service, to kill himself that his brother might be made angry. A reason similar to this has been elicited in almost every case of poison. They are getting more numerous now that they come in time and so can be brought around. It seems childish, but it is a principle which plays a fairly important part in Chinese social life, so they say. Mr. Grif-



fifth has some good stories about his "Mustard Pot" and "Tail Feather," in regard to the same thing out in the country, these things being sometimes used in the absence of emetics to induce vomiting.

"A Chinese boy died here yesterday from rabies. The first case I have seen. Bitten on the face three weeks ago by a dog, did not come to have the wound scraped, face all healed up, symptoms of rabies set in two days ago and he died yesterday. Once the symptoms start there is nothing to be done as it is invariably fatal at that stage.

There seems to be a scorpion epidemic at Weihwei. One night they had a hunt with lanterns, after killing ten or a dozen regularly about the houses and verandahs every night, and got one hundred and sixty-two in one night.

15 Oct.

"Yesterday, there was an opium poisoning case brought, a young married woman. She took it because her mother-in-law scolded her. It was about four hours before we could think she was out of danger, the farthest gone that I have yet seen recover. The seven relatives who came with her all "kowtowed" afterwards as an expression of thanks. When there is only one to kowtow you can stop them before they get down to the ground, but when a whole family knock their heads at the same time, they are too many for you."

### AMONG STUDENTS IN INDIA.

BY MR. CHARLES S. PATERSON.

(Mr. Paterson is the son of a Presbyterian elder in Montreal and a graduate in science of McGill University. He is supported by the Y.M.C.A., Montreal, in Bible work among University students, of whom there are more than thirty thousand in the few leading universities of India. Meeting, as he does, with many keen-witted, well educated young men, the following letter to the McGill Y.M.C.A. pictures the work from a point of view that will be of deep interest to some of our readers.—Ed.)

In reply to a suggestion from your headquarters at McGill Y.M.C.A., I want to send you a word of greeting from here.

As I remember the Band of our own day, how we used to meet in the dingy rooms of the old Y.M., full of eagerness and a quiet determination, yet as ignorant as babes as to what we were going to, I think my message will be one of warning as to what to expect.

I might open your eyes to some of the natural surroundings of a man here, but I would rather leave all that and speak of one thing. That is, don't come out here thinking that you are going to preach a system of ethics or morals that is the best in the world, or that the weight of Christian evidences is the power that will break down opposition, or that our religion is the only reasonable one. On all these points these keen-witted men will argue with you to the last inch, and very likely get you all tangled up in the process.

If you have inherited your religion, for the sake of your own soul do not come out here till you've made it your own experience. For the one thing that keeps a man steady in the midst of this whirlpool of religious ideas is the unanswerable statement "I know." It's the old assurance of the blind man over again "One thing I know," and until a man can honestly say that, he had better not be here. For we deal out here not with the crude ideas of the heathen in his blindness bowing down to wood and stone, but with all the latest rationalistic literature from England and America, with all the subtleties of the Theosophist propaganda, and with a type of mind that has processes in it we can scarcely follow.

Idolatry is acknowledged as merely symbolism; the impure stories of the sacred books are given a spiritual and allegorical meaning; the gist of all religions is claimed to be in the one universal religion of the Vedas. The Hindu temple in Los Angeles, U.S.A., foretells, so they claim, the spread of this all conquering religion; the Pan Islamic movement foreshadows the victory of Islam; the Buddhist monk in London gives promise of Buddha's triumph; the advance of Unitarianism is symbolic of the Theosophist's power; while the materialism of the Western churches, and the growing spirit of disbelief in the authority of the Bible is prophetic of Christianity's downfall in its own stronghold.

There is no more room for the attacks on



other religions which has sometimes, in earlier days, been employed so largely. Every man is now engaged in defending his own religion and spiritualizing its every part. A most hopeful sign surely, but creating a condition of mind which is most difficult to deal with.

To keep one's head above water in this turmoil needs more than an inherited creed and a stock of western arguments to hold it. It needs the personal experience of a personal Saviour and Friend and my message to you would be, let nothing stand in the way of taking time to really commune with God and to know Him. Once this has become an experience with you, nothing of turmoil or confusion can shake your faith, or shake other men's belief that you have a real faith.

### LETTER FROM INDIA.

BY REV. J. G. SHERRARD.

Indore College.

Dear Mr. Armstrong.

Everything is going along well, new classes are forming. The results this year were again good, despite some unfavorable conditions.

Of course the spirit of unrest is somewhat manifest among the boys but does not affect our work at all. We shall probably run over the hundred mark in college attendance, the highest heretofore being about ninety to ninety-five.

The new theological classes in the "Malwa Theological Seminary" are very promising, there being ten enrolled in the first year, on their way to the ministry of the church in India, not far behind the corresponding years in any of your Presbyterian Colleges in Canada.

The College, too (i. e., apart from the Theological Seminary), is gradually gathering about itself a greater number of Christian students, enough to have quite an active membership in a Y.M.C.A.

The attitude of the students, too, to Bible study, is changing. A somewhat critical period seems imminent in the relations of the student class to Christianity. As one of our best B.A. men remarked the other day to me in a casual conversation,—“Christianity has now such a place in India that it can no longer be ignored, so that you must expect

a greater study of it, resulting in either greater sympathy towards it, and perhaps acceptance of it, or in greater and more bitter antagonism.”

The old critical themes of the Tubigen school are being brought to bear and among the educated classes we must, so far as the Bible is concerned, expect to find the same intensely critical methods, as they are applying, in some instances at least, to their own “Vedas” and “Gitas.” Of course this criticism is at present very crude and belongs to the generation gone by, but it will develop along more modern lines.

It will be a testing time, too, even as it is now, for the Indian Christians. They are identified to a greater extent with Europeans, and have to bear the expressions of hatred, fed by “Swadeshi” and priestly instigation.

However, all looks very hopeful. Our congregation continues to grow. It was a very inspiring congregation at communion last Sunday, not less than about one hundred and seventy sitting at the Lord's table, made up of Indian professors, teachers, students, clerks, one retired judge (a member of session), members of the various institutions, along with an increasing number of the humbler inhabitants of the city, gathered in through the schools, hospitals, bazaar work, etc.

Not only are the numbers increasing, but there is evident a greater Christian zeal, a deeper sense of personal responsibility. This note was emphasized last Wednesday by the addresses of our missionaries at the opening of the Theological Seminary.

Probably the present crisis is Christianity's opportunity. If it shows itself able to cope with the difficulties inherent in the new industrial and political atmosphere, and can furnish strong, sane men as leaders, either from those who are avowed Christians, or from those who through their education in Christian colleges are in sympathy with Christianity, then, humanly speaking, its success seems assured. Certainly the Christian Church has a great responsibility and opportunity at present.

“Self-mastery is the highest demonstration of the reality of spiritual life. Only a divinely inbreathed spirit can control the passions of human nature.”



**THIRTY-TWO YEARS IN TRINIDAD.**

BY MISS BLACKADDER.

Tacarigua, Trinidad, Oct. 4th, 1908.

Thirty-two years ago I left dear old Halifax in the "Beta," Captain Shaw, for the South. Truly, I was led by a way I did not know, "but there hath not failed one word of all God's good promise." A long term, if you look forward; very swiftly gone, when you look back.

I have had a great number of promising pupils pass through our school. Many of them are in good positions, some clergymen, others teachers, quite a number holding good situations in the Civil Service, others on their own lands, others in business.

We have some trials in school life here. Parents (heathen) will not send the children to school, and others will not allow the girls to be taught anything at all. Sickness, sores, poor blood, and poor food among the general population, make many children weak, and so time is lost, and a great per cent. of work *seems* lost, but not always; perhaps in places, and after a long time the good seed springs up, and again the "Promise is proved to be true."

When I came here Drs. Morton and Grant were young men, now they are so no longer, but still as vigorous as any of those who have followed them in the mission.

From a few poorly trained teachers, now a fine number of men, trained in the Normal Schools, and holding Government certificates, manage and teach large schools.

A number of Indians have been ordained; neat churches built, homes made, homes in every sense of the term; families trained in Christian homes, large Sunday Schools, Christian Endeavour Societies planted, and two much needed and flourishing "Homes for Indian Girls"; one at Tunapuna, the other at Princes Town. From the older Home at Tunapuna many young women have gone into homes of their own, and are a great source of comfort to all. From the Homes at Princes Town, a number have already gone into their own homes, and we trust will do well.

I must not forget the Theological College for the training of native agents; also the Naparima College for Higher education.

I think this letter is now long enough; it is not well to look back, it is better to press on. All the mission families are well.

How few are left who went down to the jetty with me long ago. There are still many dear friends left here, but far more have crossed "The Bar."

We had Children's Day last week; we used the service, added some other features, had 145 children present, some of the parents, Dr. and Mrs. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson of Aronca, Mrs. Morgan the organist of the Aronca Presbyterian Church. The gentlemen addressed the gathering; also Mrs. Morton. Little Delbert Bhatta presented the offering, which came to over \$5.00, mostly in cents; they gave what they could.

**LETTER FROM HONAN.**

BY DR. PERCY C. LESLIE.

Changteho, via Peking, China,

October 8, 1908.

Dear Dr. Mowatt,

This year we instituted the new regime in our hospital work, which is that all patients except the very poorest pay a small fee for treatment, three cents the first visit, and about one cent on subsequent visits.

This has had the effect of keeping away some patients, people who had very little the matter with them and who esteemed lightly what was done for them, but it has in no way interfered with those who are sick and who really want us to treat them. Incidentally it has brought quite an income to the hospital, so that this year's cost of the work will be very light.

All this, I think, is as it should be, as anyone, even a Chinaman, should pay for what he is able to, and we wish to emphasize the healthy doctrine of self-support in all lines of work, and wean the infant church from leaning too much on foreign help.

We have a new official here now, a man who is in earnest about some things. He is keen on the suppression of opium. A short time after he arrived he issued proclamations forbidding the smoking in public places. Then a few days later he went out disguised at night as an ordinary citizen, met some men smoking opium, asked the favour of getting direction to the nearest police station as he had lost his way, and promptly



handed over his unsuspecting guides to the police. In this way he rounded up quite a number.

The next day he had paper pasted over their faces, with holes cut for eyes, nose and mouth, tied their queues together and marched them through the city, the laughing stock of all and an example to other offenders. These poor men lost their "face" in more ways than one.

Since then we believe there has been a great reduction in the number of opium dives, although licensed places and private homes are still unmolested, ten years being allowed for the total abolition of the traffic and habit. This is a great reform measure of the government, and if present high officials can hold office long enough, promises to be very effective.

There is no doubt that large numbers are making great efforts to give up the habit and I do not think that many uninitiated will fall victims after this. Some half dozen officials of high grade have died as a result of too hasty a snapping of the cords that have bound them.

In our hospital work we have had quite a number of men this year breaking off the habit, most of them with good results. Three are in at present and we expect many more before the end of the year.

It is a great struggle for them, but their unbounded confidence in us is a great factor in their victory. Would that that confidence were wholly transferred to our Lord, and I am glad to say that I believe some do now own allegiance to Him, and are witnessing for Him. Indeed an old opium patient is one of the recently ordained elders, chosen from a large number of Christians by the people themselves.

Mr. Goforth is now away in Shansi Province, conducting special evangelistic meetings, and when you get this we will probably be in the midst of special meetings here, beginning November 8, which we hope will be abundantly blessed to the church, for they are intended primarily for the church members, that they may have an uplift that will send them out witnessing, and bringing others in. Pray that this may be so.

The hot season is now well over, and I am glad to say that I was able to keep at my post all the time and am now feeling very well and ready for a good winter's work.

## LETTER FROM KOREA.

By REV. W. R. FOOTE.

Wonsan, Korea, October 23rd, 1908.

Dear Dr. Scott,

The second meeting of the Presbytery has been held and the work of the year passed under review and plans laid for the future.

The Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church in Corea was organized on the 17th of September, 1907. There were thirty-eight foreign and forty native presbyters present. On the same day seven candidates for the ministry, who had completed their studies, were ordained. Six of these were settled over congregations, and one was sent as a home missionary to his own people on the island of Quelpart, off the south coast of Corea. He volunteered to undertake this work, the presbytery approved, and the native church became responsible for his support.

It is said that for the native church to send out as a missionary one of its first ministers is unique in the history of missions. It is not yet twenty-five years since the first Protestant missionary came to this country to reside and teach. The progress made during these years may be indicated by a few figures taken from the statistical report recently presented to Presbytery.

Adherents (including communicants),	94,981
Communicants .. .. .	24,239
Communicants received during year,	7,109
Catechumens on the roll .. . . .	24,128
Catechumens received during the year,	23,151
Baptized infants on the roll .. . . .	2,682
Number of meeting places .. . . .	1,119
Number of churches .. . . .	897
Native pastors .. . . .	7
Native elders .. . . .	73
Native evangelists .. . . .	116
Academies .. . . .	17
Attending academies .. . . .	885
Attending common schools .. . . .	13,335
Attending theological seminary .. . .	99

Every branch of work is promising, and the home churches are deeply interested. Several new workers have recently arrived to help gather the harvest while it is ripe. Can the Canadian mission not be strengthened too?



### THE EWART TRAINING HOME.

BY THE SECRETARY, MISS A. ROBINSON.

Last General Assembly resolved that the order or office of Deaconess be instituted in our Church. At the same time the Ewart Training Home in Toronto as taken over from the W. F. M. S. and the F. M. C. by their own request through overture to the Assembly of the previous year.

The scope and basis of the Training Home were also enlarged to include the training of women for the Order of Deaconess as well as Foreign Mission work.

The new board of management is now fully organised and is composed of four ministers, four elders and seven representatives from the women's missionary societies of the Church; viz.—Rev. Principal MacLaren, D.D., chairman; Dr. Somerville, Dr. R. D. Fraser, Dr. R. P. Mackay, Hamilton Cassels, K.C., J. J. Bell, John Lowden, with Mesdames Somerville, Cochrane, Shortreid, Bell and Robinson, Mrs. E. Scott of Montreal, and Miss Carmichael of New Glasgow.

The board has issued a full statement of the work with an appeal for support as authorized by Assembly, which commend the work to the liberality of congregations and individuals throughout the Church. It is hoped there will be a generous response, as funds are needed for the immediate requirements of the Home.

The work it is undertaking to do is one which the Presbyterian Church in Canada greatly needs, namely, the training of women who will be fitted to do service in our city missions, to assist pastors and sessions in reaching the poor, the unfortunate and the indifferent, in gathering children into our Sabbath Schools, in helping and teaching our foreign populations in large centres, and in any other form of charitable or evangelistic work to which they may be called.

Such women when trained and ready to enter upon their field of labor will be set apart by Presbytery as women for the foreign field have for some time been set apart.

We trust that this is the beginning of a great and good work in our Church. Our Anglican and Methodist sisters have taken the lead in this branch of Christian activity. Presbyterians will now have an opportunity to make use of an agency for service too long neglected.

### OUR COLLEGE AT INDORE.

In Central India there are three millions of people, half the population of Canada, for whom we, as a church, are responsible. Other churches are working elsewhere, attending to their own fields. We are responsible for ours.

These millions must in large measure be won by native agency. We must train up young men, children of our older converts, of our schools and orphanages, to be teachers, evangelists, and preachers, and must aim at the upbuilding of a native church in India.

Our College at Indore is our leading educational institution there. In it our young men are to be educated for the ministry, medicine, and other professions.

Some recent notes from Indore speak of the College as follows:—

Attendance in the University classes of the Indore College is now over a hundred and students are still joining. The Second Year class stands at fifty three, and it has been decided to close it against further applicants for admission. No more room or sittings.

The Matriculation class in the High School has on its register over forty and the Junior Matriculation about thirty. Here too the demand is for more seats.

The New High School building is up one story. Through shortage of funds this is as much as can be done at present. The flat roof, which will be later the floor of the second floor has been repaired. Although the workmen are still about all the rooms are being used. For furniture plain benches have been put in.

The extra accomodation here has relieved the pressure in the main building and allowed for suitable class rooms for the Theological Seminary, a staff-room and kindergarten room.

This last addition to the equipment is under the control of Mrs. Dunn and Miss Murray who is spending a year in India visiting her sister Mrs. King. They offered their services and they were gladly and thankfully accepted.

“For we have not an high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted as we are yet without sin.” (Heb. iv., 15).



**OUR BRITISH GUIANA MISSION.**

REV. A. D. MACKENZIE, B.D.

Georgetown, British Guiana,

Nov. 4th, 1908.

Dear Mr. James:—

A few words to the friends in P.E.I.

My particular district includes the English speaking congregation of Better Hope, to which I give service almost every Sunday, in return for a grant of £100 a year given to our mission by Mr. Cyrus Ewing, the owner of the sugar estates in that centre. At present I have the services of a young West Indian, who takes some of the Sunday and mid-week work, and relieves the burden of pastoral oversight in the way of visitation, etc.

At Better Hope an East Indian catechist is stationed, who visits the people, teaches the Sabbath School, and preaches at several points in the vicinity. We have a day school located here also. The teachers are paid by the Government, but the mission has to provide the building, in return for which we have the privilege of giving religious instruction at stated times each day.

The catechist shares this part of the work with the regular teacher, he giving instruction in Hindi, and the teacher in English. We are not fortunate enough to have day schools at all our catechist stations, the government regulations being such as to hamper us seriously in this regard, unless we are prepared to support them wholly out of our own funds.

A few miles east of Better Hope, another catechist is located, a man who goes by the name of "sadhu," that is "holy man." In former days he was a Hindoo holy man, who went round with his brass bowl, living on the gifts of the people, they in turn winning, as they thought, blessings and merit by their gifts. We have no meeting house in his district, but he visits the people, and holds open air services. I am now procuring the material for a little church. I have not yet preached in his field, as his knowledge of English is so defective he cannot interpret, but I hope to be able to do something there before long.

Two miles west of Better Hope, and nearer Georgetown, another catechist is at work. We have a day school here also, that of Ogle. At present all the services at this centre are held in the open air, as our school building is near its last days. At the beginning of the year we hope to have a new building, which we trust will give an impetus to our work in the neighbourhood.

West from Ogle about five miles, is Georgetown, where we reside. This, although the capital of the colony, has hitherto lain outside the sphere of the Canadian Mission operations. It is for this reason I mention it last. Here we have opened work at two points, and have secured temporary buildings. One of them has been very kindly placed at our disposal by Rev. Mr. Ritchie, of St. Andrew's Scotch church, free of charge. The other is a room over a store, by no means ideal, but serving until a better can be obtained.

At Georgetown we have one of our tried catechists at work, Robert Rajkumar, who was, I believe, first lieutenant to Mr. Ross of Zion Church, in his day, also to Mr. Sutherland, and later to Mr. Fisher in Essequibo. Mr. Fisher very kindly parted with him to assist me in the initial stage of my work. He is also my helper in acquiring the language. He has his home near by, and comes in every morning for an hour or more.

It may please the Gaelic enthusiasts of my native land to know that my knowledge of that language, if it has done nothing else, gives me at least a greater facility in the pronunciation of sounds in Hindi which have nothing corresponding to them in English. This on the authority of my instructor.

My district also includes that part of Demarara in which Rev. John Gibson, the first missionary of the Canadian church to this colony, labored, and laid down his life. I regret to say that the field, which was left vacant at his death, has not been occupied since. He died in 1887, and not till 1896 was work resumed, but in a different quarter. Occasionally I meet with those who were converted under his ministry, still true to the message he taught them. I long to extend our work again to cover the ground that was once occupied by him, and where he sleeps. Though money is scarce,



I cherish the hope that at an early date we shall reclaim that which has in a way been lost.

Scanty home congregations often made me think of the contrast there would be among a people who knew not the Gospel message as the "old, old story." But to the minister who gives up such a congregation to get the larger crowds that heathenism offers, there can be nothing, for a time at least, but disappointment.

Take, for example, an experience I had a few Sabbaths ago. A week before, I announced through my catechist that I would be at the services in one of our Georgetown meeting places. I did not draw any mental picture of the gathering crowds, the fast filling pews, and it was just as well. Sabbath School came first with nine scholars. This was only our third Sabbath in the district.—Next the preaching service. But alas, instead of the throng, there were just three persons besides the preachers. What was the cause? The rice harvest was at its height, and rice figures larger in the coolie mind than the speaker's message.

I am glad to say, however, that our numbers are daily growing. Each Sabbath there are new Sunday school scholars enrolling, and last day, the catechist tells me he had a splendid meeting, larger numbers and greater interest.

I had one particularly good meeting last Lord's Day at Ogle. It was held in the open air. Sabbath School scholars mustered well and helped in the singing. I spoke in English from Heb. 1, verses 1 and 2, my catechist interpreting. The people were almost all heathen but gave splendid attention. Of course all the time others kept passing beside me on the way home from the fields with bags of rice on their backs.

At this point there are several very promising young men who are seeking baptism, and after the service, that day, a woman made a similar request. As a first step to receiving her I hope to have her married to the man with whom she lives, as soon as the necessary preliminaries can be put through.

Next Sabbath we expect to baptize the mother of the catechist at this station. She has held back for some reason or other but has at last decided to take her place among

those who publicly acknowledge Jesus as their Lord . . . . .

For the past few weeks, I have been conducting a class, one day in the week, for my catechists. I enjoy this part of my work greatly and feel that in no way can I multiply the influence of my message more than in this.

At every station the catechists plead for cards to give the children. I know there must be some of our boys and girls at home who can gather these and send them along, if they will. Let them remember that in so doing they are rendering good missionary service. I remember a number of ladies having spoken to me about their societies doing some work for us. I do not remember their names, but perhaps they do mine. I hope they will have their minds set thus on helping our work along.

This is truly a land of nakedness. Many of the people are very poor, and we often lose scholars because we have no clothes to give to make them presentable for school.

If we had no other confidence but that which comes from immediate success in the work, our confidence would indeed be small. This is only the seed-time and one cannot but feel that much of it falls by the wayside, and on stoney places. It is only the thought that the cause is the Lord's and the vision from Him of its glorious consummation, that can give endurance. On the one hand, there is the stolid indifference of those who make no pretence of listening to the message, or the disappointing lives of those who say "Lord! Lord! and do not do His will," but again comes the thought "He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied."

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If you hold your culture, your success, your gold for yourself alone, it will by and by grow worthless in your hand and rot. Only eternal truth and character abide, and if you do not build your life into these things, you are utterly false to yourself. It is not of the slightest importance whether you are rich or poor. One thing is important—that you fill your life with service, for man's sake and God's sake, and that you go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.—Rev. Fuller Berstresser.



# Young People's Societies.

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## TOPICS FOR JANUARY, 1909.

Jan.—Strangers Within Our Gates.  
Feb.—Educating Prospective Citizens.  
Mar.—Home Mission Hospitals.  
Apr.—On the Trail.  
May.—In the Camp.  
June.—Sharing the Burden.  
July.—Pte. Aux Trembles Schools.  
Aug.—French Evangelization.  
Sep.—Our San Fernando College.  
Oct.—Rev. Andrew Gayadeen.  
Nov.—Yamot.  
Dec.—Awakening in Korea.

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## TOPIC FOR JANUARY.

### STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES.

BY REV. JAMES FARQUHARSON, D.D., WINNIPEG.

It is more than twenty years since large parties of Icelanders arrived in our country and settled at Gimli on the shore of Lake Winnipeg. These people, earning a frugal living, partly from their flocks and partly from the treasures of the Lake, but with no man caring for their souls, moved the heart of the late Superintendent of Missions, Dr. Robertson. He felt that if missionaries were not found for them they would die spiritually and morally, and do much to drag the whole country down with them to their death.

Missionaries were found and sent. By far the most promising of these was Mr. Johnson, one of themselves, who studied in Manitoba College. He was licensed to preach, ordained as a missionary, and appointed to minister to his fellow-countrymen in Winnipeg.

His ability, earnestness and zeal gave promise of success, but he was stricken down with typhoid in the beginning of his ministry and no suitable successor was found.

Meantime, ministers of the Lutheran Church, to which these people belonged, began to look them up and to settle amongst them; and the Presbyterian Church gradually withdrew from the work.

More than twenty years have passed since the arrival of these people, and now we have not a more prosperous body of settlers of any nationality. Some of them have gathered fortunes, some have distinguished themselves in our colleges, some sit in our civic council chambers and in our legislative hall.

Since the arrival of the Icelanders, who were the first considerable body of foreigners to settle in Western Canada, large numbers of foreigners, from every quarter, have travelled on our railways, walked our streets and found their way along the prairie trails toward remote spots in which they intended to make their home.

By far the largest body of foreigners that have yet settled in the West is the Galician. They landed in Canada, poor, ignorant, filthy and superstitious. They are accustomed to live, two or three families in one small house, huddled together like sheep in a pen.

Nor are they without their vices. The first sight of them may reveal little that is attractive and some things that are the opposite, but better acquaintance shows that they possess many noble qualities.

One characteristic is their desire for freedom. Probably to this is due, in large measure, their willingness to break with both the Roman and the Greek Catholic Church, and their willingness to fall in with the Independent Greek Church movement.

And yet these people would not be satisfied with mere freedom. They want to know the truth. It may be doubted whether a more eager class ever listened to Dr. Patrick's lecture than the class of Galician priests who on several successive winters were gathered for a month or six weeks within the walls of Manitoba College. Even the difficulty some of them had in understanding the language of the lecturer did not cool their enthusiasm. They gladly sat the hour over again while one of their own number, who understood English best and probably had the best grasp of the subject discussed, translated the Principal's English into Ruthenian. These lectures have been of the greatest benefit to the men themselves and also to the people to whom they in turn



preach. Largely because of what these lectures have done for them they are spoken of by the Galicians as the "preaching priests."

A story the writer heard the other day indicates that a spirit of inquiry and of freedom is abroad among the people themselves as well as among their ministers. Of two Ruthenian sisters, one was a Roman Catholic and the other a member of the Independent Greek Church. One day the priest advised the Roman Catholic to try to get her sister back to the "true" church, for, he said, because she is outside the true church and reads the Bible she will go to hell. The woman replied: "I do not know whether my sister will go to hell, or not, but I know she is a good woman. I too am going to read the Bible till I come to that place where it says my sister is going to hell, and then I will stop."

It is strange how movements start! Mr. Bodrug, who until recently was the leader of the Independent Greek Church, spent a short time in Manitoba College soon after landing in this country. Hence, when he began to think of making a change in his church relationship he naturally consulted with the ministers of the Presbyterian Church, and brought some of his like-minded companions to these consultations.

At these meetings, the plan of the Church assumed form. At first it was really episcopal. Its first ministers had been ordained by a bishop; its liturgy is to this day that of the Orthodox Greek Church. It has got rid of the bishop, and perhaps before long all that is objectionable in the liturgy may be expunged. On the other hand the teaching of the church is thoroughly evangelical. These preachers have undoubtedly influenced large numbers of their fellow countrymen. Notwithstanding that the Independent Greek Church has never made much headway in Winnipeg, there are sections of the country in which large bodies of the people adhere to it.

Recently there have been a considerable number of changes among the ministers of the church. Mr. Bodrug went to the United States, there to carry on a similar work. Thither he was followed by six of his associates, four of whom are still in the United States, but two have returned, although they

are not now engaged in the work of the ministry.

In the meantime four new men are in part filling the places of those who left. It is the hope and prayer of the Synodical Committee in charge of the work that God's Spirit may descend richly on the Galician class at present in attendance at Manitoba College and call many of them into the Gospel ministry.

Those coming into closest touch with this work have met with many disappointments in connection with it, and also in some of the workers; and yet perhaps not more, nor greater, than the apostle Paul experienced in the Corinthian and Galatian Churches which he founded at the cost of such suffering to himself; perhaps not greater than have been met by those of all ages who have set themselves to raise a people high above the level on which they found them. More and more the committees in charge and the whole church need to cease trusting in self and bow in lowly prayer to the God of all grace to accomplish the task which is altogether too hard for us—pray that God may endow labourers from among this people with all the gifts and graces necessary for the work and send them into his harvest.

There are also strangers within our gates of a different race but from almost the same part of Europe as that from which these Galicians come, for whom our Church has been trying to care—the Hungarian settlers. Unlike the Galicians who are all Catholics of one type or another, a considerable proportion of the Hungarians belong to the Reformed Church, the Presbyterian Church of continental Europe. From the date of their settlement in the country these Protestant Hungarians looked to the Presbyterian Church for Gospel ordinances, but the foreign language proved an effectual barrier to Canadian missionaries becoming bearers of the cross to them. Missionaries had to be found among themselves, or in the land whence they came.

To find suitable men for this work, the late Dr. Robertson visited Hungary. Two brothers named Koracsi have been engaged in this work for some time, the one in Winnipeg and the other at Bekavar, with some measure of success. A little over a year and a half ago two young men, Messrs. Fejer and Kovacs, who had completed their third year



in theology in their own land, came to Canada.

It was rather a strange service which was conducted on a Spring afternoon in Manitoba College by the Winnipeg Presbytery in which these two young men were ordained to the ministry through an interpreter. One of them before long returned to his own country; the other, Mr. Kovacs, is with us still and gives promise of winning for himself an honourable name among the early missionaries in the Province of Saskatchewan.

"Strangers within our gates!" Their name is "legion." Nine languages are said to be spoken in one of Winnipeg's public schools, thirty-six or more languages in the city. The Bible is kept in stock, in the city depositary, in thirty or thirty-five different languages.

And what Winnipeg is in this respect such are also the limitless stretches to the west and north. Here is a field in which there is work in abundance for the devoted missionary. The whole land lifts up its voice pleading for a pure Gospel. Who will hear? Who will devote themselves and all that God has given them to this great work?

### WHY HE QUIT DRINKING.

A driver of a livery team said to us, "You may think it strange that a livery man doesn't drink, but I don't. I will tell you about that. I did once. I saved up about \$300 and started out to have a good time, and I had it.

It lasted two weeks, and when the time was gone, I had no money. In place of it I had thoughts. This is what I thought. "You have been a fool, you had better stop where you are," and I stopped. I have never drunk anything since.

I had two weeks of about as hard a fight as any man ever had, but that is eleven years ago, and it will be eleven more years, if I live that time, and eleven more, and eleven more, before I drink again. It is possible to be a livery man, and not drink."

There was philosophy in that. More than that, there was the stuff in it which the world wants to-day. If only Christian men would live their Christianity as this uncultured livery man is living out his resolution at self-control, we would have a great world.—The Philadelphia Westminster.

The highest ambition of love is to be a servant. It is the nature of love not to be waited on, but to serve.—Chimes.

### CHARACTER GROWS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready made, with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little, and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength until good, or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail.

Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of man he will make.

The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.—Sel.

### THE "SHEPHERD PSALM."

Three thousand years have passed away since the sweet singer of Israel sang the psalm about the shepherd care of God.

Thirty centuries! It is a long time. And in that vast abyss all the material relics of his life, however carefully treasured, have moldered into dust. The harp from the strings of which his fingers swept celestial melody; the tattered banner, which he was wont to uplift in the name of the Lord; the well-worn book of the law, which was his meditation day and night; the huge sword, with which he slew the giant; the palace chamber, from which his spirit passed away to join the harpers with their harps—all these lie amid the debris of the ages.

But this psalm—though old at the time when Homer sang or Solon gave his laws, and though trodden by the myriads of men in every succeeding age—is as fresh to-day as if it were just composed. . . . In this sweet pastoral symphony, the first verse gives the air, when it tells us there is no want to the man who lives under the shepherd care of God.

In the succeeding verses the harmony is worked out, and the music in all its completeness is rendered effectively. . . .

Oh, trembling heart, look away and look up! . . . Tell us no more of your tears, your failures, or your sins; but tell us, oh, tell us, of the all-sufficiency of Jesus, and how your needs have been the foil of his deliverances. Sing again the old song of how all wants are swallowed up in the shepherd love of God. And emphasize each "He," as you say again the psalm of the childhood and of age.—Dr. F. B. Meyer.



# Pulpit and Pew

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## PREACHING OUTSIDE THE PULPIT.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

"For what purpose did I enter the ministry" is a vitally important question which every conscientious minister will keep constantly before his mind.

The answer which he will make to this question will be:—I became a preacher in order to bring God's messages to my fellowmen, to awaken those who are careless; instruct those who are ignorant, comfort those who are in trouble, help those who are weak, and lead immortal souls to Jesus Christ; in short, my aim is to make bad people good, and good people better.

To attract people to the house of God is of far less importance than to attract them to Christ; the making a good sermon is mainly of value in that it makes a good man. A wise minister will not belittle his pulpit by neglecting to make full preparation for it, nor will he cheapen it by putting there anybody and everybody that he can lay hands on. At the same time he recognizes that he can spend only two or three hours in that pulpit on only one day of the seven; and whether in the pulpit or out of it, he is everywhere Christ's ambassador.

The Bible is the best theological seminary, and in that he learns that his divine Master delivered two popular discourses which the Holy Spirit has preserved for us; one of them was delivered on a mountain and the other by the seaside. The great body of our Lord's instructions were in the form of personal conversations with individuals or with his little band of disciples. That quiet evening talk with Nicodemus has shaped all Christian theology and molded myriads of human characters, and will continue to until the end of time.

The apostles pursued the same methods with their Master; and the book of the Acts is largely the record of personal labors for the conversion or the spiritual benefit of individuals. Paul preached public discourses when he had the opportunity; but I question whether his sublime discourse on Mars Hill as ever brought as many souls to the Saviour as his brief talk with one poor, awakened sinner in the prison of Philippi.

The danger with us ministers is that we look at our flocks too much as a totality; the word "masses" is a misleading word. We preach on Sabbath to a congregation; but God's eye sees only individuals. Guilt

is a thing appertaining to an individual conscience; and conversion is the turning of the single soul to Jesus. If we preach to a congregation for an hour or two on the Sabbath, it is a joyful thought to an earnest soul-winner that he can preach outside of his pulpit for more than a hundred hours during the week.

One of the unanswerable arguments for thorough pastoral visitation is that it brings a minister within arm's length of his parishioners. He needs this personal contact for his own benefit. A good library is a good thing; but there is a great difference between a lifeless book on your shelf and the vitalizing and fertilizing study of a book in boots; for every life is a biography. You and I, my dear brother, are helping to make these biographies. Our sermons are addressed to everybody; a conversation is addressed to a single soul. "Thou art the man," is the meaning of every loving appeal, every kind rebuke and every personal invitation.

A man may dodge a sermon; he cannot dodge a personal conversation conducted in the right spirit. A faithful sermon ought to set your people to thinking. In one mind it may suggest difficulties, and when that person meets you, he may wish to have the difficulty explained; the door is thus opened for you to remove an obstacle or to press home a needed truth. In another mind your sermon may have awakened a conviction of sin. That impression may fade away, or it may be deepened if it is followed up by a personal interview.

Much of many a pastor's best work has been done in an "inquiry meeting," but even when no such method is used, there will be opportunities for every wide-awake pastor to find out who in his parish is an "anxious inquirer."

You ought to have a fixed time in every week when persons can call on you; and if any one breaks into your study during your morning hours, not for gossip but for spiritual direction, you ought to rejoice to throw aside books or sermon notes and give him the right of way. The man that wants you is the man that you want.

It is an excellent method also to request your congregation to send a request to you if they desire an interview in their own homes. Remember how cordially the Master met every one who came to him for light or for healing, and what a long journey he



took in order to bring relief to one poor woman in the coasts of Canaan.

In dealing with awakened souls nothing can take the place of personal contact. To reach all such from the pulpit only is almost as absurd as it would be for a physician to read his prescriptions from a desk in a hospital, instead of going from one bed to another to feel each pulse, and to examine each fever-coated tongue.

No pastor worthy of the name will need to be reminded how strong are the claims on him of the Lord's "shut-ins" whose faces are not seen in the sanctuary. Whomsoever you neglect, never neglect the sick—especially those who are in the by-lanes of poverty. There is no more Christlike work than that, and none that will grip your people to you more strongly.

The hours you spend in the ministrations of comfort to the sick and the sorrowing will often subject your nerves and your sympathetic sensibilities to a severe strain. The most celebrated pulpit orator in America once said to me, "It consumes more of my nerve force to spend an hour with people who are in trouble than to prepare two sermons." That may be so; but is there any more Christly office in this old sobbing and suffering world than to "bind up the broken-hearted"? What your people want is the ministry of sympathy; and the rich often need it as truly as the wretched poor.

I have indicated some of the ways in which a faithful minister may preach outside of his Sabbath pulpit. There is one style of preaching that is vastly more effective than any other, and that is the irresistible eloquence of a pure, manly, noble and unselfish life. "My pastor's discourse was not very brilliant," said an intelligent lady, "but his daily life is a sermon all week." The "living epistle" of Paul was as sublime and convincing as any words that fell from his lips on the hill of Mars; for Jesus Christ lived in him.

Our people look at us when out of the pulpit, to discover what we mean when we are in our pulpits. Piety is power. Your aim is to produce Christian character, and what argument so strong, so constant, so pervasive, so heart-reaching as the beautiful example of a life copied even imperfectly after Jesus Christ?—The Philadelphia Westminster.

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The evangelization of the world depends first of all upon a revival of prayer. Deeper than the need for men—ay, deep down at the root of our spiritless life—is the need for the forgotten secret of prevailing worldwide prayer. Do not think that you have no influence, or that your prayer will not be missed.—Your prayer and faith will make a difference.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

## SOME "HIGHER CRITICISM."

### Were There One or Two ?

By CHARLES D. HILLIS, D.D., BROOKLYN.

(While the criticism (judgment) of learned devout scholarship, for a generation past, has been giving to the world a steadily increasing knowledge of the Bible, and bringing out Biblical truth in ever clearer light, there are "critics," so called, the kind that get themselves advertised and are best known to the general reader, who bring neither light nor knowledge and but scant reasoning. The work of this latter class is pleasantly satirized in the "Philadelphia Westminster" by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the brilliant preacher of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.—Ed.)

I have been making a brief excursion through the enchanting land of American History. A most worthy society of investigators, known as the Society of Bottom Fact Seekers, sent me. The organization has already distinguished itself by establishing to its own satisfaction that several things that are undoubtedly true are not true at all.

The motto of the society is suggestive, "No tradition in ours." It will only believe what rests on hard-pan or bed-rock, and the society claims the right of refusing to receive as bed-rock anything which it does not desire to so receive or which conflicts with its preconceived ideas. It accepts nothing on traditional testimony. It must be able in the last analysis to answer "How can these things be?" to every question that may arise.

So much history has been proved unreliable, especially so much Bible History, so much folk-lore has been discovered interwoven with a modicum of truth in Bible narrative, so many eponyms masquerading as men have been chased to their eponymic origins, to wit, the imagination of religious and patriotic enthusiasts of Bible times, that the Society of Bottom Fact Seekers asked me to investigate American History a little. So like all such seekers, having no prejudice against American History as such, and ready to believe all of it that I wanted to, and none of it that I did not want to, I set out.

The first matter to which my attention was directed was the similarity between the names of two American Presidents, Andrew "Jack"son and Andrew "John"son.

It has been commonly accepted that there were two such men, but the belief does not seem to have a sound higher critical basis. The circumstance that two men in an unsettled epoch of the republic should have had names beginning with same initials, to wit,



"A" and "J," and that both should have become President, seems, higher critically, suspicious.

The further fact that in each case the initial "A" stood for "Andrew," while the initial "J" stood in the one case for "Jack" and in the other for "John," while both names ended in "son" was even more question-awakening.

Having determined from such consideration that there could not possibly have been two men with names so nearly alike, Presidents, I began investigation to bolster up my conclusions.

I first established the fact that these two men were from the same State. Next that they both were living during several of the same years of the republic. These important discoveries were almost conclusive.

"Then I remembered that it might be objected that there were five men whose names began with "James," who had surely been President. But the answer is easy. First, the last names of these five men were in no sense similar. Second, it is impossible to conceive that five men whose lives extended over more than a century could have been mistaken for each other, or that the five could have been made out of one or into one.

Third, one can easily be mistaken for two, for example, by a drunken man, and two could easily be conglomerated by events and made to appear as one. This would be more easy if the man exhibited different peculiarities at different times.

That these two "Andrews" were really one, and that this one did manifest very different traits of character at different times, is made plain by the last name. When in early life as a dashing young Tennessee lawyer, and as the hero of the great battle of New Orleans, he was very popular with the young, and he was universally called, as young men named "John" are yet, "Jack." Really he was the son of an ancestor named "John," and "Johnson" was his name. Fancy, popularity and imagination transformed him into "Jackson."

In later life, however, when he had become President and had grown stern and strong and dignified and unapproachable, men no longer remembered what he had once been, but respecting his dignity and severity called him not "Jack-son" but "John-son." Of these facts his Tennessee home and his Christian name "Andrew" are indubitable proofs.

It is a great thing to be able to prove facts. Facts are stubborn things, and if one finds difficulty in proving them it goes hard with the argument.

Another objection presented itself at this point of my investigation. There were two Presidents named "John," and they came from the same State of Massachusetts. A lit-

tle consideration, however, showed me that this did not affect the logic of my position. If an investigator only has a "logic" to his position he is safe, no matter what he concludes. Neither of these men was called "son" in his surname, though the elder often called the younger "son." Moreover, the word "Quincy" in the name of the younger makes it impossible that he and his father should have been one and the same. Not often in history has a man and his father been identical. Yet again it can be historically proved that "John Quincy Adams" was really the son of his father. John Adams."

My conclusions seem to me, as their own do to all higher critics, unshakable. Andrew Jackson was probably only an eponym; that is, a name attached to a movement or an idea for Andrew Johnson, who was without doubt a real character.

When I reported the result of my work to the Society, they applauded and said: "You have discovered what we wished you should. Nothing else would have been accepted as scientific." They voted me a medal. It is made of leather and hangs on the wall of my study.

#### HELPING THE BAD BOY.

Clyde's mother had moved into a new neighborhood, and as he was a good-natured and social boy, he soon began to make friends with the children of his own age.

"Don't let that dear child play with Willis Payne," said one to his mother; "he is a bad boy, and none of the neighbors like him."

"But he lives next door, and Clyde will have to play with him," was the answer. "I'm sorry for a little boy who has a bad name like that. My boy is two years older, and perhaps he can help him do better." So said Clyde's wise little mother; but she kept a pretty close watch on both the boys after that.

And sure enough, before a month had gone by, the "bad boy" of the neighborhood had improved so much that he seemed to be made over. He stopped all his mischievous ways, and began to be so polite and kind that even his own mother was surprised.

It wasn't all Clyde's work, either. That mother knew what she was about, and had helped too. She invited the "bad boy" to little suppers and games sometimes, and treated him as if he were the best boy in the world. She took the two boys together on pleasant excursions, and as Clyde was a dear and generous child, his cheerful presence was like sunshine to the boy who had been blamed so much.

It seemed like turning round the old saying, "Be good, and you will be happy," for they made this poor little fellow happy, and then he was good.—Ex.



## THE GRAY-HAIRED BLOCK.

### THE STORY OF A NOVEL IDEA.

"Well, Major," I asked as we sat down to luncheon, "did you ever get rid of that hundred thousand? You remember that when I was here the last time you had a hundred thousand dollars you wanted to give away, and were worrying over how to do it."

"I did not give it away, after all" he said with a smile that I always loved to see, it meant so many things to follow. "No, I invested it. I will show you after luncheon."

As I knew the Major always did his showing before his talking, I curbed my curiosity, and talked about other things.

"I believe we will walk," he said as we went through the gate; "it is only a few blocks."

"There it is," he said as we approached the business section of the town. The building to which he pointed was a handsome three-story structure covering an entire block. On the stone tablet over the high arched door at the main entrance I read "Speed Block." On a sign which projected from the third story was "Speed Hotel." The Major's name was also on every business sign I noticed along the block.

As we entered, a very old, gray-haired man opened the door for us, and greeted the Major with an affectionate smile.

In the elevator the white-haired boy in charge—he must have been more than seventy—greeted the Major in a way that somehow gave me a queer sensation at the heart.

We began at the hotel on the third floor. The clerk came from behind his desk to shake hands with the Major.

"How are you, Uncle Johnny?" Mr. Speed asked. "How is the hotel?"

"Fine, fine," replied the gray-bearded clerk. And I noticed the old fellow held his hand until the Major released it.

It was a first-class hotel and well kept. The manager was a fine old fellow of sixty-five, who formerly managed a large hotel in Denver. The cooks, waiters, bell-boys, everybody about the place, showed signs of at least threescore years of experience.

On the second floor we went through tailor-shops, broom-factory, shoe-shops, printing-office, and many other busy rooms. And everywhere it was gray heads that bent over the tasks, but somehow the load of drudgery had been lifted from the work. Their faces were bright, and the spirit of the place seemed usually jolly. Every now and then we caught snatches of song and laughter as we went down the halls.

Everywhere at our approach the faces turned to the Major were filled with that

peculiar affectionate look I had seen in the old doorkeeper's eyes and there was a note in their greeting that unaccountably contracted the muscles in my throat.

On the ground floor were stores and shops of various kinds—clothing-stores, shoe-stores, dry-goods' stores, grocery-stores, fruit-stand, news-stand, boot-blackening-stand barber-shop, and many others were included in the block; and in all of them were old men as clerks and managers.

In the best corner of the block was a bank. As we entered the cashier looked up over his glasses, and hastily put his hand through the window.

"Well, well, Major, I'm glad to see you. It has been several days since you have been around."

The bookkeepers all lifted their gray heads from over their ledgers and turned happy faces toward the proprietor. It was not the usual look worn when the "boss" comes in, but rather the expression of happy children when a favorite uncle comes hime.

"Well, well," I exclaimed when we were on the street again, "it seems to be a remarkably well-kept institution from top to bottom; but where did you get that collection of gray-beards? I never saw anything like it."

The Major laughed. "There are only two men in the whole block under fifty-five. In town they call it the 'Gray-haired Block.'"

The Major had business to see after, and not until twilight, as we sat on his porch, did he tell me the story.

"That hundred thousand that I wanted to give away worried me more than any money I ever had.

"Doubtless many people would think it easy to give away money. It is easy to throw it away, but I tell you it is exceedingly difficult to spend money for the good of others and get value received.

"For months I studied over ways and means to get rid of that hundred thousand which I felt belonged to the public good. As I have often remarked before, it seems to me the poorest sort of help to wait until a man has lost all that is worth keeping before you assist him.

"The help that counts for both the man and society is that which saves his self-respect and keeps him at work.

"It was from Lightner I finally got my idea.

"I came home one evening, and found my wife had been crying, and knew there was something wrong with some of the neighbors. I think she carries fully half of all the joys and troubles of this end of town.

"What is it, Mary?" I asked.

"The Lightners," she answered simply, her lips quivering. "I don't know what will become of them."



"'What is the matter?' I asked anxiously, for they were our near neighbors and very good friends. 'He hasn't lost his job?'"

"'Yes,' she answered, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. 'Poor Mrs. Lightner is nearly killed. What will they do?'"

It was a problem. Lightner had been bookkeeper in the Third National Bank for thirty years. In the early days they scrimped and saved enough from his salary to pay for their home,—it is that pretty cottage on the corner across there,—but not a cent more had they saved or could they save. There were no children upon whom they could depend, no rich relatives. And I knew very well that a bookkeeper who loses his job at sixty-five has lost it for life.

"I worried about them a good deal, but I could not for the life of me see any way out. He was not qualified for any other position, and of course he could not earn wages at manual labor.

"I watched the old fellow go by every morning, his head held up with an effort that took both grit and will power. I knew he was hunting work.

"I saw him come home every evening, his head bent forward, and knew he had not found it.

"One evening about three months later I saw him come home early with the most dejected look I ever saw on a man's face. I learned later that he had been refused credit at the grocery-store—the first time in his life.

"The next day Mary said she was sure they were trying to sell their home. She had seen two or three real-estate agents looking around the place.

"That evening I went over to see Lightner, although for the life of me I could not think what I should say or what I could offer. Still, I felt they must be helped somehow.

"They received me with the same friendly courtesy I had always known in their home; but there was a restraint, the restraint of trouble. Lightner's eyes wandered frequently from mine, and he several times dropped the thread of conversation. The wife gazed most of the time through the window at her rose hedge now in full bloom; and several times she turned her face away, and I fancied that she was surreptitiously wiping her eyes.

"'Jeems,' I said blunderingly, 'I am sorry about your job. Is there anything that can be done about it?'"

"'No, no, Mr. Speed, thank you, no,' he answered. 'There is nothing to be done.' And then added pathetically, 'I'm just down and out.'

"'O, no,' I protested, 'you are good for many years yet.'

"'Yes, yes,' he said, 'that is the worst of

it. I am still able to work, but not able to earn. My pride and self-respect and love of life are as strong as ever, but there is no way left for me to earn a living; that is what hurts. We shall have to sell the place and rent a cheap one; and then, when the money is gone—well, I don't know.'

"'Jeems,' I said, an idea coming to me suddenly, 'I am going to start a small bank myself, and should like to have you act as cashier if you will.'

"'You don't mean it, Mr. Speed, you don't mean it,' he exclaimed, jumping up excitedly.

"'Certainly,' I said, 'and mighty lucky I shall be to get you.'

"He gripped my hand until it hurt, and I am not sure we both did not cry a little as the dear old wife sobbed with the joy of relief.

"After I went home the idea began to grow. There was a fine old architect whom I knew, who had recently lost his job with a construction company on account of his age.

"He was the proudest man you ever saw when I commissioned him to plan a building to cover a whole block.

"We employed old bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, hod-carriers, and all, and paid them for what they could do.

"While the work was going forward, I made Lightner my special agent; and together we gathered our force from the gray but efficient ranks of those who had come to the end of their jobs before the end of their strength.

"We started a shop or business to fit pretty nearly each of them, and pay them according to what they can do. They are happy in their work, for they know that coming age casts no shadow over their jobs.

"I wish you could have seen some of them when they finally realized that we were offering them work and salary such as they used to have. Poor old fellows who had almost lost all hope—their eyes would suddenly grow bright, and they would grip my hand and tell me how much they could do and how faithful they would be.

"There are more now than we have places for, but we put them on the waiting-list, and they act as substitutes. When one of the workers is sick, a substitute takes his place, and gives the sick one half his wages."

"How long," I asked, "do you think your hundred thousand will keep this thing running?"

"How long?" he echoed. "Why, man, man, the thing is paying six per cent., and we are getting ready to build another."—In C. E. World.



### CHARACTER BY SALVATION.

"Salvation by character" is an attractive phrase, and a dangerous one. It does indeed suggest a valuable truth of the Christian life, and of God's dealing with the soul. "Salvation without character" may never really have been taught by any so-called gospel teachers, but many have understood them to teach it, and every rightly constituted mind shrinks from that.

Nothing can be more explicit than the demand of the scriptures for a salvation that shall be present and practical; not only a thing imputed, but a thing possessed. "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees," is the Master's specification. "Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord," is both an Old and a New Testament requirement. John declares of the New Jerusalem that "there shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean."

Therefore, in so far as the phrase "salvation by character" insists that salvation is not simply outward and legal, and that, in the end and at the root, God's laws are not to be evaded by any "legal fictions," even though we call them "gospel offers," the phrase may serve a good purpose.

But just as it reads, without careful explanation, "salvation by character" contains a dangerous fallacy, wrapped up in the various meanings of salvation and character. It is either a contradiction in terms, or a mocking tautology.

"Salvation by character" is not salvation at all, in the gospel sense; it is evolution, development, days' labor, not salvation, rescue, grace. For salvation implies a saving force from without, a Saviour. The question of the ages is not properly, "What shall I do to save myself," but "What shall I do to be saved?" If men have ever in the Scripture been counseled to "save yourselves from this crooked generation," it has been by accepting the salvation offered through Christ. But the popular phrase makes salvation an achievement of man, not a gift of God.

Or else the phrase is a mere truism, a mathematical equation, which leaves you where you were before,—a gospel with no "news" in it. "Salvation by character?" Salvation *is* character. The aim of all God's work with man is not to put him, as he is, into an external heaven, but to make him heavenly. Heaven would not be salvation if heaven did not imply holiness. Heaven is simply the environment appropriate to salvation when that is complete.

The salvation for which God is working is the reproduction in us of the character of Jesus Christ. Salvation *is* character: character *is* salvation; and you have the meaningless and helpless tautology. Character by

character"! The poor soul finds that he is engaged in lifting himself by his bootstraps.

In short, this formula conceals under its specious show of reasonableness an utter absence of the needed motive power. You are as far from your goal as ever. "Let there be light," and there was light. But it was God who said that, "Let there be righteousness," says the phrase "salvation by character," and the man who has come into bitterest experience of his own sin and helplessness exclaims, "Wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me out of the body of this death?" "Your rope's na lang eneugh," said a despairing sinner to a similar counsellor. This is "salvation by formula." I asked for bread, and I received a syllogism; for power, and I got a phrase.

Turn the phrase around, however, and it glows with meaning. It is the vital bond that unites faith and works. "Character by salvation!" This places everything in its logical order. It meets all the demands of the moralist; it expresses the fulness of the gospel; it refers the power and glory of redeemed humanity to their true and glorious source. Is not this tautology also? Yes, blessed tautology, the tautology of grace, "salvation by salvation," a divine effect produced by a divine cause.

"Character by salvation" is the root-teaching of Jesus: "Ye must be born from above." It is the teaching of Paul: "Work out (or, outwork) your own salvation"—there is character—"with fear and trembling"—how little of the thoughtless confidence of the ethical culturist or of the smug complacency of the Pharisee, ancient or modern!—"for it is God who worketh in you both to will and to work, for his good pleasure, —there is "salvation," the gracious mercy of a God, whose love on Calvary "would not let us go," though it cost his Son, and whose love would not stop on Calvary, but works with us every day and hour in holy impulse and righteous deed. *This* rope is long enough to reach to the lowest depths of human sin and need, but the heights from which it comes, and to which it lifts us, are at the topmost summits of spiritual beauty as they are seen in the Son of the Father.

This is a gospel, in very truth; the gladdest good news that could be uttered to man; for its proclamation is this: "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus shall make you free from the law of sin and of death." Into this struggling heart of yours I will put the power of an endless life, and then, as you strive to express that life, I will add strength and victory, and by my grace, working with and through your effort, you shall be changed into the same image from glory unto glory, until Christ shall be fully formed in you, and you shall be like him, for you shall see him even as he is. The beginning and the progress and the end shall be of God, the ap-



propriation shall be by the threefold human channel, "faith, working, through love."

There is nothing mechanical or external about this; it goes to the very heart of man, as it comes from the very heart of God. It does more than satisfy an ethical demand, it gives a divine assurance of the fulfilment of our highest spiritual longing. It does not remove religion from the region of individual will and effort, it makes man a co-worker with God in his own salvation. It demands all that there is in a man, of manly purpose and love; but it vivifies and empowers that human resolution by the purpose and will of God. Here is no formal transfer of righteousness on the accepting of a formula; it is the offer of a new relation and of the power to realize the quality and result of that relation in actual living. Here is not a thing mechanical, translation into heaven, but a thing spiritual, transformation into the heavenly.

The other conception has thoroughly proved its utter powerlessness to lift fallen humanity out of its helplessness and sin, and yet it has ministered viciously to human pride and self-righteousness. The true conception gives religion its most beautiful and helpful aspect, by removing it from the self-centered and the Pharisaic into the living and spiritual and filial.

When a man sees this, viz., that, work as he may,—and work he must,—he has nothing that he does not receive, that all is of grace, and gladly accepts "salvation" on those terms, he enters into real sonship; for in his initial act of faith and surrender, and in the thousand daily acts of obedience, faith and love, he is receiving into himself the life and power of the Father. This is sonship, and nothing else is.

This state of dependence, reception, and consequently of gratitude and love, is the normal state of the human spirit in its relation to the divine spirit. "Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me," is the everlasting cry of the prodigal who does not know how to be a son. "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine" is God's formula for sonship. Independence, in some ways, of all men, may be a sign of manhood, but dependence upon God in every way is the crown of sonship.

In this natural atmosphere of sonship, character comes to its highest. Strength, purity, self-control, increase and deepen, as obedience and love impel to the doing of duty, the enduring of suffering, the overcoming of temptation, as becometh a son of God. Pride, ambition, envy, jealousy self-seeking, die in that air of utter dependence where the soul longs with an increasing love for the things of God, and glories not save in the cross of Christ and the all-achieving grace of God, as, through all life's tests and trials, God's salvation works out our character.

Nothing smaller than this can be the gospel; and this is the universal gospel; the gospel for the man in the depths, smothered and drowned in his sin, for whom "salvation by character" could not come in a million years; the gospel for the moralist seeking to reach the shining goal of Christlikeness from the impossible levels of his own achievement; the gospel for the Christian, conscious of the spaces still ahead of him, but pressing forward toward the mark. Not "salvation without character," which is absurd; nor "character without salvation," which is impossible; nor "salvation by character," which is a tautology; but "character by salvation," the triumph of God's grace in the life of man.—The Sunday School Times.

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### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Happiness depends, not on what we have, but on our attitude toward what we have. Those who are unhappy to-day because they lack something that they cannot have, are not likely to be any happier to-morrow, after they have gotten what they wanted.

It has been well said that "you will never have what you like until you learn to like what you have." Contentment and happiness are not matters of material possession at all. It is like the problem of living within an income: those who have not learned to live within their present small income, and who think that an increase of income is all that is needed to get and keep out of debt, find that larger income means only larger opportunity for debt,—and larger debt. So greater possessions, to the discontented man, usually mean only greater discontentment.

When we have resolutely trained ourselves to like what we have,—by dwelling on its bright side and rejoicing in it instead of thinking enviously about what we have not,—and to be content with, or *contained within*, whatsoever state we are in, instead of discontentedly trying to break out into another state that would not be good for us, we shall begin to find life abounding with that effervescent joy that was the watchword of the one who urged us all to "rejoice always."—S. S. Times.

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Christ has a right to the best you have. Consecration is a deep, far-reaching, and perennial process. It is not a pious spasm, or the formal signing of a pledge too soon forgotten. It is enthroning the Lord Jesus Christ in the heart with full sway over your time, your purse, your brains, your affections, and your influence.—Dr. Cuyler.

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"No evil can touch you but the evil you love."



**THE STANDARD BEARER.**

BY JEAN K. BAIRD.

He came into a small western city to take charge of Christian work. He had just finished a course in theology, having graduated from the regular course several years before. He was not young. I fancy he had already entered the thirties. He had worked his way through college and had overcome all manner of obstacles in order to complete his education and prepare for the life work which he had chosen.

His boyhood, I fancy, had not been care-free. His family was poor and had little more than bare necessities. But Norman was born with a love for the beautiful things of life. His desires ran to fine books, flowers, pictures and music. From boyhood he had hungered for those things which he had not. Then came a time when they lay at his feet.

This little western city was the home of wealth. I do not know that it was any better or worse than the average towns of the country.

There were many churches; a few drinking and gambling places; but the popular sentiment was in favor of morality and high ideals of living. There were several streets of fine homes, with beautiful lawns and servants in livery. Here the majority of the men and women were college-bred and many had studied abroad.

In such an atmosphere Norman was placed. He was fresh from privations, poverty and the struggle for self-maintenance.

The people were pleased with him. They recognized him as a man of ability; they admired his self-reliance; they respected his principle. They were ready to listen to him, to follow him as leader. He was received everywhere. Old conservative families who made few new friends received him warmly.

Here came the test of his moral strength, but he did not recognize it as such. He had risen above adversity; he had succeeded against poverty; unknown and obscure, he had made known his views from the little isolated portion of his world. All this may a man of average moral caliber do; but to withstand and to grow strong among the seducing, effeminating influence of wealth demands a moral giant.

Norman had looked upon the liquor traffic as the handmaid of the evil one. He had used in private and public his influence against it. He had abstained from the use of tobacco in any form.

But the cultivated people of the town were accustomed to serve wines at their banquets and dinners. They were not intemperate, but they were not total abstainers.

Norman had been in charge of these Christian workers but a short time when he was

invited to a reception at a home where there were several young men. A room on the third floor had been set aside as a smoking room. Here a number of the men met, Norman among them. Without a demur, he partook of the wine and cigars. Both were distasteful to him, but he made a pretense of enjoying them.

Among the guests was an eccentric character, a man of middle age who was known as a non-believer but who was an intellectual giant, fearless in the expression of his opinion and independent in his action. This man, Norman had been striving for months to reach. He had accomplished so much that the man had listened to his discourses and had debated the subjects in private with him. He entered the smoking room just as Norman took up his wineglass. The host offered him the wine. "You'll bear us company, Mr. Miller?" he asked.

"You know that I will not," he replied bluntly. "You knew that before you asked."

The others looked up in surprise. Several laughed.

"Miller acts as though he had been insulted," said one young man, "in place of being treated with courtesy."

"That's just the way I feel about it," retorted Mr. Miller. "To ask me such a question places me in one of two positions; either as a man without an opinion, or a man whose opinion changes with the hour."

He crossed the room and seated himself in a comfortable position as he continued. "I've lived in this town sixty years. Allowing the first twenty years to be the time when my judgment was not ripe enough to have my opinions considered, there yet remains to me about forty years of responsible time. Now from the very first. I've been strong against this drinking habit, both for the individual and for the nation. I look upon liquor as an agent of Satan. I believe more evil has been brought into the world through it than by all other means combined.

"Now, I've believed that for forty years; I am under the impression that I've expressed myself along that line, yet my words must have been weak, or our host would not have offered me a wine-glass."

His hearers felt that he meant every word he said, yet they joined in his bland, genial smile which swept the room, embracing everyone within it.

"Either my words were weak, or my friends entertain the opinion that I play follow the leader; and I'd as soon be called an imbecile as a weakling that does anything because some other fellow does it. No wine, no cigars for me." He waved his hand as though to dismiss them and the subject.

As they quitted the mansion Mr. Miller joined Norman on his way home.



As he placed his hand on the younger man's arm, he said bluntly, "I wish to ask you a question. Doesn't the religion you have accepted and represent look with disfavor upon the use of liquors? Did you not read to me during our last confidential hour that beautiful sentiment, 'If meat make my brother to offend'?"

He looked up inquiringly into his companion's face. He was not in a critical mood, nor had he asked the question for the sake of argument.

"Yes; to all your questions," said Norman.

"You yourself know it to be the instrument of evil. You know that the greater per cent. of criminal cases, imbecile children and poverty are the direct result of its use."

"Yes, I know that," replied Norman.

"Then why did you touch it this evening? You told me once that you did not know the taste of it. I believed you. But why did you do as you did this evening?"

"I never tasted it before. I have no desire to do so again. But my desire is to get closer to those young men. They have never let me come near them. I thought if perhaps I should put my own principles aside they would feel free and easier in my presence and after a time I might influence them to accept these same principles and teaching."

"You never made a greater mistake, my friend. We never can elevate anyone by coming down to him. Principle is a thing that cannot be lowered. When we think we are doing so, we are satisfying ourselves with the semblance of the thing; the principle itself has been lost.

"As a nation, we did not win respect for our flag by lowering it. We kept it flying high and compelled others to look up to it.

"You believe that your conduct should reflect your belief. Your presence alone, sir, without words, should tell a man what you have accepted. No man has ever been so morally weak that he did not despise moral weakness in another. We love a hero, whatever the way his heroism flaunts itself.

"No, my friend, to-night was your opportunity to come nearer in friendship to those young men. You missed it. They are further from you than before, and, if I read the stars aright, they will never come closer."

Norman took the advice in good part; but he did not heed it. He continued as he had begun. He lowered his standard so frequently that it was more often trailing in the wind than floating in the sunshine. His influence for good was weakened, for when the desire to fight a good fight is awakened within one, even the most evil of mankind, he wishes to follow a standard which is never lowered.—Philadelphia Westminster.

## BOORISHNESS OR MANLINESS.

The average young man scoffs a little at one who is noticeable for his good manners. Many a healthy boy thinks a certain roughness in speech or manner is a sign of vigor or manliness, in contrast to the weak and effeminate ways of one who is always bowing and scraping to people whom he meets.

There could not be a greater mistake, because, while an over-display of politeness is a sign of hypocrisy, natural courtesy will never permit a man to behave in any way except in the thoughtful, quiet, refined way which belongs to good manners. A rough, honest man is certainly better than a slippery, well-mannered, dishonest one; and this is the reason for so much of the deliberately rough manner some of us adopt. But this does not prove that courteous behavior is wrong or to be avoided.

There is no reason, therefore, why the average young man in school or college or business, in his daily occupation, or when he comes in contact with women and men, girls and boys, should not make it a point to be reserved, self-contained, tolerant, and observant of the little rules which everyone knows by heart.

A systematic method of observing rules in such cases has its effect. For example, you will see a man in his discussion among his friends, talking all the time, demanding the attention of others, insisting on his views, losing his temper, or making himself conspicuous in a hundred other ways. He may be a very good fellow, full of push and vigor, and so sure of his own views that in his heart he cannot conceive of any other person really having a different view of the subject. That is an estimable character to have. Confidence in one's own ideas often carries one over many a bad place.

But the fact that a person has such a character, and his disagreeable way of forcing it upon one are two entirely different things; and the difference between being confident and disagreeable, and confident and agreeable, is the difference between good and bad manners.—Leaves of Light.

## A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

Bishop Taylor Smith, on one occasion, gave a lesson in grammar at Cambridge. He said: "We have learned to say 'First person, I; second person, thou; third person, he.' But that is wrong—so wrong indeed that to put it right one has to put it quite up side down. The Christian's grammar is, 'First person, He; second person, thou; third person, I: And "He" means God, the First Person in the first place. And "thou" means my fellow-man. And "I," myself, comes last.'"



# World Wide Work.

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## GOD'S WONDERFUL POWER

### IN NEWCHUANG.

BY REV. J. GOFORTH.

For the Record.

Before I went to Newchuang, I heard many things about the low state of religion in the church there. Some even expressed doubts as to the possibility of its being revived, but there was much prayer for the Newchuang church going up from all the churches already revived.

God was gracious and answered prayer so that the revival started before I reached there. On the preceding Thursday, Mr. Hunter, of Kuang Ning, with several elders and deacons who had experienced God's mighty quickening power themselves, started with prayer meetings and by Saturday the people were breaking down. A Bible woman in great grief confessed to idolatry in 1900 to save herself from the Boxers; and a prominent member confessed to having defrauded the railway authorities out of three hundred dollars on a contract. He vowed full restitution.

Sab., April 12, a. m., Mr. Chao, from Kuan Cheng Tzu, at the opening of the service, told of the movement at Hai Cheng. A colporteur was so convicted that he stamped the floor and pounded the seat with his head and hands and cried aloud in awful agony. He confessed to idolatry in 1900 to save his life, to bad example, to hate and to covetousness. I feared he did not make a clean confession of all sin because he denounced the devil for making him so demean himself before the public.

At the other end of the seat was another helper, writhing on the floor in an abandon of agonized weeping. He struggled hard against the shame of confession, but the convicting power seemed so resistless that the strong man gave way and confessed to adultery and covetousness. At the same time the whole audience was praying and weeping.

During the address there was quiet, close attention and afterwards many contrite

prayer confessions. Before the afternoon address, during prayer, there was some weeping and much humility in the confessions. The Holy Spirit used the address to cut deep into many hearts. Then followed a season of prayer. Such humility, contrition and sorrow! It seemed as if all were weeping and confessing sin. What melting down before the Lord! What cries of anguish! One woman, it was the Bible woman mentioned above, with triumphant voice thanked God for coming among them to bless. There were other women weeping and confessing. The helper who confessed at noon cast several dollars down on the floor for the work of the church as he wept. This was his pledge of repentance.

Monday, April 13, a.m.—During the opening service, led by one of the visiting deputation, another colporteur had his confession read out while he stood up before the congregation. It was denying his Lord in 1900 to save his life, idolatry, covetousness and adultery. He asked for prayer and fell to the floor crying bitterly. All the people went to their knees in prayer, weeping.

I had just stepped inside the front door of the home where I was staying, when a well dressed man went down on his knees in the seat before me. O what an agony on his face as he cried out with an exceeding bitter cry and said, "Lord have mercy on me, for my sins are the same as his." Just before the address a man made a most earnest prayer. It was even to tears. He confessed his own and the people's sins, he praised God for coming and pleaded that now the Holy Spirit might take such possession that the lives of His people would hereafter be full of fruitfulness and victory.

The address on sins which like weeds mar our lives and hinder fruitfulness seemed to convict deeply. The first prayer was by an elder with face on the floor. He confessed that all the evil weeds mentioned flourished in his heart, and he made an intense, earnest plea for grace to root them all out. A man confessed that he had backslidden, broken the Sabbath, bowed down to idols in 1900,



smoked opium, got drunk, gambled and harbored unclean thoughts. He prayed for grace to absolutely overcome.

The colporteur who was in such agony yesterday while praying, told God that His Spirit had used the truth to lay bare all his sins. He had confessed and was pardoned and the blessed Spirit had come and filled his heart. O what vehemence in prayer! It seemed as if the devil must tremble. Such longings for God to control! He ended by promising to tithe.

Many other intense, powerful prayers followed in quick succession and then the tide of Spiritual power flowed in so full that burdened souls could endure no longer, so for about twenty minutes the whole audience was melted. They were confessions, praying, crying everywhere. Such bitter wails! Such soul agony! A newly elected elder was in great trouble down on the floor, but he hadn't got peace when we closed the meeting.

When we opened the afternoon meeting, a written confession was handed in. The young man stood while it was being read. It was so vile I won't mention it. He flung himself on the floor, weeping and pleading for mercy and cleansing. At the same time it seemed that the whole assembly was weeping and praying.

Just before the address a deacon from Hsinmnitun, who had confessed only some of his sins, was mightily convicted, and confessed to denying his Lord in the Boxer year, to envy, to bad temper, for he had not spoken to his son for six months, and to foul conversation. He promised to pay over to the church \$100 as a pledge of repentance.

After the address the elder who hadn't got peace at noon knelt in the aisle and confessed to idolatry in 1900, to adulterous thoughts and to a careless use of poison whereby a man came near committing suicide.

A boy also came into the aisle and knelt with his face on the floor weeping out his confession.

Then the whole audience went off in prayer so that for half an hour there was nothing but cries and groans, prayers and confessions. It was impossible to catch what was being said. Many were down with their faces on the floor weeping. We sang a hymn and closed the meeting but several

women were under such conviction that they continued praying and crying.

I went to one who had been a Christian for about twenty years. The burden of her sin was, she had lived for self and not her Lord. I used several portions of Scripture to direct and comfort her. She took off and gave all her jewelry as a pledge of repentance.

Another woman loathed herself because she had denied her Lord in 1900. She said she would never deny him again though death follow. A third woman who had been weeping bitterly, had denied her Lord in 1900, had a bad temper and had reviled. The whole congregation offered prayer for the three.

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Tuesday, April 14.—I shall not give the awful record of confessed sin to-day. There were about thirty confessions, more than twenty of which were written. All commands in the decalogue were broken. The condition of this church was truly appalling. More than one-half of the confessions to-day included breaches of the seventh commandment. The wonder to me is that the church existed at all. The missionary in charge had just gone home. I had not the heart to have them write and tell him of the awful revelations. At the close of the day I was completely exhausted.

Is it possible that many ministers and missionaries are sleeping while the devil sows tares unhindered. I fear, as God sees things, the conditions in many churches, in Christian as well as heathen lands, are unspeakably awful. The Holy Spirit was in this temple sitting as a refiner to-day. His convictions are overpowering. The soul under such conviction will face any shame to get rid of sin. There was much weeping and abounding prayer.

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Wednesday, April 15.—Before the morning address there were seven confessions;—a young man, that he had not kept the Sabbath; that he was cold in prayer; in his district no recent converts have been made and others have grown cold. He now dedicates his two sons to the Lord and promises to rent a house in his village for a chapel.

A schoolboy of thirteen confessed to fighting and reviling. He does no good, he says; he stole three dollars from his grandfather



and also coveted other things; breaks the Sabbath, is unfilial and is ugly with his brothers and sisters. In God's strength he promises reform and service.

Another schoolboy said he blasphemed God and cursed his parents, is quarrelsome with his brothers, is covetous and pays no heed to his parents' commands.

A young man said at eighteen when he was baptized he had great peace and joy but since then he has walked in the devil's ways of adultery, cheating, lying, unfilial, etc., and now has no face left to return to the Lord. He repents and longs for pardon and restoration to God's favor. He vows to live and labor for the Lord.

A woman confessed to idolatry, taking God's name in vain, said she had not kept the Sabbath nor prayed as she ought. When the Boxers had killed her mother and God had not avenged, her heart was full of enmity. She repents of all and promises God all her life.

Another woman confessed to bad temper in presence of unconverted husband, to envy and to neglect to teach her children.

A man confessed in tears to being very ugly in his home, reviles his parents and reviles and beats his wife. He wanted revenge on the boxers for injury received and because the church would not avenge him he wished to join the Romanists. He is now convicted and repents.

Another man confessed to getting money on false pretences, to idolatry, adulterous thought, to wife beating; once he wished to kill her.

Prayer by the whole congregation was offered for each as they confessed. The elder who has been so broken up during these days, promises one hundred dollars to the church. He got part of his property through fortune telling and this money is given as a pledge that he abhors the past. There was much quiet prayer.

After the afternoon address, a man who had only confessed in part was now awfully broken up as he confessed to adultery and abuse of his parents and fell on the floor and cried as if his heart would break. Besides there were several men and women who confessed to sin.

Now it seemed as if all sin was confessed and put away. None were passed by. A wondrous spirit of prayer was manifest. The

whole congregation was in simultaneous prayer for about ten minutes. It was so easy to pray, so spontaneous and natural!

The following were prayed for by the whole assembly: My district in Honan, special meetings to be held in Tientsin, the Emperor, the Empress Dowager, Newchuang, the nine outstations, the three Manchurian provinces, the eighteen provinces of China proper, for myself, for the missionary now on furlough, for the doctor, a woman for her husband, a son for his father and mother, for the sick elder—(this elder is seventy-eight years of age and was too ill to attend the services. I called to see him. He made the coffin for Wm. C. Burns, but at that time was insane),—for the spirit of love evermore to prevail in the church.

What volumes of prayer, and so intense! What an eagerness to get the petition up to a prayer-hearing God. The church now seems like one big family. What love! What heartiness! What naturalness! What joy! What hope!

The women were so full of the spirit of prayer that they went right to the women's room and had another prayer meeting. Mr. Douglas sent a cold elder down to these meetings in hopes that he might be quickened. He had only attended one or two meetings in Liao Yang. He has truly been blessed and is like a new man.

The preacher sent from Kuan Cheng Tsu was present both during the Hai Cheng and Newchuang special meetings. He then went back, arriving at Kuan Cheng Tsu just in time for the Sabbath morning service. By unanimous consent he was called up to lead the service and tell about what God had wrought in Southern Manchuria.

Before ascending the pulpit, Mr. Chao stood up before the congregation and told how the Holy Spirit had convicted him of sin and he confessed his hindering sins in the congregation and asked all whom he had offended or injured to forgive him. This made a very deep impression.

Then stepping into the pulpit he said: Mr. Goforth told me to tell you that he would likely come and hold special meetings here this Autumn, but if you want the blessing of the Holy Spirit you need not wait until Autumn. You may receive Him now. Which shall it be? Will you wait until Autumn or will you accept the blessing now?



With that the whole congregation rose to their feet, saying. "We want to be blessed now."

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Then followed eight days of God's wondrous power. Mr. Gillespie, writing to me about it, said "Then began a series of daily meetings the like of which I never witnessed anywhere and I never expected to witness in Kuan Cheng Tsu. God has been good to us, better far than anything we had hoped for. He has cleansed His temple, filled our mouths with singing and hearts with joy.... Suffice it to say that there were very few indeed, Chinese or foreigners, who did not feel they had burdens to bring to Christ and none who brought them but found relief and joy."

The heroic, saintly William C. Burns entered Manchuria by the gateway of New Chuang many years ago and laid down his life for the Manchurians. Only a humble gravestone marks the spot where the hero lies. Now what must be his inexpressible joy as from his vantage ground he looks down on his loved Manchuria and sees what God is doing!

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### WHAT FOREIGN MISSIONS HAVE DONE FOR LITERATURE.

BY REV. DR. DENNIS.

The work of Bible translation stands easily in the front rank of this service. Other achievements may seem to some more conspicuous and impressive, but after all nothing more fundamental and constructive, more vitalizing in its power, and more benign in its results can be named than placing the Scriptures in the hands and before the minds of men in their own language.

In this special sphere missionaries everywhere have co-operated with the great Bible societies of Christendom. A careful estimate of the total number of Bible translations, in whole or in part, which, up to the present time, may be credited to missionaries, is fully 500. Ten of these were issued before the beginning of the nineteenth century, and all of them are now in active circulation, save forty, which have become obsolete.

We have not included in these figures the six principal ancient versions, or the sixteen standard modern versions of Christendom,

as it is doubtful if they should be listed as strictly the product of missionary labor. If these be added to the sum of missionary translations, the total of ancient and modern, living and obsolete, translations from the above sources may be stated as 522. This is surely a record the value of which can hardly be overestimated. It stands in the front rank of missionary contribution to the welfare and progress of mankind.

Think of the value of the service rendered to China by that noble veteran in Bible translation, Bishop Schereschewsky, who has recently been called home to his exceeding great reward. Notice also the confirmatory evidence which we have in the record of Bible circulation in Japan during 1905, which amounted to 565,004 copies of Scripture, either entire or in parts, newly put in circulation during that year. This, to be sure, was in war times, but the record of 1906 still gives a circulation amounting to almost 300,000, the exact figures being 293,531.

Within the lifetime of most of us, the Bible was a despised and prohibited book throughout China, then a nation comparatively unknown, but now well known and abundantly respected in all the high places, as well as in the far regions of the earth.

Around the translated Bible has clustered an expository and historical library of polyglot proportions, including Scripture manuals, handbooks, introductions, and guides to interpretation, which have proved serviceable aids to Bible study. Exegesis and practical exposition have received much attention, and scriptural biography, especially the life of Christ, has been treated in numerous issues. Bible dictionaries and monumental concordances have been prepared with consecrated care and industry, and many biblical histories have been written. A wise and cautious critical environment is being formulated, which, while including the verified and truly illuminating results of modern research, has not given place to extreme or destructive theories.—"Record of Christian Work."

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Happiness is not like a large and beautiful gem, so uncommon and rare that all search for it in vain, all efforts to obtain it hopeless; but it consists of a series of smaller and commoner gems, grouped and set together, forming a pleasing and graceful whole.



### PROGRESS IN BRAZIL.

Rev. R. D. Daffin, missionary of the Presbyterian church, U.S., in Brazil, writes in "The Missionary:"—

Few at home are aware of how widely the gospel has been spread in Brazil. Brazil is a large country, larger in fact than the United States if Alaska be excluded. Over this immense territory have gone men with a burning zeal for the cause of pure religion. Our work has been carried on from the far north to the extreme south of the country by missionaries, native ministers, workers and colporteurs. The advance to the west has been slow for two reasons—first, the lack of facilities for travel; and second, the scarcity of population in the far west, together with a lack of workers and the necessity of using those we have where the country is thickly inhabited. But even with these difficulties we have penetrated as far west as Goyaz, and as the population increases we will be prepared to push on.

To the Presbyterian accustomed to see other churches stronger in number than his own, as happens in the South, Brazil is a relief. There are more Presbyterians in Brazil than Methodists and Baptists and Episcopalians combined. We are only outnumbered by the German Lutheran and Roman Catholic churches.

The Presbyterian church, unfortunately, however, is divided into two branches. They are the General Assembly of Brazil and the Synod of the Independent Presbyterian Church of Brazil. The first named is composed of native ministers and churches and missionaries of the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches. The latter is the result of a nationalistic movement in the church against the foreign workers.

The increase in membership at present is quite remarkable, totaling for the Church last year over twelve hundred (1,200) adults. Of this number the Presbytery of Rio received 456. As that Presbytery has only eleven ministers, they averaged forty-one for each minister.

As to *self-support*, which is one of the most important subjects in foreign work, I will say that the work in Brazil challenges companion with any other field. The Independent church cut loose from the mother church, and with its fourteen ministers, seminary, school, church paper, etc., with over one hundred congregations and churches and five thousand members, is self-supporting.

But in separating it weakened the original church with its vast missionary work and numerous activities, so that the original Presbyterian Church is still far from complete financial independence.

The Independent branch is concentrated chiefly in the State of Sao Paulo, the richest and most progressive State of Brazil and its contiguous territory, and it was in this State that the gospel had gone forward most rapidly before the separation. Still our face is toward the light, and we are going steadily on.

The Presbytery west of Sao Paulo has no missionary working in its limits, and raises the money for its large work. The Presbytery of Sao Paulo is practically independent of missionary aid, and so is Rio. The others are at present far behind, due to the separation in some, to vastness of territory in others, and natural difficulties that will disappear in time.

The Presbyterian Church of Rio de Janeiro is doing a wonderful work. Note the following: Members, over 600; received last year, 88 adults; contributed for all causes, over \$13,000, American money. The pastor, Rev. Alvaro Reis, preaches nearly every day in the year, edits a weekly paper, and last year published over 100,000 tracts, and has on the press at present two editions of more than 10,000 each.

Now, won't you, who read this, pray for this work, that God may guide these branches of our beloved church as they struggle against idolatry, superstition and infidelity in all its multiple forms here in Brazil? We have not striven in vain, and we ask your prayers that through Christ we may gain greater victories for our Lord.

### MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

The "Mission World" tells of a very significant movement in France, which it says is growing rapidly. It seems that some three years ago there were a number of priests, who associated themselves together, through the reading of the New Testament, in order to establish themselves and their congregations along new lines, antagonistic to the papacy.

They looked around them to find a leader to whom they could look for advice and example, and they chose Mr. Meilon, the converted priest, who was at the head of the Paris Mission of Protestant Converts. He accepted the election, and entered fully into the spirit of the movement.

There are now three hundred such priests and as many congregations, who are banded into a league. Their attitude to Rome may be found in the following pronouncements: Separation from Rome, absolute independence to be the right of each church, yet federation of all, establishment on the basis of the Gospel, perfect liberty as to Rome's dogmas, and the substitution of French for Latin in public worship, and loyalty to the Republic.—Ex.



### A HEATHEN'S SEARCH FOR GOD.

(The following is a free translation of a letter written by a Chinese Christian, telling of his long years of search for spiritual rest.)

When I was about twelve years of age, I began to seek for truth to satisfy my longing soul. In school I studied with much interest the Confucian classic, "The Doctrine of the Mean." The following especially interested me: "The expression of the will of heaven is nature, and the guide of our moral nature is truth; truth is found by searching and by instruction. Truth may not be forsaken for a moment. That which can be forsaken is not truth."

I dwelt much upon these thoughts, saying to myself: "Where is truth to be found?" "Whence are all things?" and "Why are they as they are?" "Man is hurrying to and fro, but what of all activity? Whither are we going? Man searches earnestly for fame and wealth, but soon leaves them even if he find them. What of the future? Is there a life to come?" I purposed to search to the limit of my ability for light on these problems.

I studied for about a year with a priest of the "White Forest Convent." This priest was kind to me, was faithful in his devotions, and tried to explain to me the doctrine—his "logos" as well as he could. He offered me a good position in the temple if I would continue with him, but my heart was not satisfied. I gave careful heed to all that pertains to monastic life, made myself thoroughly familiar with the Buddhistic classics designed to perfect the soul of man. Among these classics are the "Diamond Classic," the "Goddess of Mercy Classic" and others; but I wanted more truth than was here contained.

When about fifteen years old I entered a shop to study watchmending; but while here my chief thought was still for spiritual instruction. One of my associates was a devout Taoist. He gave much time to the Taoist classic "Truth and Virtue," repeating it at least a hundred times a day for the cultivation of his higher faculties with a view to immortality. I also studied this little classic faithfully, and would not retire at night until I had repeated it the required number of times. I compared it with the Buddhist teachings I had learned. I pursued this course faithfully for about a year, hoping to find the elixir of life, but got little profit and found it unsatisfying.

Another of my associates being a Roman Catholic. I talked with him about his faith and went one day with him to the cathedral in Peking. I was here at first favorably impressed and had an interview with the priest. In the course of our conversation the priest said I must purchase a "Forgiveness Ticket." I asked him at what price these tickets were sold. He said there was no fixed price; this would be determined by my sins and my

ability to pay. This did not seem to me to be right, so I drew back.

Later I went to the Lama temple and acquainted myself with their classics, which are similar to those of the Buddhists. I studied their systems of purification, their efforts employed in order to become immortals, their writing of charms, exorcism, repetition of incantations, and so forth. There was much darkness and confusion here and no clear and satisfying truth such as I was looking for.

One day in 1900 I was out walking on the street and met a colporteur and bought a copy of the Gospels, Mark and John, paying about half a cent for the two. I read these daily, greatly to my delight. How different the thought here from what I had been studying. In the prayerful study of these Gospels I felt the Holy Spirit moving upon my heart.

I studied also the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Life of Hudson Taylor" with a class of inquirers then studying with Mr. Kuang. My heart found the long-sought-for rest—rest in Christ Jesus. Here I found the truth, the satisfying truth. My faith is strong like the great mountain of Shantung. I studied my Bible and meditated day and night on its teachings.

The love and good example of the Christians encouraged me and deepened my belief in the fact that here at last I had found the truth. My heart is very happy. If such truth does not move men's hearts there is no hope for them. I want to live for God and glorify Him on earth and dwell with Him in the long hereafter.

Dear pastor, please pray that God will give me ability to witness for Him, and lead my father, mother and wife into His love and truth. This is now the burden of my heart.

(Signed.)

I want to add that the above letter was written at my request, and that the young man, now 24 years of age, is a graduate of one of the lower government schools and has a small official position. He has never received any pecuniary aid from the church. His parents, while never having expressed either approval or disapproval of his having united with the church, have remarked to their neighbors that a great change had come over him—that he was living a better life now than he ever had before.—"Interior."

After long years work is visible. In agriculture you cannot see the growth. Pass that country two months after, and there is a difference. We acquire firmness and experience incessantly. We are assuredly ripening or else blighting. We are not conscious of those changes which go on quietly and gradually in the soul. We only count the shocks in our journey. Ambitions die, grace grows, as life goes on.—Frederick W. Robertson.



# The Children's Pages

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Dear Youngers,

May you all make somebody happy this New Year.

Happiness is mysterious. She acts very strangely. Seek her for yourself and you cannot find her. Pursue her and she runs away. Follow her where you think she is hidden, and she is not there. In this way many people chase happiness all through their lives and never find her.

Happiness is very particular as to her company. She will never allow herself to come near selfishness. As a natural result she will keep away from all who company with selfishness. The ten-year-old men and women who are reading these lines cannot get within reach of happiness, cannot even get within sight of her, if they allow selfishness to hang around and keep them company.

If happiness sees any of these same ten-year-old ladies and gentlemen trying to get the easiest and best things all for themselves, without thinking of others, she will keep away off, sorry for those who choose selfishness for company.

But now comes the strangest thing of all. If you drive away selfishness and begin to think and plan how you can get happiness to come to others, to brothers, sisters, parents, playmates, friends, strangers, you will find that she has come to yourself, sitting beside you, walking with you, will not keep away from you. And the more you try to get her to go to others, the more she likes to keep with yourself.

But is happiness wilful and perverse, always not going where you try to have her go? By no means. She goes to others when you try to send her there, but she comes to you at the same time, and this brings to our notice another wonderful thing about happiness; she can be in any number of places at the same time. And the more peo-

ple you try and send her to, the more do you find her present with yourself.

Some of you have learned Euclid; you are familiar with "therefore." We have reached that point in our little talk together, and from what has been already said, we may now say—"therefore" no selfish person, young or old, can ever be happy.

There may be imitation happiness, just as there are imitation diamonds, just as there is imitation silver or gold, and sometimes people may think they have real happiness when it is only the imitation kind, just as those who do not know any better may think they have real diamonds and gold when they have only glass and brass.

But this kind of happiness which getting things for self can bring, is like other imitations, it does not last long. It cannot satisfy. It only gratifies. It meets for a little the selfish desire for the thing that is sought, but it does not give happiness. It does not bring the inner being, the soul, the self, into the unselfish, loving attitude towards others, which means happiness.

Happiness does not like to see you confine your efforts to bring her merely to your friends. She likes to see you reach out and try to bring the whole world to her, or so much of it as you can, and the more you try, the farther you reach, the more she will make your heart her home.

Your mission work is simply your effort to make a wider circle happy, to tell the millions who are in darkness the good news of a Saviour from sin.

Now all this is a very roundabout way of wishing you all a Happy New Year, but is it not better than merely wishing, if you are told how you may have that which the Record wishes to you all.

O happy is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.



**A MEMORY SYSTEM.**

Forget the praise that falls to you  
 As soon as you have done it;  
 Forget the praise that falls to you  
 The moment you have won it;  
 Forget the slander that you hear  
 Before you can repeat it;  
 Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,  
 Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done  
 To you whate'er its measure;  
 Remember praise by others won,  
 And pass it on with pleasure;  
 Remember every promise made  
 And keep it to the letter;  
 Remember those who lend you aid,  
 And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness  
 That comes your way in living;  
 Forget each worry and distress,  
 Be hopeful and forgiving;  
 Remember good, remember truth,  
 Remember heaven's above you,  
 And you will find, through age and youth,  
 True joys, and hearts to love you.  
 —Selected.

**THE CHRISTMAS ANGELS.**

"Tell it again, grandma; tell it again,"  
 pleaded little Sam.

"What, the story of the angels?"

"Yes, yes; the Christmas angels," said  
 Sam, eagerly.

With little Sam cuddled close in her arms,  
 grandma began the oft-told, familiar, but  
 ever sweet story.

"Many hundreds of years ago in a country  
 far over the sea, a group of shepherds were  
 one night watching their sheep on the hill-  
 side. Suddenly a bright light shone around  
 them, and a beautiful being appeared and  
 said, 'Fear not; for, behold, I bring you  
 good news, joyful news, and not to you  
 alone, but to all people. For unto you is  
 born this day, in the city of David, a Sa-  
 viour which is Christ the Lord. That you  
 may make no mistake, you shall find the  
 baby wrapped in swaddling clothes and ly-  
 ing in a manger.' Suddenly a great num-  
 ber of angels came, all praising God and  
 singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and  
 on earth peace, good will toward men!'"

"When the angels were gone back into  
 heaven, the shepherds said one to another,  
 'Let us go now to Bethlehem and see this  
 thing which the Lord has told us.' They  
 hastened into the little town and found  
 Mary and Joseph, and the child lying in a  
 manger, just as the angels had said. The  
 shepherds told every one they met what

they had seen and heard, and all men were  
 filled with wonder. Who was this marvel-  
 ous child?"

"Jesus, the Saviour of men."

"To what village did the shepherds go?"

"To Bethlehem."

"Why did the angels rejoice?"

"Because God sent his dear Son to save  
 the world."

"Why did God do this?"

"God so loved the world that he gave his  
 only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth  
 in him should not perish, but have everlast-  
 ing life."

"Did the Christmas angels ever come back  
 to earth, grandma?" questioned Sam.

"Ever come back?" echoed the dear lady,  
 a little bewildered by the query. "Why,  
 yes, I think they did. Indeed wherever  
 there is a loving spirit doing good deeds,  
 there is a Christmas angel."

"Do you think I'll ever see a Christmas  
 angel, grandma?"

"I fear not, at least not on earth, but you  
 might be one yourself."

"Be one? How can I?"

"By doing what the angels did, carrying  
 the good news to others about the Christ  
 child. Do you know the meaning of the  
 word 'angel?' It is 'messenger.' God does  
 not send his messengers now by angels, but  
 by men and women, and even children."

"Are there any people on earth who do  
 not know that Jesus came to save them?"

"Yes, hundreds and thousands, and even  
 millions, who never heard this wonderful  
 story the angels told the shepherds."

"Where do those children live?"

"In India, China, Burma, Africa, those  
 great countries far over the sea."

"When you give your pennies and nickels  
 to the cause of foreign missions, you are  
 helping to send teachers and preachers to  
 these children to tell them the good news  
 of a Saviour's birth. So you see, my dear,  
 if you cannot be an angel or 'messenger,'  
 you can help furnish the means to send not  
 one but many who will bring as great joy  
 to people, as those shining ones did to the  
 Shepherds on the hillside in Judea so long  
 ago."—In Children's Missionary Friend.

Make Christ your most constant com-  
 panion. Be more under his influence than  
 under any other influence. Ten minutes  
 spent in his society every day—aye, two  
 minutes, if it be face to face and heart to  
 heart—will make the whole day different.  
 Every character has an inward spring; let  
 Christ be that spring. Every action has a  
 keynote; let Christ be that note to which  
 your whole life is attuned.—Henry Drum-  
 mond.



## AUNT HELEN'S PLAN.

"Oh, dear! Aunt Helen," said Nannie, "I do wish I had some money."

"What for?" asked her aunt.

"Why, I need it so," replied Nannie. "My church account is not paid up, my subscriptions to the benevolences are unsettled, half my years dues to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society are still to be found, and now, worst of all, this miserable little mite box which I took last fall has just turned up *empty*. Here it is the first of September and all these things must be paid in a month's time. What I shall ever do or how I shall ever pay them all is more than I know."

Nannie glanced up at her aunt with a comical air of perplexity and went on: "I don't see how you do it, Auntie. I heard the treasurer tell you that your subscription was paid up and the secretary of the benevolences said he had nothing against you. I know your missionary dues are the first thing with you and when I found this," giving her mite box a vicious little shake, "I crept into your room and lifted yours. It is almost full and heavy. They can't be all pennies to weigh so. How do you manage, Aunt Helen?"

Aunt Helen smiled at her impetuous niece and replied, "Oh, I have a plan."

"Yes, I suppose you mean give a tenth, but Aunt Helen, all I have wouldn't make a decent tenth. How can I give a tenth when I haven't any?"

Miss Evans's smile changed to a laugh. "You absurd child," she said. "How dared you promise to give the church, the benevolences, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and all the rest if you had nothing to give?"

"Oh, well, I—it isn't quite so bad as that, of course, but I never do seem to have any money. Tell me about your plan."

"Get your Bible," was the reply, "and turn to I Corinthians, sixteenth chapter and second verse, and you will find it."

Nannie turned over the leaves of her Bible, thinking, "Just like Aunt Helen, always going to the Bible for everything"—and read: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."

"I change it a little to make it suit my case," said her aunt. "Every pay day, lay by you, in store, as God hath prospered you, that you may have something with which to do the Lord's work."

Silence reigned in the room for a time while Miss Nannie's wise aunt waited for her words to be digested. Then she went on: "You know, Nannie, something about the work which the Lord has given me to do; how it has been necessary to divert a

large part of my income from my own personal use into other channels and how small, for many years, was the part that was left.

It was when the left-over part was the very smallest that your problem confronted me. I tried to dodge it just as you have been doing. I said I couldn't afford to give and that hurt my conscience and my pride. Then I said I would give what I had left and there wasn't anything left.

Finally I made up my mind there was but one way out of my difficulties—to face my problem boldly, and settle it. This is how I did it. I decided that as long as the Lord gave me so much to do for him in a direct way, he could not want me to give a tenth for church purposes and I decided on a smaller proportion of my income. That settled, every pay day I laid aside my church money. Then, and not till then, did I begin to enjoy the luxury of giving.

"You know how the Lord has prospered me since then, Nannie. I have been able to increase the amount laid aside and to take a more active part in church work. I attribute my larger usefulness to my plan, for after all it is the purpose lying underneath which rules the action of the individual. If one really cares for missions she will be interested in promoting them, she will be ready by self-denial to save money to aid in the work."

"Aunt Helen," interrupted Nannie suddenly, "I believe that is where your candy money has gone."

Aunt Helen looked a little puzzled.

"Gone where, child?"

"Why into that mite box. Now hasn't it?"

Aunt Helen flushed a little and said: "Don't you think it is better for some one to have rice to live on than for me to indulge a foolish appetite?"

"Oh! I won't chew any gum or eat any more peanuts or caramels," said Nannie.

"Well," replied her aunt, "you will only be following the example of many an earnest worker for God if you deny yourself. It is only a little while since I heard a lady tell one way in which she obtained money for her mite box. I don't know about her means. I could judge only by her dress, which was rich, and her story, which indicated money in small sums at least always at her disposal.

She said she was extremely fond of ice cream soda and was in the habit of indulging in a glass whenever she went out during the Summer; but she learned of the needs of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, knew how anxious the sisters were to forward the cause and began to think how she could help. The thought of this indulgence of her appetite came to her and she decided to give up her soda and put its



price into her mite box. Every time she wished to gratify her desire for a soda she denied herself and dropped ten cents into the box. If a friend treated her, into the little box went her dime when she went home.

"Another lady was very fond of beautiful flowers and her one indulgence was to purchase on Saturday for the Sabbath enjoyment some hot-house flowers. There came a time when she became intensely interested in the welfare of God's people and she gave the price of her flowers to promote his cause. No doubt her eyes missed their usual feast but her soul was filled with a consciousness of well-doing.

"It is easy enough to talk, child, and lay plans for self-denial and self-sacrifice, but it isn't so easy to live them. It is only when above and beyond the plans there is an earnest desire for the furtherance of God's kingdom which is created by a knowledge of its needs that one can have the courage to carry out plans involving a denial of self.

Even then we shall fail many times, to our shame and disgust, unless we add, also, a personal consecration which is broad and deep and based on continual intercourse with the Father."

Miss Nannie rose and shaking out her crisp skirts, said, "Well, good-bye, Aunt Helen. If I don't buy me a fall hat and do mend up my old gloves, I think I can square up this fall—and, next year, I, too, will have a plan."—Woman's Missionary Friend.

### "REVENGE."

Some one has said "Revenge is sweet." But this is not true of the Christian, for the bitterest medicine that he could take would be to revenge himself of a wrong or injury. The revenge would sear his conscience, grieve God, and lay a burden on his heart that only a humble spirit of willingness to ask pardon could lift.

The Bible says, "See that none render evil for evil unto any man, but ever follow that which is good." One of the greatest deeds of human life is scorning to revenge an injury. It reminds onlookers of one who when he was reviled, reviled not again, and nearly always wins the adversary's heart; and it is always better to win an enemy's heart than to try and defeat him.

An old writer has said, "A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours." The sanctified Christian will never show a spirit of retaliation, a desire to get even, but will forgive injury and wrong, and in a humble and sweet spirit like that of his Master will try and win his opponent by love.

Old Master Quarles said, "Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, 'tis finished; He is below himself that is not above an injury."

The Christian life must be made up of the spirit of forbearance and peace and sacrifice; the spirit of brotherly kindness and love, anything short of this is not real Christianity although it may be thus labeled.

A haughty proud spirit always cries out for revenge, and generally seeks such an opportunity. But the true spirit of humility returns good for evil, and thus fulfills the Royal law of the scriptures.

"The fairest action of our human life

Is scorning to revenge an injury;

He who forgives without a further strife

His adversary's heart to him doth tie.

And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,

To win the heart than overthrow the head."

—Christian Missionary Herald.

### CHEERING THE AGED.

A young girl was passing her aged great aunt one day when she suddenly stopped, laid her hand gently on the white head and said, "How pretty and curly your hair is, Aunt Mary! I wish I had such pretty hair!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face and there was a joyous quiver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy.

A young man once said to his mother: "You ought to have seen Aunt Esther to-day when I remarked casually, 'What a pretty gown you have on to-day and how nice you look in it.' She almost cried, she was so pleased. I hadn't thought before that such a little thing would be likely to please her."

"I never expect to eat any cookies as good as those you used to make, 'mother,'" said a bearded man one day, and he was shocked at his neglect of her in the past when he saw her evident delight in his words for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood.—Ex.

In 1883 a New York financier gave \$6,000 to start a mission in Korea. Recently in a public meeting the same man said that this was the best paying investment of his life. From that one mission has grown a marvelous work.—Missionary Intelligencer.



**HUMBLED—EXALTED.****True Story of a Southern Girl.**

Nine or ten years ago, Dr. Len Broughton visited a district in the mountains of Southwest Virginia, holding a three days' mission for the deepening of spiritual life. The people were exceedingly poor, but living pure, wholesome lives. He was entertained by a family living in a house of only three rooms, where his deepest interest was awakened by one whom he took to be a daughter of the family.

Speaking of her to the minister of the place, he was told that she was the most remarkable girl in all that country. She had never had more than three months' schooling in her life, and was not a daughter, but only the servant, in receipt of \$4 per month.

Out of this she gave every month one dollar to her church (being the largest contributor), one dollar to foreign missions (being again the largest contributor), two dollars to her family, her father being very poor and the family very large. How then, did she clothe herself? By taking in work and sitting up far into the night.

The room occupied by Dr. Broughton was this girl's, and there he found her Bible. It was marked on every page, and almost at every verse, but it was at Mark xvi. 15 that he found, as he believed, the secret of her life. Over against the—"Go ye into all the world," etc., was written in a firm, clear hand, "*Oh, if I could!*"

He felt he must follow this up, and so he spoke to her about it, whereupon she broke into crying.

"Don't cry, come to business," said he; but the crying went on all the same, and he had to try again later on, when she told him her story.

At fourteen she was converted at a meeting, and when she reached home she found a tract lying there entitled, "China's Call for the Gospel." Nobody knew anything about it—whence it came, who brought it, or how long it had been there. Yet it was *that* that shaped all her after life. She showed Dr. Broughton the tree where for ten years she had prayed the Lord to send her to China.

But a great change had come over her recently. Exactly two weeks before Dr. Broughton's coming she had come to the conclusion that she had misunderstood the Lord's purpose for her, that, after all, His plan for her was that she should be a missionary for Him *in the kitchen*. At once her prayer became, "Make me willing to be a missionary for Thee in the kitchen!" She told how the Lord had answered that prayer, but now Dr. Broughton's first sermon had brought back the old longings stronger than ever.

"I have been so miserable, that I almost wish you hadn't come," she said.

His reply was that she must come off at once with him and be trained. He felt so sure that God had sent him to help this chosen servant of His into her true path, that he must do it even if he had to sell his own clothes. She followed him in a few days to Atlanta. His people responded nobly to his appeal; she was sent 1,000 miles away to Brooklyn for training, and at the end she came out *first* of all the students. For seven years she did good work in China, came home on furlough, and has now just returned for her second term of service.

The point to be noted specially is this: For ten years she had longed for the *big* thing. Then she was brought to willingness to accept the *little* thing—to shine for God in that narrow home as kitchen maid; and as soon as she reached that point, God Himself sent her out to China.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

—Life of Faith.

**A SINGER AND HIS STORY.**

Thirty years ago, a lady stopped to speak to four neglected boys who, barefoot and poorly clad, were playing marbles in the streets of Mendota, Illinois. "Are you in Sabbath-school," she asked.

"No! got no clothes," replied one.

"Would you come if you had clothes?" she asked.

"Yes," was the boy's emphatic answer.

"What are your names?"

"Peter Bilhorn," replied the first boy, and the others in turn gave their names. Peter was a German lad, the son of a widow. Clothes were provided, and he and the others kept their promise.

It was a warm Sabbath, and the lady who had invited them, and was to be their teacher, sat, all in white, telling her class of boys the story of the lesson. Almost or quite the only thing they remembered of it, as appeared afterward, was the way the teacher looked, and one thing she said and did. On the back of the card she drew a cross with the name "Jesus" above it.

"Boys, Jesus suffered to help us in our troubles. If you ever have any trouble, look to Him for help."

One day a terrific storm swept over the prairie town. The streets were all flooded, and the little stream that flowed through the town, usually but a mere trickling of water, was a raging torrent. Boxes, barrels and the boards from a lumber yard were swept away. The boys were here to see what work the storm had done, and Peter fell in.



He grasped at weeds on the bank, but they pulled out. He tried to get hold of a board, but it slipped away from him. He was carried under two bridges, on each of which futile efforts were made to rescue him. Toward a third bridge, and the last, he swept, and the roar of water was in his ears.

"In that moment," he says, "the vision of that teacher, all in white, and her words about looking to Jesus in time of trouble, came to me. I put my hands together and prayed."

It was that gesture of the sinking boy that saved him, for two men on the bridge seized the up-lifted hands and pulled him out. For a time he was unconscious, and when he came to, after much rolling and rubbing, they asked him how he happened to have his hands up as they were, and pressed together.

"I was ashamed to say that I was praying," he says, "and I asked boastfully, 'Didn't you know that I could swim?' But I kept thinking I had told a cowardly lie. I had learned in Sabbath-school about the other Peter, the one in the New Testament, and it seemed to me I had denied the Lord just as he did."

This awakening of a tender conscience was the beginning of a Christian character in the lad. His interest in the Sabbath-school grew with his growth. He became a Sabbath-school singer, studied music and composed music of his own. His name now stands at the head of many Sabbath-school songs, and he is known as a Gospel singer of influence and strength. In a recent meeting he told his story of his early life.

The teacher, whose influence was instrumental in his rescue so many years ago, is still living, the wife of a prominent Christian merchant. Many have rejoiced in the former street boy's life of usefulness, but her's is a peculiar joy. His consecrated service is one of her rewards.—Youth's Companion.

Be content to lead a simple life where God has placed you. Be obedient; bear your little daily crosses—you need them, and God gives them to you only out of pure mercy.—Fenelon.

### A COSTLY COMMA.

"Have you your examples all right, Tom?" asked Mr. Walker, as his son closed the arithmetic and came to say good-night.

"Near enough," was the reply, "and I'm thankful, for they were a tough lot."

"But I don't understand," said his father, "what you mean by near enough. Do you mean that they are almost right?"

"Why, I mean they are as good as right. There's a point wrong in one, and two figures wrong in another, but there's no use in fuss-

ing over such' trifles. I'm most sure the method's right, and that's the main thing."

"Yes," returned his father, "I admit that the method is important, but it is not the only thing. Let me see how much difference the point makes in this example."

Tom brought his paper, and, after looking it over, Mr. Walker said. "That point makes a difference of five thousand dollars. Suppose it represented money that some one was going to pay you. Then you'd be pretty anxious to have the point right, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, of course, in that case I would have looked it over again," said Tom, carelessly. "But this is only an example in school, and it would never make any difference to anybody whether the point was right or not."

"To any one but you," returned Mr. Walker. "For a habit of carelessness and inaccuracy once fixed upon you will make a difference all your life, and may prevent you from ever succeeding in the business world."

You may not realize it, but what employers want, and must have, is accuracy in little things, as well as in great, and, indeed, things that seem small are often far more important than they look. A comma seems about as unimportant as anything, but let me tell you the story about one.

"Some years ago there were enumerated in a tariff bill certain articles that might be admitted free of duty. Among them were foreign fruit-plants. What would that mean?"

"Why, I suppose," said Tom, "plants that bear fruit."

"Yes," said Mr. Walker, "but the clerk who copied the bill never had been taught accuracy, and, instead of copying the hyphen, he changed it to a comma, making it read, 'fruit, plants, etc.' It was a trifling error—not worth noticing, you would say—but before it could be remedied, the Government lost two million dollars, as all foreign 'fruits' had to be admitted free of duty. Now, whenever you are inclined to be careless, I hope you will remember that two-million-dollar comma."

Tom did not say much, but he went upstairs thinking that if a little comma could make all that difference, it might be worth while to fuss over trifles, after all.—Martha Clark Rankin.

### PROBLEMS IN ARITHMETIC.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a youth's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work, and discount his chances for success."—New York Observer.



**REBELLION OF "FRONT NO. 3."**

The big hotel swarmed with guests, and Front No. 3 certainly had enough to keep him busy. At least, it seemed to him as if the clerk's bell was never quiet. People were continually coming and going, thronging the corridors, and keeping everybody connected with the house running and hurrying about with trunks, valises, bags, messages and errands of all sorts. Front No. 3 had his share. He was the new bellboy, but he promised to be of the right sort, as he proved to be alert and quick to learn.

Senator Robinson, the idol of the district, was coming to town, and he was booked for a banquet and a speech-making in Parlor A that very night, and everybody from far and near had been invited to attend and meet the great man. It seemed as if the big register would not hold all the names of those who made application for rooms. When the clerk began reluctantly turning people away, Front No. 3 knew that the only vacant rooms left in the hotel were those that had been reserved for the occupancy of the senator and his friends.

The morning had almost passed when a cheer went up from outside the crowd that had gathered outside the doors, and when a large, genial-faced man entered, everybody at once became aware that the senator had arrived. The new boy did not stare, much as he would like to, but ran to his side in an instant to take charge of the hand-baggage, a privilege that the other fellows would almost have fought for had they not happened to be in various parts of the hotel on as many errands at the time.

"Show the senator his rooms, Front," was the word.

The boy obeyed with alacrity, and the elevator-man performed his little part with all due dignity. Showing every required courtesy and service, Front No. 3 safely bestowed the distinguished guest in his room and was backing in the direction of the door, when the senator stopped him. "Boy, bring up a bottle of whiskey, some water and glasses."

The shoulders of Front No. 3 straightened almost imperceptibly, and his eyes grew suddenly tense. He had not planned for anything quite like this. He had thought the waiters would be called up for anything of that sort. But here was a guest, a great man in the eyes of the people of the district and State, asking a temperance boy for whiskey, and poor little Front No. 3 was stunned a little and started to hesitate.

The senator noticed the momentary silence, and glancing up from a letter he held in his hand, said a bit impatiently:

"Well, that's all."

The bell-boy found his voice, and "dared to be a Daniel" yet again.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Well, sorry for what? What's the matter—no whisky in the house? Or, what's the trouble? Out with it."

Few boys could prevent themselves from trembling in their shoes with a difficulty of this sort presented and in such a presence. Front No. 3 trembled and looked sadly confused, but he managed to lift his eyes as he bravely said:

"The trouble is, sir, I've made a promise, and I can't break it if I lose my place—no, not for the President of the United States."

It was the senator's turn to be somewhat astonished now, though he laid aside his letter and gazed at the boy with more curiosity than displeasure in his face.

"Why, boy, what do you mean? What are you here for in this hotel? Have you been here long? I ought to be very angry with you and send a complaint to the office. But—well there, I'm accustomed to have folks speak up when they have a grievance. I'm waiting."

"I confess that I am a new boy, sir, and I never expected to be called upon to order intoxicating liquors or I never should have tried for the place. But I suppose it's all up with me now. I can't take your order downstairs, sir."

"Tell me why," temporized the senator, with something like amusement on his face.

Front No. 3 almost broke down at this question, but he answered half sobbingly:

"My father died in delirium tremens, and I have a brother in prison for drinking and gambling, so that I am doing my best to support my mother. I go to Sabbath-school, where I have made a promise never to touch, taste or handle strong drink of any sort."

"Well, I don't believe you ever will, my boy," replied the senator, encouragingly, "if you always exhibit the sort of courage you are showing now. It is unusual, and to be honest with you, I haven't anything like animosity toward you for making such a manly stand. I'm always glad to meet such a boy, but I certainly never expected to meet one here."

"Some one ought to have told you that you would be called upon to order drinks for guests, because most people would not be likely to take your refusal so easily. Still I am always willing to learn from any one. I do not drink, myself, but when my friends call they generally expect liquor of some sort. They must do without it to-day. So, if you will just order some water and glasses, you may consider yourself the winner."

To say that the "winner" was overcome would be putting it rather mildly. He ejaculated, "Oh, thank you, Senator Robinson," and was moving away, when—

"Hold on," called the senator, "You won't be able to stay here, you know, with the principles you hold. I know where just such



a boy as yourself is needed. Give me your address and I'll not forget."

When the little rebel who had won so startling a victory went to the office and surrendered his position, it was only to accept, later on, an enviable position of trust in a hospital of the senator's own founding. The senator looked out for him, and Front No. 3 is a temperance physician and surgeon, to-day, owing all his success to his not forgetting his pledge under any circumstances whatever.—Frank Walcott, in *The National Advocate*.

### TRAINING FOR WHAT ?

He let little things annoy him. He gave way to outbursts of anger, when a moment or two of firm self-control would have carried him safely past the crisis. He rather prided himself upon his "quick temper," so unruly, so easily roused, and so hard soothed. Then came the climax, when one day he flew into a passion, and almost before he realized it, he had committed a crime which by a narrow margin escaped being murder.

His neighbor was a quiet, pleasant young fellow whom everybody liked and respected. He was never even suspected of owning the naturally quick temper which he kept as sternly under control. He made it a point to be master, and he succeeded. When the first young man went to prison for his attempt upon the life of another, the second accepted a position of trust, of honor, of large responsibility, where his self-control and calm poise of spirit amid vexations was invaluable to himself and his employers.

Neither young men would have believed, years before, that they were in training then for the positions each came to occupy. Yet so it was in truth; for had not things gone before which fitted the one for honor, the other for crime and disgrace, the results would not have been what they were.

Juvenal says:—"No man becomes a villain all at once." Equally true is it that no man becomes a saint all at once. Training goes before both; and that training is a matter of individual choice. Your temper, your taste, your faults and your virtues, all are your own, to train as no one can train them for you. How, for what, are you training them?—Cora S. Day in "The King's Own."

### BIBLE PUNS AND JESTS.

A rising young story writer said once that there was one resolution to which she hoped to be able to hold, and that was, in all her work, "to make no puns, or jokes in connection with the Scriptures." With a very thorough knowledge of the Bible, and a ready sense of humor, the temptation to do so was particularly keen, but she kept her vow.

The Pilgrim Teacher lays stress on this very point.

"Biblical jokes and conundrums, the quaint and queer muddling of well-known passages by little children, and the parodies of well-known and precious hymns are often funny, especially the ones that are not made up by grown people." But they are also harmful.

"One comes to love the Bible, after years of living with it. It has ministered to aching hearts and comforted lonely hearts. It has shown us Christ, and has told us that we could be better and truer than we were, and has helped us in our fight to be. A thousand sacred associations live in the simple verses of the Bible.

"It is cruel, for the sake of a little laugh, to tell a story, or sing a parody that will always spring into the mind at the mention of a certain Bible verse, or the announcement of a certain hymn. Illustrations enough there are in every one's mind. There are hymns and verses that are ruined for us, forever, and more are being disfigured all the time as wantonly as souvenir-hunters chip the corners from the pedestals of famous monuments, willing for the sake of indulging a silly whim, to mar a noble work of human genius forever."

To parody or joke in this way shows extreme thoughtlessness, or, worse than thoughtlessness, deliberate irreverence.—Ex.

### WHY HE LOST HIS FRIENDS.

He was always wounding their feelings making sarcastic or funny remarks at their expense.

He was cold and reserved in his manner, cranky, gloomy, pessimistic.

He was suspicious of everybody.

He never threw the doors of his heart wide open to people, or took them into his confidence.

He was always ready to receive assistance from his friends, but always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need.

He regarded friendship as a luxury to be enjoyed, instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, generous trust is the very foundation stone of friendship.

He never thought it worth while to spend time in keeping up his friendships.

He did not realize that friendship will not thrive on sentiment alone; that there must be service to nourish it.

He did not know the value of thoughtfulness in little things.

He was always saying mean things about them in their absence.—*Success Magazine*.



### A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.

Once in the olden time, and in a far-off country, there lived a saintly man who, because of his constant charities and his kindness to all who were in any kind of need, was called John the Almsgiver. He was bishop of Alexandria, and was continually sought after for his wise counsel and his sympathy.

On one occasion a certain nobleman desired to speak with him, and when admitted into his presence poured out an angry tale of one who had grievously offended him. "That man," he cried passionately, "has so deeply injured me that I can never forgive him—no, never!"

The bishop heard him in silence, and after a pause said it was his hour of prayer. Would he go with him into the chapel? The nobleman complied, and, following him, they knelt down together. Then the bishop began to repeat aloud the Lord's prayer, his companion saying it after him.

When he got to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses as we also forgive those who trespass against us," he paused, and the nobleman, not heeding, went on with the words alone, he too, stopped, and there was a solemn silence.

Then the message sent by God's grace flashed like lightning through his mind. He was calm; his anger was gone; and, rising from his knees, he hurried to the man who had offended him, and there, on the spot, forgave him freely.

Yet another lesson of forgiveness has come down to us from the same saintly man. He had remonstrated with the Governor of Alexandria for some oppression of the poor, and the governor, resenting his interference, had dismissed him with anger and bitter words. John was deeply pained, and all day long grieved over the hasty temper of one whom he believed to be a Christian.

The evening hour came on; then he took a strip of parchment and sent it to the governor, after writing on it the simple words "The sun is setting," leaving them to carry their own suggestions with them.

Again God sent the message home—we feel sure that prayer had winged it—and the governor, rushing to his friend with open arms did not "let the sun go down upon his wrath."

Perhaps some of us may need the lesson, too. If we have ever cherished unkind thoughts toward somebody who has not treated us well, if a word from a neighbor has rankled in our mind and roused resentment, if we have ever said that unmeaning speech, "Well, I'll forgive, but I can't forget," let us remember John of Alexander, and the way he brought home to others the need of a forgiving spirit.

Better still, let us recall the words of Jesus, who, in answer to Peter's question.

"How long shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?" replied, "I say not unto thee, until seven times; but, until seventy times seven."—The Banner.

### RELIGION IN TRIFLES.

"An eight-foot length of gas tubing, madam? That, will be ten cents extra please," said the clerk, hanging up the shorter piece the young woman had just returned and taking down another. While he was wrapping up the new package she turned to her companion and said, "How much did I return? It was five feet, wasn't it. If it was, I owe fifteen cents instead of ten," taking out her purse again.

"Why do you bother?" was the reply. "That is his lookout, not yours."

"Oh, but it is mine, was the rejoinder. "I'm going to see how long it is. I'm not positive, but my impression is that it is five feet." She hunted till she found the tubing, which proved to be just five feet. She paid the extra nickel and was off, leaving the clerk looking after her in puzzled wonder.

"Now what made her do that?" he said to a cash-girl who had witnessed the incident. "She needn't have done it; nobody would have known."

"God would have known," she replied softly, her cheeks flushing faintly in the effort required to speak the words.

"God would have known!" All day the sentence repeated itself to the lad as he thought of different instances of petty trickery on his part in the past. At night it had not left him. In the morning it still haunted him. It marked the turning-point in his life.

The young girl had no idea of the far-reaching consequences of her words. She could not have foreseen their potency. But that act for the right not only changed the whole course of the boy's life, but affected to a greater or less extent for the better the lives of all with whom he came in contact.

You can never tell when you do an act

Just what the result will be;

But with every act you are sowing seed,

Though its harvest you cannot see.

Each kindly act is an acorn dropped

In God's productive soil;

Though you cannot know, yet the tree  
will grow,

And shelter the brows that toil.

—Young People.

"If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn."—Southey.



# The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Nov.	Rec. Mar. 1st to Nov. 30.
Home Missions....	\$4,326.55	\$30,734.29
Augmentation.....	728.10	3,334.86
Foreign Missions...	2,619.48	21,178.33
Widows' & Orphans'	796.56	3,255.45
Aged Ministers.....	1,715.30	5,873.72
Assembly.....	125.05	800.20
French Evangeliztn.	297.25	3,319.70
Pt-aux-Trembles...	292.56	2,136.51
Tem. Moral Reform	72.17	1,041.25
Knox College.....	71.26	456.42
Queen's College....	48.79	177.13
Montreal College...	58.50	140.91
Manitoba College..	61.00	363.24
Westminster Hall..	9.00	139.62

## Received during November.

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		Cecilia Jeffrey Sch. . . . . 30	Hawkesville, St. A. ss. . . 3
		Friend, Cornwall. . . . . 250	Toronto, St. Jas. . . . . 200

### DECLINING TO REMEMBER.

Memory is given to us for purposes of help and encouragement only. When we allow our memories to discourage us, we are sinning against God and our fellow-men. It is as wrong to brood over memories of our mistakes and failures as it would be to drink typhoid fever germs with deliberate intention.

We can learn, from the memory of our failures, how to guard against repeating those failures; but that is the only right we have to such memories. Much of our past we have no business to remember at all; and God will help us to blot it out if we confidently ask his aid in this. "The man who cannot forget the past is no good for the future."—S. S. Times.



## The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Nov.	Rec'd Mar 1 to Nov. 30
Foreign Missions...	\$671.86	\$27,069.41
Home Missions.....	631.42	4,752.18
Augmentation.....	362.95	2,486.31
College.....	1,413.03	6,018.11
A. and I. Ministers..	64.80	1,834.53
French Evangelizatin	71.60	516.64
Pt-aux Trembles....	8.92	300.69
For North West.....	128.00	2,383.78
Children's Day Col..	237.79	1,333.70
Assembly Fund.....	17.00	112.25
Bursary Fund.....	283.00	1,208.88
Library Fund.....	—	111.49
Manitoba College....	—	1.00
Widows' & Orphans..	9.00	566.97
Temp., Moral Reform	10.00	112.00
Unallocated.....	149.90	1,833.70

Total..... \$4,059.27 \$50,641.54

### Received during November.

at the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,  
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the Donors.

Reported .....	\$46,582.27	Refund .....	15
Dartm'th, St. Jas. ss.	7.30	Three Brooks, &c. ....	31
Black River..	44	Wabana .....	19
Black Riv. Bdg. ss....	5.98	Refund .....	40
Little Branch ss .....	5.97	Lower Truro ss. ....	8.31
Lower Napan ss. ....	4.14	Marble Mt. ss .....	6.97
Lower Napan ss. ....	1.82	Halifax, Park St.....	61.88
Pt. au Car ss.....	2.35	Hx., St. And. Guild...	100
Hardwicke ss .....	3.53	Clifton c. e.....	15.57
Marshfield ss .....	6	Nehediac .....	25
Refund .....	12	Caraget ss.....	1
Mid. Musquodoboit ...	70	Woodville .....	20
Hx., Chalmers.....	75	River Dennis ss....	1.70
Baillie, &c.....	6.38	Goshen ss .....	2

Asbury ss .....	3.50	Murray Riv. ss.....	3
Harvey Acton.....	17.80	Shubenacadie ss.....	9.18
Burnt Ch. ss. ....	1.35	W.F.M.S .....	126
Spry Bay ss. ....	1.40	Little Sands ss. ....	4.50
Cape North ss.....	6	St. Joseph ss.....	2.10
Clyde Riv. P.E.I. ....	50	Riverside, Castlereagh	20.70
Doaktown, Boiestown.	14	Castlereagh m.b. ....	5
Springside .....	63	Castlereagh c.e. ....	5.30
Chelmsford ss. ....	5	Caraget, New Bandon	10
Moncton, Men's Un...	25	Judge Drysdale.....	50
Refund.....	20	N. Shore & N. River.	177
Graham Fraser .....	200	Lochaber ss. ....	2.50
W. River, Green Hill	148.85	Flat River ss .....	2
Halifax, Grove.....	21	Andover ss .....	55.34
South Gut ss. ....	3	Gavin Stairs.....	25
Bras d'Or .....	5.45	Charles M'Donald.....	300
McKenzie Cor. ss. ....	12.25	Centredale ss.....	1.32
Marion Bridge ss .....	14	Pleasant Bay ss. ....	2.40
West River ss. ....	3	Charlottet'n, St. Jas. ss.	11.35
Malcolm McDonald...	5	Dundess ss. ....	1.22
Donald P. McLeod .....	2	Dorchester, Sackville.	5
R. H. McLeod.....	2	'A Friend' .....	10
D. J. Smith. ....	1.50	Centre Napan c.e. ....	5
Geo. McLeod .....	1.50	Napan Union ss.....	5.50
Roderick Kerr.....	1	Refund .....	10
Mary Caldwell.....	1	Horns Road ss.....	2.25
Refund .....	10	Thompson .....	23
Brookvale ss. ....	1.85	Clyde, Barrington.....	3
Brookfield, P.E.I. ....	24.40	W. B. Ross .....	100
Meadowville ss. ....	5.02	Port elgin ss.....	3
Amherst, St. Step.....	40	"E. L." .....	5
Lower Stewiacke .....	127	Hampton, &c.....	10
Interest.....	58.92	Riverside .....	46
G. F. McKay.....	500	Escuminac .....	35
Up. Londonderry.....	50	X. Y. Z. ....	100
Charlottet'n, Zion c.e.	20	Westville, Carmel.....	8
Hx., Grove ss. ....	13.98	J. & J. Yorston.....	25
Miss C. M. Christie .....	10	E. McPhail .....	5
Milltown Cross ss. ....	1.35	J. W. Priest .....	5
Pictou, St. And.....	50	Hx., Chalmers.....	50
Trout Brook ss.....	1.50	Cariboo River .....	9
Refund.....	14	Little Harbor.....	32.47
Hx., Chalmers ss .....	5	St. John, Calvin.....	10
F. B. M'Curdy & Co...	25	G. M'G. Mitchell.....	25
Glen William ss. ....	3.55	Refunds .....	50
Springside .....	32	New Mills .....	50
McLennan ss .....	1.40	Charlottetown, St. Jas.	75
Mrs. Peter Keay.....	10	Amherst, St. Step. ...	70.92
Windsor .....	110	Merigomish w.f.m.s...	10
Hopewell Un .....	25.25	Cape George .....	13
Churchville ladies soc.	20	Bloomfield ss.....	3
French Riv. P.E.I., ss.	4		
Cheverri ss. ....	6		
Onslow.....	50		

Total.....\$50,641.54

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"If a person is a true Christian, his dog and his horse will have reason to know it."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part, there all the honor lies."  
—Pope.

No one should ever be too hard on mistakes that he has never had a chance to commit.

Genius is the gold in the mine; talent is the miner who works and brings it out.—Blessington.

Straightforwardness is infinitely safer, wiser, and better than the uncertain windings of deceit.

"A profitable servant does his assigned duty and at the same time minds his employer's interest."

The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew it would never be found out.—Anon.

"Working simply one's job earns the stipulated wage; doing all in one's power prepares for higher partnership."

"Christianity, in its sadly imperfect development, is, as a matter of fact, at the head of the world."—Gladstone.

When one becomes too good for the church, and too wise for sermons, he invariably is the first to discover it.

Success grows out of struggles to overcome difficulties. If there were no difficulties, there would be no successes.

The real tragedy of life is not in being limited to one talent, but in the failure to use the one talent.—Edgar W. Work.

Church comity is an effort to grow ivy on line fences. It may not lower the fences, but it does improve their appearance.

A man's size is relative. He is larger than an ant, but small by contrast with the earth, and likely to be of less importance than he supposes.

Little words, not eloquent speeches; little deeds, not miracles or battles, nor one great heroic or mighty martyrdom, make up the Christian life.—Bonar.

If you are in trouble, trust God and help some one else to carry his burden. Its queer, but the moment you load up with another's woe, your own load grows lighter.

"Numbers of men are trying to preserve the national monuments. Why do they not try to preserve the greatest monument that ever existed, The Lord's Day?"—Flavel Cook.

Patience and strength are what we need; and earnest use of what we have now; and all the time an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be.—Phillips Brooks.

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.—Chesterfield.

It is my deep conviction that if the Church of God were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass until the story of the cross would be uttered in the ears of every living man.—Anon.

Keep the soil of life soft, its sympathy tender, its imagination free, or else you may lose the elementary quality of receptiveness, and all the influences of God may be in vain.—F. G. Peabody.

"Try it any way" is a good motto. There is a chance that you might succeed. Even if you do not, you will be no worse off than before. Faint-hearted refusal is the worst kind of failure.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Secular education alone may develop a clever man of affairs or a criminal, but not necessarily a helpful citizen. Education in the truths of the Bible with moral training, will make character which will resist anarchism, mob rule and insurrection.

"God can give a man peace, when apart from God the man can have no peace. The consciousness of being in right relations with God is in itself strength to a man, and even those who observe can feel that he has more than mere human strength to support him."

"Yes," assented a laborer, who was laying an asphalt walk, when somebody asked him about his employer; "Mr. A.'s a great church worker, and a pretty nice man, but he doesn't put tar enough in his walks." In the day of judgment which is to-day, and in the final Judgment Day, Mr. A. will be judged by the asphalt walks he has laid rather than by the prayer-meeting speeches he has made.



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RECORD.

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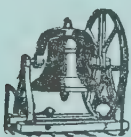
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# Presbyterian Record

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FEBRUARY, 1909.

No. 2

## CANADIAN NATIONAL MISSIONARY CONGRESS.

It is to be held in Massey Hall, Toronto, March 31 to April 4, under the auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. The Theme of the Congress is "Canada's National Missionary Policy. "It is "the first time in history, that the men of a nation have met to consider and adopt a Missionary Policy for their Country."

Among the speakers already secured are Robert E. Speer, New York; Bishop Thoburn, India; S. B. Capen, Boston; J. Campbell White, New York, and others from abroad; Principal Gandier, J. A. Macdonald, N. W. Rowell, K.C., and others in Toronto.

Among the subjects discussed will be "The Great Commission"—"The Minister the Leader of His People"—"Canada's Opportunity at Home and Abroad"—"The World's Debt to the Missionary"—"The Significance of the Laymen's Missionary Movement"—"The Stewardship of Business Talents and Possessions"—"The Call to Christian Service"—"Missions as an Investment"—"How to Lead a Church to its Highest Missionary Efficiency"—"The Awakening Orient"—"The Impact of Christianity on non-Christian Religions"—"The Sure Victory," etc:

Arrangements are being made with the railroads so that a Single Fare Rate will be the maximum charge.

This will be a great gathering, the greatest of any kind ever held in Canada, its object the highest, noblest, best, in the world, the redemption of humanity from its sin and misery. It will be an inspiration to all who can attend it.

But most of us cannot be there; and we may remember for our comfort that we can be quite as really co-workers with Christ, and quite as effective, as if we had been able to attend. We should also remember that the real work of the world's uplift is not done in great gatherings. These give courage, guidance, inspiration. But the real work is effected by each one, rich or poor,

being faithful to opportunity, doing something week by week "as the Lord hath prospered."

The contents of this issue of the RECORD will repay careful reading. The story of the revival in Honan should encourage in our missionary work in all our fields. It should strengthen faith. No other explanation can account for the things there wrought, than the working of a Spiritual, Almighty Power, of whom the Scriptures tell, in whom we profess to believe. It should also lead to greater expectancy that the same Almighty Power would operate in other fields and spheres of work, at home and abroad, shewing us ourselves as God sees us, convincing of sin, of righteousness and of judgment. Dr. Buchanan tells of similar work in India. The whole Eastern World is opening to the Gospel, and embracing it, as never before.

To other articles we would ask attention, the call to prayer for the Kootenay Campaign, where our men going from the East are exposed to temptation and sometimes go down, where brave men and women are trying to make a better country to live in. The minister's letter as to how he used "The Last RECORD" may suggest to some other to "Go and do likewise." The two articles in the young people's department by Mr. McKinnon and Dr. Hunter, will touch many a heart.

The Conference of Foreign Mission Board Secretaries held in New York on the 13th and 14th January was so much impressed with the changed conditions throughout the Mohammedan world that they appointed the last week of February, 21st to 28th, for united intercession in behalf of the Moslem World. The request is that at the family altar, in the pulpit, and throughout the week, special prayer be offered that the present movements in Turkey, Persia, the North African States, Arabia and elsewhere, may result in open doors and the establishment of the Kingdom of Righteousness.



**GOD AND TROUBLE.**

There is one line along which the world needs a new Theology, and that is the relation of God to trouble and sorrow and loss. A prevalent conception among Christian people, if one is to judge from the words in which it finds voice, is that of a God who sits supreme, ruling lovingly but arbitrarily, laying on the rod from time to time by taking away something that is prized, property, health, friends, just as an old-time teacher sat on his platform, overlooking his school, administering correction as each one seemed to need, taking their playthings from them, or like a gardener, pruning here and there a limb for the tree's good.

This opinion finds submissive expression among those who suffer—"Well I suppose I needed it." "We must all submit." "God knows best." "It has to come." Sometimes the attitude is less submissive. "I do not know what I have done to deserve this." At times both spirit and words are still more rebellious; but the same idea lies behind both the submission and the rebellion, viz., that for some cause best known to Himself, a Supreme Ruler has seem fit to exercise His power in a way that has brought us loss and sorrow, when He might just as easily have done otherwise.

The same idea finds expression from another large class, those who seek to give comfort. Sometimes what they give is of the sterner and more ungentle type. "You must have needed it or the Lord would not have sent this trouble." But often it is tenderer, though will mistaken. "It is very mysterious but the Lord has a wise purpose in it all." "You cannot see now the meaning of God's dealings with you, but some day you will see and know and be thankful for it all."

In yet another way the idea finds voice, in the prayers that echo around the world's troubles. "We cannot understand why Thou hast done this, but we believe that it is for some wise purpose." "Thou knowest why Thou hast done this." "We would bow in submission to Thy will though we cannot understand why Thou hast done it." And so on through the wide vocabulary which is so familiar to church goers.

One scarcely ever sees or hears of trouble

of any form, but the religious atmosphere thrown around it is colored more or less, usually more, with the above idea of a God ruling lovingly, but arbitrarily, over his great human family, laying on the rod here and there, lightly, heavily, as seems to Him best.

While this idea has within it the elements of the great truth of an overruling Providence, it is often clad in the garments of a great untruth, representing God to His children other than He really is, producing in some a blind, comfortless submission, in some a hardness and rebellion, but in few, if any, a restfulness and satisfaction and joy.

The truth is that there is very little in life that is mysterious. In old days when men knew nothing of the laws that govern life within and around us, when sickness was the mark of some special divine displeasure, when the commotions of nature, storm, tempest, earthquake, volcano, were manifestations of the anger of the gods, all was mystery; and in such times not a little of to-day's utterances regarding trouble would be fitting; but when the laws of nature within and without us are being more and more fully understood much of such utterance is quite unfitting. Nine tenths, ninety-nine hundredths, of that for which men lay the responsibility directly on God, is due to themselves, or to laws of nature which have in them no moral quality, either of good or evil.

For example, when one reaches old age, and the system wears out, and death comes, where is the mystery, or why should God be asked in wonder as to why He has done this? When one in youth, through inherited weakness, or perhaps disease, or through over exertion even in the noblest of causes, wears down the strength until there is not enough of it left to resist the forces of dissolution and life goes out, there is no more of mystery than when the fire goes out because the coal cellar is empty.

If the bacillus of any disease finds entrance into the human body and there is not vitality to resist and overcome it, and death follows, there is no mystery, any more than in the death of the half fledged robin, unable to fly, which makes a breakfast for some hungry prowler of the night.

Storms on land or sea are the healthful



and necessary movements of the air to prevent nature's stagnation and to water the earth, but when men place a house ashore or a ship at sea in the path of that storm and there is wreck and death, there is no mystery. God is not visiting with His displeasure. The result must follow as certainly darkness follows sunset.

Electricity is one of God's beneficent forces in nature; but if men attempt to harness it and the harness is defective, the wiring of a house not well done, and it breaks loose and there is fire and death, where is the mystery? God Himself could not do otherwise without suspending the beneficent laws of nature. The disaster is not God's act but the result of men's imperfect work.

The earth's internal fires are necessary to animal and vegetable life in the world, and if there is an occasional falling in from the roof of nature's furnace and a quaking of the earth that overturns cities and makes nations mourn their thousands dead, where is the mystery? It is not God's doing in the sense of being an arbitrary, deliberate act, any more than is the burning of a house from the overturning of a broken legged stove.

And when the earthquake makes a crack or crevasse in the earth's crust in some sea bottom, and the water pours into the big furnace, and an explosion occurs through some neighboring furnace chimney that we call a volcano, and cities that were built too near are overwhelmed with all their teeming life, there is no mystery.

And thus we might go on through the countless round of things that have brought loss and sorrow all down the history of the race, and in nearly every case, it is simply the working out of nature's laws and is so far from being mysterious that any thing different would have been not only mystery but miracle.

God is the author of these laws and they are all beneficent, but when they are traversed, then there is disaster. For example the law of gravitation is beneficent. It keeps us to the earth. Were it not for that law the motion of the earth would fling us off into space. The world itself would fly to pieces. But if we walk off a preci-

pice, that same law is our destruction, and we have no right call it a dispensation of Providence and lay upon God the responsibility of it.

Devotion and self-sacrifice are Christ-like. He gave Himself unto the death. And if in love and devotion to their families, or to the wants of others, men and women drain their supply of strength until it is exhausted, and life goes out early, and children are left orphaned and helpless, we should not label it mystery, nor miscall it "a singular dispensation of Providence," nor think of it as a "laying on of the rod."

It is nothing of the kind. Speaking with reverence, God has no responsibility for nine tenths of the things for which He is blamed. He has made beneficent laws for the universe and for all that is in it, and it is in traversing these that the loss and sorrow come, and God does not alter His beneficent laws to nullify men's mistakes, for that would entail still greater loss and sorrow. He did not even, to save the whole race, set aside the law that sin brings penalty, but in love and mercy He took upon Himself the penalty that men might be free from it.

But are we not told that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father?" True, but we are not told that the Father picks up the sparrow off the limb and flings it to the ground. If it falls over the edge of the nest and is unable to fly it falls to the ground, and a compassionate Heavenly Father, like a sympathetic man or women, looks with pity upon it, but He does not change the law for it. God has tender pity for every sorrow that comes to human hearts and lives, when through coming into collision with some beneficent law of nature, they suffer, but He does not suspend that law, for it brings, on the whole, good and not evil to men.

### The Great Question.

What then should be our attitude when our hearts are sore through the operation of some of these laws of nature, which have resulted in loss or bereavement? Not an attitude of rebellion, for, speaking with reverence, God did not do it, i.e., in the sense in which the blame is usually laid upon Him; not an attitude of blind submission,



dumb before the "mystery," patiently bearing a discipline we cannot understand; but recognizing the secondary causes, the beneficent laws of nature, whose breaking in some way by somebody has led to such a result, and turning with our sore and lonely hearts to our Father in heaven, who, "like as a father, pitieth," we should listen to His voice of comfort, His reminder that the best things, the things that will last for ever, are within ourselves and cannot be taken from us, His assurance that He will not leave nor forget nor forsake us, His promise that when all these things that we see and love pass away, the best of life is still to be. And then, as a father takes, with strong, tender, silent grasp, the hand of a sorrowing child, and in that very grasp the child finds comfort and rest, so does the Great Spirit come into silent touch with, and give strength and courage and peace to the stricken, troubled spirit of His child.

#### **A SPECIAL CALL FOR PRAYER.**

The General Assembly's Committee on Evangelism asks for prayer, throughout the whole church, for a special evangelistic campaign which it is about to undertake in the Kootenay region.

##### **I The Field.**

The district usually known as "The Kootenay" or "The Kootenay Country" or "The Kootenay Region," is in the south-eastern interior of British Columbia. It extends about three hundred miles from East to West, reaching over the Rockies and the Selkirk and Gold Ranges, and is about half that distance from north to south.

This region may be subdivided into East, Central, and West Kootenay; lumbering, coal mining, metaliferous mining and smelters being the chief industries, one prevailing more largely in one place, another in another, with some ranching and fruit growing in Kettle River Valley and surrounding mountains in Western Kootenay.

There is scarcely any open settlement as in prairie or farming country. Nearly all the population is gathered in centres, from the small mining camps to the larger vil-

lages, towns and cities, with varying populations up to eight thousand. For example, in East Kootenay there are Fernie (5,000), Cranbrook (5,000), Michel, Coal Creek, Morrissey, Moyie, Hosmer, etc. In Central Kootenay are Slocan, Silvertown, New Denver, Nakusp, Sandon, Kaslo, Ymir, Rossland (4,000), Nelson (8,000). West Kootenay has Cascade, Midway, Greenwood (2,000), Phoenix (2,000), Grand Forks (3,000).

As is usual in mining regions, where the world's free adventurous spirits are wont to gather, many are here from different lands. Most of them are strong and vigorous physically and their chief aim gain and pleasure. Many have had no opportunity of religious teaching and training in earlier life and have no desire for anything of the kind now. They are subject to special temptations, and that trinity of ill, the saloon, the gambling house and the brothel are on every hand to furnish the temptation. Strong morally must be the young man who escapes them all.

Drinking and gambling abound. In some places the brothel is segregated, recognized as a regular business, contributes largely to the municipal revenues. Again it may be found occupying a place in the centre of a city in full view of decent women, and of children, with even shops and stores setting apart a special hour for its denizens to do their shopping.

As is also usual under such conditions there is, in thought and sentiment, much of irreligion, infidelity and anti-religious socialism, which either defends the existing evils or is indifferent to them.

But evil, though so strongly entrenched has not all its own way. There are good and true men and women in mining and lumbering and business as well as in direct Christian work, all through the Kootenay Country, who are longing and working and praying for better things. To come to the help of these and to the rescue of the weak and the tempted ones is the aim of the new departure.

##### **II The Campaign.**

It has been undertaken by the General Assembly's Committee on Evangelism, in answer to an appeal from the Kootenay Presbytery, and is divided into two parts:



1. There is to be a simultaneous Chapman-Alexander Evangelistic Campaign, in four, possibly six, chief centres, beginning in March or April, directed by the Chapmans and a preacher and singer, specialists, provided by Dr. Chapman, in each, besides other special helpers for special departments of the work. This campaign to last for four weeks.

2. A follow-up campaign by some of our own men, strong men with evangelistic experience; this to continue for perhaps another month in all other chief centres.

3. A great moral Reform campaign.

The Assembly's Committee will control and direct and finance the campaign. A few generous men, realizing the great need and opportunity have contributed largely for this special work. All churches and the Salvation Army will be asked to join in the effort and to share in the benefits.

The ministers and missionaries, many of them faith-heroes (their wives genuine heroines!) have held on and done nobly with feeble resources, and have held the fort often heavy hearted and humiliated, "alone".

Fresh hope and courage is already stirring their hearts at news of this coming campaign in which the Church as a whole through one of her Assembly's Committees is coming to their aid. Will not the whole church concentrate her spiritual energy on this battle for the King's glory and honor? Let there be public prayer at every service! Let petitions ascend daily from every family altar! Let every praying Presbyterian ask daily for Divine direction of this great work, for Divine blessing on it, for a great victory to the glory of God and for the salvation of many a pious parent's boy gone wrong out there!

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God is attracted by our need more than by our beauty. Every shepherd will tell you that it is the weak and weary, the lame and halt sheep that he cares for. Every mother will tell you that there is an infinite fascination to her in the wee child, which is sicker and more exacting because less healthy than the others of her brood. So it is with God. If you should be broken and beaten and have failed, there is an infinite attraction between your heart and him, by which I believe you may allure him from his heaven and bring him down to the very dust of death.—F. B. Meyer.

## THE LAST RECORD.

A busy minister in one of our Canadian cities, writes:—

Dear Dr. Scott,—This year our Laymen's Missionary Movement committee agreed that we should place a copy of THE RECORD in every family of the congregation; two hundred copies are to be distributed each month.

Last Sunday evening I announced my subject as "The Last Record," and explained that I did not mean "The last Record" that any present should write in the line of character formation, but the church RECORD which had just been distributed. I explained how anxious the officers were to have THE RECORD carefully read and remembered, and that this January RECORD is an exhibition of the valuable matter which the periodical contains.

My discourse contained three divisions: (a) the Church's policy on temperance, and its attitude towards the liquor traffic; (b) the responsibility of the church's members in regard to stewardship, the scriptural method of giving; (c) the church's great work in the home and foreign field, and what is being achieved.

The first point was briefly explained, and the article on page six was illustrated by the fight in Britain, the U. S., and the recent contest in Ontario.

On the second point, pages two and three was set before the people; the fact that true giving is systematic and proportionate. THE RECORD's statement that "less than a tenth should only be given except in rare instances" was strongly approved. I stated that if all members gave one-tenth of their income the treasuries would be overflowing.

Our congregation had recently completed a complete canvass of all the wage-earners in the church, received a hearty response and trebled our promises for missionary purposes in our outlook for 1909. The congregation, although looking forward to a new building, gave very generously. I found, however, that few members systematically laid aside as much as a tenth, many giving only a twentieth, a fortieth or still smaller sums. I think we do well for missions compared with many other congregations, but we are only beginning to realize the luxury of giving and the danger of "misappropriat-



ing funds" and "robbing God." The editorial in the Record gave me an excellent opportunity to press home this vital teaching, although but a short time ago I had given a discourse on "scriptural giving."

The third point was the church's work. I asked the people to study carefully pages nine and ten. The question is often asked "What is the Church doing?" "Where do all our funds for foreign missions go?" Read this list of missionaries and their wives, of unmarried men and women, over two hundred in all! Why have these earnest workers gone out to the ends of the earth? Not seeking wealth, because the stipends mostly range from \$800 to \$1200 for men, and less for women; not because they are seekers of pleasure, for the work is hard and the trials, physical and mental, are most severe; notice Dr. W. J. Scott's reference to the great heat on page eleven, also Charles Paterson's letter on page twelve. These workers for Christ have not gone forth seeking honor or fame, most of them will spend their lives in these far-off lands and none but God will know the service rendered. They have gone out into the world's harvest fields at the call of Christ. They are the representatives of this congregation as well as of all the Church. Will you not pray for them and for more laborers to help them. Will you not give larger weekly offerings for this work?

Think of what they are accomplishing; the educational influence they exert, leavening the mass of paganism, the medical work done in the hospitals and homes by our missionary doctors; the mass of knowledge scattered by the printing presses, books, pamphlets and papers; the philanthropic example set forth in hospitals, orphan asylums, and refuges for lepers, illustrating the life of Him who had "compassion on the multitude"; and, permeating all these lines of work, the desire to win men and women for Christ.

Look at the results in Korea as given on page fifteen, then remember that these converts are described by Dr. Sutherland, of the American Presbyterian Mission, as Bible loving, prayer believing, generous giving, and earnest working Christians and he says they compare favorably with any Christians he ever met.

Remember, too, the revival in Honan, conducted by Mr. Goforth; what wonderful scenes are taking place there; read Mr. Goforth's description of work done in Manchuria on page thirty-one. Surely the promise of Malachi regarding the open windows is being already fulfilled. I also spoke briefly on the work in "The West" as described on pages nineteen and twenty. All the way through the discourse I urged the people to read and study the articles and letters referred to.

Our church was very full that evening. For forty minutes they listened with the greatest attention. The first man I spoke to after service, who is not now a member of any church, said "send me a list of the objects your church is interested in; I wish to contribute regularly to this work." He was not solicited, but made this offer of his own free will. He had not been at our church for months. He is a young man of influence and intelligence and a leader among athletic young men.

Now the point I wish to make is this: Every pastor from time to time should refer to the letters and articles found in the pages of THE RECORD. The people in too many cases are perishing for lack of knowledge. THE RECORD, if read with care, will do much to educate our people along the lines of the work being done, and the great need there is for that work. I do not know if I shall again devote a whole discourse to any particular Record, but I shall certainly make some reference to its pages as it is distributed from month to month. The gospel of grace and the gospel of work are faithfully set forth there.

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#### THE UNIMPORTANCE OF PROMINENCE.

A real test of leadership is the readiness to be invisible. The rudder is under water during a voyage, and is not seen by the passengers. If it were made chiefly to be seen, its guiding power would not amount to much. Until we learn not to care whether we are observed of men or not, we shall never become as effective in leadership as we might. The great forces of nature work chiefly without attracting attention. Let us faithfully do our work, and trust our Master to give what recognition is best for us.—S.S. Times.

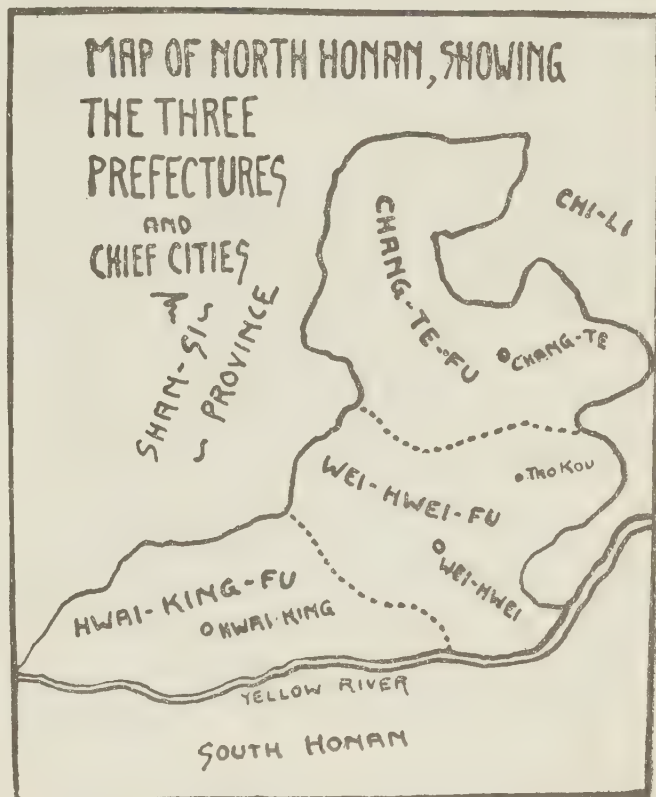


# Our Foreign Missions



The map on the left, is China, showing its eighteen provinces, with an average population of more than twenty millions each, or a total of say four hundred millions, one fourth of the whole human race.

Towards the North is the province of Honan, with its more than thirty millions. The shaded spot is the part of Honan that lies north of the Yellow River, with eight millions of people, more than all Canada. This is our mission field, wholly ours. No other agency is there. If they are to receive the Gospel, we must give it;



The map on the right is the little shaded spot of the other map, enlarged, shewing the three prefectures into which it is divided, and shewing the capital cities, the "fu" city, of each prefecture where are the three main central stations of our mission, Changte, Weihwei, Hwaiking. Revival services were held first at Weihwei, then at Changte, then at Hwaiking. The following pages are what has been received from Changte and Hwaiking.

## THE REVIVAL AT HWAIKINGFU.

BY REV. GEO. M. ROSS.

Hwaikingfu, Dec. 3, 1908.

Dear Record:—

"Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold he shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts," Mat. 3:1.

In a very real and wonderful way we are seeing this prophecy being fulfilled during these past days in Honan. The Lord whom we have been seeking for a long time, has suddenly come to His temple and is purging and refining its vessels. We have had a won-

derful movement in our midst and our three stations, representing every section of the field, has been blessed. In this short note, I shall only make reference to our own station here at Hwaiking, as you shall doubtless hear from others about the work at Weihwei and Changte.

The meetings commenced on Sunday morning, November 22nd, by Mr. Goforth relating the wonderful movement that has recently taken place in Shansi and Manchuria, where hundreds were led to confess their sins and were brought to real repentance. Native pastors, elders, managers, and preaching assistants and even the school children—all confessed with great sorrow and deep emo-



tion that they were living in sin and hindering the progress of the Kingdom. The Spirit was working mightily and multitudes of professing Christians were convicted of sin and led out into a new life. Mr. Goforth's account of this work was very vivid and many were deeply moved.

Throughout the eight days, three meetings were held each day. The forenoon and afternoon meetings were all led by Mr. Goforth, when the two great themes of "Prayer" and the "Holy Spirit" were preached on. The evening meeting was devoted to prayer and was always led by Mr. Slimmon.

As to the preaching, there was nothing unusual about it. Nothing new was said or heard all the way through. In fact the preaching was as simple and commonplace as I have yet heard in China or elsewhere. There was no profundity or eloquence at any time; but there was great earnestness, and every sentence, like a winged arrow, struck home to the conscience. It was not by might or by power, but by the Spirit, that the hearts and consciences of the people were moved.

And they were moved mightily. Such contrition and remorse mingled with strong crying and sobbing, such confessions of sins and pleadings with God for forgiveness will never be forgotten. Our own lives seemed so full of blemishes and barrenness that we too had our public confessions to make.

Mr. L——, a teacher in one of our schools, on his knees, with uncontrollable sobbing, confessed to hypocrisy, jealousy, covetousness. Afterwards every one of his scholars broke down as they one by one and sometimes two or three together, confessed their sins. All the helpers confessed to coldness and general indifference in their work. Some of their statements were very startling. For example:

Mr. Su had almost decided to leave the church and join the army. He didn't want to be a preacher and wanted to go back to his old post in the army.

Mr. Li, our foremost preacher here, also confessed to having planned to leave the church and to having had feelings against some of the pastors and other helpers.

Another man called "the blind man," his eyes having been gouged out by enemies while caught in the very act of sinning, con-

fessed to opium smoking and general hypocrisy. Another man, Mr. Wang—whom we all regarded as a very trustworthy, earnest young scholar—confessed that he joined the church simply because he wanted to make something out of it. Being disappointed, he was cherishing hard thoughts against it and had tried already to join the Chinese army. He also confessed to having had murderous thoughts in his heart. Many others confessed to not keeping the Sabbath, to be wronging people in the name of the church and to robbing the church itself. All confessions and supplications were made under the power of a great emotion and invariably accompanied with strong crying and tears. Old feuds were settled, stolen property returned, public apologies made and many grievances and hindrances cast away.

What is the explanation of it all? Certainly not in the preaching. Nothing new was said or heard—but the Power of the Spirit—the Invisible but Invincible Spirit, was present and the work of grace was done, and is still being done.

The closing meeting last Sabbath evening was a memorable one. It was a real consecration meeting and nearly everybody had something to say and something to give to the service of the Master. First of all came Mrs. Chen, wife of a former official, and contributed two dollars to the hospital and a thousand cash (i.e. about 63 cents gold) to the church, as a pledge that henceforth she was to serve the one living and true God. Her new life, if fully lived out, promises to be full of fruit and power, reaching a class of people that we find hard to make much impression upon.

Many of the Christians as well as the helpers, promised to contribute one tenth to the Master. Some others volunteered—the school children amongst them—to go into the city every evening to witness for Christ at the preaching chapel. Others again promised to give one tenth of their time selling books and going to fairs to preach. The spontaneity of their offerings was beautiful.

On Monday, all separated for their homes—some going fifty miles, others forty or more—all filled with enthusiasm and zeal for the work of saving their brethren. May they follow on to know the Lord, increasing in wisdom and in favor with God and with their fellow villagers.



**THE REVIVAL AT CHANGTE, HONAN.**

BY PERCY C. LESLIE, M.D., M.R.C.S.

(Note.—With deepest regret we have to preface the glad story of these pages by a sad message. Since it was written and in type, Alexander Leslie, four years old, the middle one in Dr. Leslie's family of three boys, has been called away by death.

The summer of 1907, with its heat, drouth, malaria, dysentery, etc., was an unusually trying one to our mission families in Honan, and especially to the children, so much so that Dr. Leslie found it necessary, at the end of the summer, over a year ago, to bring his family home, and so low and weak was Alexander that they scarcely expected to get him out of Honan alive. But he survived, and with the change soon recovered strength.

Leaving Mrs. Leslie and the children at home in Montreal, Dr. Leslie returned at once to his work in China. All has since gone well, till, on New Year's day, diphtheria set in, following an attack of scarlet fever, and five days later little Alex passed away.

They are our substitutes, doing our work, bearing our burden. Let our prayers and sympathies sustain the mother here, the father far away.

The broken health and the graves in the mission fields, the Calvarys and sepulchres, all tell the price that is being paid for the world's redemption.

It should also be stated that the following was not written by Dr. Leslie for publication. Mrs. Leslie has for years shared with the others the toil of the sowing, and now the Dr. wished her to share, as far as possible, in the joy of harvest, and jotted down something of each day's meetings and sent it to her, and from this The Record has been kindly permitted to gather what is of public interest.—Ed.)

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**The Story of the Meetings.**

For a long time we have been looking forward to special revival meetings. We need reviving. There is no doubt about that. And there is no room to doubt God's readiness to revive us again. Korea, Manchuria, Shansi, and other centres have been wonderfully moved, and Mr. Goforth has been the cen-

tral figure in much of this widespread movement. Now he is back in his own Honan. The week in Weihiifu, the middle one of our three main Honan stations, witnessed a real work of grace among the Christians there. Now for Changte! What is in store for the thousand and more throughout the seven counties of this prefecture, who call themselves by Christ's name?

As to preparation, no special meetings have been held, either by missionaries or Chinese, in anticipation of an outpouring, but at the ordinary meetings constant reference has been made to the revival, and earnest prayer offered for it; word has been sent to all parts of the field, urging all to come and stay the week; a big mat tent, capable of seating eight hundred people or more, has been erected; the church and other buildings have been turned into dormitories, an outdoor kitchen and dining room, capable of feeding 300 to 400 people has been laid out, where the visiting Christians will buy their own food. Now for the meetings!

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First day, Sunday, Nov. 8, 1908.

To-day not less than six hundred people were in attendance, not a few attracted from the street out of curiosity. Some men have tramped eighty miles. Women who could not get a cart to bring them have struggled along on their little bound feet for distances of fifteen to twenty miles. All for what? To get revived. They do not know very well what that means. Perhaps if they did they would hesitate to come, but they will be glad of it at the end.

Three meetings to-day. In the forenoon a baptismal service preceded the regular meeting and twenty-five were received into the church by baptism on profession of their faith.

The address at this meeting was an account by Mr. Goforth of the way God had worked in Shansi; how some leaders in the church had held back and hindered the free working of the Spirit; how their contrition and confession opened the gates of power and blessing; how heavy the sins of men were felt to be by themselves; what freedom and joy was obtained when public confes-



sion and full restitution was made by the quickened and penitent.

The afternoon meeting had before it the text "Wilt thou not revive us again"; a straightforward, practical appeal to men to let God have His way with them.

Following the addresses at both these meetings, and at an evening meeting for prayer only, many prayers were offered, but mostly of the stereotyped variety. The publican's one sentence prayer, which meant so much for him, was still superseded by the better known and more orderly utterances of the pharisee.

The first day is over. What is taking place in the hearts of men? O Lord, thou knowest.

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#### Second day, Monday.

Attendance to-day much smaller; few people off the street; perhaps four hundred in all. Address on "Thou art neither cold nor hot." Prayer followed, little out of the ordinary being noticeable until Y—— prayed in broken sentences, sobbing violently, as he confessed that he was the root of coldness in the Lin hsien church, forty miles west; that he had sinned by gambling and in other ways. He was followed by several others in an orderly manner. Then S——, the ladies' house boy, greatly distressed, uttered a broken prayer. His agony was terrible. He was followed by a woman sobbing and praying.

At the afternoon meeting the subject was "Take ye away the stone," an address that made a deep impression, which was noticeable, not only at this meeting, but throughout the following days.

In the evening a meeting for prayer. Great numbers prayed; many praying twice, some three times. Prayer was of an earnest character but generally orderly and not particularly personal. It seemed to us rather thoughtless that strong men with their loud voices should interrupt and drown the voices of their praying sisters.

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#### Third day, Tuesday.

Attendance much the same as yesterday. At morning meeting a strong address on "hindrances" was at once followed by numerous prayers, two or three or even more praying at once. Sobbing and indistinct utterances were everywhere heard. Many were

quite undone in spite of efforts to control themselves. A few notes from the organ brought quiet and Mr. Slimmon sang a solo, during which perfect order prevailed. Prayer again followed, quiet and orderly, with the exception of one of the school girls who sobbed out a prayer. It has surprised me that so many girls and boys retain such masterly self-possession while others are making such demonstrations.

Yesterday, teacher Fan of the Girls' School, had been quite overcome as he confessed to carelessness in witnessing for Christ and coldness in his Christian experience. To-day, he prayed very earnestly for the school boys and girls, that the Spirit might lead them to complete surrender to Christ.

This evening meeting was marked by great outbursts of prayer. Men and women sobbing and praying all over the tent. W——, a preacher, who has not been acting well, broke down and confessed that he was led by the devil. His distress seemed to be very real and very great."

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#### Fourth day, Wednesday.

"At the morning meeting prayers in great numbers preceded the address. Teacher Fan told of the great blessing in the Girls' School, that while at morning worship many broke down and made confession of their sins to God, followed by apologies to Miss Pyke, to teacher Fan himself, and to each other, giving for God's work, as tokens of their sincerity, some little ornaments, others small sums of money. Special thanksgiving was offered for this mark of blessing.

The afternoon was a Chang Tsun session. One man at the morning meeting, in a manly way, had taken to himself the blame for much of the lack of interest in and around Chang Tsun. But in the afternoon others from the same place insisted that they were the cause of the trouble there. One man promised to give five mu (one acre) of land to the church there. Others promised faithful observance of the Lord's Day and one tenth of their income to be devoted to the Lord's work. In the evening another led the prayer meeting and began by confessing his sins and how the Lord had moved him between meetings, and claimed to be the leading cause of the backward movement at Chang Tsun. So the trouble there is pretty



well borne and a new and better day should dawn.

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Fifth day, Thursday.

At the morning meeting many went up to the platform to make public confession. Once during the afternoon an outburst of prayer from all quarters took place with not a little shedding of tears. A missionary said afterwards that it reminded him of the "rushing mighty wind"; the gradual rise in strength and force, then a gradual dying away. A few strains from the organ as on previous occasions brought quiet and calm.

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Sixth day, Friday.

This has been the great day of the feast thus far, but not the last. Two more days! Let them bring the best He has in store for us! At the morning meeting there was no time for an address, as the time was taken up in prayer and confession, conviction deepening as the hours passed, missionaries joining with the people in confession of coldness and lack of earnestness in the work.

And then L—— (second medical assistant) mounted the platform. My heart went out in prayer for him, that he might speak the whole truth, for it is now more than eighteen months since he was charged with grievous sin, which he has always stoutly denied. He went on quietly to tell how distressed he had been of late, waking up at night unhappy, how he had sinned, how he had deceived his mother and everyone else. He begged their forgiveness and placed his much adored silver watch on the pulpit as a gift to God in proof of his sincerity. There were mutual reconciliations, mutual prayers were offered, but the mother's heart refused to be comforted. That her son could act so and thus deceive her was too much. She had not yet learned all the lessons from the parable of the prodigal. But it has been a great night, a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, where the guilty has confessed and old sores healed by the blood of reconciliation. Is anything too hard for the Lord?

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Seventh day, Saturday.

While in the Woman's Hospital yard this morning, I was attracted to one of the wards by the loud cries of a young woman, whom I found supported and held by several friends while she struggled and cried. The

only words I could make out were "I don't believe in Jesus." Other Christian women coming in (she belonged to a Christian family) I left her in their care. Returning shortly after, I found two of the Chinese preachers there, one of them just beginning to read about Christ casting out a demon, as told in Mark I. I was then asked to pray, and as I began the young woman became very violent, but quieted some before I got through. The two preachers followed in prayer briefly, by which time she was comparatively quiet and we sang a hymn.

"There," said a Christian, "we have seen it; the devil possessing the woman and being cast out just as in Christ's time. So said they all, and believed it so fully that it was reported in the tent as a mark of the presence of God with us.

The woman's brother was violently affected in the same way the night before and others prayed long and earnestly for him till he too was completely restored. Saturday evening this same brother walked right into my room just as I was preparing to go out, and said, "Please, doctor, come and drive the devil out." His sister was possessed again. I exhorted him to gather some friends together and pray for her, but two of the missionaries came along just then and went and prayed with the young woman and tried to quiet the "possessed." Returning an hour later I found all in quiet.

The following morning I was again called. An aunt who had been waiting on the girl was affected in the same way. She said that it was her sins previous to her conversion that overpowered her, while her niece, now waiting on the aunt, said "he leaves this one and into that one; out of that into this."

What explanation is adequate to such a condition? The Chinese unhesitatingly ascribe it to demon possession, as in our Saviour's time. I think, however, the nervous element figures largely and that it is probably an hysterical manifestation, encouraged by the abundant attention given by relatives and friends.

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Eighth day, Sunday.

Great throngs to-day; well on to seven hundred in the morning. Men crowded to the front to make confession, and no time was obtained till the afternoon for Mr. Goforth



to make an address. It is becoming more difficult to bring the meetings to a close. Indeed, it is one long meeting lasting all day, with intermissions for food. Each meeting lasts about three hours and an eager crowd awaits the call for the next. Messages and written letters have been sent to different sections of the field, urging them to hurry up and come and share the blessing; this all by the Chinese themselves, and an urgent request has been presented by them to extend the meeting for several days, to give an opportunity for those who have been "compelled to come in" to get wakened up. This we decided upon, but as a mark of humiliation, we also decided to postpone the observance of the Lord's Supper, until such time perhaps as the cleansing seems more complete.

At the evening meeting many of the visiting Chinese and foreigners took part, among them Miss Margaret King, of Montreal, claiming that she has had the best day of her life. May we all see many such days of God's power.

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#### Ninth day, Monday.

The extension of time was evidently very necessary, and this has been a remarkable day; men were pressing forward to the penitents' bench, and often had to wait hours before they got a chance to unburden their minds. Sometimes being disappointed at one meeting they came to the next, ready for the first opening. On attempting to bring one meeting to a close, a man jumped up and said, "You must let me speak. I've waited two days now and it never comes to my turn"; so he unrolled his burden.

To-day was signalized by many of the missionaries' domestics coming forward, a class of men proverbially hard to touch on the tender spot; men in such a good position to learn of Christ, and yet having peculiar temptations because of the trust confided in them. My own Chinese boy was up to-day for the second time. These meetings have led him to his first confession of Christ. If he serves the Lord as well as he has served his earthly master, he is assured of the "well done."

But the greatest joy of this day has been the confession of Yu Ming, one of my first of two medical apprentices, later on having such a bitter experience and falling so deep-

ly into sin at Hwaikingfu. He would not stand, but kneeled on the platform as he made frank confession of his sin and waywardness, begging his father's pardon, and then father and son wept for very joy, for "this my son was dead, and is alive again." Yu Ming came thirty miles to the meetings and could only stay two days. But what days! He has lived years in them. Now he is back to P'eng Ch'eng where he is practising medicine just now. God bless and keep him.

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#### Tenth, and last day, Tuesday.

The Chinese complain that there is not time to confess and testify, so began themselves before the regular hour for meeting. Little time was given to-day for speaking. Confessions and prayers filled up most of the time, men who had been waiting for two days or more got an opportunity at last to unburden themselves. Others who had been holding out against the still, small voice of conscience, were at last moved to utterance. A gracious harmony united the hearts of all, and all were one.

A short farewell message from Mr. Go-forth was given at night, an earnest exhortation to go on from this beginning to something better in the Christian experience of each life. The Word of God and prayer life are essential for persistency and consistency.

Considerable time, too, has been given to heart resolves. Many expressed their determination to give the Lord His Holy Day, themselves, their servants and their cattle; many dedicated to the Lord a definite portion of their income; while great numbers promised time to be given in voluntary preaching.

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#### Wednesday.

To-day most of the people left for their homes, but the preachers and many leading Christians remained, and three meetings were held; conferences as to the best way of extending the spirit and influence of the meetings to all parts of the field; helpful and practical, with a drawing together of all, missionaries and Chinese, in a fellowship and harmony that promises well for time-of blessing in Honan.

In the evening a consecration meeting took the place of our regular prayer meeting, and great numbers took part, voicing



their consecration and life purpose in happily selected Scripture, with intervals when seasons of earnest prayer sent petitions to the Throne of Grace that will surely be richly realized in a multitude of lives.

### **Some After Impressions.**

The Revival is over—no, not that, but the meetings here are and now the real revival is to begin and extend to every section, far and near, of our wide field.

### **The Prayer.**

We are all accustomed to hear the Chinese pray, or perhaps make prayers, many and long, at times tedious and formal, but this revival was marked by prayer, real, importunate, straight to the mark. Who can ever forget those volumes of chorus prayer, not recitations of prepared types, but, on the opportunity being given to pray for some man, for some outstation, or some district, a great and increasing volume of prayer would rise simultaneously over the tent, one to three hundred persons audibly praying at once. I believe the prayer power distinctly rose in tone towards the close and the simultaneous praying was the expression of hearts kindled with fire from above. One of the indications of the sincerity and intensity of the prayers, was the brevity of most of the petitions; having prayed for the request suggested they stopped.

We remember that the Chinese are not so readily distracted by noise around them as we are, and prayer under such conditions is not so difficult as we might suppose. But how explain the missionaries praying; some in Chinese, some in English, men and women, strictly Presbyterian, ordinarily restrained, with Scotch reserve sticking out at all points, raising their voice with the multitude; and all because their hearts were being lifted up as were their Chinese brothers and sisters.

### **The Confessions.**

A Chinaman does not like to acknowledge that he is wrong, and to get up before five hundred or six hundred people and relate his shortcomings is not John Chinaman as he is by nature. This would mean tremendous loss of face for him, but, contrary to all human calculations, that is just what happened; men and women, rising all over the

congregation, telling how they had sinned, sinned against God and man, and praying for pardon from both.

Had this been stipulated in announcing the meetings, probably all would have stayed away, but once they got started the difficulty was to find time to let everyone tell all they wanted. At first there were some who were glad to have a chance to say something, but confessed to little, or to things well known already, but the numbers of such gradually grew less, and many who thus took part at first were forced by a power working within them to get up again and again till their hearts got peace and they knew that "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity."

It was a wondrous sight. Latterly some one put a bench up at the front, immediately below the platform, and this was constantly filled by men waiting their turn to rid themselves of their heart's burdens. They would wait all day, some would come back a second day and patiently wait their turn. On trying to close a meeting one day, a man jumped up and said "I must speak, I have been waiting here two days"; so he got his chance.

Preachers, medical assistants, school teachers, and other trusted men in the church were before the people, humbly acknowledging pride, unfaithfulness, lukewarmness, and not infrequently acknowledging to an intention to leave mission work and seek more remunerative employment; leading Christians from the outstations telling the others that lack of progress was their fault, they were the hindrance to Christian work. Loose observance of the Lord's Day was a frequent acknowledgment, and a sin that led to other sins as well as led other people to sin.

It was pitiful to see the distress of some of these men, strong characters, pillars of the church, weeping in the presence of men because they had been in the presence of God and His light had revealed them to themselves; the rank and file also, men with paltry sins to acknowledge, others with blood on their hands, all with tender consciences conscious of sin against God and only hoping for his forgiveness. Confessions that torture could not wring from men, sins and faults that a few days ago they would not accept



reproof for, now they willingly and openly confess. The missionaries were not exempt, and not a few took their places with the other "penitents" in acknowledging shortcomings. Surely "the Lord shall sit as a refiner and purifier."

#### **The Demonstrations.**

While at first there were probably some men who were willingly allowing themselves to appear deeply moved, such demonstrations grew noticeably less toward the end of the meetings, and men who made themselves conspicuous at first were conspicuously unobtrusive toward the close, or had truly been moved by the spirit to sincere sorrow and contrition. There was nothing done or said by Mr. Goforth or others to suggest or encourage any such behaviour, but rather to suppress it, and the deeper tone of the meetings was accompanied by cessation of noisy demonstrations.

#### **The Quiet Hour.**

No record will ever represent the work between meetings. No man knows. Sleep was forbidden some till forgiveness was assured. Big healthy men had no appetite for food, prayer continued at times all night. At 5.30 one morning I discovered a little group in the tent pouring out their souls before God. Men in confession told how their scepticism of the Spirit's power had been shattered and they themselves humbled before Him in the seclusion of their own hearts. One of our strongest men, a preacher, who had boasted that he would never shed a tear during these meetings, was discovered in his room by a friend sobbing in great agony of soul. Relief came only after long prayer.

A patient who had been in Hospital for some two months, got so uncomfortable that he would not go to the meetings. He then tried a long walk away from the compound. This failing, he determined to go home, he was getting so uncomfortable. Then Mr. Chang of the Hospital Staff went to his room, found out his condition, exhorted him and prayed with him, till at last he gave himself up to Christ, and Chang took him to the meetings as a trophy and told how God had dealt with the man. On Sunday, at afternoon service, the man himself got up, told his own story and acknowledged his Saviour. Oh! it is all very wonderful.

#### **The Missionaries and their Portion.**

It was something unusual to have our entire staff of fourteen adults all in from the field. We were reinforced by seven others, six of them from other missions and representing three provinces besides Honan, and I don't think I ever saw such a beautifully unconscious exhibition of Christian unity. There was only one idea, and all were united in seeking its realization. Mr. Goforth's buoyant confidence was perhaps not shared by all from the first, but before the meetings were over, the faith that removes mountains was exultantly present. Such prayers, in directness, in simplicity, in assurance! It was an inspiration to be in such an atmosphere.

The missionaries attended the meetings regularly and not a few took part with their Chinese brethren in making acknowledgment of faults and shortcomings, not for any thought of example to the Chinese, but simply because God was moving their hearts and they were led to see themselves under God's searchlight. It was a time when we were all brought very close together, not only missionary to missionary, Chinese to Chinese, but Chinese to missionary and vice versa, and all because all were getting near to Christ and He was saying again—"That they all may be one . . . I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one."

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#### **HOW CASTE WORKS.**

This instance will show you very well what the caste system in India actually is.

A young engineer in charge of the building of a bridge was passing along a road when he caught sight of an Indian lying apparently dying in the sun by the wayside.

He saw some passers-by, and begged them to carry the man to some place where he might be cared for.

Not one of them would touch him; it was better to let a human being perish uncared for than run the risk of breaking caste; and the English engineer had to carry the poor man, without any help from his own Indian fellow-countrymen, to the nearest hospital.—The Children's Mission-



## THE REVIVAL IN CHANGTE, HONAN.

LETTER FROM MISS MARGARET KING.

(Miss King is a member of Erskine Church, Montreal, and is working in China, wholly at her own charges, in connection with the China Inland Mission. She and some of her women helpers went north to Changteho, several days' journey, to attend these meetings. By her letter, given below, she was not disappointed.—Ed.)

Changteho, Nov. 14, 1908.

I want to try to give you a little account of the Chang-te meetings. Such a week I have never known in my life. God's Spirit has certainly come to Chang-te, and we have been here to see it. Day after day we have seen men and women prostrated because of sin, crying out for mercy.

At first, Mr. Goforth would give an address, and after that say "Now we may pray." The first day, one after another prayed in quick succession, and I thought how earnest they were. Then the second stage came, when, the moment Mr. Goforth finished speaking, scores of people prayed all at once, crying out in agony, yet all so intelligently. One man near me cried out "Lord, I stole that money, I stole that money, I am without hope." Then, literally, hundreds would take up the cry, confessing each one his own sin, and a wail of anguish would go up to Heaven.

This would continue a long time. The people near were confessing real sin, not emotionally crying, but saying real things to God. Everyone lost all sense of the presence of others. I know I did, and found myself standing confessing my sins to God. The agony of the women about me over sin, that in their heathen state would not trouble them at all, was astounding.

The third day I was sitting on the gallery of the ladies' house, about eight a.m., when I heard a strange sound—no longer strange—coming from the Girls' School—the Spirit of God was working there. Girls were weeping for sin. Miss Pyke went in as usual to have morning prayer and she had just begun praying when girl after girl broke into cries and prayers for mercy, telling God their sin. After an hour or more, during which time Miss Pyke tried to stop, every

now and then one after another came and told her naughty things they had done. They then went to teacher and matron and to one another, confessing sin. Many unknown things came to light that day.

The meetings lasted from morning until late at night, with time for food and private prayer between the meetings. I went one day, between meetings, to the men's court, where there are a number of rooms, the visiting church members slept in these. From one I heard four or five men crying and praying; in another a company of about ten were in an agony of prayer, kneeling on the floor; in another a hymn was going on; each room fully unconscious of the other's doings.

A third stage of the meetings came when Mr. Goforth was no longer able to give addresses; the moment the opening hymn and prayer were over a procession of men and women began to walk up to the platform to confess their sin to God and to men. Missionaries, native preachers, church members, little children, men and women, boys and girls, stood in front of that great crowd of people, and with tears and cries for mercy, confessed their sins, sins that no beating from a Chinese official would wring from them. Difficulties that church committees have tried for a long time to put straight God's Spirit put right in a moment. This went on for three days and there seemed no end to it.

The end had not come when we left, people still waited their turn; indeed, some did not wait their turn, but, interrupting those ahead of them, cried out "I must confess, I cannot wait, please let me confess." Much money was laid on the pulpit for God's work; many articles that had been stolen were restored.

One thing that struck me was the intelligence of the confessions. One man cried out with bitter weeping, "I am worse than Judas, I sold my Lord for 4,000 cash. I sold Him." The agony of that cry will be with me till my dying day. One woman near me cried one day, "I nailed my Lord to the Cross, I nailed my Lord to the Cross." The meetings could not be stopped when they expected, nor could the communion service be held on Sunday, there were so many who had not confessed their sin.

One or two impressions are left besides



those I have spoken of, one was that the Holy Spirit has never been given the place in our life and service He should have; another was the quiet perfectly Spirit-controlled manner of Mr. Goforth; the sincerity of the people and the recognition by all that the power was from God. I am praying that God's Spirit may visit Erskine church in the same way.

### IN FORMOSA TWENTY YEARS AGO.

LETTER FROM MRS. ANNIE SRAITH JAMIESON.

Colchester, Conn., 23 Dec., 1908.

Dear Dr. Scott,—

In the December RECORD appears a cheering letter telling of a trip to the east coast of Formosa. It is good to read of Pastor Keh and other native preachers striving to do their part, of Pepohoan Christians assembling for worship, and of Canadian missionaries faithfully pressing forward with their work. If the difficulties met and overcome by these loyal workers could only be understood by those at home, there would be still more of the spirit of "we can and we will."

Conditions and things have changed in Formosa, and it is natural that the past should be forgotten, as when in referring to the "small hamlet of Pepohoan fisher-folk" at "South Wind Harbor," Tam-hong-o, the writer says,—“We sat down in the chapel to rest, the first foreign women who had ever been there.”

Just twenty years ago, another Canadian girl had the privilege of worshipping with the people in that chapel, then a substantial building, with heavily barred doors, and iron rods in the windows for protection against the attacks of savages. That Canadian girl visited village after village, through all the Gi-lan plain, worshipping with the native Christians, sleeping on benches in the chapels and everywhere, in the village, on the winding path, and by the sea shore, talked with the dark-eyed people of the plain.

Never can she forget the farmers in the fields, the women at their spinning, the men putting out to sea, the carrying of torches, not lanterns then, the singing of hymns as the worshippers gathered and dispersed, and the kindly welcome of all as they expressed their gratitude to Canada for the Gospel and gave of their best to make the visitors comfortable.

Sitting in the stern of the boat when re-crossing South Wind Harbor, it happened that the Canadian sister got the full benefit of a wave which drenched her from head to foot. To proceed in that condition was to invite an attack of fever, so, getting ashore as soon as possible, she retired to a toilet room of nature's own providing, a secluded shelter in the rocks, though in rather close proximity, perhaps, to possibly hiding savages, and there speedily changed her wet clothing for some that had been protected from the water.

Such things were taken as matters of course and were soon forgotten, but that trifling incident has its own suggestions,—Who permits wave after wave to pass over a human life, that it may grow rock-like and strong, a tower of strength to earth's tried ones? Whose strong hand guards a life year in and year out, carrying it safely through every danger that it may accomplish his purpose of good to men?

May the God of Canada and of Formosa more and more move Canadians to pour their offerings into His treasury, and to give their sons and daughters to His work, till the whole waiting and hungering Eastern world shall be filled with His praise.

### INDIFFERENCE.

Indifference is the inner citadel of the will; excuse is the carelessly defended outpost.

Indifference hinders more than opposition. A cold boiler slackens speed more than a head wind.

Where there's a will there's a way; but no way is good to a "don't want to."

"Can't" most often means "won't." "Some other day" is next door to never.

Explode a man's excuse and he only skips to another; undermine his indifference and he will capitulate.

Many a man thinks his indifference is a mark of his superiority when it only proves his dullness and ignorance.

No man is ever sorry for having been zealous; many a man lives to be ashamed that he was indifferent.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with ALL thy heart.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy MIGHT."—Phil. Pres.



# Pulpit and Pew

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## CHRISTMAS IN THE FOOTHILLS.

### A STORY OF THE WEST.

BY "NEIL MACK" IN THE "WEST LAND."

In the dusk of the morning Sandy McKeag woke, rolled over in his bunk, and tried to think. His senses came back to him slowly after an eventful sleep, and he remembered that it was Christmas Day, that he was in his own shack on his own quarter-section, and that he was alone, as always. The recollection brought something of disappointment with it, for things had been different before he woke, and very much nicer.

Last night when he had turned in, he had looked at the calendar beside the bunk to see when the next full moon would be, and had noted that the morrow would be the 25th. That meant nothing to him, however. Christmas was all right for some people, but it had no interest for a homesteader out in the foot-hill country. Besides, he didn't care for that kind of thing anyway; it was good for children away back east, but what use was it for a man on the frontier edge of nowhere? To-morrow would be for him just like all the other days. And so had gone to bed and to sleep, and now it was to-morrow morning.

But something had happened in the night. That was what perplexed him on waking. He had travelled so far, seen so much, and felt so entirely different that the realities of his shack seemed unreal when he came to view them with opened eyes. It was a dream, of course. He had not dreamed anything but nonsense for half a year before, but this was no nonsense. He had enjoyed it at the time, he remembered, and he liked to think it over again while it was still fresh. To be sure, it was hardly a man's part to be thinking about dreams, but this one stayed with him.

He had been away back east, in the old home, and on Christmas Day. He was a lad, it seemed, and the other boys and their younger sister were there together—it must have been twenty years ago, or twenty-five. Father and mother were there too, and the old home was very cosy and comfortable. Mother and the girl had strung some evergreen around the sitting-room and fixed up things in general so fine that the boys had been moved to put on their best clothes for the day. The event of the day had been the dinner. All of mother's dinners were good

but that was a hummer. Even the taste of it came back, and the look of it on the old kitchen table was as clear as a photograph. After dinner he and the other boys had taken a basket of good things over to Widow Minchin's and she had warmly blessed them. In the evening they had gathered in the sitting-room and exchanged unpretentious gifts.

Yes, that was a good dream. It was true, too. He wouldn't mind going through it again, while the reality, the old Christmas itself, was worth going back twenty years for.

Sandy MacKeag was thinking more about Christmas than he had intended. The lure of the dream was still upon him as he sat down to his porridge and bacon; it kept strong and vivid as he did his chores, and at ten o'clock he surrendered. He wished he could have a Christmas here on the homestead. He wondered if he could. It was foolish, he knew, but he felt the boy coming back in him: he would like to repeat the celebration.

So he went out, not knowing precisely why. At least he wouldn't work to-day: he could afford a holiday, and perhaps it was worth it.

In an hour's time he was down in the coulee cutting evergreen boughs from the few scrub spruce that grew there. These he brought to the shack, telling himself he just happened to be down that way and cut the spruce incidentally. Now that they were cut he might as well stick them up—which forthwith he did. There was no hurry; the day was young yet and the celebration was not likely to be a long one. This decorating business was interesting. He liked it, and the little bachelor-shack did assuredly look brighter and cleaner for it. He wished mother could see it.

Noon-time reminded him that he ought to have a Christmas dinner. He laughed. That was his first laugh for a month—there had been nothing to laugh at; but the resources of his commissariat and the idea of a Christmas spread were a humorous association. He figured it out, however, that the main essential of such a feast was to have something different from usual. He might arrange that. For three days he had had pork and beans for dinner, and had intended the same for to-day and to-morrow.

He would make a break. There was he knew, just one tin of corned beef left, and he would not be going for supplies for



two weeks yet; but this was Christmas and he would risk the extravagance. So he opened the tin of beef, cut it up and set it on the table. But nothing else could he find in the shack that he had not been having almost daily for weeks past, save a package of lump sugar that someone had given him in town. Lump sugar was almost candy and went well at Christmas. So he put it on the table.

Should he sit down to this unusual dinner in his everyday clothes? They used to put on their best, he remembered. Well, he would do the same. His best consisted of a change of coat and a red-spotted necktie that he wore when he went to town—that was all, but he took satisfaction in putting them on.

He remembered that his father used always to offer a blessing at meals and a particularly fervent one at the Christmas dinner. It might be better to do it, he thought, as he drew up to the table. That was another joke. He crossed the room and looked in the glass to see what was wrong with him. No, he couldn't do the blessing, but he liked to think of his father doing it, with bowed head. He could bow his head, at least, though he said nothing. And he bowed his head.

In the afternoon it came to him that a part of the old home Christmas had been to do something for somebody else. But there were no Widow Minchins here nor anyone to give to if he had aught to give. There was not a soul in this foothill country within twelve miles, and he could not ride over to his nearest neighbor's, for Jack, his broncho, was lame. Ah, the broncho! Would it be any credit to him if he did something for the broncho? It was hardly the same, but there was nothing else alive within reach. He went out to the lean-to stable and gave the broncho a feed of carrots.

There was nothing more to do but to sit a while by the stove after supper and think. The dream had not left him yet, but he had added reality to it. And when he turned in again he told himself that he had had a good Christmas and that Christmas was worth while after all.

### THE PENALTY OF SIN.

It is true—the truth taught from the beginning—that we are punished by our sins, not for them. The penalties that befall are not the execution of God's vengeful sentence, but the working out of natural law. Doing the right brings good, doing the wrong brings harm—sooner or later harm and suffering. If we choose to go in the direction of the latter shall we call it a merciless affliction of Deity that we do not arrive at the former?—Ex.

### WHERE GOD FINDS WORKERS.

God never goes to the lazy or the idle when he needs men for his service. When God wants a worker he calls a worker. When he has work to be done he goes to those who are already at work. When God wants a great servant, he called a busy man. Scripture and history attest this truth.

Moses was busy with his flocks at Horeb.

Gideon was busy threshing wheat by the wine press.

Saul was busy searching for his father's lost beasts.

David was busy caring for his father's sheep.

Elisha was busy ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen.

Nehemiah was busy bearing the king's winecup.

Amos was busy following the flock.

Peter and Andrew were busy casting a net into the sea.

James and John were busy mending their nets.

Matthew was busy collecting customs.

Saul was busy persecuting the friends of Jesus.

William Carey was busy mending and making shoes.—Sel.

### ONE AT A TIME.

Men are not saved in masses! but one at a time. Even in great revivals, where multitude flock to the altar, the work of conviction and of decision is personal, each soul for itself arriving at the point of surrender and confession.

It is the personal work that does the business. "Thou art the man" is the typical text. One by one souls are born into the kingdom.

Some one relates how Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," once wrote to an eminent Senator of the United States in behalf of a man who was suffering great injustice. He replied: "I am so much taken up with plans for the benefit of the race that I have no time for individuals." She pasted this into her album, with this comment: "When last heard from our Maker had not reached this altitude."

That person who has no interest in individuals, and who never tries to rescue even one lost soul, has a spirit different from that of the Master whose personal words and work made up the bulk of his life record.

"He who waits until one can save many souls will never save one."—Michigan Christian Advocate.

### THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD.

The highest achievement of charity is to love our enemies; but to bear cheerfully with our neighbor's failings is scarcely an inferior grace. It is easy enough to love those who are agreeable and obliging—what fly is not attracted by sugar and honey?

But to love one who is cross, perverse, tiresome, is as unpleasant a process as chewing pills. Nevertheless, the best way of practicing is to put ourselves in the place of him who tries us, and to see how we would wish him to treat us if we had his defects. We must put ourselves in the place of the buyer when we sell, and seller when we buy, if we want to deal fairly.—Francis de Sales.

### WHY LIQUOR WAS NOT SOLD.

The story is told of a young English nobleman who rode up and down the street one day, in a village of Cornwall, seeking a public house which would furnish him with a drink of liquor. Not finding what he wanted, and meeting a gray-haired peasant returning home after a day of toil, in angry tones he asked him: "Why is it that I cannot get a glass of liquor in this wretched little village?" The old man recognized him as a nobleman, and lifting his cap, humbly replied: "My lord, about a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts." And the old peasant walked on homeward.

What a glorious privilege was that of the dauntless preacher of the gospel to have changed the character of a people so that it was never afterward the same! Cornwall still felt the fruits of his toil, though a hundred years were gone. We may not, like Wesley, write our names where posterity will read and remember them, but we may so live that generations yet to be will be influenced for good by the words we speak and the deeds we do.—Ex.

### IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evils you hear.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."—Christian World.

### THE END OF MOTHER'S JOURNEY.

She had come a long way, and the fatigue of the journey was on her face. She walked slowly and painfully, and in her uncertain step there was the record of leagues of travel. She has forgotten many hardships, for memory often sleeps in order that the spirit whose record it keeps may regain lost strength and refill the depleted lamp of life.

The way had long been lonely as well as sorrowful; for they who had set out with her had vanished from her side, and she had gone on in solitude, which seemed to deepen about her.

For a long time there had been no stir of the waters, for age had touched all that she possessed; and so, travelling slowly and painfully, with set purpose, she came one dark night to the gate which closes the road. She knocked feebly, and the gate swung wide on noiseless hinges. No landscape was visible for the mist that lay over it, and no sounds were heard; but when one passed through he knew without knowing that nature bloomed there with a fulfilled loveliness, and he heard without hearing the songs of birds that are never hushed by winter skies.

She rested within the gate, and as she rested she was conscious of no change within herself, but the raiment which she had worn thin and bare fell away and vanished, and she saw that the fading and fraying and wearing away had despoiled only her garments and left her untouched; and as she rested the lines vanished from her face and the pain from her limbs. The stains of travel were gone, the signs of age had vanished, she heard voices that seemed to come out of her childhood.

After the fever of life, after weariness and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding, after all the changes and chances of this troubled state, at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.—Sel.



### THE DANGEROUS HOUSE-FLY.

At the annual congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health, recently held in England, the chief subject of debate was the perils to public health caused by the house-fly.

Sir James Crichton-Browne said that it was a prolific source of disease. As many as 100,000 bacilli had been found on a fly's legs. He hoped for the sake of public health that it would soon be exterminated, and that the grandchildren of the present generation would have to be taken to the British Museum to see specimens of the insect.

"The term house-fly to the average reader conveys simply the idea of a buzzing noisy pest, particularly disagreeable and persistent when one has turned for a final morning nap," says one. Recent study, however, has revealed the fact that the fly is more than an annoyance. A few flies that have hibernated in some crevice in the wall during the winter come forth as soon as the weather is warm to start the new brood. One fly kept in a bottle has been known to deposit one hundred and twenty eggs in fourteen hours. In twenty-four hours these eggs hatch to small white worms. From ten to fourteen days after egg-hatching a new generation of flies appear, ready to perpetuate the race.

The house-fly carries disease in a "passive way." The mosquito bites a sick person or animal, and from the blood secures the infectious agent which may thus by another bite be inoculated into another individual, but the house-fly does not carry the inoculated disease. It is responsible for the diseases that enter the system through the food.

The diseases which they are credited with carrying are tuberculosis, typhoid fever, dysentery, and Asiatic cholera. The flies get the feet and mouth laden with the disease germs, and thus carry it to the food on which they may alight. Germ-laden food may be eaten by a fly, and in such case it has been found that the typhoid germ can pass through the intestinal tract of the insect and still remain alive. A "fly spot" left by such an insect is dangerous. A test has been made in some of the large cities, and it has been found that flies taken from the slum parts, when typhoid fever was prevalent, were found to be infected by the typhoid germ.

Chloride of lime or crude oil should be thrown on all places where flies are breeding, and every possible effort should be made to screen them from the house, and the food the house contains.

The house-fly can be distinguished from other species from the fact that it rests at night on the wall with its head down; the stable-fly with its head up. The house-fly never bites, while the stable-fly is proficient in that accomplishment.

It is not pleasant to contemplate sitting

down to a table from which a swarm of flies rises, especially after one has become acquainted with their disease-carrying proclivities. It is to be hoped that the doctors at the Royal Institute may be able soon to put into operation their proposed work of extermination. One learned medical man said that they might approach the Government with a view to legislation to stamp out the fly nuisance.—Ex. ,

### THE ART OF SILENCE.

I cannot repeat enough the caution: Don't tell your troubles to your women friends. Your soul may be fairly bursting for sympathy, but, my dear, it doesn't pay.

You think the world has turned against you. You pour out your woes in your friend's sympathetic ear. She gives you good advice, and then, if she doesn't repeat sooner or later what you have told her, she remembers it to your detriment which is to say that you have come down from your pedestal and now she is aware of your weakness.

Meanwhile your troubles clear up. They always do sooner or later. Once more you will lift your head high and present a smiling front to the world—that is, to all the world except one person. She knows exactly where you stand, and always will know it, too, thanks to your moment of foolish weakness.

Take warning, and, no matter how strongly your wish to confide, wait a bit. If you only wait long enough things will clear up of their own selves and you will have spared yourself unnecessary humiliation.—"Kate Clyde."

### QUARRELLING CHRISTIANS.

No man will properly develop as a Christian who lives in a state of quarrel. In enmity against God, he is, of course, not a Christian at all; but reconciled to Him, he must remain a dwarf unless he secures peace with those around him.

Fighting the brethren, fighting angrily in behalf of reform, contending with bitter word and hard strife for even the best of doctrines, he will stunt the growth of a divine life within him.

Even fighting against sin is not to be done in a quarrelsome way, but in a spirit of honoring God while abhorring the sin and pitying the sinner.

We are to conduct a warfare, but our fight is to be a "good" one, which means that it is to be directed against wrong and in favor of right, but also that it is to be waged so that in the darkest day of defeat we may be able to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—Ex.

**WHAT MAY WE DO ON SUNDAY?**

Many people always make the Lord's Day a day merely of prohibitions. But while it is the day of rest from toil, when business and secular activity ceases, it is surely also a day for deeds of helpfulness and ennoblement of those around us. We quote from the Epworth Herald, the following answer to the question at the beginning of this article:

Rest. That may mean some hours of entire inactivity; rest of the body from its week-day toil; rest of the mind from its week-day problems.

But rest means more than idleness. The truest rest is found in change of activities. The body which for six days has been kept within doors needs the open air; the body which has wrought steadily at outdoor tasks all week needs a daylight acquaintance with its dwelling place. The mind which has had little to do during the week should be all the more active on Sunday; if it has been busy, it will get abundant rest by turning to other interests and concerns.

Cultivate home religion. There seems to be less and less time for definite religious observance in the home during the week. That is a greater reason for giving much attention to it on Sunday. The church is not the only, and it should not be the most important, centre of religious life. Home religion is likely to be more genuine, more steady, more enduring.

Be careful for others. Deeds of kindly thoughtfulness are never out of place, but Sunday is their great day. There is time to think about them, to plan for them, and, it may be, to do them. Every right interest of the day makes this helpfulness more natural and more easy. It is a day whose great word is "ministry." The "inasmuch" of our Lord seems a more deeply real and personal message than on other days.

Give attention to worship. There is no Sunday without worship. The day is the Lord's. How can we use it rightly if we ignore Him? The day is ours, and our brother's. How can we observe it truly if we hold ourselves aloof from other men? So must we join in the public worship of God. That means more than going to church. It means the taking of our share in the duties of worship. The preacher and the choir are our helpers, not our substitutes.

Get acquainted with God. It is a poor Sunday which has no time for the quiet hour of secret communion. No use of the day has in it more possibility of blessing than this. In God's presence we are honest, frank, sincere. We see ourselves more clearly than at other times. We can be

prepared against new temptation, fitted for new service, inspired with new zeal.

Read God's Book. Some think that the Bible is more bought and less used, more studied and less read, more dissected and less obeyed, than it once was. However that may be, there is certainly need of revival in its systematic devotional reading. Not because there is a lesson to prepare, or a question to be answered, but that the Bible may speak its own message, direct and plain and personal, to the heart of the reader. And what better time than Sunday for such reading as this?

Get acquainted with men. Sunday ought to be, not a day for visiting and feasting, but yet a time of the truest social pleasure. The folks in the home should see the best, as they usually see the most, of each other.

Make the Sabbath a delight because of its fellowship, its holy associations, its helpful ministries, its appeal to all the best and noblest in men's lives.—"The Lord's Day Advocate."

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**PEACE OF HEART.**

"You have been so brave through all these changes of plan," said one woman to another. "I should be all restless and discouraged if I were in your place."

"Why, no," said the cheerful little woman, whose plans looked so upset, "why should I be discouraged? I've got the Lord's fresh air, and sunshine, and good rain and wind, and all His people, and all His help, as long as I'm here on His earth at all. What's the sense of being discouraged, with all that?"

"If I only didn't have to worry about money," mused another woman, "it seems to me the world would be so peaceful and lovely."

Said her friend, "if peace and loveliness is what you want money to bring you, you can have them without waiting another day. And," went on the wise friend, "you do have them already. When I see you sitting there at your mending, quiet and busy and unselfish, your whole face shows peace and sweetness. What more could money do?"

Large amounts of money bring their own special train of cares. There is no evading a certain definite sum of responsibilities in this world. But peace of heart, the peace-giving and sunshine-radiating spirit, has absolutely nothing whatever to do with money. It is often most apparent in those who have the heaviest money difficulties to face; and it has in itself, for all whom it reaches, the finest, broadest, truest sort of advantage and education. The Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount hold all the needed wisdom for the acquisition of peace and contentment.—The Wellspring.



**"YIR MITHER'S PRAYER."**

BY ALEXANDER LAIRD.

"Jeannie, ye nicht turn doon that licht a wee bit, fur it's hurtin' ma e'en. Ay, draw yir chair anear an' tak' haud o' ma haun', fur it's beginnin' tae turn cauld the noo. Atweel, lassie, ye hae bin a guid dochter tae me. Whin yir mither dee'd, ye wis but a bairn new intae yir teens; but ye hae filled her place as nae ither body could. Ye hae bin a mither as weel's a sister tae th' lave o' th' weans. Twice owre that I ken o', ye hae refused guid offers o' marriage fer yir puir invalid sister's sake an' mine; but I ken this tae, that th' Lord'll no forget tae pey ye back some day, an' that wi' guid interest.

Dinna greet, ma lassie, dinna greet! I kin feel yir het tears drappin' on ma cauld haun'. Yir bonnie blue e'en an' yir gowden hair min' me sae muckle o' yir mither whin she wis young—ay Jeannie, an' I'll hae met wi' her afore daylight comes back. I'll no furget, aither, tae tell her hoo guid ye hae bin tae th' three bit bairns she left ahint her, hoo weel ye hae cared fer me, that ye hae gi'en yir heart tae th' Lord lang syne, an' that jist as sune's ye get thro' w' yer wark ye'll come an' jine us.

"Whit's that I hear, Jeannie? Ay, He maun be comin' noo, an' He has a wheen angels wi' Him. I kin hear them singin', an' yir mither's amang them; I ken her voice, it's sweeter than ever. It's a bonnie sang they're chantin'. I hae haired th' words afore, but never sic heavenly music. D'ye no hear them, Jeannie? Wheesht! they're at th' chorus noo, an' it's graun'!"

For a few moments the stillness of death seemed to fill the room occupied by the dying Scot and his beloved, devoted daughter. Mistaking the silence for death, the grief-stricken daughter gave a scream, which seemed to bring the dead back to life again. Opening his eyes, now beaming as with the light of heaven, the old saint looked up, smiled, and said:

"O Saviour, wull ye no bide a wee till I tak' guid-nicht wi' ma' lassie, an' till she says tae me fur th' last time th' prayer her mither lairned her whin she wis a bairn? Come awa', Jeannie, kneel doon as ye used tae dae at yir mither's knee, an gang owre th' bonnie bit prayer she lairned ye, then I'll fa' asleep."

The daughter, amid deep sobs, obeyed.

"That's it, ma lassie, that's it! Keep on sayin' it till the day breks up an' a' the shadows flee awa', till th' Saviour an' th' angels that are noo waitin' tae tak me hame come back fur you. Guid-nicht, guid-nicht, ma bonnie, bonnie lassie Jean, till we meet up yonder in th' mornin'."

And with these words lingering on his lips and a radiant smile beaming over his countenance, that typical saint of the land of John Knox closed his eyes on earth and opened them in heaven. — Philadelphia Westminster.

**COMMON SENSE.**

Common sense needs a touch of idealism to transmute it into wisdom.

A man too sensible is in danger of being a bore. A wise man senses the indefinable limits of common-sense.

Common-sense is the indispensable rudder; conviction and enthusiasm make the motive power.

It is common-sense that must wrestle with the earthly material in realizing the heavenly vision.

Common-sense needs to be sanctified quite as much as the spiritual sense. There must be the spirit of life in other wheels than Ezekiel's.

The sensible man's contempt for the visionary must not blind him to the truth of the enthusiast's imagining.

The pathos of life is in the contrast between purpose and realization. The keenest pleasure is in making common-sense accomplish the seer's vision.

The ideal sets the mark at which the practical may aim, and sets it higher than common-sense alone would fix it.

The ideal cries, "Let us mount up with wings as eagles." The practical declares, "It cannot be done." Common-sense says, "Keep it in mind and try it."

Keeping the ideal in mind stimulates common-sense to try it; and trying it in sensible fashion, common-sense brings it to accomplishment.

Every prudent man worketh with knowledge: Where there is no vision the people perish.—The Philadelphia Presbyterian.

**THE SQUARE MAN.**

The square man measures the same each way and he hasn't any crooked or cheap lumber about him. He is free from knots and saps, won't warp. His is clear stuff, and I do not care what you work him up into, he won't swell and he won't shrink. He is among men what good kiln-dried boards are among carpenters—won't crack.

It doesn't make any difference which side of him you come to, he is the same bigness each way, and the only way to get at him any how is to face him. He knows he is square and he never spends any time trying to prove it. The square man is the best shaped man the world can produce. He is one of those kind of chunks that you can't alter to fit the spot, but must alter the spot to fit him.—Ex.

### HE PRAYED FOR HIS SON.

A piously disposed, but as yet unconverted, young man, the child of devoted Christian parents, became ensnared in serious religious error. He was passionately fond of reading, a devourer of books, especially of a theological character, and at length there fell into his hands a kind of literature which contained teaching directly subversive of the fundamental truths of the Gospel. The books had a most fascinating influence over the young man, and although he did not hastily accept all they taught, yet gradually he set aside one by one the leading doctrines of God's Word and imbibed the ideas of the erroneous teaching he was reading.

His father, who was himself a careful reader, a firm evangelical believer, and a preacher of the Gospel, was of course fully aware of his son's state of mind. would occasionally converse with him on these matters, and now and then would remark. "You do not read my books now"; but he never entered into dispute. He just quietly watched his son's pursuit.

One Sunday afternoon, as the young man was as usual perusing his favorite work, suddenly he was arrested by some single remark of the writer. He paused and thought "There's something not right here." On looking at it again he felt more than thought: "This is not true—not Scriptural!" He closed the book, and never opened it again! He ceased to read the literature, his thoughts were turned into another channel. Before long he was converted to God, joined a Christian Society, and afterwards became a minister.

What was the cause of this sudden resolution in his whole thought and life, a resolution, naturally as improbable and unexpected as it was sudden? The young man himself did not understand the cause until three years afterwards, when, in conversation with his father, he said. "Father, you used to say very little to me, and never interfered with me during that time when I was taken up with that erroneous teaching.

Mark carefully the father's reply, "No, I made that a matter of prayer." This was all he said, and the subject was never alluded to afterwards, but the son never forgot those words. They revealed to him the secret cause of that sudden arrest in his reading on that memorable Sunday afternoon.

His father was by no means indifferent to his religious waywardness, and to the serious dangers to which the young man was exposed; but, as a wise father, he knew that rash interference and discussion would do no good, would probably, indeed, lead only to obstinacy on the young man's part, nor did he think it well to absolutely forbid the perusal of the literature, that probably would lead to a secret reading of them; he

felt it right to be open and tolerant, and at the same time cast his care on the Lord, commit the whole matter to Him, trusting Him to manage it in His own wonderful way.

And the result was all that could have been desired, and doubtless far beyond what he had expected. "I made that a matter of prayer." Oh, that every Christian parent might learn this precious lesson. Be sure that the certain way out of any difficulty is by the throne of Grace.—Ex.

### "KEEP CLOSE TO YOUR GUIDE."

It is said that when sight-seers visit the wonderful Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, the guides mount a sort of pulpit before entering its gloomy depths, and preach the tourists a sermon. This sermon consists of only five words, and yet its importance cannot be overestimated. These words are. "Keep close to your guide." To fall back (or depend upon oneself for even one instant, while within this largest known cavern in the world, may mean death.

Its pitfalls are deep and numerous. Only the guide knows where safety lies. Even beneath the power of the strongest illumination the darkness is so intense that but imperfectly are revealed its wonder and beauty, its fairylike magic haunts its myriads of scintillating stalactites. But side by side with every gleaming glory lurks also—death, sure and certain, unless accompanied by a safe guide. The Bottomless Pit, the Dead Sea, the Covered Way, the Solitary Cave, the Covered Pit, the Deserted Chambers, and the unknown depths of Echo River, are all ready to greedily claim victims from the hundreds of tourists who pass wonder-eyed and awe-stricken through the vast subterranean passages, chambers and halls.

Wherein lies their safeguard? Only in obeying faithfully the admonition of the five-word sermon: "Keep close to your guide."

Are we not tourists on a longer journey and through even more devious ways, daily passing marvellous wonders which have become commonplace to us only because of our familiarity with them? Even so we are encompassed about with dangers and pitfalls, and our safety lies in keeping close to our Guide.

Worldliness, perhaps, may estrange us from our Guide more quickly than almost any other allurements. It is so beautiful, the ways of pleasure seem so inviting. Let us not be deceived. Cling close to the Guide. Only in daily, hourly communion; only in earnest, worthy service; only in giving our best and trusting Him for the rest, lies safety. Our Guide knows the way. He can safely lead us, avoiding all snares and pitfalls which beset the way through life's journey. Keep close to the Guide!—Epworth Era.



### HOW A STRIKE WAS SETTLED.

It was a very little strike, and it lasted but a few days, yet it might have resulted in positive harm to the boy, if it had not been settled promptly and on the right lines. The story will speak for itself a lesson that is needed by many, perhaps most, leaders in Christian work.

The church had just purchased some new hymn-books, a round hundred of them, which were duly placed in a book-case close by the entrance of the auditorium. The pastor, after due thought, had appointed a hymn-book committee of three boys, all of them counted as Christian boys, whose work was to consist in handing out hymn-books to the worshippers as they entered the church, collect the books after service, count and replace them in the book-case, and also to report in writing to the pastor the name of the officiating minister, the text, and the number of attendants.

For many days the work of the committee was well and faithfully done, to the manifest benefit of pastor, church—and boys. It chanced, however, on a certain Sunday when the pastor was not in his usual place, that something went wrong in the working or behavior of the hymn-book committee, and one of the church officials, with the best of intentions, but with disastrous results, undertook to correct the wrong. Hence the strike.

On the following Sunday, when the pastor entered the church, the strike was on, the members of the committee were sitting in the pews with folded hands, not a hymn-book had been given out, and no argument or entreaty could arouse the committee to activity. Some of the men stepped into the breach, hymn-books were distributed, and the service proceeded. At the evening service the situation was unchanged.

The problem presented by the strike was distressing and somewhat puzzling. To fill the empty places by other boys, or by some of the men, would have been comparatively easy, but what of the effect of such action on the after life of these lads?

The strength of the strike was in the chairman of the committee, a most manly, lovable little fellow, but gifted with a very strong will, a lad that might be led, but never driven. If he could be won back, the strike could be broken and the situation saved. What was the right basis for an appeal? Love for the pastor? the need of the church? his own reputation? the call of duty? These are strong motives, they are good in their place, they are widely depended on, but they had already proved powerless, and they always will be of small avail in such cases.

During the week following the pastor met the boy face to face on the street, but there was no faultfinding, complaint, or argument. The pastor simply stated the case briefly, in this wise: "R—, you are only a boy, but you are a Christian boy. There is not much that a boy can do for Christ, but what he can do to show his love for Christ he ought to be glad to do. The work of that hymn-book committee is a good work, it is a work for Christ, and you can do it and do it well. If you want to do that work for Him come back next Sunday, and do it for Him, no matter what anybody may say about you or to you. Think it over, pray over it, and if you make up your mind that he wants you to do it, get back to it; if he does not want you there, I do not, and we will try to get some other servant of his to do the work."

On the day following, the boy received a little note from the pastor, emphasizing the points brought out in the conversation, and urging him to settle the question at issue solely upon the basis of Christ's will concerning him in the matter.

Is it really surprising that within twenty-four hours the lad walked up to the pastor upon the street, with a smiling face, to say "I'll be there"? On the next Sunday he was there, and until the day of his death (some time later during a fearful epidemic of diphtheria), nothing could induce him to stay away voluntarily from his post. Verily, he served the Christ quite as faithfully as a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, or something like it, as did the pastor in his place at the other end of the church.—Rev. Charles L. Junkin, Devon., Pa., in C. E. World.

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### RIGHT HERE.

Mr. John Wanamaker, the great American storekeeper and philanthropist, was once asked to invest in an expedition to recover doubloons from the Spanish Main which, for half a century, had lain at the bottom of the sea in sunken frigates—

"Young men," he replied, "I know of a better expedition than this, right here. Near your own feet lie treasures untold; you can have them all by faithful study. Let us not be content to mine the most coal, to make the largest locomotives, to weave the largest quantities of carpets; but, amid the sounds of the pick, the blows of the hammer, the rattle of the looms, and the roar of the machinery, take care that the immortal mechanism of God's own hand—the mind is still full-trained for the highest and noblest service."—British and Colonial Review.

## A GREAT ENEMY TO HEALTH.

W. R. C. LATSON, M.D.

Worry is the epidemic of the day—an epidemic more widespread, more insidious, more deadly, than any pestilence that has ever afflicted this long-suffering world.

More widespread, I say, because it affects everybody in what we euphemistically call the civilized world. The adult worries about his profession, his business, his family relations, and so on. The woman worries about her household, the children, her clothes, her social position, and a thousand other things.

And even little children have not escaped from this devastating epidemic, worry. Take your stand outside any public school and note the expression on the faces of the children as they enter or leave the building. Go into a class room while recitation is being conducted, and note the drawn faces, the abated breaths, the wiggling, interlocked fingers—all external signs of the deadly epidemic of the day—worry.

Worry is an insidious disease, because it works in the dark—under the surface so to speak. The various activities by which the life of the body is maintained, respiration, circulation of the blood, digestion and assimilation, as well as the action of the liver, color, skin, and other organs by which the poisonous products of the body are removed—all these activities are directly under the control of the nervous system, and the nervous system is governed by the mind.

Through the process of inter-relation between the mind and the nervous system, the state of mental pandemonium known as worry has an immediate and powerful effect upon the digestive function.

So much for the effects of worry upon digestion and absorption. There is another organ, however, upon which the influence of worry is still more intimate and disastrous. That organ is the heart.

Worry is not suspense. Worry is not anxiety, nor regret, nor fear, nor doubt, nor resolve. All these are definite mental states.

Worry is essentially different from any of them. It is that vague chaotic condition—that anarchy of mind—in which hopes, fears, resolves, doubts, anxieties, regrets, anticipations and suspicions are admitted to the mind. They constitute a ravening, destroying horde, under the influence of which logical reasoning is impossible, initiative is paralyzed and the stability of the mind is threatened—often destroyed.

Worry is a disease which is curable; but he who would be cured of it must cure himself. He must work out his own salvation. He must engage in a civil war of the intellect—must reduce mental anarchy to mental order. He must, in other words, achieve self-control.—Ex.

## SAVED BY KIND WORDS.

"If ever there was a person good to meet it is Jane Gray," said Mrs. Ellis, as she put down her sleeves and washed her hands at the sink. "It is better than seeing the doctor, any time, if the soul needs medicine. Here I was yesterday so down-hearted that I scarcely knew how to brace up; everything I did was a task, and my spirits were all out of sorts.

"Then Jane came in like a bit of sunshine and saved me from myself.

"She didn't go about it by giving me advice, or anything of that sort. She saved me by kind words and friendly interest.

"I guess she saw by my eyes that I had been crying, but she took no more notice of it than if my face had been wreathed in smiles.

"'Oh, Mollie,' she said, 'I'm so glad to see you. You will know how glad when I tell you I walked all the way over from Gray's ferry for that very purpose.'

"Gray's ferry is seven miles away, and a rough hilly road at that.

"'You dear little woman,' I cried, smiling in spite of myself.

"'Yes, I did,' she laughed, laying aside her wraps and taking up the dish towel.

"'All I need is plenty to do and I'm happy,' she continued. 'I had just about run out of work at home, when something seemed to tell me I would find some here.'

"'That's right,' I sighed. 'The work fairly piles up in this house.'

"'And thank the Lord you have the strength to do it. You are one of the richest women I know, Mollie. With Tom for a husband and three bright, healthy, growing boys, you are really to be envied, dear.'

"I had not looked at it in that light before, although I knew Tom was the best husband living, and that our boys were beyond compare.

"'Sit down and count your blessings, Mollie, and you will find you would not exchange lots with any one.'

"'I am sure of that,' I cried, 'and you must not think me ungrateful, but sometimes the sun hides itself a bit behind the clouds.'

"'Then look for the silver lining; it is sure to be there. There was no cloud ever so dense that it did not eventually yield to the sun's rays. It is never wise to give up to discouragement, for it is always better further on.'

"Well, those kind words saved me, and made me see things as they really were.

"Yes, Jane is a blessing to humanity, and no one can estimate her worth. All the children love her and dumb animals follow her footsteps. She would not knowingly hurt the feelings of one of God's lowliest creatures. I thank him that he has permitted her to cross my pathway. I am better for having known and loved her."—Sel.



# The Children's Pages.

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## THE LEAGUE OF ONE TALENT.

### What Some Boys and Girls Did.

The one talent was twenty-five cents. The boys and girls belonged to the Sunday School of Melville Church, Westmount, Montréal. The league of one talent was on this wise. Last Autumn, about the first of October, the minister of Melville church gave a quarter of a dollar to as many young people of the Sabbath School as would take one to try and increase it as much as they could by the end of the year for missions. It was their one talent.

Three months remained before the New Year. Thirty-eight boys and girls took the talent, and they did not wrap it up in a napkin but went to work.

A class of five or six girls gathered recipes of various kinds for boiling, baking, preserving, and all kinds of household cookery, made nice scrap-books of them, gave a five o'clock tea to which their friends were invited, and sold their recipe books, making about four dollars, or an average for each girl of about seventy-five cents.

One boy bought some seedling ferns, potted them, let them grow till about Christmas, and sold them for twenty-five cents each, making four dollars and seventy-five cents.

Others bought and sold apples and melons.

One boy bought material for shortbread, which he got made up, and which he sold, and invested similarly again, until in this way, he had fourteen dollars.

One boy bought material, made candy, sold it, reinvested, made more candy, and so on until his quarter dollar had increased to twenty dollars.

On the last Sabbath of the year they brought their reports and told of their work. It was a great day. The thirty-eight quarters, nine dollars and a half, had increased to more than ten times as much, more than ninety-eight dollars.

But the best of all was that thirty-eight young people had taken an interest in mis-

sion work, and had learned the lesson of using and improving the talents which God has given them.

Of course some of them would get home help and guidance, but even the getting of that help was their own doing.

Boys and girls in the country would not have the opportunity to work along these lines, but they have opportunities of their own. They can raise plants or vegetables or fowls and sell them. Some have better opportunities than others. All that Jesus asks of the boys and girls who follow Him is to be faithful in the use of whatever talents or opportunities they may have to enable them to do what they can to make the world glad and good.

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### "THAT IS MY BOOK."

Many years ago, when Bibles were almost unknown in Mexico, a man in Chihuahua in some way obtained one. He read some of it, liked it, and asked the village priest about it. Curiously enough, the priest told him it was a good book and well worth reading, so the man gave it to his little son to read. The boy, who had few books, read it with delight, and in time came to know much of it by heart. As he had never seen another Bible, he believed his was the only one in the world.

After the death of his father, when he was about twelve years old, he carried his beloved book to school one day to show it to his teacher. To his surprise and consternation, the master, throwing up his hands, cried, "Ave Maria! boy, where did you get that wicked book? It is one of those accursed Protestant books—give it to me at once!"

The boy begged for it in vain. The teacher said he would give the dreadful book to the priest. The boy cried nearly all night for his lost book, and went the next morning to the priest to beg for its return. The priest told the boy the book had been burned, and that to read such books meant excommunication from the Church.

This was enough for the boy. He cared nothing for a Church which would consider his precious book a bad one, and thereafter he led a most reckless life.

Some years after he drifted to El Paso, and one night accompanied a friend to some kind of a gathering; he did not know, or

care, what it might be. He entered the place listlessly enough, but there, on a platform, was a man reading from a book. He listened a moment. It was his book!

Breaking away from his companion, who tried to detain him, he rushed up to the pulpit and cried: "Senor, have the kindness to give me back my book. That is my book you are reading; they took it away from me years ago, but it is mine. Please give it back to me!"

The preacher, astonished, asked him to explain. "It is mine, and I can prove it," he cried, and began repeating parts he had committed to memory years before, obviously believing that his was the only book of its kind.

The result was that they gave him another copy of his book, and it changed his whole life. He is now an honored physician, member of an evangelical church in the city of Chihuahua, and he still believes there is no other book in the world so good as his book. —Bible Society Record.

### A GRIP OF HIS FATHER'S HAND.

BY THE REV. T. T. MATTHEWS.

On a cold drizzly day in a northern city, a lad was sent out on a message. As it was bitterly cold he ran to keep himself warm.

The drizzle had made the thin layer of mud on the streets very slippery, and in running across the boy slipped and fell with such a force that he was stunned, and before he quite came to himself so as to get up, a waggon from another street came rushing round the corner, down the hill, and over the poor lad's leg, crushing it very badly.

He fainted, and when he recovered consciousness he found himself lying on a bed in a hospital with a surgeon and nurse standing near his bed talking about him. He heard the surgeon say: "It must come off; nothing else will save his life." When the surgeon saw that the lad was once more conscious he turned to speak to him: "My poor lad," he said, "this is a very sad accident you have had, how did it happen?"

The boy told him, and then he said: "Well, it is very serious for you; for I will have to cut off your poor crushed leg."

"Oh, doctor," the lad exclaimed, "I couldna' thole (bear) that."

"But," said the surgeon, "you will have to bear it my boy or you will die."

"Oh, doctor," he said, "I do not know whether I shall live or die, but I could not bear that. Give me medicine, if it is ever so bitter I will drink it, but I could not bear to have my leg cut off."

It was in the days before chloroform had been discovered, and there was nothing to give people to send them to sleep in order that they might not feel any pain.

"My dear lad," said the surgeon, "medicine would do you no good."

Then he sat down by the bedside to try and reason with the boy and persuade him to undergo the operation. "Now, my boy, let us just have a talk about it," he said. "Do you love your father?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Do you love your mother?"

"I should think I do love my mother," was the reply.

"Would you like to die?"

"No, I am only a wee laddie yet, why should I want to die. No I don't want to die."

"Well," said the surgeon, "if you will not allow me to cut off your crushed leg, you will be dead within a week; for nothing else can possibly save you."

But the lad still persisted that he could not bear to have his leg cut off. The surgeon wished to perform the operation at once, while the leg was still somewhat benumbed, in order that the pain and shock might be less for the little sufferer; but finding him still unwilling, he rose, saying: "Well, if you won't allow me to do the only thing that will save you, I must go, as I have many duties to attend to, and cannot stay to argue with you."

With these words he left the bedside and walked down the ward. Just as he reached the door, the lad called out to him to come back.

"Doctor," he said, "I think I could try and bear it, if I had a haud (hold) o' my father's hand."

The surgeon turned to the nurse and ordered the father to be summoned at once. He soon arrived, and took his stand by the bedside of his boy, who took a firm hold of his father's hand. The surgeon commenced the operation, which, of course, was extremely painful. Once and again the poor sufferer called out, "Oh, father, its awful!"

"Yes," said his poor weeping father, "I know it is, my dear boy, but just grip my hand and bear up like a brave laddie, and it will soon be all over."

And he did. His leg was cut off and his life was saved.

My dear young readers, you will not always be in your present happy comfortable home. Where you may go I cannot tell. You may be in this country, or you may go to India, or China, or some other distant land; but I advise you to get a firm grip of your Father's hand—your Heavenly Father's—before you start out on the journey of life.

Get a hold of it now and grip it; and whatever happens to you in your journey through life keep gripping it firmly and you will be able to endure every trial and every sorrow. Not only so, but your Father will lead you to the City where there are many mansions, and to a place at His right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore.—"Messenger for the Children."



### THE MUSIC OF THE FATHER'S VOICE.

In his autobiography, Robert Louis Stevenson tells of a day in his childhood when he accidentally locked himself in a dark room. He could not turn the key to release himself, and he was in terror by reason, of imagined enemies, until his father came to the door and called to him.

Then he became quiet. In a little while the music of his father's voice made him forget his surroundings and his terrors. And he actually enjoyed the remaining time of his imprisonment before the coming of the locksmith. So we may bear terrors, difficulties, dangers—every untoward thing—as we remember that God is with us, who speaks reassuringly.—Ex.

### A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the snip, snip of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly-kept lawn, in the center of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure which had cost him not less than \$90,000.

"Hello, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given up three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred; "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh, you only promised it to him, eh, and he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course, not," admitted Fred, "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much more and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy; "that will not settle it, either with Willie or me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment.

"He places a proper value upon integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I will not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys, and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendation," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommend yourself," and as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

This is a true story.—Public Ledger.

### THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Will some wise man who has journeyed  
Over land and over sea,  
To the countries where the rainbow  
And the glorious sunsets be,  
Kindly tell a little stranger,  
Who has oddly lost her way,  
Where's the road that she must travel  
To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she's unfamiliar  
With To-day, and cannot read  
What its strange, mysterious sign-posts  
Tell of the ways and where they lead.  
And her heart upbraids her sorely,  
Though she did not mean to stay  
When she fell asleep last evening  
And abandoned Yesterday.

For she left a deal neglected  
That she really should have done;  
And she fears she's lost some favours  
That she fairly might have won.  
So she'd like to turn her backward,  
To retrieve them if she may—  
Will not some one kindly tell her  
Where's the road to Yesterday?

### THE LUCK OF ROBBY.

"Hey, Rob! Come and go fishin' down Silver Creek. Just a good day for fish to bite!"

"I know 'tis, boys, but I've got to work."

"Work—on a holiday! Let it go, an' come on. Work can wait."

"Not this work. I've got a lot of weeding and transplanting to do."

"Fussin' over flowers all of Saturday mornin'! 'Fore I'd let a lot of old merry-goos an' sturshuns keep me from a day's fun! You're silly."

"I'll do something for fun this afternoon, that is, if I get through," replied Bob.

"You won't git through. Weeds'll grow while you're pulling 'em up. Well, bye-bye, an' luck to yer diggin'!"

"Rob's no good since he got that flower craze," grumbled Sammy Darrow. "Fussin' over plants is all well enough for wimmin-folks, but for a boy to waste his time that way makes me sick! Race me to the creek, boys!"

Meanwhile Robbie Ward bent over his garden beds, patiently weeding and transplanting asters, and training sweet peas the way he wanted them to go. It did not take him all day, and in the afternoon he had a fine drive in the country with his uncle, the doctor.

His plants grew while he watched them, and grew twice as fast when he slept, until their thriftiness was the wonder of all flower lovers.

When Children's Day came, a magnificent bunch of Robbie's sweet peas stood on a table at the minister's right hand, and received a word or two of notice. When the service was over they were taken to the minister's sweet wife, who was too ill to be at the church.

A few days later Robbie's mother asked him to go to the Old Ladies' Home, and take a glass of currant jelly to a dear old lady who had lived there for many years.

"You might take her a few of your blossoms, too," added his mother; "I know she loves them."

With a willing hand the boy picked his very choicest blooms, and on his return from the home, he said:

"Well, mamma, she liked the jelly and sent her thanks, but she just loved the flowers; she said she doted on nasturtiums, an' she hadn't had so many in years—not since she had a little home of her own an' raised 'em. But she gave some away to the other old ladies, because they made such a time over 'em. How many live there, mamma?"

"I think there are but nine now."

"When I have flowers more plenty, wouldn't it be nice to take a bunch for each one? Don't you think so?"

"Yes, it would be a lovely thing to do."

And so each week through the rest of the summer a bouquet went to the home for each of the nine old ladies, and many, many were the thanks and blessings bestowed on the thoughtful little lad.

"The more flowers I pick the more I seem to have," said Robbie. "They just hurry to blossom over night, so we can have the very sweetest for our breakfast table."

"Do you sell your flowers?"

"No'm, that is, I haven't; I give lots away, though. Wouldn't you like these?" and he offered his hands full over the fence.

"Oh, how lovely! Yes, we want them, but we want to pay for them."

"You needn't, really, and—oh that's too much," as two bright ten-cent pieces lay in his hand.

"No, indeed, it isn't too much, and we want the same to-morrow, and every day we are in the place, if we may."

So for two weeks Robbie had twenty cents daily for flowers, and when the ladies went back to the city, they took a large basket full, leaving him with a crisp dollar bill in payment, and an ambitious dream of raising flowers on a larger scale for the city market.

"Rob's a lucky boy," grumbled Sammy. "He's been the pet of the whole town all summer on account of his givin' away flowers so, right an' left, an' now he's gone an' sold pretty near four dollars' worth, an' got loads of flowers left. I don't have luck like that. I wish't I was him!"—Mrs Emma A. Lente, in Exchange.



**JES' LAUGHIN'.****The Gospel of Good Cheer.**

It's curious what a sight o' good a little  
thing will do;  
How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when it  
begins to brew,  
An' take the sting from what commenced ter  
rankle when 'twas spoke  
By keepin' still and treatin' it as if it wus a  
joke;  
Ye'll find that ye kin fill a place with smiles  
instead o' tears,  
An' keep the sunshine gleamin' through the  
shadows o' the years  
By jes' laughin'.

Folks sometimes fails ter note the possibili-  
ties that lie  
In the way yer mouth is curvin' an' the  
twinkle in yer eye;  
It ain't so much what's said that hurts ez  
what ye think lies hid.  
It ain't so much the doin' ez the way a thing  
is did,  
An' many a home's kep' happy an' content-  
ed day by day,  
An' like ez not a kingdom hez been rescued  
from decay  
By jes' laughin'.—Ex.

**NOT AGGRAVATED YET.**

The laundress had just finished loading  
the line in the back yard with the clothes  
that she had very laboriously scrubbed into  
spotlessness. Then somehow the line slip-  
ped and sagged and the clothes dragged on  
the ground.

The mistress of the house ran out to see  
the extent of the catastrophe. Desiring to  
show sympathy she said to the laundress:

"That's too bad! It's aggravating, isn't  
it?"

The washerwoman stoically compressed  
her lips; then answered deliberately;

"I ain't aggravated yit."

The mistress had known enough of the  
vexations of life to appreciate the signi-  
ficance of patience. She said admiringly:

"Well, if that sort of an accident doesn't  
make you mad, you are certainly a good  
woman."

But the simple-hearted laundress would  
not consent to hear praise of herself for  
any virtue she had achieved. Slowly and  
emphatically she answered:

"You forgit who I am. I'm a prayin'  
soul. I'm a soldier of Christ."

And the mistress of the house confessed  
to herself that she had received a singu-  
larly effective lesson in the application of  
religion to the commonplaces of life.—The  
Interior.

**IT TAKES TWO.**

A lad of seventeen had been sent to a sa-  
loon to take the measure for a new counter.  
It was very cold, and he arrived with his  
teeth fairly chattering, for his coat was thin.  
The saloonkeeper mixed a hot drink and  
pushed it over the counter to him.

"It'll cost you nothing," he said. "Drink  
it down, and you'll soon stop shivering, my  
boy."

"He meant it kindly, too, and didn't think  
any harm," said the apprentice as he told  
the story. "That's what made it harder to  
push it back and say I didn't want it."

"It must have been a big temptation," said  
a friend.

"Well," replied the lad, frankly, "It takes  
two to make a temptation. There's no sa-  
loonkeeper and no cold weather can make  
me drink when I don't want to. The temp-  
tation I'm afraid of is the one I'm ready  
for before it comes, by hankering after it.  
It takes two every time to make a successful  
temptation."

"He tempted me," only explains one side  
of the temptation. The other side—the per-  
sonal side—we must answer for, and no ex-  
cuse will save us.—Exchange.

**NANNIE'S GIVING.**

Nannie had a bright silver dollar given  
her. She asked her papa to change it into  
dimes.

"What is that for, dear?" he asked.

"So that I can get the Lord's part out of  
it." And when she got it into smaller coins,  
she laid out one of the ten. "There," she  
said, "I will keep that until Sunday." And  
when Sunday came, she went to the box of  
offerings in the church vestibule and dropped  
in two dimes.

"Why," said her father as he heard the  
last one jingle in, "I thought you gave one-  
tenth to the Lord."

"I said one-tenth belongs to him, and I  
can't give him what is his own; so if I give  
him anything, I have to give him what is  
mine."—Selected.

**MY MASTER IS ALWAYS IN.**

"Johnny," said a man, looking at a boy  
who was taking care of a shop while his  
master was out, "you must give me an extra  
measure; your master is not in."

Johnny looked up into the man's face very  
seriously and said: "My Master, sir, is God,  
and He is always in."

Johnny's Master was the all-seeing God.  
Let us all, when tempted to do wrong, adopt  
Johnny's motto: "My Master is always in."  
It will save us from many a sin and much  
sorrow.—Selected.

# World Wide Work

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## GOD'S GLORIOUS POWER IN SHANSI.

BY REV. J. GOFORTH.

Chang-te-Fu Honan,  
5 Nov., 1908.

Dear Dr. Scott,

What follows is a short account of God's glorious power in Shansi. Shansi, the province of martyrs, has not been very fruitful since 1900, the time of the Boxer uprising, when all the missionaries were driven from China. The Almighty has been hindered by sin. It seemed almost that the martyr blood had been shed in vain. I was invited to go and hold special meetings there, but could only give from September 12th till October 21st. The missionaries gladly accepted the time though the people were very busy with the autumn harvest and wheat sowing.

At Ping Yao, the first place visited, I only had time to give eight addresses. I realized a good deal of satanic opposition at times. Two deacons, the leaders of the congregation, were at enmity, and they didn't yield while the meetings were going on.

Several neighbouring mission stations had sent delegates and the Lord richly blessed them. A company of these delegates on the way home were overheard to say, "We have felt the Holy Spirit's power and now certainly know Him. For future life and work we will rely on Him." A delegate from another station, on reaching home, said "God filled the church with His power."

A brother of one of the quarrelling deacons, who had recanted in 1900, and since that has even reviled Jesus Christ, was mightily broken up. His great strong frame trembled and writhed in agony and his cries were awful, as if demons were rending him. At the same time prayers and suppressed weeping filled the room.

On another occasion a deacon in great agony cried with a loud voice and said he beat his wife and had stolen some church funds. At the same time sobs and audible

prayers were heard all over the audience. Though the adversary tried hard to hinder, yet the Lord was in His temple refining His silver and His gold. Many sins came to the light and many have been cleansed.

From Ping Yao we travelled four days South West to Hsi Chou. We could only spend the Sabbath at Hsi Chou. It was a short time and we earnestly prayed that God would do a quick work. The church was in a bad condition. A leader named Kuo had acted nobly in 1900. Two members of his family had been murdered by Boxers and though he knew the leader, he would not inform on him and when that leader was caught and flung into prison, Mr. Kuo carried food to him. He also refused to take any indemnity for losses suffered and when it was forced upon him by the official, he used it to start a school for poor children.

Mr. Kuo being such an honest man, and being so well up in county affairs, has since then been constantly consulted by the officials. Being at feasts with them, he got fond of drink. He got proud and lorded it over the church members. The missionary warned him and he got angry and split the church, taking a faction away to worship at his home. He grew more fond of wine and in one of his drunken rages nearly killed his wife.

It was very uncertain whether Mr. Kuo would come to church at all, consequently all were delighted to see him there. Conviction seemed to come over him about the end of the first address, but he said nothing. He was back again for the afternoon service. The address was on "Take ye away the stone." His eyes filled with tears and his head went down in his hands. Liberty was given for prayer. Several prayed humdrum prayers. A dog in an adjoining yard howled as if he was being slowly torn limb from limb. The babies all seemed to wake up and cry. We silently prayed for victory. The dog ceased; the babies were comforted and Mr. Kuo, with choking sobs, began to tell



God everything. The audience melted. Among those who broke was a woman, a terror to Chinese and foreigners alike, supposed to have gone blind through her demon-like rages. God was merciful and did a quick work at Hsi Chou.

Going on a day's journey southwest from Hsi Chou, we came to Ta Ning. At Ta Ning we held special meetings five and a half days. A feature of the work there was that there was very little of the loud agonized cries heard in Manchuria, and that the leaders all came under deep conviction early in the meetings. The leading elder, with tears and voice choked with sobs, said he had stolen a pair of scissors out of the missionary's home, and when, in 1901, he along with another had been sent to distribute 1,050 taels of indemnity money, they gave away 1,000 taels and kept 50 ounces for themselves. He promised to make restitution as soon as possible.

The leading deacon, much agitated and weeping, confessed to adultery, theft, fraud in the placing of mission money and bad temper. He had offended a deacon W. He called upon deacon W. to stand and before the whole audience asked forgiveness.

There were serious quarrels between the female teacher and between the male teacher and parents who thought their boys had been punished too severely. All these hindrances were swept away. At times there was an intense hush and all realized that God was in His temple. All hindering sins seemed to have been confessed and put away.

Though God worked rather with the still small voice yet the result seems as complete as in Manchuria. The morning we left, as the male portion of the congregation was escorting us out of the town and across the river, a little boy came alongside and said, "I thank you for the good you have done me these days." On the bank of the river we prayed, commending the dear people to the favor of God, and departed.

In three days we travelled more than 300 li (100 miles) southeast, mainly through a mountainous country. Pheasants were very plentiful. We also saw many traces of wild pigs and one leopard track. By noon of the second day we reached the summit. Look-

ing eastward God's handiwork in the form of very grand scenery charmed us.

Late in the evening of September 30th, we reached Chu Wu. The graves of eight or nine missionaries murdered by Boxers are here. The meetings at this place represented three provinces and more than twenty mission stations. My first talk was on the revival at Chin Chou, Manchuria. I was much pressed in spirit before and during the address. There was deep conviction and many eyes were filled with tears. I warned them not to pray unless led of the Spirit.

The first man who prayed broke down crying with a loud voice; the burden of his prayer being neglect to save those at home. The next was the boys' school teacher. He wept trembling and confessed to theft, to falsehood, and to neglect of many Christian duties. Another with a loud cry, "O Lord, my bad temper has hindered my mother from being saved!" He wept bitterly. Another with an awful cry, "I have broken the sixth commandment." Another in the opium business cried with a bitter cry, "Lord, I will give it up." Another, weeping, cried, "O Lord, you cut me as with a knife! My family is still unsaved and it is all my fault." Another in agony, "O Lord, my friends and neighbours remain unsaved because of my neglect!" A woman with sobs, "O Lord, I have not studied the Bible nor taught my family, and my temper is bad." Another, "I lie, I cheat, I thus grieve the Spirit and am unworthy to be called a child of God." Still another, "O how I have neglected Thy Word and prayer and hinder my loved ones."

Dozens confessed that their tempers, neglect, etc., had left their dear ones in sin. At times most of the audience seemed to be weeping. Many outsiders looked on with awe and wonder. Men and women seemed equally carried away. The meeting lasted three hours. Never before in any place, during the first meeting, have I seen such manifestations of God's glorious power. Many while praying said the Holy Spirit had come and was so convicting of sin that they must confess everything. He was sitting in His temple as a refiner. It was a wondrous melting down before the Lord. The intensity, the humility and the helplessness of man

was ever manifest when he realized that his Lord sat in His temple as King.

The afternoon address was on "losing first love." There was great humility and confession that they had lost their first love. Many wept as they confessed. Every prayer was as from the Spirit and He seemed to control everything. And thus all through the four wonderful days the Holy Spirit was mightily moving His people.

On the afternoon of the third day the county magistrate in ordinary dress was sitting in the audience. What must have been his thought! At one time during the service, dozens of men, women and children were crying in agony all over the room confessing their sin. It must have occurred to him that his bamboo had never extracted such confessions.

Though the meetings sometimes lasted three and four hours, yet the women have gone direct to their rooms and falling on their knees poured out their hearts in confession and prayer with weeping. The school girls too, did the same. The sounds of prayer and praise could be heard rising from different parts of the mission compound far into the night and the same from about five o'clock onward in the morning. There were many noted confessions and also remarkable answers to prayer. The work seemed as complete in Chu Wu in four days as at any place in Manchuria in six days. In the heavens those martyr souls would rejoice at the triumphs of their Prince Emmanuel.

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We travelled North two days to Hang Tung, Pastor Hsi's station. It was in this region that "Days of Blessing in Inland China" had its setting. Pastor Hsi has gone to his reward. His successor in the pastorate got enamored of this world's glory, fell and has been deposed. Conditions were sad in the extreme. Not a few had sympathized with the expelled pastor and disunion and worldliness, were prevailing.

During the first two days, the adversary of souls was strenuously resisting, but a Mightier than he was at work and prevailed as the account of the fourth day's work will show.

Sat., Oct. 10.—The prayers before the forenoon address were very contrite, each one

almost breaking down. Each one seemed to see the hindering sins. Plainly during the address the Spirit was convicting many. Afterwards a wonderful season of prayer commenced. Satan was being foiled, for his prisoners were being set free. At one time many among the women were praying and many weeping. Elder F. tried to pray but couldn't for weeping. Several others also broke out in sobs while praying. Such deep feeling! Such contrition! Such regrets for past neglect! Such sorrow because they had grieved the Saviour!

One woman cried aloud as she pleaded for her unsaved husband, another was in tears pleading for her unsaved son. A female teacher, all broken down, confessed to having stolen a sheet of foreign writing paper and some walnuts. A marked feature was intense pleading for the restoration of backsliders and resolves to live the Christ life in future.

The prayers before the afternoon address were intense, some even to tears. The attention during the address was very close. Then the prayers gradually rose in fervor, until one man broke down completely. Others soon followed until at one time dozens were weeping among men, women and schoolboys. There seemed Almighty pressure from the Spirit. Men and women were standing up under the most intense emotion, saying, "We know Thou art here, O Lord. We can't resist Thee longer. For You we have prayed and now You have come. At first we were not altogether willing, but we yield. You died on the cross to save us. We shall be Yours.

A woman cried out in agony, "I am married into a heathen home, and so is my sister." A man right after, in great trouble, cried out, "I have married two of my daughters into heathen homes." A young man wept, saying, "O Lord, my sister is married into a heathen home; and if I don't love her enough to try and save her, and I haven't, then how much less have I tried to save my neighbors; O forgive me!" A high school boy prayed, confessing he had opposed his teacher, was proud and bad-tempered and had offended his schoolmasters. He thereupon asked their forgiveness. Another boy confessed that his father had urged him to dedicate his life to the Lord's service, but



he had refused, because worldly ambition had ruled in his heart. Now he was willing.

The women are all worked up on the Sabbath question. Leaders who had backslidden are returning. We heard on Sunday morning that a woman for whom special prayer had been made awoke about midnight in great alarm about her sin. Her loud cries waked up all the other women, who also cried with her, praying and confessing their sin.

On Sabbath, 11th, the deposed pastor was in for part of the service. While he was in prayer was restrained, and the devil seemed to gain advantage, but when an elder, who had sided with him, tried to pray but could only utter a few broken sentences and the deposed pastor went out, then for more than an hour and a half a wonderful spirit of prayer prevailed with much confession and weeping. The afternoon meeting was all under the Spirit's control, and one after another broke down until it is said that no official, at present in active standing in the church, has been left unblessed.

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Leaving Hung Tung, October 12th, we travelled six days North to Tai Yuan Fu, giving three addresses at mission stations by the way. We felt the great importance of Tai Yuan since it is the provincial capital and has a modern university, and, besides, it is the place where so many missionaries laid down their lives in 1900. While South in the province it was repeatedly said that other places might move, but Tai Yuan was doubtful. The world had got pretty well into the church; though the remark was always made "but nothing is too hard for God."

The uppermost desire in the missionaries' hearts all over Shansi was that God should be gloriously exalted in Tai Yuan and His martyr saints honored. To show how God the Holy Spirit glorified Jesus Christ and honored his martyred saints, I will give the account, which I wrote at the time, of the meeting held during the forenoon of the third day.

Tuesday, Oct. 20th.—At our morning prayer meeting we foreigners were all led to pray that God might have His unhindered way to-day. My special word was from Jer. 23:28-29. Others got strong texts also, one

being that the Lord would sit in His temple as the refiner. During the address there was real evidence of power. There seemed to be mighty conviction wrought by the Spirit. The first prayer, and many which followed, had confessions of the denial of Christ in 1900. A man who could hardly finish for weeping, confessed to idolatry in 1900, to not closing his store on Sunday, to lying and to cheating his customers. Another, to denial of Christ in 1900, to envy, to quarrelsomeness among brethren and to bad temper in his home which hindered his family from believing. He was very much overcome and only got out the above between spells of crying. Many prayed on the verge of weeping, and so many did weep that one could not but weep with those who wept.

After half an hour of these heart-moving prayer confessions, we sang a hymn; then Deacon Y. came to the platform and told how he had denied his Lord in 1900 and played the coward by leaving the helpless Christians to shift for themselves. Then he fell on his knees, writhing in agony, crying loudly that he was unworthy of mercy. Soon the whole building was filled with the cries and confessions of men, women and children. It was impossible to catch what was being said. I did catch a part of one prayer near the front. The thought was The Spirit of God has come, confess and forsake all sin that you may receive Him. Don't let Him pass lest the last state be worse than the first. The man spoke with a loud voice, tremulous with emotion and with his face covered with a handkerchief.

The school boys cried as if their hearts would break, and one boy, whose leg had been lamed by a wolf, was in great grief because he had not been faithful while at home to tell his people about Christ the Saviour. We sang a hymn to stop the weeping when it seemed to overcome the people too much. There were probably few dry eyes in the audience, either among Chinese or foreigners.

We all rejoiced, for God has fulfilled His word which was proved to be like a fire and as a hammer which breaketh the rock in pieces.

Again on the fourth day we saw the mighty power of God bending the audience with agonized weeping and making all willing to confess and forsake sin. A noted

missionary, when he got the Shansi university established at Tai Yuan fu said: "The Kingdom of God has now come to Shansi." But the physician in charge of the hospital there said that the immorality among the students in the university was worse than among the soldiers in the camps, proving that men without God, no matter how much you polish them with Western learning, are still "earthly, sensual, devilish."

It is now reported on the street that a "new" Jesus has come. For years past the people had concluded that Jesus hadn't much power, perhaps had grown too old and couldn't keep his followers in order. Now since they have heard such cries of agony and such confessions of sin they conclude that a new Jesus, with new power, has come to Shansi.

#### Some Results.

The two deacons who were not reconciled while the meetings were going on at Ping Yao have since been melted and are like two brothers. A Mr. Tung of Ping Yao went to the neighboring station of Hsiao I, and while talking to the school boys on sin they all fell under such a mighty conviction that it was feared some of the boys would die. Another mission station which had sent thirty-five delegates to the Ping Yao meetings has since been greatly blessed. Instead of a two days' conference, as they had planned, it ran into a six days' conference. The Spirit of prayer was so powerful that early morning prayer meetings would run on until near noon.

At Chu Wu the school girls had not arrived when the special meetings were held there, but their teachers only were blessed. These female teachers told their pupils how the Spirit had blessed them during those four wonderful days, and then a mighty spirit of conviction swept over the thirty odd girls and held them in agonized prayer and confession for five and one half hours. The boys' school, too, was swept in the same way by the same Almighty Power.

(NOTE—The above article, and also the following, both tell of wonderful movements outside our own fields, but in which our missionaries have had a share. "The field is "The World."—"One flock, one shepherd" Ed).

### REVIVAL IN INDIA.

BY REV. J. BUCHANAN, M.D.

Dear Dr. Scott,

The Mid-India Convention was held at Jabalpur from 22 to 29 October. As I turn from that wonderful gathering of devout seekers, from twelve to fifteen hundred strong my heart is filled with joy and praise.

Two double tents placed side by side, the near side of each being elevated, and laced together, and adjoining them an enormous *shamiana*, making all together a not quite complete cross, filled day after day with those who have no other hope of salvation than the blood of Calvary, was a sight to witness.

In front of these were two large single pole tents set apart for prayer. Here it was that many convicted of sin in the great gathering confessed and cried to God for pardon and peace. What wrestlings there were late into the night, and all night, as the Spirit of God strove and contended with the demons of darkness and worldliness for His rightful place in the citadel of the hearts. Some left the Convention, so far as one could see, still unsaved, but many found peace through the atoning sacrifice of Christ.

The keynote of the Gospel presented was the Cross—nothing but the blood of Jesus' Cross for the unregenerate—nothing but the taking-up of the cross for the would be true follower. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it beareth much fruit." "He that saveth his life shall lose it. He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it. Numbers of those who had been half-hearted, ease-loving, fruitless workers, renounced self with crying and tears, and waited for the power which the Scriptures promise that Christ's followers should be "neither barren nor unfruitful."

In the woman's prayer-tent an earnest *mem-sahib* (it was Mrs. Buchanan.—Ed.), found an Indian sister waiting apparently in agony. After considerable time she went to the Indian sister to help her, if possible, and afterwards confessed that she had gone to give help, but had never been so much helped herself in the matter of the Spirit's work. The dear Indian sister was one who



had been helped at Sialkot, and now was praying with tears to God to remove the reproach to Christ in the half-hearted sinful life of Indian Christians.

Later on a "woman that was a sinner" came to the tent, and almost in frenzy as to the wicked life she had led, was taken by this Indian and this foreign sister, as it were, into the very presence of Christ.

So real was the presence of her Lord to the Indian worker, that when she said to the fallen distracted sister, "Jesus is just here waiting to forgive," the poor woman looked up expecting to see Him there in the tent. "No you can't see Him with your bodily eyes, but by the eye of faith you may see Him as I do." When too noisy the wise counsel was given, "Whilst, just be quiet and hear what He says." And she heard Him say, "Neither do I condemn thee, go in peace and sin no more." When she stood up at that marvellous closing testimony meeting with a face beaming with light, no one could doubt but that she had heard His voice and seen His face.

Though there were speakers of great power, such as Revs. Pengwern Jones, Hyde, M. B. Fuller, *Padri* Labbhu Mall, Mr. Chitambar, Miss Campbell and others, servants of God with a great message, still the power house was the linked prayer tents. There the speakers' hands were held up; there the wounded were helped and led to the healing of the Great Physician and there confession for unworthy service was made and the promised spirit's fulness claimed.

On the way out to the station, as we drove through the quartz-topped hills, glittering in the sun as though they were fragments of the great white throne, little three year old Edie said, "Pretty, pretty." And then, "Daddie, if we were to put our hands on them they would get dirty." So in this great work of the Divine Spirit, whether in the anguish of repentance or in the scarcely less earnest desire for a high and holy life, one felt at times he must just stand aside to adore, praise and pray, lest he should mar the work of God.

Oh, the anguish of a soul brought face to face with his own sin and the demands of God's holy law: O, the sorrow of the fruitless soul as he views anew the work of Christ on the cross for him. One cried, "My

work has been all for the money, all for my own honour, nothing for my Lord." To touch such cases one feels it must be with blood-washed consecrated hands, and then not without a distinct message from Him.

Often in the face of the most awful agony that mortal souls on earth can know, one could only wait on God in the confidence that He who had begun the good work would carry it on to a glorious completion. Let no Uzziah lay thoughtless hands on the Ark of God.

And yet let no lover of the Kingdom be thoughtless or careless concerning the great struggle and renunciation that must come to many workers, Indian and foreign, before India can be won to the Christ of Gethsemane and Calvary. When we see the power that God is granting to the Indian brethren who have humbled themselves, we feel that we foreigners must also humble ourselves to the very dust in order that Christ may lift us up, and allow us to hold the place we occupy as leaders in this spiritual conflict. Cost what it may we must empty ourselves and be filled.

The eight days were none too long to continue with one accord. It is true the spirit is now poured out, and no one need wait for eight or ten days to get the enduement of power from on high. The blessing may be received in its fulness in one day, or it may not even in ten. While there is no limit to God, still because of the hardness of the human heart and the unwillingness to surrender all, time is generally required for the best results. We might learn from a young man in the prayer tent, who continued there night and day saying, "O Lord I shall not go from this tent till I get Thy blessing."

These mighty movements are surely a sign of the times. God is preparing his army for a mighty conquest. Our attitude must surely be, "Lord, fit me and use me in any way Thou wilt in Thy great plan of conquest."

In a private note to the "Record," accompanying the above, Dr. Buchanan writes,— "The opportunities are simply wonderful. May we all be kept faithful. It is great to live at such a time."

The Pharisee was a great deal better than many a modern Christian—he tithed.

## ITALY PROTESTANT.

BY REV. ALEX. ROBERTSON, D.D., VENICE.

Italy, as every one knows, is the seat and shrine of the Roman Catholic Church. In Rome the Pope for ages and ages has had his palace, and in Rome he once ruled supreme, and from that old-world city made his influence felt for good and evil—mainly for evil—throughout the civilized world.

“Those ancient men, what were they, who achieved

A sway beyond the greatest conquerors,  
Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,  
And, through the world, subduing, chaining  
down

The free, immortal spirit? Were they not  
Mighty magicians? Theirs a wondrous spell,  
Where true and false were with infernal art  
close interwoven.”

In Italy, the “spell” of these “mighty magicians” has been broken. The Pope and the Curia have to content themselves with the use of the Vatican Palace, lent to them by Act of Parliament, and even within that building they have had to seek, and they have obtained, the protection of the Italian Government by night and by day to save them from the violence of the inhabitants of Rome.

The tables in Italy have been entirely reversed. The Pope, cardinals, archbishops, bishops and priests throughout the whole land exist only on sufferance. All property has been taken from them. The Papal Church does not possess a stone of building in the land, or an inch of Italian soil. It cannot hold, it cannot build, it cannot inherit property. It is a tenant at will.

Indeed by the new penal code, which threatens with fine, imprisonment, and dismissal from office any priest who, in the exercise of his duties, talks against the king and government, or disturbs the peace of families, or seeks to annoy an Italian subject in the free exercise of his civil rights or for doing what the law permits him to do—by this new penal code the Roman Catholic Church in Italy is virtually placed in the category of criminal institutions.

Again, marriage has been taken out of the hands of the Church entirely. No priest can perform the marriage ceremony. The Pope himself could not legally marry any one. Marriage in Italy is a civil rite, only legal when performed by the syndic (provost) of the place in which the couple reside, or by one of his assessors, and in the city council chambers.

That law was found to be necessary in the interests of morality, as the Church was prepared to marry almost all and sundry, no matter though within the forbidden degrees, if money sufficient was paid for the indul-

gence. It was largely a question of pounds, shillings and pence, just as in former times it was with all crimes, when the Church commuted them for money.

Again, education has been completely taken out of the hands of the Church so far as the national schools of the land are concerned; and in no remote future the same thing will happen, as I shall show, in regard to all schools.

Before 1870, when the temporal power of the Pope was overthrown, education was entirely in the hands of the Church. Now no priest, no monk, no nun, no sister is permitted to be a teacher in any national school. All the teachers in these schools are laymen and laywomen. Education in Italy is national, secular, compulsory, free and *lay*.

## Italy Negatively Protestant.

Now all these facts I have stated conclusively prove that Italy is *negatively* Protestant. She has thrown off the Papal yoke. She has cut herself adrift from the Church. Indeed, it is an impossibility for the Church in Italy to get enough priests to fill her pulpits. Hence she is drafting them from Britain and Ireland and America and all countries. Hardly any respectable father will give his son to the priesthood. The priests are drawn from the lowest class in the land, many from the pauper and criminal classes.

Again, Italians do not believe in the doctrines and rites and ceremonies of the Church. The Mass they consider no more worthy of respect than table-turning. Two months ago the Government issued an order forbidding soldiers to salute the host, a thing they had been accustomed to do for centuries, a thing our British soldiers do in Malta at the present time.

No person of intelligence in Italy has any real connection with the Church of Rome, although he may go into churches to say his prayers. At the same time many do not even do that. They prefer to pray in their own homes.

Twenty millions out of Italy's thirty millions of inhabitants, and these embracing the intelligence, industry, education, and morality of the country, now refuse on principle to cross the threshold of a Papal Church at all. To be an effective member of the Papal Church in Italy is, in popular estimation, a reflection on a man's intellect, patriotism and morals.

Italy is *negatively Protestant*; but at the present moment it is demonstrating itself before the world to be emphatically so. As every one knows, great *anti-clerical* demonstrations are taking place throughout the land. The whole nation is up in arms against the Church.

The Pope and the priests say this agitation is the work of Anarchists and Socialists, and is financed from France. It is nothing



of the kind. It is a national movement, called forth by the discoveries of unspeakable crimes committed by priests and sisters in their educational establishments.

I have said that priests and nuns cannot come into contact with the children of Italy during the years that they are bound to attend the national schools. But they can come into contact with them before school years and after school years. And they have been doing this by opening infant schools and schools for grown-up lads and girls.

It has been discovered that in many of these schools immorality has been rampant. Every day the daily press contained headings like the following. "Scandals in Clerical Institutions in Milan," "Scandals in Infant Schools in Turin," "The Closing of Clerical Colleges," etc.

The Government, I should say, has ordered a police and medical examination of every clerical institution in Italy, and these facts are the result. The Government has closed many clerical infant and higher-class schools, and many priests and sisters are in prison. The people of Italy are demanding the suppression of every clerical educational establishment in the land of Italy, and the making it illegal for the Roman Catholic Church to open any such establishment.

Bad living amongst priests and sisters, the fruit of the celibate life they are forced to lead, has been found to be as bad in Italy as it was in the days of Luther. The evils are not the fruits of Italian descent. They are rarely heard of amongst the laity. They are the direct fruit of that celibate life which the Church of Rome compels its agents to lead; and what a warning, let me say, does the discovery of these enormities afford to us in Great Britain.

Protestant parents are far too prone to entrust their children and their grown-up daughters to the care of celibates in these schools for the beginning or the finishing of their education.

#### **Italy Positively Protestant.**

I have left myself no room to speak of Italy as being *positively Protestant*. But it really is so. The Bible is running very quickly through the land. Protestant schools are prospering and in favour; for we are allowed to open schools on condition that we conform to the Government programme, use the Government text-books, open the door to the Government inspector and pay all our own expenses.

My wife has one such school at Dovadola, attended by about fifty children belonging to Roman Catholic parents. The inspector never fails to send in a good report of it, commending the teaching given, commending the discipline observed, and above all, the high moral and spiritual tone of teachers and pupils.

Our evangelists are in favour. Personally,

I maintain one in that same village of Dovadola, who gives Scriptural lessons in the school, and who is welcomed into every home in the place, and sent for by all in times of trouble, sickness, and death.

Personally I find that not only do Italians freely come to our places of worship, but they have often said to me, "In such places we only hear what does us good." And personally I know from conversations with people of all classes that, whilst the doctrines and rites of the Roman Catholic Church are repudiated, our simple Biblical teaching and simple preaching of the love of God in Jesus Christ never fails to touch their hearts, and, in many cases, leads to change of character and change of life.

At the present moment Italy is open to the gospel. It is for us to enter in and possess the land. Italy has made unparalleled progress in everything that makes for human prosperity and happiness since she threw off the Papal yoke. Italy will yet become still more prosperous, and a blessing to other nations, as Great Britain is, once she more fully knows and accepts our Protestant Christianity.—The Scottish Review.

#### **RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS IN FRANCE.**

Mr. Soltau, now at the head of the McAll Mission, in speaking of the state of religion in France, calls attention to the fact that it has a population of thirty-nine millions, of whom not more than 650,000 are Protestants. Allowing for Jews and other non-Christian sects, there remain about thirty-eight million nominal Roman Catholics; but the priests confess that not more than four millions can be said to be following their teachings. The people are drifting away from all belief in the Church, and from the control of the priests. A religious census in the Department of the Seine and Marne revealed the fact that less than two and one-half per cent. attended mass. In villages of 500 inhabitants, not more than ten attended mass. France is now open to the simple Gospel of Christ. It is what the people need.—Missionary Review of the World.

#### **A LITTLE ? THING.**

A little thing may turn a soul to Christ. A caller in the office has just told us that he owes his conversion to a remark made by his Sabbath school teacher twenty years ago. When he was starting to college and bade her good-bye, she said: "O Johnnie, I wish you were a Christian." He says that her eyes were full of tears, and he never could forget her words or her eyes. Two years after, when he heard she was dead, he went to a students' prayer meeting, and at the first opportunity got up and said, "I've just got to be a Christian."—Herald and Presbyter.

# Young People's Societies.

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TOPIC FOR FEBRUARY.\*

## EDUCATING PROSPECTIVE CITIZENS.

BY REV. CLARENCE MACKINNON, B.D., WINNIPEG.

All kinds of rags found their way into the bags of the old ragmen—silk rags, satin rags, cotton rags, linen rags, rags on which had once shone the bright lights of the gay assembly, and rags in which miserable humanity had vainly sheltered itself from the winter's blast. It mattered not what they were or whence they came, or who had used them, they were all ground down into their original fibres and made over again into a bright new substance, snowy reams of the smoothest and whitest paper, on which a princess might not be ashamed to write.

All kinds of people are finding their way to the inviting prairies of Western Canada—people of alien blood and foreign accent; people cradled among the free forests of Northern Europe, and people broken in spirit by generations of sullen servitude; people independent to the verge of unbelief, and people steeped in the gloom of Catholic superstitions. There they come, British, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Danish, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish, Icelandic, Russian, Polish, Ruthenian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Bulgarian, Servian, Slavonic, Persian. Even the Arab is there, not to speak of the ubiquitous John Chinaman and his more ambitious brother the Jap. In all more than 275,000 in 1907, and asking from the Canadian Bible Society for the Scriptures in seventy different tongues!

What are we to do with this motley throng? They are to be made over again into sturdy, independent, enlightened and pious citizens, the best the sun has yet shone on in human history, the acme of the human race. This is our hope for Canada, and it is worthy of our best endeavour.

How is this to be accomplished? Much

\*Address all correspondence to Rev. W. S. McTavish, Kingston, Convener.

must be demanded of our public national schools, where the idiosyncrasies of race and speech will be lost, and the children imbibe the free spirit of Young Canada. Yet no educational system can be a substitute for religion, and no religion can perfect the truest citizenship except that which acknowledges Jesus as Lord and is grounded in the loving study of His Word. The responsibility for the achievement of our national ideal must therefore devolve upon the evangelical churches.

Happily there are other willing hands to join with the Presbyterian Church in this great mission, and Providence has directed our chief work among the Galicians and the Hungarians. These are from history and circumstances peculiarly our burden. It is true a few years ago an effort was made to reach the Doukhobors; but the intractable spirit of that peculiar people, rendered stubborn by years of persecution and resistance, was more inclined to send a missionary to the General Assembly than to receive one from it; and the work had to be abandoned as impracticable, until time would remove suspicion and hostility.

Our work among the Galicians and Hungarians has, however, met with marked success. An open door has been found through the medical missions and hospitals established by our church in the Northwest. Perhaps a brief account of a visit to one of these would help more than an array of statistics to reveal their significance and success.

As our train slowly pulled up to Dana Station in Saskatchewan, there were dull pools of water in the ditches by the side of the track and ominous splashes of rain on the windows of the car. Low hung clouds swept up swiftly from the Southwest and the prairie had doffed its gala dress of sweet scented roses, showy asters and waving golden rods, hidden them securely in half open buds and donned its sombre hues in expectation of the coming storm.

Drs. Arthur and Scott did likewise, and wrapping their tenderfoot guest in their best oilskins, and, shall I say it, lighting their



pipes, turned their tough ponies into the black mud of the dreary prairie trail. On, on we trudged over soft rolling ground, past clumps of swaying poplar and scrubby oak, past secluded arms of lakes, brackish in taste and in places even poisonous to cattle, reeling off mile after mile, until the experienced missionaries, as much at home on these lonely wastes as the mariner on the trackless sea, deemed that swifter progress could be made away from the trail, and so the ponies are headed into the long grass without any other means of guidance than their own dumb instincts and the knowledge by their masters that home must be somewhere nearly thirty miles away to the North of them. Down shuts the storm, and five minutes afterwards tenderfoot is as bewildered as a child in the heart of a forest. Presently there looms up through the driving rain the picturesque thatch and the white walls of a solitary Galician cottage. A few words of Slavonic greeting are exchanged, and it is lost behind us in the mist. Another house, a few miles more, and suddenly of all unexpected and inopportune evidences of civilization on this virgin prairie, a wire fence! stretching seemingly from horizon to horizon. Lincoln used to say, "If you cannot plough through the bog, plough round it, but plodding round this endless row of posts is tedious work. Five hours have been gone by; a few minutes more and it will be dark, starless, moonless night, impossible for man or beast to move in unless a beaten trail be found. They have often camped out all night in a storm under their democrat, these hardened missionaries, but tenderfoot, he longs ardently for that trail. Hurrah! There it is and it leads through a solitary field of stooked oats. From the democrat as we pass, we reach for a sheaf for our hungry steeds. The manners of the prairie are free and hospitable, besides

"A daimen icker in a thrave  
's a sma' request:

He'll get a blessing wi' the lave  
and never miss't."

Now that the trail is secured, we dismount, and by one of those ingenious arts known to the West there spring up in a minute on that dripping roadside the bright flames of a cheery camp fire. Refreshed, we resume the slow journey in the darkness of Egypt itself.

How the ponies ever made out a trail on such a night and how after missing two cross trails we succeeded in catching the last one, and how long after midnight we did at last reach the welcome hospitality of the Wakaw Mission, are enigmas to a novice, but such is the daily experience of many of our brave pioneer missionaries on the new prairies, too commonplace with them to be worth the telling.

The bright sun next morning shows us the little yellow hospital on the banks of the beautiful lake; and here comes an ox team that has travelled with painful slowness fifteen or twenty miles. It is driven by a Hungarian and his wife, and they have brought their little child to the hospital. A tiny little baby it is, but alas! misformed with a hair lip and a cleft palate, and trying so helplessly to cry. In the presence of this pitiful sight, the parents stand dumb in their helpless grief. A few deft touches from the fingers of the trained nurse, and the little one, soothed in its pain, is fast asleep; a few directions from the doctor and a word of hope, and the gladdened parents depart; but had the readers of the Record seen the changed expression on their countenances, they would want to plant a hospital on every tract of isolated prairie. Little wonder that the silent benediction of such a Christian mission, accompanied with kindly and courteous sympathy that breathes religion but avoids the entanglements of theology, has won the confidence of the Galician and the Hungarian; and that the Protestant Hungarians of Wakaw have even decided to become full fledged members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. This is but a tiny glimpse into a great achievement, it is but one fragment of a work that at Toulon, Sifton, Ethelbert, Vegreville, is going on with increasing success.

Space fails to tell of the extraordinary movement of the Independent Greek Church, which would require an article for itself.

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Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; be courteous to your creditors; keep your digestion good; exercise; go slow, and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift.—Abraham Lincoln.

## THE HOME MISSION HOSPITALS OF OUR CHURCH.

By DR. A. J. HUNTER, TEULON.

The Home Mission hospitals of the Presbyterian Church are a development of very recent years. For a considerable time the value of medical missions in heathen lands has been well understood. Perhaps in no other way can the real spirit of Christ's teaching be so clearly shown as by the divine service of healing the sick and relieving the distressed.

It may be true enough that the settlers in a new country go out with the worldly object of bettering their own personal fortunes, but the little they gain for themselves is far outweighed by the mighty part they play in laying the foundations of our national development. Sheltered folk in older places have little idea of the hardships undergone by those hardy pioneers of the forest and prairie who first conquer the new lands for the service of humanity.

In some cases the hardships do not last long. Skilled farmers with capital going onto a stretch of open and fertile prairie may soon become wealthy and well able to build churches and hospitals for themselves. But poor, ignorant, unskilled people, planted in the midst of forests and swamps will not in their lifetime, perhaps not till the time of their children's children, attain the same degree of comfort which the others reach in two or three short years.

The work of these last is the hardest and the most poorly paid. Yet both classes are serving their country in their several ways, the first growing grain to feed the people of the present, the others preparing land to feed the people of the future. The rewards, it must be confessed, seem somewhat disproportioned.

But it is to those weak and struggling ones that the heart of the Christian community should most go out. Many of them are foreigners in an unknown land, surrounded by people speaking a language they cannot understand. In return for their quarter section of rough bush or swamp they have given up home and fatherland. We demand of them further the sacrifice of their native tongue, of their ancient customs and traditions. They must conform to our institu-

tions and slowly and painfully seek to fashion themselves to the pattern of our lives.

The evil that is amongst us comes to them quickly enough. There are hotel-keepers ever ready to sell them liquor, political agents of both parties who tell them fantastic lies and try to corrupt them at election times by gifts of whisky and money. It is all the more necessary that the better elements in our national life should stretch out helping and welcoming hands to those bewildered candidates for admission into Canadian citizenship.

It has to be recognized, however, that the wisest way is ever to help people to help themselves. We must not begin by pauperizing the people and making them think the world owes them a living whether they work for it or not.

One thing can be said for the Galicians and indeed for most of those who come from the continent of Europe. They have been taught in a stern school to work and to depend on themselves, and if given any reasonable chance they will make their way. But if sickness comes to the breadwinners, for amongst these settlers in a new country both husband and wife are truly entitled to that name of honor, the outlook for the future becomes very dark indeed and outside aid becomes a necessity for them and a duty for us. We can thus help these newcomers best, by becoming their friends and giving them medical assistance in time of trouble. Moreover, in this way we can best win them to friendship and to Him in whose Spirit the help is given.

### Atlin.

The Good Samaritan Hospital in Dawson City, which was so effective for good, owed very much to one of our earliest missionaries, Rev. A. S. Grant, but it was supported by local contributions. The first hospital work done by our church was in Atlin. It was started by Dr. John Pringle with the financial backing of a committee of ladies in Toronto, at first known as the "Klondyke Nurses Committee"—later as the "Atlin Nurses Committee."

The first nurses sent out were Miss E. H. Mitchell, of Renfrew, and Miss Helen Bone, of Paris. Of these Mr. Pringle writes in 1899,—“The work of the nurses for one month



has done more to make the people believe we have the spirit of Christ than a year's preaching could." From that time on the hospital under these and succeeding nurses has done noble service in helping the sick and unfortunate. With the forming of the Woman's Home Mission Society this hospital came under the care of the new organization and a fuller history of its work may be found in a pamphlet issued by the Society.

### Teulon.

The next of the Home Mission hospitals to be organized was the one with which I am personally connected at Teulon, Manitoba. The patients of the Atlin hospital are miners, mostly English speaking. The other hospitals of our church are primarily intended for the benefit of the foreign settlers.

Some forty miles north of Winnipeg, in the country between the lakes, there begins a great settlement of Galicians or Ruthenians as they prefer to be called. Ruthenian is the name of the Little Russians, who speak a dialect slightly different from the Great Russian of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and who to the number of some thirty millions inhabit the vast territory of the Ukraine in Russia.

These were the original Cossacks, those terrible horsemen so famous in Russian history. Once they were the farthest advanced in civilization of all the Russians, but now they have been ground for centuries under the heel of Great Russian despotism, and their language, forbidden in literature, has sunk into a dialect.

A few millions of these people, a little less oppressed, inhabit the Austrian provinces of Galicia and Bukowinia and from these our so-called Galician immigrants are drawn, and even in this country we find them cherishing a patriotic dream of a time when Russia and Austria shall be dismembered and their old Ruthenian language and nation be free, united and independent once more.

In addition to the Ruthenian colony, the Teulon district includes an old-established English settlement, and to the Northwest large colonies of Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, French and Russian Jews, with a sprinkling of English, Germans and other nationalities.

When the writer was first sent up into the Ruthenian colony he found two formidable

obstacles to missionary operations. The first was the difficulty of learning the language without books, and with only the crude assistance of ignorant people. Even after considerable study one could never be quite sure of having the correct meaning of the words.

Besides it was quite evident that most of the people did not want my teaching. Some were still bigoted catholics, others were advancing to the opposite extreme of atheism. A few were willing to talk over things in a friendly fashion, but services in English had not much attraction for them. It soon became evident that medical work offered the best means of approach.

Then Rev. Dr. Bryce of Winnipeg suggested a hospital, a proposal which was eagerly grasped at. Consent of Presbytery was obtained, and a local canvass was made of Teulon, Stonewall and the neighboring country, resulting in a subscription list of nearly \$1000. A grant of \$400 was secured from the Church and Manse Fund and work was begun.

But the building cost more than was expected, and the financial problem looked a little puzzling. At this juncture the newly formed Woman's Home Missionary Society came to our relief, and the financial burden was lifted. The hospital was incorporated under the laws of Manitoba, and although most of our patients are too poor to pay, yet thanks to the provincial and municipal grants and the generosity of the ladies in the east, the workers have never needed to worry over the means of support.

The hospital has since been enlarged so that it has accommodated as many as twenty-three patients on one memorable occasion, although its proper working capacity is about half that number. During the present year we have had one hundred and sixty-five indoor patients. Twenty-three babies have been born in the hospital, and many hundreds of people have received dispensary treatment or have been visited in their homes.

In addition half-a-dozen Ruthenian children are kept at the mission and educated. This department of the work, it is hoped to extend in the future. The older generation will not change very much but there is great hope for the children.

I cannot close this brief account of the

work of our hospital without mentioning the nurses whose faithful work has meant so much for the success of the mission. Miss Bell, the lady superintendent, and Miss Davidson have been with us almost from the first. Miss Aiton was with us for two years when she left to take a post-graduate course, and her place is now taken by Miss Grant.

#### Wakaw.

Here again is a great mixed settlement of Ruthenians, Roumanians, Hungarians and many others. Wakaw is thirty-five miles from Rosthern, which latter place is a thriving town on the branch of the Canadian Northern running from Regina to Prince Albert. The mission was established in 1903 on the banks of Lake Wakaw. The resemblance of this lake to the famous lake of Geneva in Switzerland led Mr. Sherbinin to suggest the name of the Geneva Mission.

Work was begun by Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur and these devoted missionaries have exercised a profound influence on the life of the community. Mr. Arthur had already taken a partial course in medicine which he has since completed by attending lectures in Winnipeg. Some idea of Dr. Arthur's many-sided qualifications may be gained from the following quotation from one of the W. H. M. S. publications.

"The family of the missionary includes a minister, a doctor, postmaster, teacher, magistrate, builder, clerk of Presbytery, miller, an experienced and skilled millwright, a hospital-trained nurse, three little English children—and in winter about twenty foreign school children—not to mention the sick people who could not be cared for in their homes. This will sound less astonishing when it is known that Mr. Arthur himself fills the first eight positions, his wife is the nurse, and the mill-wright is her father, Mr. McPherson.

A hospital has been erected at Wakaw as a memorial to Mrs. Turnbull, wife of Rev. Mr. Turnbull of West Church, Toronto, the funds having been raised by the Sunday School of that church.

#### Vegreville.

In this thriving town, the centre of a district which includes a vast colony of Ruthenians, another hospital has been established, largely by means of funds donated by Mrs. Boswell of Elora, in memory of her late hus-

band, Rolland M. Boswell, whose name the hospital bears.

Owing to local conditions there have been some difficulties in the management of this hospital, which induced the committee to transfer Dr. Arthur to this point of strategic importance and it is confidently expected that his tried skill and experience will make of this one of the leading missions of the church. Vegreville is situated about eighty miles from Edmonton.

Rev. Mr. Scott, another of our missionaries who has just about completed his medical course and who has already done faithful work among the foreigners, takes Dr. Arthur's place at Wakaw.

In closing, as one of the missionaries working under the Women's Home Missionary Society, I should wish to make grateful acknowledgment of the work of that noble body of women, who through many sacrifices of time and means are making possible this work of helping the sick and suffering, and of extending the right hand of Christian love and fellowship to those people of strange customs and foreign tongues who have come to help us establish a new nation on Canadian soil.

#### OBITUARY.

**Rev. E. A. Mackenzie, B.D.**, professor of Practical Theology in the Presbyterian College Montreal, died suddenly on the 21st January inst. aged forty-six years. He was born in Lucknow, Ont., was educated in McGill University and the Presbyterian College, Montreal. His first pastoral charge was in Chesley, Ontario. In this congregation he labored five years. From thence, in 1899, he was called to St. Matthews church, Montreal, and was there till appointed in 1905, to the Chair of Pastoral Theology in the Presbyterian College. Though not in very good health for some time previous to his death, he continued at his work. On the day of his death he took lunch as usual, with his family, and went to the College to take his class at 2 p.m. Reaching his dressing room he removed his top coat, put on his gown, and with notes of his lecture in his hand was suddenly taken ill. Professor Welsh, who shared with him the same dressing room, coming in at that moment found him lying across the table in great distress. He soon relapsed into unconsciousness and in less than an hour passed away. He was a good teacher and preacher, a strong and attractive personality, highly respected and well beloved.



### SYNOD AND PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

*Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls, inductions, resignations, as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.*

#### Synod of the Maritime Provinces, St. John, 1st Tues. Oct.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 23 Feb., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Whycocomagh, 15 Feb., 7-30 p.m.
3. Pictou.
4. Wallace, Tatamagouche, 15 Feb., 6.30 p.m.
5. Truro, Truro, 20 Apr. 9.30 a.m.
6. Halifax, Hx., St. Matt., 16 Mar., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, Bridgewater, 15 Mar., 7.30 p.m.
8. St. John, St. John, 6 Apr. 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, 9 Mar., 11 a.m.
10. P. E. I. Charlottetown, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.

#### Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Pembroke, 2nd Tues. May.

12. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 2 Mar., 2 p.m.
13. Montreal, Montreal 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
14. Glengarry, Cornwall, last Tues. Feb.
15. Ottawa.
16. Lanark, Carlton Pl. 15 Feb., 7.30 p.m.
17. Brockville, Morrisburg, 2 Mar., 4 p.m.

#### Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto, 2nd Tues. May.

18. Kingston, Kingston, 2 Mar. 10 a.m.
19. Peterboro, Port Hope, 9 Mar., 2 p.m.
20. Lindsay, Lindsay, 1 Mar., 11 a.m.
21. Whitby, Whitby, 20 Apr. 10 a.m.
22. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
23. Orangeville, Orangeville, 9 Mar. 10.30 a.m.
24. Barrie, Barrie, 9 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
25. North Bay, Burk's Falls, Mar.
26. Algoma, Thessalon, 1 Tues. Mar., 8 p.m.
27. Owen Sound, Owen Sd., 1 Tues., Mar. '09.
28. Saugeen, Mt. Forest, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
29. Guelph, Fergus, 16 Mar. 9.30 a.m.

#### Synod of Hamilton and London, Hamilton, last Mon. March.

30. Hamilton, Hamilton, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
31. Paris, St. George, 2 Mar. 10.30 a.m.

32. London, London, 2 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
33. Chatham, Chatham, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 1 Tues. Mar., 11 a.m.
35. Stratford, Stratford, 23 Feb., 10 a.m.
36. Huron, Clinton, 2 Mar. 10.30 a.m.
37. Maitland, Wingham, 2 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
38. Bruce, Chesley, 2 Mar., 11 a.m.

#### Synod of Manitoba. Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov.

39. Superior, Fort William, March, 1909, 10.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Belmont, 2nd Tues. Feb.
42. Glenboro, Elm Creek, Feb., 1909.
43. Portage, P. la Pra., 1 Mar., 7 p.m.
44. Dauphin, Dauphin, Feb., '09.
45. Minnedosa, Rapid City, 9 Feb., 2 p.m.
46. Brandon, Brandon, 3 Mon., Feb., 7.30 p.m.

#### Synod of Saskatchewan. Saskatoon, 1st Tues. Nov.

47. Yorkton, Yorkton, Feb.
48. Arcola.
49. Alameda, Estevan, 9 Feb., 9.30 a.m.
50. Qu'Appelle, Moosomin, Feb., '09.
51. Abernethy, Esterhazy, Feb.
52. Regina, Pense, 3 Tues., Feb. 3 p.m.
53. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 23 Feb., 3 p.m.
54. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, Feb. 10.
55. Battleford, N. Battleford, 2 Feb., 10.30 a.m.

#### Synod of Alberta. Calgary last Wed. April.

56. Vermilion, Tofield, 23 Feb., 2 p.m.
57. Edmonton, Edmonton, 23 Feb., 8 p.m.
58. Lacombe, Camrose, Feb., '09.
59. Red Deer, Olds, Feb.
60. Calgary.
61. High River.
62. McLeod, Lethbridge, Feb.

#### Synod of British Columbia. Victoria, 1st Wed. May.

63. Kootenay, Cranbrook, Feb., 1909.
64. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
65. Westminster.
66. Victoria, Victoria, 1 Tues. Feb., 2 p.m.

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A true gentleman is true everywhere. He who has courtesies for those only who are of equal or superior station is lacking in the graces of genuine nobility.

## WITH THE PUBLISHERS.

**The Life of James Robertson.**—By CHARLES W. GORDON (Ralph Connor). Second Printing. The Westminster Co., Toronto, Price \$1.50.

With its subject and its writer little wonder that the book is in its "second printing" with the ink scarcely dry on the first. Dr. Robertson was not perfect, but, while some other men may have been greater along some lines, yet, taking all qualities into consideration, he was, we think, the greatest man Canada has yet had. Further while some other men may have done more for her along some lines, yet, taking all lines, he did more for Canada than any other one man has done. Dr. Gordon knew him as few others did and his work has been a labor of love. No summary of the book can be given. It is itself a summary, a very vivid and interesting one, of a long and active life. For the knowledge it contains of our country and church, for the inspiration it gives, not to speak of the pleasure of its reading, it should be in every S.S. and C. E., library, in every Presbyterian family.

**Harvests in Many Lands.**—EDITED BY W. S. MCTAVISH, B. D., Ph. D., is the third of a series of missionary text-books, prepared for the young people of our church, following "Reapers in Many Fields" and "Missionary Pathfinders." Its object is to present some of the results of missionary effort in the homeland as well as abroad. It contains twenty-four chapters, by different writers, on different subjects, with a list of questions at the close of each chapter, on the subject of the chapter. The book, with its questions, should do much towards giving a clear and comprehensive view of the work of our church in the home and foreign fields. Published for the Assembly's Committee on Young People's Societies by William Briggs, Toronto.

**The Future Leadership of the Church.**—By JOHN R. MOTT, is published by the Students Y.M.C.A., 124 E. 28 St. New York. Mr. Mott, in his work among students, has studied for many years, probably more widely and thoroughly than any other man ever did, the question of the supply of men for the ministry and other lines of Christian effort. He has lectured on the subject in a number of colleges and his book is the substance of these lectures. It deals with. (1) The Problem, (2) The Urgency, (3) The Obstacles, (4) The Favoring Influences, (5) The Propaganda. It is highly commended.

The Students Y.M.C.A. has also published, edited by Mr. Mott, a series of pamphlets on The Christian Ministry, written by prominent men, e. g., "The claims of The Ministry on Strong Men"—"The Preparation of the Modern Minister"—"The Minister as

Preacher"—"The Minister and His People"—"The Minister and The Community," etc.

**The Speaking Voice.**—By KATHERINE JEWELL EVERTS, Published by Harper and Brothers, New York, and London, 218 pages, Price \$1.00.

"Not a discourse on elocution but a vivacious, familiar discussion of the proper management of the voice in ordinary conversation, by a well-known teacher of vocal culture." Regarding the human voice as an instrument, the first part, three chapters, treats of "The Tuning of the Instrument," learning to support the tone, to free the tone, to reinforce the tone. The second part, four chapters, deals with the technique of the instrument. Part third, eight chapters, contains "Studies in the Vocal Interpretation of Literature." It is thoughtfully written by one who has given the subject much careful study.

**Culture by Conversation.**—By ROBERT WATERS, Author of "Intellectual Pursuits"—"Life of William Cobbett"—"John Selden and His Table Talk," etc. "The aim of the book is to shew, by precept and example what a mighty factor in education and culture the practice of conversation may be made. Part 1, eleven chapters, is devoted to the "Educational and Literary Influences of Conversation." Part 2, nine chapters, deals with the "Social and Intellectual influences." Part 3, is Table Talk, Notes, etc." In the first eleven chapters are "What may be gained by Conversation." "Some Examples of the Influence of Conversation," "What some men have accomplished by Conversation," etc. In the second nine chapters are "How to become a Good Talker"—"Some Profitable Talkers," etc. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, pp. 340, Price \$1.20.

**Canadian Hymns and Hymn Writers.**—By REV. A. WYLLIE MAHON, B. D., is a tasteful brochure of sixty pages, printed by the Globe Printing Co., St. John, N. B., and devoted to eight of our hymnists, Bullock, Scriven, Murray, Dewart, Rand, Cameron, Scott, and Anna L. Walker, with brief narrative sketches and quotations from their works. Mr. Mahon writes appreciatively of those "who have done not a little to enrich the hymnology of our church."

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## The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Dec.	Rec. Mar. 1st to Dec. 31.
Home Missions....	\$6,781.96	\$37,016.25
Augmentation....	936.80	4,264.09
Foreign Missions...	5,980.85	27,278.68
Widows' & Orphans'	344.69	3,838.70
Aged Ministers....	428.84	6,302.56
Assembly.....	2,074.70	2,874.90
French Evangeliztn.	814.03	4,293.41
Pt-aux-Trembles...	708.45	2,844.01
Tem. Moral Reform	99.75	1,141.00
Knox College.....	168.09	624.51
Queen's College....	79.35	254.48
Montreal College...	33.75	174.66
Manitoba College...	120.74	481.98
Westminster Hall..	23.00	162.62

### Received during November.

At the Presbyterian Office, Toronto,  
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the donors.

Grafton, Ont. ss .....	20	Fergus, Melville .....	200
Claudeboye, Man .....	13 50	Hickson, Burns ss.....	7
Radisson, Sask .....	13 20	per Agent, Hx .....	576 61
Deloraine, Man. ....	161	Morrisburg, Kx .....	37 80
Avonton, Ont .....	96 95	Rev. Hugh Cameron ..	20
Coleridge, Alta .....	4 75	Rev. E. H. Sawers.....	18
Egmontville, Ont .....	88	Mrs. R. Shield .....	8
Dundas, Ont., Kx.....	55 80	Rev. James Douglas... 1)	
Sperling, Man .....	656 30	perling, Man .....	4
Rev. J. Argo .....	8	Annie E. Crawford ..	18
Rev. Wm. Patterson...	8	Belmont, Kx ss.....	5 80
Rev. A. Russell.....	20 50	Stirling, St. And.....	7 30
Waterdown, Ont. Kx ss	10	Omeme, O t.....	4
Port Albert, St. A. ss	3	Carroll, Man .....	30
Farmer's Son, Thanks.	5	Craigvale, Ont.....	110
Brandon, Man .....	300	Rosbank, etc., Man. ...	14 55
Rev. Robert MacNabb.	8	Ailsa Craig, Ont.....	22 83
Beverly Ont .....	50	Montreal, Chalmers ..	(5 1)
Mother & Son .....	15	St. Lambert, Que.....	41 80
Vanc'r, 1st ss Cl. ....	10	Walkerton, Ont.....	22 50
Rev. W. D. Turner....	8	Dauphin, Man ss.....	9 40
Admaston, etc, Ont ..	29 25	Dr. Robert Cumming..	11 50
Listowel, Ont., Kx ..	435 0	Rev. T. G. Thomson...	8
Daywood, Johnson....	4 55	Glenlee, Ont. ss.....	2
Pine River, Ont., ....	47 87	Blackheath, Ont.....	53 50
Ornstown, Que. ....	310 58	Rev. John Davidson...	8 00
McKillop, Ont. Duff's.	67	Essex, Ont., St. And..	11 75
Rev. Geo. Williams....	23 90	Dr. G. Munro .....	15 45
Milvrtn, Ont. Burns ..	102 50	Rev. Ng Mon Hing ..	12 50
Rev. N. D. McKinnon.	10	Ospringle, Ont. ss .....	3 60
E. Seneca, Ont .....	27 75	Ottawa, St. Paul's....	100
Rev. Robert Laird....	13 60	Oxbow, Sask .....	25
Rev. R. C. Tibb .....	8	Edmonton, 1st ss .....	13 50
Rev. E. W. Mahaffay...	5	Alexander, Man., ss. ...	11 4
Lyleton, Man. ss .....	5	Morden, Man., Kx....	141 85
Walton, Ont., Duff's...	6 50	Sanford, Oak Bluff...	12 35
Peterboro, St. And....	200	Rev. S. Lawrence.....	8
Guelph, St. And. ....	200	Brooklin, Ont .....	27 50
Bancroft, Ont .....	11 15	Rev. D. Kelso .....	6 90
Nelson, St. P. girls'ld	20	Miss L. P. Rankin. ....	12
Collin's Bay, Ont .....	10	For. Chinese .....	60 22
Ottawa, Glebe.....	80	Neepawa, Man., un ss.	7 25

Grenfell, Sask. ss.....	7	Gravenhurst Kx.....	52 70
Dr. C. A. Webster.....	8 21	Macdonell, Man.....	103 35
Victoria, St. And.....	47 90	English Settlement, Ont	74
Fairbairn, Ont .....	44	Smith's Fall, St. Pa. ss	20
Alexander, Man .....	14 25	Garden Valley, Man....	18 80
" " ss.....	6 90	Chalk River, ladies' aid	10
E. Adelaide, Ont. ss...	4 83	Rev. F. O. Nichol.....	5 60
Newdale, Man.....	150	Byng Inlet, Ont.....	37
Souris, Man .....	17 40	Enderby, St. And. ss...	6 96
Bethel, Ont.....	2 30	Sow. rbv., Ont., Kx ss...	2
Cedarville, Ont. ss.....	3	Rev. Dr. Hamilton ....	10
New Denver, B. C. Kx ss	18	St. Vincent, Kx.....	17 46
Rev. J. Lindsay.....	8	Rev. J. R. Coffin.....	8 90
Primrose, Ont.....	16 68	Tor. Bonar m b.....	39
Winterbourne, Y. P. S.	22	Rev. Norman Lindsay.	8
" " ss.....	3	Turin, Ont. ss .....	4 05
Elphin, Ont. ss.....	4	Vanc'r, St. Johns .....	270
Princeport & c, W. F. M.	12	Nelson, St. Paul's. ....	45
Dr. T. F. Fotheringham	8	Strathcona, ss .....	10
Rev. Robert Haddow ..	8	Red Deer, Knox.....	26
Esquesing, Boston. ....	11 05	Rolling River.....	6
W. Bentinck, Ont. ss...	4	Murchison, Man.....	6
Carluke, Ont., St. Pa..	10 55	Glenemma, etc., B. C..	2 75
Field, B. C .....	5	J. A. Allan, Regina....	50
Toronto, Ont., Cooke's.	45	Springville, Ont. ss....	3
Suthwyn, Man. ss. ....	2 32	Hamilton, St. And.....	53 93
Sydenham, Ont., Kx....	35 35	Rev. S. C. Gunn.....	10
" " " ss.....	10 10	Rev. A. W. K. Herdman	6 65
Weyburn Sask., Kx ss...	8	Oakley, Ont., St. Dav ..	6 10
St. Vincent, Kx ss.....	6 50	Bird's Hill, Man .....	1 35
Hamilton, St. John's ss	20	Suthwyn, Man.....	2 25
Clinton, Ont., Wills...	11 45	Springfield, Man .....	4 40
Blytheswood, Ont.....	20	Vanc'r, 1st .....	1,450
Vernon, Ont., ss.....	5 60	Norwood, Man. ss.....	8 78
Bowden, Alta .....	20	W'p'g, St. Stephen's ss	24
Rev. R. H. Gilmour...	7 50	Almonte, St. John's ss.	50
Toronto, Bloor b c. ....	50	St. Louis de Gonz.....	92
Rev. John McNair.....	8	Markdale, Ont. ss.....	10
Rev. F. H. Russell .....	13 60	Berlin, Ont. b.c.....	10
Brussels, Mel ss.....	13 08	Lake Road, Ont.....	21 50
Holstein, Ont. ss.....	7 71	Verdun, Que. ss.....	5
Elora, Kx Y. P. Un.....	50	Bethany, Ont.....	9 45
Brussels, Mel. ss.....	7 55	Radisson, St. Pa. ss...	4 50
Alvinston, Guthrie....	13	Nelson, B. C. St. Pa. ss	20
Southampton, St. And.	77 25	Dumbarton, Ont. ss...	7
Foxboro', Ont. ss .....	2	Rev. Alex McFarlane.	16 30
Kingston, Cooke's.....	100	Scarboro, Mel .....	53
Rev. S. A. Carriere....	14 35	Calgary, Grace ss .....	15
Rev. J. M. Macalister..	8	Rev. R. Thyme .....	8 90
Renfrew, St. And ss...	50	Londesboro, Kx.....	111 40
Edmonton, 1st ss .....	50	Barto', Ont. ss .....	7 30
Cranbrook, Kx.....	53 00	Montreal, Chal .....	41 80
Hyde Park, Ont.....	24 80	Dorch ster, N. B .....	1
Kirkhill, Ont.....	143	Tham's Road, ss .....	9 45
Rev. Dr. Armstrong ..	15 45	"J. McA" Glenlee....	1
Forest, Ont.....	50	Holsten, Ont .....	11
Toronto, Dovercourt...	155	Orillia, Ont .....	200
Rev. T. F. Irving.....	10 80	Snow Road, Ont.....	7 35
Kintail, Ont. ss.....	5	Rev. A. E. Camp .....	11 70
Belmore, Ont .....	57 35	Listowel, Study Class.	13
Cranbrook, Ont., Kx...	24 20	Annan, Ont.....	21 85
Mono Centre, Burns...	5	Renfrew, St. And ss...	15 66
Richmond Hill, ss.....	2	" " N. Hard ss .....	6
Rev. J. D. MacKenzie.	8 50	Rev. Wm. Gauld.....	7 15
Rev. J. H. Ratcliffe....	8	Hawkes ile, St. And ..	5
Madawaska, Ont .....	5 27	Rev. D. Kelso .....	8
St. Laurent, Que. ss...	4 50	For. St. Paul's ss .....	4
Hartney, Man., St. Pa.	50	Craigh rst, ss .....	13
Masonville, Ont.....	15	Douglas, Man .....	69
Bethesda, Ont., ss.....	3 70	Lobo, Ont., Mel. ss .....	16 90
Eyvan, Sask .....	15	Atwood, Ont., ss.....	3
Flodden, Que., Kx .....	39 51	Brantford, Far'ngd'n...	200
Holstein, Ont. ....	4	Annan, Ont .....	17 30
Aberarder, Ont .....	10	Stratford, Kx .....	30
Garden Hill, Ont. ss...	11 05	Ornstown, St. Paul's...	194
Athelstan, Que .....	57	owr Ornstown, ss.....	25
Avonmore, Ont .....	8 75	Ottawa, Knox.....	1,000
Woodstock, Ont.....	80	Rev. J. Cumberland...	7 70
Hallet, Ont., Bur. s...	9 50	Buffalo Lake .....	236 05
Lonsboro, Ont., Kx....	5 75	Rev. J. A. MacDonald.	8
Salem, Ont.....	12 70	Duglastown, ss .....	6 83
Rev. David Carswell ..	8 45	Lochwinnoch .....	18
Rev. N. R. D. Sinclair.	6 35	Est. Angus Kerr .....	100
Blytheswood, Ont.....	19	Aldboro, Ont .....	5 18
Rev. A. Ewing .....	16 40	Pipestone, nd. Y.M.C.A.	2 80
Crinan, Argyle ss .....	12	Tyvan, Sask .....	5
Gillies Hill Ont. ....	10	Hamilton, McNabb....	470
Hymnal Com .....	757 47	Motherwell .....	26 35
Rev. F. W. Mahaffay...	3	Flos, Knox .....	27 65
Regina, Sask. Indian		Burlington, Knox.....	4 61
Industrial School .....	12 20	Bristol Corners .....	2 70
Nielol, Ont., Zion.....	3	Holland, Man .....	69
Beaumaris, Ont .....	205	Rev. W. K. Shearer...	8

## Our Weekly Offering Envelopes

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"The world cannot be organized into godliness, or preached into godliness, but it may be led into godliness. The simple quiet, unposing practice of their professions by Christians would do more to set this old world right than all the powerful organizations that bear the Christian name."

The most hopeless man on earth is the one who learns nothing through experience. One may pull an ass out of the pit a hundred times, and a hundred times it will fall in again.

I will never presume, because I am a man; I will never despair, because I have a God.—Feltham.

"Goodness is contagious. The holy man does most to make the world holier. More efficacious for human betterment than all the multiform programs of social reform that are being proposed, is simple righteousness in all of life's relations, on the part of those who have named themselves as followers of Jesus."

If you blur your moral perceptions, if you sacrifice your honor by ways that are not clean and straight, then the whole landscape of your spiritual outlook will lose its delicate coloring and lose its clear edge, and you will not be able to distinguish between the good and evil, between the true and false.—John Kelman.



# The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Dec.	Rec'd Mar 1 to Dec. 31
Foreign Missions....	\$2,082.89	\$29,152.30
Home Missions.....	1,046.00	5,798.08
Augmentation.....	488.93	2,974.34
College.....	1,112.10	7,130.21
A. and I. Ministers .	214.33	2,048.86
French Evangelizatin	194.77	711.41
Pt-aux-Trembles....	113.68	414.37
For North West.....	491.75	2,875.53
Children's Day Col..	430.52	1,764.22
Assembly Fund.....	52.00	164.25
Bursary Fund.....	69.39	1,278.27
Library Fund.....		111.49
Manitoba College....	5.00	6.00
Widows' & Orphans..	121.70	688.67
Temp., Moral Reform	125.48	237.48
Unallocated....	238.95	2,072.65
Total.....	\$6,786.59	\$57,428.13

## Received during December.

at the Presbyterian Office, Halifax,  
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the Donors.

Reported .....	\$50,641 54	Brookfield, N.S. ....	110
Grand River.....	5	Truro, Berachah m.c..	100
Dorchester .....	1 29	Martin Dickie.....	100
Per Agent, Tor.....	714 42	H. D. McKenzie.....	20
Cape John. ....	49 25	C. P. Blanchard.....	20
Refunds .....	45	A. J. Campbell.....	10
Jessie McKenzie .....	25	S. J. McLennan.....	5
Framboise ss .....	4	H. Putnam.....	5
Refund .....	2 75	Mrs. C. McL. Tupper..	5
Interest .....	69 04	R. A. Mingie .....	5
North Salem, &c .....	16 07	J. L. Sutherland .....	2
Chatham, St. And. ss..	18	Hymnal Committee....	100 76
Shelburne ss .....	2	Greenwood b.c. ....	12 85
A. S. Mitchell.....	25	Rv. Dr. Annand.....	50

"The Grant" ss. ....	3	New Richmond ss.....	12
Interest .....	53 26	Pictou, Prince St.....	150
Grand Falls .....	22	Sydney Mines.....	100
Pictou, Prince St.....	226 65	Antigonish .....	174 12
Charlo Mission.....	12 75	Bedford.....	24 10
Pictou, St. And.....	5	Greenfield, S. Rich'd..	41 30
Scotsburn .....	30	Blue Mt. Garden .....	201 50
Walter Mitchell. ....	25	Bedeque .....	100
C. H. Mitchell.....	25	Wolfville .....	39 75
Refund .....	16 45	Waterville c.e.....	5
French Riv. col. ss....	3 30	Mira .....	70
Balfour.....	11 64	Pictou Pres. c.e.....	15
Tatamagouche.....	38 06	Oldham .....	10 35
Campbellton.....	179	N. B. North Riv. ss....	1 25
Riverside .....	57 83	St. John, St. Matt. ss..	13 75
Summerside.....	7 05	Interest on Refunds...	51 96
Amherst, St. Stephen's	30 30	New Glasgow First....	125
Interest .....	2 35	New Glasgow United..	202 30
Mid. Labavess .....	4	Strathalbyn.....	110 10
New Richmond.....	45	Campbelton, St. A. ....	5
Interest .....	127 43	Springfield .....	22
Interest .....	6 95	Truro, St. And.....	6
W. Riv., St. Mary's....	75	Harvey .....	20
Head St. Peter's Bay..	5 50	"Feed My Lambs"....	15
Forest Hill ss .....	6	Miss J. Margeson.....	4
Clyde River.....	50	Presby. P.E.I., Mr.	
Noel .....	36 51	McKenzie's salary ..	375
Halifax, Grove .....	80	Newtown e.e.....	20
Rev. Jas. McLean, D.D.	40	Garden of Eden ss....	3 40
Wallace Pres. Bursary	50	Richmond .....	20
Elmsdale .....	21	Summerfield.....	17 40
Julia M. Currie.....	5	Economy.....	6
Lena Irene Currie....	5	Margaree Harbor .....	75
Adella Louise Currie..	5	Hx., St. Matthew's....	22
Florence Currie.....	5	Prof. E. McKay .....	10
Isabella M. Currie.....	5	John A. Rudland .....	2
Archibald ss.....	4	Westville, Carmel....	23
Alberton .....	272 70	Mira .....	20
Little Ridgetown. ss ..	2	Rexton, Richbeto.....	217 79
Interest .....	12 94	Whycomagh.....	109 25
Kentville .....	14	Ainslie Glen ss.....	3 20
Princetown .....	18	Ashfield ss.....	80
Pugwash.....	11 96	New Glasgow First....	180 41
Refund .....	10	New Glasgow ss .....	250
Clifton n.s.....	47 50	Riv. John. W. Branch..	131 65
Springhill ss .....	17	Hx., Chalmer's.....	50
Buctouche, Mill Creek.	20 68	Newport, McKay ss....	1
Alberton .....	15	River John, Salem ..	24 47
Hx., Park St.....	55 59	Lower Musquodoboit..	85 65
"For Home Missions" .	40	Springhill.....	80
Souris ss .....	3 50	Blackville.....	13 58
Alfred Costley .....	25	Kirkland c.e.....	5
R. H. Williams .....	5	Maitland .....	65 59
Alex. Wilson .....	5		
Truro, St. And. m.b....	30		
		Total.....	\$57,428 13

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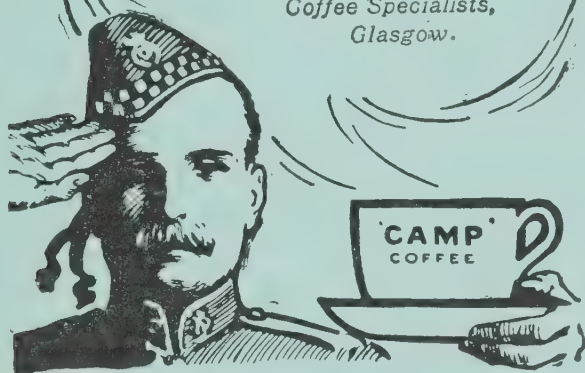
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What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

To persevere in one's duty and to be silent is the first answer to calumny.—Washington.

A taste for good books is an anchor that will hold the spirit safe in many of life's storms.

Little things are little things, but faithfulness in little things is something great.—St. Augustine.

There is a time when silence is golden. Happy is he who knows just when that time has come.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—Charron.

Thought is dependent on words for its power. It is a pity that words are so often independent of all thought.

Gentle words are never lost, howe'er small their seeming; sunny rays of love are they, o'er our pathway gleaming.

Cultivate the habit of . . . never drawing other people's attention to words or things which will irritate them.

I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The most agreeable people in company are those who are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the university of life.

The man of one victory may be an accident or he may be a genius, but a series of victories admits of but one judgment.

The heart that loves sets no time limit to its service; nor stays to measure its gifts, for Love must serve, and Love must give.

Life is a chartless, pilotless sea to one whose spirit has not been yielded to the direction of the Omniscient, Beneficient Pilot.

A young man who combines personal agreeableness with the ability to do things is apt to find that things come his way.—W. J. Beecher.

If Christ is of worth to us, He is of worth to all men, and must be made known to all men. And do we not believe that He is of indispensable worth?

Jesus never sends a man ahead alone. He blazes a clear way through every thicket and woods, and then softly calls: "Follow me. Let's go on together, you and I."—S. D. Gordon.

He who trusts as if God were the worker, and then works as if God had remitted all work to men, is sure to find the secret of Christian Success.—Arthur Edwards.

The world is a mirror—it reflects back to you the face you present to it, and you get out of the world just what you put into it. If you do not sing out, can you get an echo?

No man gets ready for an emergency in a moment. What he is in an emergency is determined by what he has regularly been doing for a long time.—Edward I. Bosworth.

Beyond all wealth, honor, or even health is the attachment we form to noble souls, because to become one with the good, generous, and true is to become in a measure good, generous, and true ourselves.—Thomas Arnold.

Memory stores up the bitter with the sweet. If we live negligently, sinfully, we lay up recollections which can cause only pain and sorrow. The secret of a happy life in old age is a well watched career through youth and manhood.—Selected.

It takes courage at times to be known as a coward. A small boy went to a country school where the custom prevailed of having each new boy fight the bully of the school. Having promised his parents not to fight, he refused to accept the challenge when the proverbial chip was knocked off his shoulder, and, of course, he was known as a coward.

The young man who will not take a social glass has the taunt thrown at him that he is afraid to take it; he must have the courage to admit that he is, or pay the price of his cowardly "courage." Real bravery means being true whether we are understood or not.—S. S. Times.

It is a comfortable and cheering thing to have some one praying for you. It heartens you; it acts as a tonic. It gives one the power of courage which comes from a sense of fellowship. Even a man as strong as Paul craved the prayers of others and felt more equal to his apostolic work because of what those prayers secured for him.—Selected.

If a man is not willing to go to heaven by the way of Calvary he cannot go at all. Many men want a religion in which there is no cross, but they cannot enter heaven that way. If we are to be disciples of Jesus Christ we must deny ourselves and take up our cross and follow him. Do not think you will have no battles if you follow the Nazarene; many battles are before you. But men do not object to a battle if they are confident that they will have the victory, and, thank God, every one of us may have the victory if he will.—D. L. Moody.



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# Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIV.

MARCH, 1909.

No. 3

## CANADA NATIONAL MISSIONARY CONGRESS.

### Its Theme will be

### Canada's National Missionary Policy, Home and Foreign.

This Congress meets in Toronto, March 31 to April 4 under the auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement.

It will be the first time in history that the men of a nation have met for the consideration and adoption of a missionary policy for their country. Speakers have been secured from Canada, Britain and U. S.A. It will be unique and remarkable in its object and aim. May it be even more so in its results. All are earnestly asked to remember it in their prayers. The Committee in charge ask that so far as possible, congregations make provision for their ministers to be present. They have arranged that ministers be honorary delegates.

The meetings will be held in Massey Hall, which has a seating capacity of well on to five thousand. The admission will be, of necessity, limited, in two ways, to men only, and, of men, to delegates, for if open, even to men, Toronto could more than fill it, for the men of Toronto are deeply interested. Only five hundred seats have been allotted to Toronto, the remainder are reserved for delegates from other cities and provinces, as the aim is to do the greatest good all over the Dominion.

The expenses of the Congress, e.g., printing, advertising, travelling expenses of speakers brought from a distance, etc., will be met by a registration fee of three dollars, which entitles the delegate to a reserved seat, the same seat all through the Congress. Toronto men, who have no travelling or hotel expenses, pay five dollars.

The railway fare will be reduced to at least a single fare for both journeys.

In the mornings the laymen of the different churches will hold their own denominational gatherings to plan for the work

of their own churches. The afternoon and evening sessions will be the great united gatherings of the men of the different churches.

This Congress will be a grand illustration of real Christian unity. While the men gathered there will each love his own church and its worship, they will be of one mind and heart in recognizing as their great work the extension of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. This unity in essentials, with diversity as to non-essentials, is a very different thing from the schism-torn church which is sometimes pictured by pessimists, and when banded in this way, the church is as near an ideal church as if there were the monotonous uniformity which some would seek to compel.

### ANOTHER, GREATER, CONGRESS.

It cannot be too constantly borne in mind that great as is the good of these gatherings, and great as is the privilege of attending them, a privilege which but few can enjoy, the greatest congress, carrying with it the greatest privilege, the highest inspiration, the most lasting strength of purpose and performance, is the congress, the coming together, of man and God, the fair, honest facing of one's privilege and duty before God in the light of what Christ has done for us and what we receive from Him. In proportion as men honestly meet God, face to face, in that proportion will the rising tide of devotion to Christ and His service sweep on over the world.

Great gatherings have their place in leading men thus to look squarely at their duty, and they will accomplish their end, only in so far as they do this. Let all who cannot go to this great Congress determine to attend the greatest congress, to sit down alone with God, and look, with Him, fairly and honestly into the question of their share in the great business of every saved man, telling other men, who know it not, how they too may be saved.



## GOD IN GENESIS.

There are few Bible stories or pictures concerning which men's ideas, from childhood up, have changed more frequently and widely than the Creation story in the first twenty-five verses of Genesis, each change of idea bringing with it a higher and grander conception of God and of His Word.

Most people can remember when they read it as the story of a wondrous week, in which, day after day, the Creator, by a word, did His stupendous day's work, waited over night, and began again another days work, equally stupendous, until Saturday night saw all complete and the Sabbath brought its rest.

These same people can remember too, when, with greater knowledge of God's works of creation as told by these works themselves, the testimony of the rocks, they thought of the creative days as vast periods of time in which the Creator wrought, until from darkness and chaos came the universe we now behold and enjoy.

Then, as the story was read more closely and it was found that the words were not "morning and evening," the usual boundaries of a day or a day period, but "evening and morning," and that the two words mean literally, the one, darkness, shadow, and the other a breaking away, as from that darkness, the idea was still further changed and each great period was regarded as a step or stage onward and upward, a breaking away from the stage of darkness and shadow which preceded it, the work of creation, beginning with primeval darkness and chaos, and breaking away from it, step by step, until "the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them."

Thus one's mental picture of the creation story may have gone from stage to stage, each step higher, clearer, with a grander outlook, a more reverent and adoring wonder, in the contemplation of Him who through ages untold, carried, with unceasing purpose, His great work on towards completion.

To many there has come one more change of view-point, which, for them, gives a still grander meaning to this opening page of

Scripture. Their thought is simply this, that the story is not intended to teach how the world was made—which is a small matter, but Who made it, which is a great matter; that the writer, a servant of God, speaking to a people who knew not God, but who thought that the world took shape of itself, says to them. "This world which you think came into being of itself, was made by God." "Him whom ye know not declare I unto you."

Let the following points be here noted:—

(1) The Ancient Chaldean account of how the world came into being, is practically the same, in detail, as the story in Genesis, with this all important exception, that the Chaldean account has no God in it, but each succeeding day's change simply "became," as of itself. Such was a prevailing type of thought when the story of Genesis was written. Men knew not God.

(2) What the world needed above all else to know was that there is a God, a Father all merciful, who loves sinning, straying men and wishes them to return to Him.

(3) The object of God in giving His Word to men was not to tell them about material things, about how the world was made or the laws of matter or anything of that kind. They could find out these things by examining the world itself, God's wonderful book of nature. His object in giving His Word of revelation, was to teach men of Himself, something which they could not find out in any other way, and which it was all important they should know.

Bearing these facts in mind what would we expect in God's first message to men who knew Him not? We would expect two things: first, that the centre of the message would be God Himself; second, that this great new truth would be given to them in some way that they could most easily comprehend, that thoughts with which they were familiar would be used to teach them what they did not know, just as teachers of the young and ignorant do with their pupils yet.

Such a method of teaching is just what we find in this creation story. The writer simply takes their idea of how the world was made and puts God into it as the Maker. He uses the common knowledge or

belief of the time as a starting point to get into their minds the idea of God. It is as if he would say "Look around you at this wonderful world. You think it is ALL; that there is nothing beyond it; that it came into being of itself. I wish to tell you that there is One greater than all these things; One who called these things into being; One who is all-mighty, all-knowing, all loving; One to whom all these things owe their being. God created them.

It is in some respects paralleled to Acts 17: 23, where Paul says to the Athenians of their "unknown god," "Him declare I unto you, God who made the world," etc. In both cases it is the creation, the making of the world, that is used to introduce the idea of a God. By things created men are led up to a Creator.

If we look through the Word of God we find that nowhere does it claim to teach the facts of Science. Science is merely the knowledge of God's works, the reading of His book of nature. He leaves men to find out the facts of nature as they study that book. He does not give these facts to them again in the Book of Revelation. The latter is given to teach about God and His love to men, things that could not be found out if He did not thus tell them.

Science, men's knowledge of Nature, is ever changing as they turn leaf after leaf in their study of Nature's book, and if revealed in any other way could not be understood. For example, if God had told men in the Bible, in early days, about electricity or chemistry, they would not have understood, and it would have been of no service to them. It would have confused their minds, and hindered rather than helped the object in view.

The only way in which the inspired writers of Scripture deal with the facts of nature is to use the knowledge of the time, regarding nature, as a staging or scaffolding from which to get spiritual truth into men's minds, just as to-day uninspired teachers use the common knowledge of their audiences to illustrate the religious truth they wish to convey.

When Christ says, "A certain man had two sons," etc., He does not claim to be giving a fact of history. He pictures a

scene all too common in life, showing an earthly father's love, and from it teaches a great truth about the love of the Father in Heaven. He uses what his hearers know about men, as an opening through which to get into their minds a truth about God.

When He says "Behold a sower went forth to sow," He is not necessarily giving the history of some particular man. He is taking something familiar in the farmer's life, in the Palestine of long ago, to teach a lesson about the good seed of the kingdom.

So at the very beginning of God's revelation of Himself to men, He uses the world around them, and what they know about it, or think they know, what they are familiar with about it, to teach them the Great Fact of Him who was the Creator of it all.

Thus the real story intended for us in these first verses of Genesis is not the story of how the world was created, but of Him who created it; not the story of earth but the beginning of the Story of God; not a revelation of the order in which the world was made, but a revelation of Him who was the Maker of it all. Men did not know God. That was the one thing they needed to know, and in this simple way, as Creator of all things, He makes Himself known to them.

One very practical and helpful result of such a conception is that it eliminates entirely the age long question as to the conflict between the Bible and Science. There is no conflict. There can be none. The Bible does not claim to teach Science, the knowledge of material things and forces, but to teach about God. And when it speaks of these material things and forces, it merely speaks of them as they are understood by the people of the time. All that the Bible claims to teach is knowledge of God. And its teachings about Him, Science does not contradict. Concerning Him Science has nothing to say, except that everywhere it acknowledges a great, intelligent first cause, of whom the Bible tells that He is Our Father and Friend.

What a grandeur this conception gives to these opening verses of Genesis. Instead of regarding them as a treatise on geology and botany, a narrative of the order in



which sea and land and plants and animals had their beginning, it makes them an introduction of God to men. Instead of being a list of details of creation, it teaches to a world that knew Him not the great truth of a Creator. Instead of pointing downward to rocks and stones and earth, and giving the history of their coming into being, it points upward to God who brought them into being.

---

And what a grand introduction these verses are to a Book that is to be a revelation of God's character and His attitude towards men, a Book which goes on to tell of man and his sin and wandering, with love ever following, until Christ the Redeemer comes, the supreme manifestation of a Father's love; and which then goes on to tell of the progress of that Redeemer's work, leading up to pictures, glorious beyond compare, of new heavens and the new earth, the final triumph of righteousness.

---

But it may be that while we have thus changed our idea of the meaning of the story, we have retained our way of reading it, with the emphasis on the work rather than on the Workman, as we would read the narrative of Solomon's building of the temple, where the work, and not the worker, is the chief subject of thought.

But if we think of the creation story as a message coming to a world that knew not God, and the writer using men's idea of the world's origin to teach them about God, using what they were familiar with to teach them of what they knew not, we would read it with the emphasis upon God, on this wise:—

"In the beginning **GOD** created the heavens and the earth."

As if the inspired writer would say, "Oh men ye say that 'in the beginning the heavens and the earth became'—I say unto you that in the beginning **GOD** created them."

"And **GOD** said, 'let there be light and there was light.'"

"And **GOD** divided the light from the darkness."

"And **GOD** called the light Day."

"And **GOD** said 'Let there be a firmament.'"

"And **GOD** made the firmament."

"And **GOD** called the firmament heaven."

"And **GOD** said 'Let the waters under the heaven be gathered.'"

"And **GOD** called the dry land earth."

"And **GOD** said 'Let the earth bring forth grass' "

"And **GOD** said 'Let there be lights.' "

"And **GOD** made two great lights."

And so on to the end of the story: **GOD! GOD!** is the one thought all through it, and men as they listen, bow in lowly and reverent adoration before the great Creator, and as they follow on and learn the fuller revelation of His character in the Book that thus opens so grandly, the love and wonder grow. And "the best is yet to be" for "now we see as in a mirror dimly," but then "face to face."

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It may not be out of place to add that the above article has no reference, in any way, to the discussion which has recently arisen on this subject. It was prepared some time since, and was in type for this issue before the controversy began.

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#### FOUR REVIVALS.

Revivals are frequent in these days and have their lessons.

There is the revival among the Christians in North China, and in our own Honan Mission, of which the story is told in this and previous issues of the RECORD. This revival is among a people but recently heathen, many of them with a very low conception of Christianity and sometimes a practice in keeping with that conception. How deep and searching the work of the Spirit has been in that revival, its story as told in the RECORD by our missionaries bears witness. What a fulfilment it has been of Christ's promise that when the Spirit is come He will "reprove the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment."

---

A second revival, during January and February, has been in "cultured" Boston. Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander have been there, with a large staff of local helpers, and the city has been deeply moved. There have been immense gatherings. Many thousands have professed conversion. It is one of the greatest religious movements that Boston has had for many years, perhaps in all its history.

A third revival, under very different conditions from the above, has been going on for some weeks in the Presbytery of Minnesota, among a scattered farming population, where people had sometimes to drive many miles to the meetings in the depth of a Manitoba winter. Here too the work has been a very remarkable one, hundreds accepting Christ as their Saviour, and publicly declaring their resolve to follow Him, and hundreds more who were content with doing little have been awakened to a more active Christian life.

It was a simultaneous evangelistic mission in the congregations of the Presbytery, i.e., carried on in all the congregations of the Presbytery at the same time, with the help of fifteen ministers from outside, two from Toronto, the others from different parts of Manitoba, distributed among the different congregations of the Presbytery.

While the ingathering included all ages, the majority were young men and women, good wholesome young people, of good morals and good families, but who had made no decision for Christ. The result is a religious life in the whole community never known before.

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There are some practical thoughts and lessons that suggest themselves in connection with these three revivals.

(1) That with all the so called change and progress in the religious thought and activity of the world, there are some things in which there is no change. The human heart is the same in all lands and all ages, in its need of regeneration and uplift by the Spirit of God. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and forever, able and willing to save, and saves men and women in the same way now, the same on His part and the same trust on their part, as when he saved Paul. Church buildings may change in style; worship may change in form and ritual; creeds may change in their length and breadth; but the way that men are saved by the working of the Divine Spirit upon the human heart, persuading and enabling them to embrace Jesus Christ, will never change. It may be in solitude, alone with God, or with the multitude pressing heavenward, but it is in each case the sinner yielding to the leadings of the Spirit and coming to his Saviour.

(2) These movements have their lesson as to the kind of preaching that will save men. One conspicuous feature of these three revivals has been the simplicity and directness of the preaching, and its subject matter has been the Cross of Christ, the old Gospel in its simplicity. This too does not change.

(3) Gods Spirit can overcome unfavorable conditions. Most people would not have thought of China, or that modern Athens, ever seeking or telling "some new thing," or scattered prairie settlements, with their difficulty in meeting, as likely places for a great revival movement. But faithful men prayed and wrought and God honored their faith.

---

The challenge comes to Christian men and women everywhere to lay hold on His promises in the same simple trusting faith, and He will answer in other places also, by bringing multitudes to Himself. By these great movements, He is virtually saying to Christian people everywhere. "Prove me now, and see, whether I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing." These are but spots in the wide, wide fields, which need revival.

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The fourth revival is that one which is moving strongly and steadily over the Christian world, the Laymen's Missionary Movement, in which Christian men are beginning to awaken to a sense of their duty and privilege, and to see that the chief business of a saved man in the world is to do what he can to save others, to give and send to those who have it not the knowledge to which he owes so much.

In the face of all these great movements of the Spirit of God among men, who can be a pessimist.

---

If I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness;  
If I have moved among my race  
And shown no glorious morning face;  
If beams from happy, human eyes  
Have moved me not; if morning skies,  
Books, and my food, and summer rain,  
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—  
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,  
And stab my spirit broad awake.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



**WHAT TO PRAY FOR.**

Take heed to that for which thou prayest!—there lies the difference between the pious and the impious mind. It is not thy praying that makes thee good—not even thy sincerity in prayer. It is not thy sense of want that makes thee good—not even though expressed in abjectness. It is not thy feeling of dependence that makes thee good—not even thy feeling of dependence on Christ. It is the thing for which thou prayest, the thing for which thou hungerest, the thing for which thou dependest. Every man cries for his grapes of Eschol; the difference is not in the cry, but in the grapes.

It is possible for thee to ask thy God three manner of things. Thou mayst ask thy neighbor's vineyard—that is bad. Thou mayst ask thine own riches—that is neither bad nor good; it is secular. Or thou mayst ask to be made unselfish—that is holy. It is not thy prayer that the Father prizes: it is the direction of thy prayer.

Dost thou deem thy child a hero because he asks thee for a holiday? Nay, though he sought it sorrowing and with tears. But if he ask thee to let him share his joy with a brother or sister, then thou art exceeding glad, then thou sayest, "Thou art my son; this day I have begotten thee!" So with thy Father. He waits till thou criest for a crown—till thou prayest for His presence, longest for His light, sighest for His song, hungerest for His home, faintest for His footfall, callest for His company, tarriest for His tread, seekest for the sign of His coming. That will be thy Father's highest joy.—George Matheson, D.D.

**"GOD'S COOLIE."**

In one of the mission fields a physician had been the means of restoring to health a beloved child. In their gratitude the parents came and knelt at the feet of the doctor, worshipping her as if she had been a god.

The missionary remonstrated, saying: "We are not gods. Worship the true God." "You must be a god," they said; no one but a god could have saved our beloved from death."

The missionary then said: "Suppose that I wished to bestow a valuable gift upon you, and sent it by the hand of one of your coolies, whom would you thank, the coolie or myself?" "We should thank you, of course; the coolie is your servant."

"And so am I God's coolie," said the missionary, "by whose hand God has been pleased to send you this gift of healing, and it is to him you must bow and give thanks." And so at last their hearts turned to the true God.—Sel.

The article on page 120 of this issue, on the revival in Honan, is by Rev. J. A. Slimmon. We regret the error in the name that appears in part of the issue.

Young People's societies will find the article on the Assembly's topic for study for the month, in the last issue of the RECORD. It is by Dr. Hunter of Teulon, on "Our Home Mission Hospitals."

**OBITUARY.**

**Rev. S. N. Grant, D.D.**, died at Orillia, Ont., 20 Feb., ult., aged seventy-two years. He was born in Peterboro, Ont., in 1837. In his childhood his parents removed and settled near Stratford. He received his education in Stratford High School and in 1859 he entered Knox College. After graduation his first charge was Waterdown and Wellington Square, the latter now Burlington, where he remained five years. He was called thence to Ingersoll, where he labored eleven years. In 1882 he was called to Orillia, where he has since remained, twenty-seven years. He was widely known as a writer, over the pen name of "Knoxonian." For the past two years health has been failing and after a severe illness of about six weeks, he was called to rest.

**Calls from**

Dauphin, to Mr. Daniel Fleming of Strathcona.

Tignish, P.E.I., to Mr. J. H. Hattie of Caledonia. Accepted.

Pittsburg, to Mr. J. A. McConnell, of Roslin.

St. Columba Ch., Kirkhill, to Mr. D. N. McPhail of Mount Stewart, P.E.I.

St. Andrews Ch., Huntingdon, Que., to Mr. J. B. McLean. Accepted. Induction, 5 Mar.

Riverfield and Howick, Que., to Mr. R. T. Ballantyne. Accepted.

Deer Park, Toronto, to Mr. A. B. McLeod, Truro, Accepted.

St. Matthews Ch., Halifax, to Rev. J. W. McMillan, Winnipeg.

**Inductions into**

St. Paul's Ch., Moose Jaw., Nov. 12, Mr. A. C. Reeves of Campbellford.

Crescent St. Ch., Montreal, Jan. 22, Mr. R. W. Dickie.

**Resignations of**

Calvin Church, Montreal, Mr. J. Lyall George.

**DATES AND PLACES OF MEETING.  
OF THE SYNODS AND PRESBYTERIES  
OF THE CHURCH.**

*Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls, inductions, resignations, as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.*

**Synod of the Maritime Provinces,  
St. John, 1st Tues. Oct.**

1. Sydney, Sydney.
2. Inverness, Whycomagh.
3. Pictou, Pictou, 2 Mar. 1.30 p.m.
4. Wallace, Amherst, 11 May, 2.30 p.m.
5. Truro, Truro, 20 Apr. 9.30 a.m.
6. Halifax, Hx., St. Mat., 16 Mar., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, Bridgewater, 15 Mar., 7.30 p.m.
8. St. John, St. John, 6 Apr. 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, 9 Mar., 11 a.m.
10. P. E. I. Charlottetown, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.

**Synod of Montreal and Ottawa,  
Pembroke, 2nd Tues. May.**

12. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 2 Mar., 2 p.m.
13. Montreal, Montreal, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
14. Glengarry.
15. Ottawa.
16. Lanark, Renfrew, 24 May, 11 a.m.
17. Brockville, Morrisburg, 2 Mar., 4 p.m.

**Synod of Toronto and Kingston,  
Toronto, 2nd Tues. May.**

18. Kingston, Kingston, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
19. Peterboro, Port Hope, 9 Mar., 2 p.m.
20. Lindsay, Lindsay, 1 Mar., 11 a.m.
21. Whitby, Whitby, 20 Apr. 10 a.m.
22. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
23. Orangeville, Orangeville, 9 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
24. Barrie, Barrie, 9 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
25. North Bay, Burk's Falls, Mar.
26. Algoma, Thessalon, 1 Tues. Mar. 8 p.m.
27. Owen Sound, Owen Sd., 1 Tues., Mar.
28. Saugeen, Mt. Forest, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
29. Guelph, Fergus, 16 Mar. 9.30 a.m.

**Synod of Hamilton and London,  
Hamilton, last Mon. March.**

30. Hamilton, Hamilton, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
31. Paris, St. George, 2 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
32. London, 2 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
33. Chatham, Chatham, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 1 Tues. Mar., 11 a.m.
35. Stratford, Stratford, 18 May, 10 a.m.
36. Huron, Clinton, 2 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
37. Maitland, Wingham, 2 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
38. Bruce, Chesley, 2 Mar., 11 a.m.

**Synod of Manitoba,  
Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov.**

39. Superior, Fort William, Mar., 1909, 10.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Darlingford, 4 May, 2 p.m.
42. Glenboro.
43. Portage, P. la Pra., 1 Mar., 7 p.m.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa.
46. Brandon, Brandon, 10 May, 7.30 p.m.

**Synod of Saskatchewan,  
Saskatoon, 1st Tues. Nov.**

47. Yorkton.
48. Arcola.
49. Alameda, Estevan, 6 July, 9.30 a.m.
50. Qu'Appelle, South Qu'Appelle, May.
51. Abernethy, Cupar, Sask., 13 July, 9 a.m.
52. Regina, Lumsden, 2 Tues. Sept., 9 a.m.
53. Saskatoon.
54. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, Sep.
55. Battleford.

**Synod of Alberta,  
Calgary, last Wed. April.**

56. Vermillion.
57. Edmonton.
58. Lacombe.
59. Red Deer.
60. Calgary, Calgary, 2 Mar., 8 p.m.
61. High River.
62. McLeod.

**Synod of British Columbia,  
Victoria, 1st Wed. May.**

63. Kootenay, Nelson, September.
64. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
65. Westminster.
66. Victoria.

**Synod of Hamilton and London.**

The Synod of Hamilton and London will meet in Central Church, Hamilton, March 29th, at 8 p.m. All papers intended for the Synod should be in the hands of the Clerk at least eight days prior to the meeting. The business committee will meet at 7 p.m. Members of Synod are requested to purchase single fare tickets, and procure a standard certificate.

J. H. RATCLIFFE.  
Clerk of Synod.

"Fourteen million two hundred thirty-five thousand four hundred fifty-one is the number given by census reports of the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church in the U.S.A."



# Our Foreign Missions

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## A VICTORY FOR RIGHT IN INDIA.

LETTER FROM REV. J. T. TAYLOR.

Mhow, India, January 11th, 1909.

Dear Dr. Mackay:—

I have come in from the jungle for a day after a brief tour which has been of intense interest of a special kind.

You are perhaps aware that in the Padlia District there has been for years a bitter persecution of our Christians with regard to water. The well Norman Russell dug has been drained by the illegal sinking of another well near it and our catechist and family have been subjected to all sorts of indignities and hardships; the wells all about there being closed to them.

Latterly the insolence of the native (local) officials went so far as to refuse to us missionaries the right to draw water. Last year when our party was at that centre we were ordered to dig in the river-bed and get water. We replied by going to the wells and using what water we needed. Forthwith a complaint was lodged against us in the State durbar (Dewas State) that we were polluting the wells, etc.

And now after years' delay the matter has been settled by the visit of the Political Agent, the Prime Minister and the Rajah himself to the place. The chief local officials have been ignominiously dismissed. The wells have been officially declared open to all castes, irrespective of religious beliefs, and now what the Brahmins least expected, not only have the wells been officially opened to Christians, but to all, high and low, even the lowest classes, and any one feeling polluted by drinking from such wells must himself dig a hole in the river-bed for water.

We are specially gratified that the matter has been settled, not specially for the benefit of the Christians, but on the basis of the common rights of humanity to such a common gift of God as water. The rights of Christians are fully secured and on the

other hand the temptation is removed from the low castes to become Christians for the sake of special privileges denied to them as low castes. To God be all the praise.

Even the Rajah visited the catechist's home and after asking him to read parts of the Sermon on the Mount and the Decalogue, commended the teaching to the people assembled.

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The struggle which has been going on for some years in Nimar and especially in Padlia District was being watched closely all through that South country, and the decision will have a far-reaching effect.

We return immediately for a prolonged stay in some of the chief centres of Nimar.

The tidings that come from our Mission field, of how God is blessing what our church is trying to do, should stimulate to greater effort. Our Foreign Mission Work, both East and West, could be made much more effective if a little more of what Christians at home spend needlessly, were used to send the Word of Life to the heathen.

At this writing the accounts for the year have not been closed. It is not known exactly how the Foreign Mission Funds stand. But there are two things that are known, and that should be laid to heart. One is that there is still a large deficit in the F. M. Fund, East, which threatens not only to prevent extension but to compel retrenchment. What a thought, having to draw back, when a little of life's superfluity would enable the Committee to advance, to carry the work to new centres, to give the Bread of Life to many who are now perishing, to enter the doors which Providence is opening on every hand.

The other fact is that the F. M. Fund, West, while not handicapped by a deficit proportionately to the East, cannot extend its work as it should, and has to refuse to waiting multitudes on every hand the knowledge of a Saviour from sin and death.

**THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT.****Of Rev. J. W. Mackenzie, D.D.**

Fila, Efate New Hebrides, Dec., 1908.

The past year has, on the whole, been very satisfactory in the work at this station. Although it is too soon to say how the new regime (the Convention between Britain and France for the government of the New Hebrides, Ed.) is going to work throughout the group, it is safe to report that so far as drinking among our natives is concerned, matters have greatly improved. Indeed, were there no other advantages resulting from the establishment of the Convention, this alone would be a great blessing. The British Resident Commissioner, Mr. King, seems most anxious, so far as is in his power, to act fairly towards both settlers and natives.

Several of our boys have enlisted as policemen, under Captain Harrowell, and it is very gratifying to hear him speak so highly of them. Two or three of them have already been promoted, with an increase of salary. They are allowed to come to church regularly.

A great event of the year has been the placing of the Old Testament in their own tongue, in the hands of our people. The translation, as you are probably aware, is the joint work of Mr. Milne of Nguna, Dr. Macdonald, my fellow labourer on Efate, and myself. It was printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Our share of the expense is about £290 stg. A few months ago I sent that Society £100, being the proceeds of arrowroot, and I hope, before many years to refund them in full, as we did for the printing of the Efatese New Testament.

This year our natives have made a larger contribution of arrowroot than usual. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Hu. Barnett, Glasgow, for his disinterested kindness in disposing of a large portion of this article, as otherwise we could not find a market for it.

Some months ago, Terabako, chief of Fila Island, died. Although not a man with strong force of character, he was a humble, consistent follower of the Saviour, always anxious to do what was right. He was much respected by all the Europeans about the Harbour.

This week a new chief, Kalsakan, who is at present teacher at Erakor, was appointed. He is the most intelligent native we have, and the most influential. After receiving a first-class certificate at the Training Institution, under Dr. Annand, at Tangoa, Santo, he took an extra year there. On the same occasion, Kalsbram, a native of Tango, was appointed chief of his village. There was a grand gathering, the largest we ever had, and a number of the settlers were present as well.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed twice at Fila, and twice at Erakor. So many of our people are already members of the church that the accessions now are not large. The collections on these occasions amounted to £28s 2s. 8d. Out of this amount we made up the deficiency of the teachers' salaries to some extent. The majority of our teachers being Institution trained receive larger salaries than formerly, and in several cases the villages do not raise the full amount. Years ago we only paid the native teachers £6, but now several receive £12, one pound per month.

Mrs. MacKenzie's health and my own is fairly good at present, still we purpose taking our furlough to Australia shortly. It will soon be six years since we were last there. We have reliable and fairly efficient teachers at each village, so I trust the work will go on satisfactorily in our absence, and the change and rest are necessary, in order to future effective service.

You are no doubt aware that the whole island of Efate is under my charge, Dr. Macdonald having resigned about two years ago, on account of ill health.

We have eleven teachers and assistants, our church membership is two hundred and fifty-six, and they gave last year four hundred dollars in money and three hundred dollars worth of arrowroot.

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The great dangers lie within ourselves. What matters it what threatens our head or our purse? Let us think only of that which threatens our soul.—Victor Hugo.

The highest ambition of love is to be a servant. It is the nature of love not to be waited on, but to serve.—Chimes.



# Our Korean Mission



## IN STUDYING THIS MAP, NOTE

1. The outline of Korea, with Japan to the right, just across the Sea of Japan, and Manchuria to the northwest.

2. The surrounding water, the Yellow Sea, Sea of Japan and Straits of Korea.

3. The names of places that became familiar in the Japo-Russian war, e.g., Port Arthur, Mukden, Liao Yang, Yalu River, Chemulpo, Fusan, Vladivostok.

4. The Siberian railway, terminating at

Port Arthur, another branch running to Vladivostok, also the railway through Korea, from Fusan to Liao Yang, built by the Japanese during the war.

5. Some mission centres of other churches, Pyeong Yang, Seoul (the Capital city of Korea) and Sorai, where Mackenzie lived and wrought and died.

6. Our three main mission centres on the East Coast, Wonsan, Ham heung, Song Chin.

# WONSAN STATION FOR 1908.

Names of Missionaries	Date of arrival.
Rev. W. R. Foote, M.A., B.D.	1898
Mrs. W. R. Foote.	1898
Rev. A. F. Robb, B.A.	1901
Mrs. A. F. Robb, B.A.	1901
Miss J. B. Robb.	1903

## Statistics of Wonsan Station.

Native workers.. . . . .	22
Native workers supported by the Na- tive Church.. . . . .	7
Regular meeting places.. . . . .	17
Meeting places added during the year..	3
Churches entirely self-supporting.. .	14
Church buildings.. . . . .	13
Added during the year.. . . . .	1
Communicants.. . . . .	516
Added during the year.. . . . .	133
Catechumens.. . . . .	207
Added during the year.. . . . .	214
Total members and adherents.. . .	1,582
Contributions by native church ..	\$1,118.18

In beginning our report it is necessary to state that early in the year, in accordance with the recommendation of the General Evangelical Council of Missions in Korea, that a division of territory be effected by which a definite territory will be secured to each Mission, our Mission, with the approval of the Foreign Mission Committee, came to an agreement with the American M. E. Church (South) Mission.

We agreed to withdraw from most of the territory south of Wonsan and transferred to that Mission twenty-seven groups, ninety seven baptized members, one hundred and seventy-one catechumens and about one thousand adherents. They, on their part, agreed to recognize the territory north of Wonsan, in the Ham Kyung Province, and part of Tokwon and Anpyon counties, south of Wonsan, as the territory of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission and transferred to our care the one group of Christians they had in that district. The group numbered twenty, three of whom were baptized.

Most of the Wonsan Station itinerating field being thus cut off, the counties of Munchun and Kowon and part of Yong Heung north of Wonsan, were transferred from the care of our Ham Heung Station to our care at Wonsan Station.

## The Local Church.

The congregation grows steadily and during the past mission year seventy-seven persons were baptized and received into full communion of the church. One who had been baptized in infancy united with the church on confession of faith, and ninety were admitted to the catechumenate. At the last communion service about four hundred were present, all of whom are regular attendants.

Four elders were elected and ordained during the year.

## The Sunday School.

We continue to meet on Sunday morning before the preaching service. In the men's department there are six classes of men and three of boys, and the teachers and substitutes meet each Friday evening with one of the missionaries for the study of the Lesson. Also at this meeting leaders are appointed to supply nearby outstations on the following Sunday.

In the women and girl's department the classes were re-graded at the beginning of the mission year and now consist of three classes of baptized women, one of catechumens, three for newer women and three of girls. There are eight regular Korean teachers and several who act as substitutes. The teachers' class, which was begun last fall, has proved of great benefit to the school.

An increasing number of Lesson Helps is taken. Since January Genesis has been studied with much enthusiasm, many of the scholars making its acquaintance for the first time, it being less than two years since Genesis was translated into the native script.

## Classes.

Among the men District Bible Study Classes were formed, meeting on Tuesday nights during the winter.

Mrs. Robb's weekly class for women was continued and met regularly in the church on Thursday evenings. The attendance, though not yet what is aimed at, was better than in any preceding year. A Harmony of the Life of Christ was studied and also the Scripture course presented by our Mission. Since last September forty-two women and girls completed the first year,



twenty-two the second, fourteen the third, six the fourth and one the fifth year studies.

A somewhat similar class in charge of Miss Robb was held in Sin Pungni and this also met regularly for, during Miss Robb's absences from the city on country work, Mrs. Robb took charge of this as well as the Saturday class for the women Sunday School teachers.

The first work of the women missionaries after the last Annual Meeting was to assist with a union class for the women of the three local churches, which was held for one week. Daily classes were held, with evangelistic services in the evening and both attendance and interest were good. Dr. McMillan remained in Wonsan until after the class and gave valuable aid teaching one of the daily classes.

### **Evangelistic Campaign.**

This year again at the Korean New Year an evangelistic campaign was carried on in the city for ten days by a number of the men and women of the congregation. Large numbers of Gospels and tracts were sold, and though we will never know the full result of the work done at that time, we know that a number of persons were brought into the church who have continued in regular attendance since.

### **Educational Work.**

**Primary Schools:** Four boys schools have been in session throughout the year and a fifth has recently been organized. In the local school there has been a change of teachers, the former teacher having been chosen as church evangelist. The total enrollment was forty-eight.

Mrs. Robb taught geography and singing and had a weekly review of the Scripture lessons and arithmetic. The last subject was taught very acceptably by one of the Academy students.

In the Wonsan girls school there were fifty-three pupils enrolled though never more than thirty-five attending at one time. When we reopen the school after the holidays it will be in the building which Dr. McMillan bought and used for a dispensary, but kindly placed at our disposal during her absence on furlough. It is larger than our present school house and as it is more

central we expect to have a larger and more regular attendance next year.

For Scripture memory work we use the course prescribed by our General Assembly Sunday School Committee and during the year thirty-five certificates, diplomas and seals were won by the pupils. Three scholars, who had already received the General Assembly's diplomas and seals, received certificates for reciting the Gospel of Mark in groups of one hundred verses.

The two oldest and most advanced pupils, Johanna Sin and Lansil Kwak, helped Miss Robb by teaching geography and arithmetic to one of the lower grades, these being subjects of which the native teacher has no knowledge. Johanna also taught two other subjects to classes of younger pupils, and now during the school vacation she is teaching the girls' school in Anpyon, which was started some months ago but had to be closed on account of the serious illness of the teacher. Johanna is a bright, earnest girl and our thanks are due the friends in Carmel Church, Westerville, who have helped to support her in School.

With the interest from the Charlotte Costley School Fund three younger pupils are being helped who could not otherwise attend school and we hope that these also will develop into helpers in the future. The balance of the interest from this fund we used to help with the running expenses of the school.

### **The Academy.**

The Academy came as a necessity. To satisfy the needs of the boys the missionaries had for several years helped them as much as possible in night schools and by teaching certain subjects in the common schools. This year an academy seemed imperative and one was opened in the mission compound about the beginning of the year, with Mr. Foote as Principal. Mr. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Robb gave part of their time to teaching, each giving an hour daily when all were on the Station, which was very seldom. When one was absent the others gave more time to the work, and during the frequent absences of both Mr. Foote and Mr. Robb, several hours were spent by Mrs. Robb each day in class, besides the time given regularly in preparation of work and in correcting the daily exercises. At the close of the term there were

twenty-one pupils in regular attendance and, as a rule, were so earnest and ambitious that the teachers felt well repaid for their work, especially as we look forward to almost all becoming teachers of our schools, helpers or ministers. Already some of the students are doing good service during the school vacation by going out to the country schools and helping both the teachers' and the pupils.

#### **The Theological Seminary.**

This is the first year that Korea has had a Theological Seminary, in name at least. Students have been studying for the ministry the last six years in what was known as Theological Classes. These Classes met in Pyeng Yang and lectures were given in different buildings here and there as rooms could be found. Last year when Presbytery was organized it was decided to call the institution a Theological Seminary and now that a good suitable building is being erected the College may be said to be firmly established. The building is the property of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. North, which provides for its maintenance. In other matters all members of Presbytery have an equal voice and each mission provides instruction in proportion to the number of students. Our Mission has eight students and sends a man to teach for a month and a half. Mr. Foote, who went from our mission this year, taught from April 1st to May 15th.

It is one hundred and eighty miles from Wonsan to Pyeng Yang and this distance all the students from our Mission walked. One of them was heard to say that when first he became a Christian it was a drag to walk a mile to class each day but now he is happy to walk three hundred and sixty miles to attend the Seminary. Something new came into his life and anything he does for his Master is a delight.

Most of the Students are from thirty to thirty-five years of age and have served several years as leaders, colporteurs, etc. One hundred were enrolled, one of whom died; four did not complete the studies for the year, leaving ninety-five who did the regular work. This is said to be the largest number of students for the ministry enrolled in any Presbyterian Theological College anywhere.

#### **Country Work, Mr. Foote's District.**

Mr. Foote, who has charge of the district south of Wonsan, reports as follows:—

"This year the section of country placed under my care was much smaller than in other years. The church farthest from home is now only thirty miles distant, whereas before furlough I had the care of a line of churches reaching eighty-five miles south of Wonsan. My present parish is situated in a rich agricultural part of the country, which is well populated. There are Christians in twenty different towns and villages, who for the most part attend church at eight different places, in five of which there are churches; but in several cases the distance is too far to travel and other congregations will have to be organized.

"The largest country congregation is in Anpyon, where there are seventy-five communicants, fifty-eight catechumens, with an attendance of one hundred and seventy-five. During the year thirteen were baptized and received into full communion with the church, forty-one catechumens enrolled and five children baptized. The church supports two schools, one for boys and one for girls. In the former thirty-six and in the latter twenty-one pupils were enrolled. Two of the pupils from the boys school united with the church, and several from both schools were received as catechumens. One boy came in to the Wonsan Academy and another expects to come in September. This is a regularly organized congregation, with an elder, who is also a student for the ministry and has completed his first year.

"If I were to report on each church separately I would largely repeat what I have said, except that the others are not so large and have no schools; each, however, is doing well and making progress.

The strength of the other departments of church work depends to a large extent on the attention that is paid to evangelization. From the congregations come the colporteurs, Bible women, evangelists, students and ministers. First the Koreans must be Christians, then they can qualify for various positions in the church. I have not been able to give so much time to this side of the work as I would have liked to do, and there are two groups, one where the people have a church, that I could not visit.



These, however, I hope to see at an early date."

#### **Country Work, Mr. Robb's District.**

Mr. Robb, who has the district north of Wonsan, reports as follows.—

"The work in the Wonsan northern circuit is very encouraging. At Munchun the work has progressed steadily under the care of Helper Chon and his wife, and the Sabbath congregation now numbers eighty. The building bought last year and nicely renovated for a church will soon be too small. This church has been visited frequently by the missionary.

"At Nun Kni the Christians have recently bought a house to use for a church.

"In the village of Konami the little group has grown till it now numbers over fifty members and adherents.

"At Sin Chang Ni, also, there are some new believers, and the congregation now numbers over twenty.

"But it is at Tok-chi that the largest increase has taken place. There are now sixty-six baptized members, seventy-six catechumens and in addition over one hundred and thirty adherents. The congregation has outgrown its building, so that at the last visit of the missionary the men and women had to worship separately, and at the men's service there was a cluster of men outside each door and window.

They contributed money to enlarge the church and replace the thatch roof with tiles.

An ex-magistrate, known in past years in many counties where he had held office for his oppression of the people, who is now enrolled as catechumens, and one woman, ally for this purpose. The contributions of the group for the year, for congregational educational and missionary purposes was one hundred and sixty-one dollars and twenty-three cents, or two dollars and forty-four cents per communicant, which means much greater liberality than shown by many churches at home.

"There are four other villages in which public worship has been begun this year, and many others in which Christianity has found an entrance.

Four months out of the last ten have been spent itinerating. In May with elder elect Chon I went to the far north and visited the counties of Kyung-hyung, Hoir

Yang and Pur Yong. Crossing the Tuman River we went one hundred and forty li into Manchuria where there is a group of sixteen Christians, who had never been visited by any missionary. A member of our Wonsan church had moved there some years ago and been the means of beginning the group.

"While in Manchuria I met a Chinese evangelist of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, who reported very encouraging progress in their work. He can speak a little Korean and preaches to the Koreans also as he has opportunity.

"During my stay in Kyung Sung, the capital of the northern province, the Christians there bought a suitable house for a church outside the west gate. Examinations for the catechumenate and baptism were held for the first time; twenty-five persons were enrolled as a catechumen, contributed liberally previously enrolled in Wonsan, was baptized. It is here that Monica, an aged Bible woman, supported by a member of the Wonsan Church, lives and labors, and Kim Song Un, another member of our church, again made an evangelistic trip of some weeks in that district at his own expense.

"This northern territory, with a quarter of a million of unevangelized Koreans, needs resident missionaries. A Station should be opened there as soon as possible, and it is for this reason that we have urged that the Western Foreign Mission Board of our home church co-operate in the work in Korea. Adjoining this field in Manchuria there are said to be one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand Koreans.

"I would willingly have spent a longer time in this field but had to hurry back to Wonsan to assist at the Helpers' Annual Training Class."

#### **Bible Training Classes.**

Like all our work in Korea these classes were organized to meet a demand. Numbers of the Christians were anxious for more instruction in the Word of God and this led to appointing times for study as far as possible, in every group. A class usually lasts from seven to fourteen days. This is an important and regular part of our work.

Two different kinds of classes are held. One is for everybody, and one for leaders

only who can do more advanced work than the ordinary Christian. In the largest classes two or more missionaries take part and in the smaller ones the missionary's helper gives assistance. The results are most gratifying. In addition to an increased knowledge of Scripture, the people from different groups get to know each other better; they get a new inspiration and lay plans for future work. At one class where about one hundred attended, the missionary at the close of the session asked how many would volunteer to give some time during the coming year to travelling and preaching the Gospel to those who knew it not. One man said he would lay aside his other duties and devote two weeks to this work; others, both men and women, made similar promises with the result that the days volunteered numbered more than a year.

This year the Helpers Training Class met as usual for a fortnight in June. Ham Heung and Wonsan Stations united in holding the class, and instruction was given by Messrs. Foote, Robb and Young.

At the General Annual Class held in January in addition to the Bible studies conducted by Mr. Robb and Mr. Foote, Mrs. Robb gave a daily lesson in singing and also a Scripture lesson to the boys of the congregation.

Classes of a week each were held by Mr. Foote and Mr. Robb at Anpyon and Tokchi. The former also held classes at U. San Yuet-Kol and Ko San, and the latter at Konami and Munchun, besides assisting with the Annual Classes at Ham Heung, Song Chin and Yong Heung.

The following are some of the subjects taught at these classes:—The books of Genesis and First Samuel, selected Psalms, lessons from the Life of Moses, the Epistles to the Romans, James and Philippians, the Prayer Life of Christ, and topical studies such as Sin, Repentance, Prayer, the New Birth, Redemption, etc., and singing.

During the year throughout the Wonsan field one hundred and twenty-eight diplomas, certificates, red and gold seals from the General Assembly's S. S. Committee were won by diligent study.

#### **Women's Classes.**

Miss Robb spent two months in the country accompanied by a Biblewoman and male

evangelist. Classes, which continued for a week, were held at the four largest outstations and a shorter time was spent at several others. The largest class was at Tok chi, where, in spite of very muddy roads, there were about forty in regular attendance. Three sessions were held daily; at the morning and evening sessions the lessons from the Institution of the Lord's Supper to the Ascension were studied and in the afternoon lessons from the life of Joseph. Evangelist Chon also gave a helpful daily study on some of the women of the New Testament.

#### **Native Helpers.**

We cannot begin to say how valuable has been the services of the band of faithful native workers under our care. The missionaries' personal helpers, the church evangelists, the Bible Society colporteurs and Bible women, have each in their place served the Master with zeal and earnestness.

Helper Yong Chai and the present church evangelist, Pak Nai Hyon, have completed their third year in the Theological Seminary, and Helper Kim Nai Pom and Elder Yu have completed the first year's study.

Colporteur Kim Chuang Hyon continues in charge of the distribution of the Scriptures in Anpyon County and Colporteurs Ye Kun Sik in the city and Tokwon county. Colporteur Chow, who was engaged some months ago, is also a good man and is doing good work in Munchun and Kowon Counties.

Evangelist Chon and his wife, Rebecca, whom we have engaged as a Bible woman, travel together preaching and selling the Scriptures in many villages and towns where there are as yet no Christians, with an occasional visit to the churches in Munchun and Kowon counties.

Bible Women Esther's work continues satisfactory. She is a tactful woman of persuasive manner and has been the means of leading a good number into the church. About the middle of May we loaned her to the Song Chin field and she spent almost three months working under the direction of the missionaries there.

Our oldest Bible woman, Ye Mary, who is supported by the Toronto Prayer Circle, has worked earnestly and continuously throughout the year in spite of a very sore arm, from which she suffered most of the time. Her



work is largely in the villages south of Wonsan and she did, as usual, faithful service.

The Wonsan women's evangelist, Rachel, continued preaching and working in the city until March when with her husband she removed to Anpyon and undertook to organize a girls' school. This she did with much success until ill health forced her to come to Wonsan for treatment. As her case proved very serious, Mrs. Robb took her into her house, where for two months Rachel took much of her time and care.

After Dr. McMillan left for Canada her woman assistant, Mrs. Kang, was a valuable help in nursing. Dr. Rosa, of the Methodist Mission, and Dr. McMillan, on a short visit to Wonsan, did all in their power for Rachel, but her disease was incurable. Her husband took her back to Anpyon on his return from the Theological Seminary in Pyeng Yang, but she soon had a happy release from her sufferings. She is a great loss to the work and we had looked forward to her being increasingly useful as a minister's wife.

Rachel's successor in Wonsan, Kim Miriam, though a less gifted woman, has been very earnest in preaching and teaching.

Looking back upon the past year our hearts are filled with humble gratitude to the Giver of all for His manifest blessing on the work and for His many mercies. Not the least of these has been the good health enjoyed by the members in the field, the restored health of Mrs. Foote, and the uninterrupted good health of the children of the Station.

HAM HEUNG STATION FOR 1908.

Missionaries	Arrived in Korea.
Rev. D. M. McRae, B. A.	1898
Mrs. D. M. McRae	1900
Miss Louise H. McCully	1900
Miss Kate McMillan, M.D.	1901
Miss Catherine F. Mair, B. A.	1905
Rev. L. L. Young, B. A.	1906

Statistics of Ham Heung Station.

Native workers.. . . .	16
Supported by native church.. . . .	4
Regular meeting places.. . . .	17
Churches entirely self-supporting.. . . .	16
Church buildings.. . . .	13
Communicants.. . . .	336
“ added during the year	58

Catechumens.. . . .	344
“ added during the year..	56
Total members and adherents.. . . .	1150
Contributions.. . . .	\$970

Another year of proving the faithfulness of our God, of putting to the test His promise that He will take the weak things to put to shame the things that are strong, calls for our deepest gratitude and most heartfelt praise.

City Church.

The work in the city church has lately taken on new life and activity by the return of the students from Pyeng Yang, who brought with them many plans together with fresh zeal with which to carry them out.

Our good silversmith, so well known to all friends of Ham Heung, is now a theological student and, although weakened in body by severe colds and threatened with tuberculosis, he has been planning and carrying out many helpful schemes. In this he is aided by the two Paks, also theological students, one our church evangelist and the other Mr. Young's teacher employed since last January.

The scheme of dividing the eighty houses connected with our church into groups averaging four each and putting over them a leader who is responsible for their attendance at church services as well as their private family worship, personal Bible study and general Christian conduct seems likely to be most helpful.

These twenty leaders meet every Saturday afternoon with the church officers to study with Miss McCully the Sunday School lesson and in the evening each one gathers his group in one of the houses and teaches what has been learned so that all come prepared on Sunday with this lesson, and teaching on that day becomes much easier and pleasanter.

The young men of the church have lately been meeting on Sunday afternoons for Bible study and we are glad that they have for themselves planned this way of making the day profitable.

The fact that our church building is too small for a mixed meeting on either Sunday morning or afternoon is a cause of grief to us and we long for a new church where all can meet together for Sunday

preaching service. Nothing definite has been done this year towards the building of the new church. We have continued our former plan of having the men's Sunday School and preaching service in the morning and the women's in the afternoon with a general prayer meeting in the evening.

An invitation to preach to the prisoners in Ham Heung jail was lately given to us by the Japanese superintendent and gladly accepted. Li Chu Han made a visit at once distributing Bibles and gospels for which money had been given by a Cape Breton friend and we are now awaiting permission from Seoul to gather these men on Sunday afternoon for a gospel service.

### Women's Work.

In our city work the ordinary routine of Sunday School and weekly classes has been added to by a daily class attended by twenty-six women and carried on for seven weeks during May and part of June and July. The growing desire on the part of the women to be taught, together with our great need of some who can help with the teaching in our schools, has made the teaching a pleasure as well as a most necessary part of our work.

The city work has lately been organized after the plan already referred to and our nine leaders of tens have been replaced by twenty women who are to work in sympathy with the brothers similarly appointed. In this way all are workers and seem very happy to feel that they can help in the work they have learned to love. The desire to help others creates the need of personal study and we have an interesting class for these workers on Friday afternoon.

Hannah is an invaluable helper in this work and is able now to assist greatly in teaching Bible lessons both in the city and out-stations. We loaned her for three months to Sung Chin and were repaid by having her come back to us better fitted than ever for her work because of the experience she had in that field. Her support has lately been guaranteed by a friend, which has made it possible for us to put another woman in her place on the Bible Society Fund.

Mary Choi has lately moved to Puk Chong and is working now among the women in that locality. We hear good re-

ports of her work and pray that she may be a blessing to many there. Martha travels principally in the country and we believe her own growth in grace is an assurance that her labors will be owned of God.

Our class for all the women of our stations was held in March and we were gratified to have thirty-three women and eight large girls from the out-stations in attendance. The weather was most unpleasant, but our women only had the greater opportunity to show their earnestness and we had a week of blessing.

In January the mission class for Bible-women was held in Ham Heung attended by twenty-nine women from our three stations. This not only gave us opportunity to teach these workers but made us realize how important it is that we should have better facilities for training them.

### Itinerating.

During the year Mr. Young visited all except four of the out-stations. In Pan Chen he found the people much encouraged because a number of heathen had recently decided to believe, and were eager to be taught. In Chin Heung the enemy had been busy and caused some to fall away, here to, however, encouragement was not lacking.

Thirty li away, (ten miles) in a lonely mountain home, lived a blind old lady who for four years had been a faithful follower of her Master. She had learned the way of life from a colporteur who had visited her home, but she had never had an opportunity to be baptised as the missionary would have come and gone from the nearest town ere the news could reach her. On this occasion her nephew, who happened to know of Mr. Young's arrival, immediately hastened to her with the news. The next morning guided by him she eagerly made her way to town and there received the sacred rite. It was inspiring indeed to see the wrinkled old face alight with joy as she trudged back to her home in the mountains.

At Massan the work has gone on steadily; the prospects for a strong church there are very promising.

At Yong Heung Mr. Robb from Wonsan station joined us and for a week taught an interesting class of about sixty men and boys gathered from the surrounding towns



and villages. A deep interest was shown and good results have since been manifested. At present James Kim, one of the Academy boys, is teaching in the school there.

At Cheng Pyeng the work was found to be encouraging and a splendid zeal for service manifest. During the year the members supported one of their number and sent him out as their evangelist into the surrounding country. "David, the boy who wants to be a minister" and who is on the way to become one, is teaching there and is well reported of.

Visits were also made to Ori Chen and Kai Pyeng. In addition to visiting these places Miss McCully went on to Yong Chen when she held a class of a week's duration.

Chang Jin was not visited during the year and owing to the disturbed state of the country the church there has made little progress. This spring the leader was kidnapped by the "righteous army" (rebels) but after several weeks he was allowed to return. During his captivity he had been faithful to his Master and many of his captors heard from him the way of life.

Puk Chong and Hong Won, our two northern churches, were visited twice by missionaries, once by Miss McCully in May when for a week she held a very enjoyable class in Hong Won, and again in July by Mr. Young. Dr. Grierson, of Sung Chin, accompanied Mr. Young to Puk Chong where the deacon in charge had not been faithful and in several ways had abused his office. The Doctor's long experience with Koreans soon settled the proper course to pursue with the result that Mr. Deacon is now a "sadder but a wiser man," we trust also a better one.

We are hoping for great things for this centre of over one hundred thousand souls and pray that the coming year may be one of rapid growth for this church.

At Hong Won the cause is steadily advancing; a new building has been purchased and at present is undergoing repairs. It will be ready for use in the early winter. Here another of the Academy boys is teaching with much acceptance.

#### **Classes.**

The Ham Heung annual class met in December when thirteen outstations were well

represented as well as several other places where as yet no church has been organized. Dr. Grierson and Mr. Robb were present to assist in the teaching. An interesting feature of the class was the evening debates. The Korean is never so happy as when in an argument, and on these evenings the tide of happiness ran high.

A number of our leaders attended the class for native helpers held in Wonsan in May and in the examinations at the close one of them stood highest. All were greatly strengthened by their two weeks' faithful study.

#### **Book Room.**

During the past summer the book room was enlarged and improved. The upper story erected over the old room gives much better accommodation to the young men who from week to week gather to study with the silversmith the Book Of Life.

#### **Advanced Boys' School.**

This year twelve young men were in attendance at our Academy. Of these six completed the regular first year's course. One, led captive of the evil one, fell away. Two others were unable to take the examinations; the other three studied the preparatory course and hope to be able to take the first year's course next term. The examinations given during and at the close of the term showed that faithful work had been done on all subjects.

On the evening of the closing day each student gave a ten minute talk to the congregation assembled in the church on a subject or part of a subject which he had studied during the year. The point and eloquence of the speeches gave cause for much encouragement, for it was very evident to all that the boys were capable of making good use of what they had learned. Even arithmetic was found not to be barren of gospel lessons, for, as the speaker declared, "did not Moses have to spend forty long years in the secular studies of Egypt in order that he might be fitted for a great work in the future; how much more in this enlightened age is it necessary for us to know the learning of our time, especially arithmetic."

Several spoke on subjects assigned them from the Word of God and their talks show-

ed that thoughtful work had been done upon the Master's great truths. The talk upon the Tabernacle given with the aid of a model was listened to with keen interest by all. But that which aroused much enthusiasm was a geography lesson and map drill given by a bright, young fellow of eighteen. Many were the comments upon the wonderful attainments of the student who not only had drawn the fine map of Europe, but who gave facts and figures about that continent and its people with amazing rapidity.

An enjoyable feature of the evening was the singing by the pupils when, for the first time in the history of the congregation, a trio, our nearest approach to a quartette, was heard.

As already mentioned, the more advanced pupils were sent at the beginning of vacation to teach in the boys schools in the outstations. Good reports have reached us from all. Not only are the school children studying under their new teachers, but many of the men as well are humbly equiring more perfectly the Way of Life from these boy instructors. Thus the truths learned during the winter months are finding their way through the whole field and we trust they will bring forth a rich harvest for the Master.

#### **Boys Schools.**

Eight boys' schools are at present in operation. In six of them, owing to the presence of their new teachers already referred to, the numbers have greatly increased and a deeper interest has been manifested. The Ham Heung school has grown too large for its present buildings and arrangements are being made for obtaining a larger one next year.

#### **Medical Work.**

Who can estimate the value of the relief from pain and suffering, of the good from Miss K. McMillan, the preaching, teaching and sale of books done by the Doctor, per assistant and her Bible woman during the first year of having a resident physician in this great heathen city?

Could a home doctor see the building, the utter lack of accommodations under which this work was carried on, he would indeed be shocked and distressed; but in the absence of anything else what can be done? Only the best that the situation offers.

Dr. McMillan was indeed a welcome member of Ham Heung station, welcomed both by missionaries and natives; her time and labors were given to both and deeply appreciated by all.

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### **OUR MACAO MISSION.**

FROM LETTER BY REV. W. R. MACKAY.

Kongmoon, Nov. 17, 1908.

Dear Dr. Thompson,

Dr. Macdonald, Mr. Broadfoot, Miss Dickson and I were over at Shekki last week to the ordination of our first elders there. The two elders are Suen Chi Hing and Lau Tseuk; they appear to be very good men and we hope for great things from them.

We have a pretty good man in San-ui City now, Leung Keet, a Yan-peng man. We have two other preachers of the same surname who are Hoi-peng-men. One of them, Leung Hok is with us at Pak-kai, Kongmoon, the other at Tung-Tseng, Leung Shum.

At the Presbytery meeting last September, in Canton it was decided that foreign missionaries of the various united Presbyterian Missions would be allowed a double connection with the Presbytery here and in the homeland.

We are going to have a conference here at Pak-kai, Kongmoon, for our workers some time during the first month of the New Year.

I suppose you heard of the riot in Hongkong over the Japanese boycott. It was rather exciting for some time.

There has been a very serious flood this Fall in the "Four Districts." Hoi-peng and Yan-peng fared worst, though Sun-neng and San-ui also suffered badly. This is in many cases the second crop of rice destroyed this year. There were eight feet of water in San-cheung and in Chek-hom it was worse, thousands of houses collapsed and lives were lost. It was the worst flood in years.

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When you have done that which gratifies you, slip away and be quiet. When you have said that which is pleasing to both hearer and speaker, forget it. When you have made sacrifices for others—well, that's no more than is expected of you, for we are here to help one another and pass this way but once.



**SUNG CHIN STATION FOR 1908.**

Missionaries	Appointed.
Rev. R. Grierson, M.D.	1898
Mrs. Grierson	1898
Rev. A. R. Ross	1907
Summary:—	

Largest field of any mission station in Korea, fifteen counties.

Smallest staff of any station in Korea, three persons.

Regular meeting places, 20.

Church buildings, seven.

Total adherents, 580.

Communicants, 80.

Total contributions, \$449.00.

This is the eighth report. For the eighth time we "thank God and take courage." Our optimism is evidenced by the abbreviated motto, based on Philippians 4:13, which has gradually become our station catch word, "Can Do." In previous years we have allowed ourselves to be too much overwhelmed by the magnitude of the field and the smallness of our force. This year we have cheered up and say "Can Do." Yes, trusting in the Shepherd of Israel, who loves this mighty flock of 750,000 souls, we cry "Can Do." The Church of Christ shall yet be strongly established in this region.

**Evangelistic.**

Our optimism has a basis in both faith and fact. God's gracious blessing has been granted on the evangelistic work in a new way this year. A year or so ago it was very hard for us to get fitting native agents to devote their life to colportage and evangelistic work. The preaching zeal of the church members, too, was below the Korean standard. This is all changed. Since last fall a new blessing has been poured out upon the people. There are now more men willing to be colporteurs than can be employed.

At the Sung Chin class in March, amid great rejoicing, an evangelistic association, whose membership is our whole constituency, was organized, called "The Three Empire Evangelizing Association." The name is so given because the christians attached to the Sung Chin Station account themselves (in the absence of other organized work) as responsible for the evangelization of the Koreans in Manchuria and Si-

beria as well as of those in Korean territory proper.

The Sung Chin station too, regards itself from its position, as for the time in charge of the work that has sprung up in the Trans-Tuman and Siberian districts.

In response to the election of the Association, Evangelist Kim of Tan Chun, a man of fine parts and high character, has devoted his life to this work, and has travelled over most of the field including the Trans-Tuman territory.

In the immediate vicinity of Sung Chin there are this year signs of awakening consciences and repentant hearts.

The local church, as a branch of the general evangelistic society, sends out a band of preachers to neighbouring towns every Lord's day, and these go out with great zeal and eagerness. Besides Evangelist Kim, five colporteurs of the Bible Society, and Helper Yi form the pioneer corps of our station and they have all nobly worked in preaching and teaching and have founded many new groups.

The senior missionary has followed up their work and visited the groups as far as medical and local work would allow; and the junior missionary, together with language study, has done likewise.

Owing to the constant fighting between the "Righteous Army" and Japanese soldiers, the work in the Kapsan and Sam Su counties, formerly most encouraging of all, has been hindered. Colporteur Kim, however, has nobly stuck to his post though often held up by both belligerents.

This year the Mission, though it did not reinforce our station, showed its appreciation of the magnitude of our evangelistic work by giving us liberty to claim the aid of Mr. Robb and Miss McCully for itinerating and Class work. Their help in their visits to the extreme north, and Trans-Tuman group, and the very important group in the northern capital, Kyung Sung, has been much appreciated, and has been of incalculable benefit.

Thanks are due to Mr. Foote for aid in visiting the Vladivostok group.

**Class Work.**

Mens' classes were held at Yea Dong (Jan. 5-12), Kilju (Jan 18-22), Tan Chun (Feb. 2-9), Sung Chin (Mar. 15-25). Other

proposed classes in Kapsan, and Kyung Sung had to be cancelled on account of conditions in local church. A class for women was held in Sung Chin (April 5-12), conducted by Mrs. Grierson and Miss McCully. For report of same see women's work.

**Yea Dong Class:** The holding of this class meant the crossing of seventeen mountain passes, averaging probably three hundred feet in height, with considerable snow in places. The road lies quite close to old Ocean a beautiful view of which is to be had from the tops of various passes.

While en route, Dr. Grierson and Mr. Ross visited a group of new believers who gave them a hearty welcome and pressed them into taking a meal of rice and other food before completing a difficult journey. Some of the men from this place came on to Yea Dong as did also an old believer of over eighty with whom the missionaries stopped to pray in a small house a few li further on. This old man has a beautiful christian character. He gave generously towards the building of the Yea Dong Church, and the missionaries were glad soon after their visit to see him, though feeble and bent, take his place among the others at the class.

The average attendance of men and boys was about twenty-seven, while during the evenings a few women were also present. Dr. Grierson taught the class in Bible truths while instruction in singing was Mr. Ross' part.

During the class they held a communion service and received eight new members into the church. An old packing box served as a pulpit and the missionaries' itinerating cups and plate were used for wine and bread. But though things were simple and rough the blessing of the ever-present One was by no means withheld. We missionaries have felt at various times, while worshipping God with our Korean christians, how deeply spiritual was the atmosphere, the Holy Spirit manifesting himself very truly to these humble penitent souls.

**Tan Chun Class:** The missionaries' trip to Tan Chun was also over a difficult road owing to a very high mountain pass that had to be climbed amid the snow. The christians showed a keen interest in the

class and crowded the room where the men usually sit, some also having to go into an adjoining room owing to lack of space.

While at Tan Chun the missionaries held a service in the market place where the people listened well to the preaching of the Gospel. A bright local school-teacher who was glad to speak for his Master, though but a recent believer, has since proved an earnest christian. He is now teacher of the native Academy at Sung Chin and takes considerable interest in the christian boys.

**Kilju Class:** Dr. Grierson conducted this alone and instructed in Bible truths the comparatively new believers there.

**Sung Chin Class:** Just previous to this our station had the joy of welcoming at a communion service eighteen as catechumens and six for baptism.

We very much valued the help of Mr. Robb in the conducting of this class. Our christians came from near and far from eight different groups apart from the local church, some walking one hundred and forty miles to be present.

It was a matter of deep gratitude to God that on one evening of the class a society was started for the sending out of evangelists to be supported by the Korean churches. The christians cheerfully promised sixty Yen (\$30.00) towards the salary of an evangelist. The above amount, supplemented by the missionaries, enabled the society to appoint and send out an earnest able worker to be supported by the native churches. This man has sacrificed much in business owing to his determination to keep the Sabbath. He is now far north preaching the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

#### **Educational Work.**

The teaching in our boys' school in Sung Chin has continued as usual during the year. On January first a girls' school was started which continued till the summer vacation. April ninth marked the opening of our Boy's Academy, which met a long-felt need. Last summer some of our brightest boys attended a local heathen school because they had advanced beyond the teaching given in our christian school. Eight boys have been in regular attendance at our Academy.



We were very fortunate in securing a good teacher. He was at the time of his engagement a very new believer, but has developed since and shows a deep interest in his work. He has taught the boys arithmetic, Chinese characters, and Japanese language, and all middle school subjects. Dr. Grierson has instructed them from the Old Testament, and Mr. Ross in English and singing. On August we held a closing after examinations, for presentation of prizes. Our Academy teacher's interest was shown on that occasion by the expression of his desire to help on some of the backward pupils during the vacation.

The interest in Education in Korea is rapidly growing. The call is becoming louder and more pressing for the christian church to bring under the influence of its teaching very many bright and promising lives. From young men won for Jesus and trained in our christian schools we may hope for future workers whose lives will tell effectually in helping to bring the hermit nation into the kingdom of Christ.

### Women's Work.

Our women's work has been more encouraging this year than ever before. We have had a larger attendance and the women have shown a greater desire to study than in former years. You no doubt have heard many times how difficult it is to get the women's attention, with a child on the back and perhaps one at either side.

This year, just before holding a week's Bible study class, Dr. Grierson, one Sunday morning in church, suggested that the husbands should do the cooking and look after the babies to enable their wives to go to class free from care and, to set a good example, he said that during that week that was what he was going to do. And sure enough, the first day the mothers and sisters came without even one child, and, with the exception of one woman they kept this up during the whole week.

One afternoon, walking down the street with the women when class was over, we saw some of the anxious, expectant fathers, with their arms full, waiting on the street to be relieved of their cares. To our knowledge such a thing never happened before and shews how anxious the men are getting to have their wives study.

Our good old faithful Bible-woman, Dorcas, was able this year to study with us, but we fear as we look at her wrinkled, withered face and hear her cough, that she will not be with us a great while longer. She loves travelling among the heathen and she knows her Bible well enough to teach the new groups of Christians.

She puts us to shame when we think of her liberality. During one of her trips she came across a poor old crippled woman living alone with not a relative near to help her. Dorcas, after talking with her, found out that this woman had heard the Gospel from her years ago, and had been a Christian ever since. This poor soul was in a very dirty condition, not having a change of clothing to put on while her garments were being washed, and, as usual, Dorcas did a very generous act by giving the woman the only change she had with her.

Another act of her love we heard about not long ago. Out of the proceeds of the sale of her little house, she gave eighty yang to a church to aid them in putting up a school: this amount is equivalent to a gift of \$80.00 from our way of looking at things. If such generosity were shown by more of our home friends we feel sure that so many souls would not be dying without a word of the Gospel.

A couple of months ago we had a visit from two of Dorcas' converts. After reading, praying, and shall I say singing (?), they told us some of the trials they were undergoing on account of being Christians. These women, the only believers in their vicinity, walked twenty-five miles for the purpose of worshipping with us the following Sunday. The elder of the two women, one was fifty-five and the other sixty, told us of the shameful treatment she was receiving from two of her sons. They continually scolded her, beat her, and burned some of her books, but, however, did not manage to get them all, for she carries her hymn book hidden in her belt all the time. Neither of these women is able to read, but, wherever they go, they take their books with them and get help from any they may meet.

These poor old women, who do not know one letter from another, are able to recite a number of hymns which give them great joy. When they left our house for their

home their parting words were:—"be sure to send us word when you are going to have your next study class for we want to come." These women have never been visited by a woman missionary simply because we have only one missionary on the station, who, although having a house and family to look after, does all she can, which is, in her opinion, very little.

We have had visits this year from Miss McCully and Miss Mair, who rendered valuable service in our work. Our Koreans as well as ourselves, lamented when they had to leave us. Our Korean women fully realize that we need to have such workers continually with us if the Gospel is to be heard in the north. We do appreciate the great love and interest of our home church toward this field, but pray that the interest may grow greater in both prayer and liberality.

#### Medical Work.

For the first time in the history of the station has the medical work been carried on in a way that could be called effective. Owing to the occupancy of the hospital proper by Mr. Ross, Dr. Grierson was compelled to build a dispensary in the native town. Here, with the assistance of Kim, the Korean lad whom he educated in a school in Seoul, and trained before in Wonsan, the doctor has conducted as full a work as pastoral, educational, and administrative duties would permit.

Mr. Kim's quickness, skill and intuition, together with the close touch which is made possible by telephonic connection between house and dispensary, have allowed the medical work to go along continuously. Over one thousand different persons, amounting to fully five thousand treatments, have been entered on the books during the nine months of the mission year, many of them for severe surgical operations. We thank God for a good measure of success in the results of treatment, and rejoice that some have been brought to Christ through the touch of the healing hand.

As the fame of the work spreads more and more throughout the country, the patients come in greater and greater numbers, and Dr. Grierson's hands will be more and more tied to the local work as time goes by. And as this work of love, the only philanthropic work we do, and the only

scientific medical equipment for a population of over half a million of people cannot be discontinued, we must have either another doctor to relieve Dr. Grierson, or another evangelist missionary to take a part in the pastoral oversight of the immense field.

We wish to thank the N.S. Telephone Co., in Halifax, Bethany Church N. W. Arm, and Park St. Church, Halifax, for the telephone equipment that enables the doctor to keep his hand on the work while doing other work in school and church.

Medical receipts of \$212.52 for nine months sufficed to pay salaries of assistant, fittings, fuel, and running expenses, and also pay \$82.32 on the drug bills of the past year. The work is thus practically self-supporting. The equipment is still, however, very incomplete, especially in diagnostic apparatus. Apart from equipment and rent, the work can be quite self-supporting.

#### Requests.

(1) **Workers:** With a population of 750,000 Koreans, spread over a district stretching from seventy miles south of this station, west and north-west into China, and far north into Russia; with local work including medical, primary boys and girls schools, and an Academy, what staff could be used? What ought there to be? Two married men, one single man, and one single woman. This is considered the smallest force that can at all touch the work here in the north. This means the addition to our present staff of one married couple, and one single woman.

(2) **Houses:** How can this number be housed in one foreign house, and one Korean house which ought to be used for its original purpose, a hospital. Two new houses should be granted immediately so that work may be begun to accommodate the force which we hope to see appointed.

(3) **Funds:** We also request funds for Academy and Girl's school work and for additional Bible women.

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A gentleman is just a gentleman; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle, modest, courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one who never gives it.—Exchange.



# The Revival in Honan

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LETTER, REV. MURDOCK MACKENZIE, D.D.

Changteho, Honan, 2 Jan. 1909.

Dear Readers of THE RECORD.

Would that you might have been with us the last few weeks, that your hearts might have been stirred to their depths, and that you might have seen with your own eyes the wonderful works of God. Surely God has been in this place and we were conscious of it. I cannot attempt to tell you all I have seen, but in this letter will give only some impressions. As all the other missionaries are writing home, you will see varied accounts of these meetings, and one will fill in what another has omitted to state, at least in part.

## **"Wonderful."**

There is but one word can express our experiences during these days, and that is "Wonderful." What has happened? Nothing more than God has promised from the beginning, that when the Holy Spirit is poured out He will convict the world of sin. The church in Changte has been baptised by the Spirit and cleansed, and the cry of all here is, "Why did we so long despise His working, and trust in other ways to build up His kingdom."

You have all doubtless read or heard of Mr. Goforth's having been relieved of regular work in our mission to carry on evangelistic work among the various missions in China. It was arranged that he hold a series of meetings in our own mission this Autumn. He was first in Weihifu for eight days, then came to his own centre, Changte Ho, to conduct services from November 8th, to November 15th, inclusive. This time was later lengthened by two days by the request of the Chinese, making ten days altogether.

During part of October Mr. Goforth was in Shansi Province, and there God's Spirit was present in power. We therefore trusted that when he came to us, we would not be denied the blessing. But oh, how far beyond our expectation was the result.

## **The Preparation.**

For months past, and in the case of some members of our mission, for a couple of years, there has been regular definite prayer to God for a revival among the Christ-

ians. When we heard of God's power manifested through Mr. Goforth in Manchuria and other places, we were encouraged to expect great things for Honan. This has been our daily prayer and expectation and thus it was the first step in preparation for the blessing.

Mr. Goforth's object in these meetings has been not a revival among the heathen, but among the Christians. It was therefore necessary for us to call in to the central station all the Christians who could come from the seven counties of this district.

As our church here was not considered large enough, a large straw mat tent was erected, capable of seating eight hundred. Arrangements were made whereby all who came from a distance could eat and sleep on the premises, and then we awaited with hopefulness the opening of the meetings.

God was very good to us, and we had beautiful weather throughout. He also richly blessed us in that we had with us some half dozen missionaries from other missions, who brought with them some of their Chinese Christian helpers in the hope that they might be able to carry back a blessing to their own district. These brother and sister missionaries were a strength and stimulus to us by their prayers and consecration.

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The regular order followed each day in the compound was, bell at 7.30 a.m. for special prayer for days meetings, 8 a.m. breakfast, 10 a.m. morning meeting, this lasted some days until 1.30 p.m.

At 2 p.m. the missionaries gathered together for special prayer for definite objects; 3 p.m. general meeting; this meeting lasted several times until 5.30. At 7 p.m. the missionaries again met together for special prayer. The evening general meeting commenced at 7.30, and lasted until 10 p.m. or later. You will see that our time was pretty well occupied.

The first meeting was held on Saturday evening. November 7th, when Mr. Slimmon, who had led the singing at the Weihui meetings, gave an account of what transpired there. On Sunday morning Mr. Goforth spoke of the revival in Shansi, and in the afternoon preached from the text Ps. 85:6, "Wilt Thou not revive us

again?" The evening meeting was led by Dr. MacKenzie, who, like Mr. Goforth in the afternoon, emphasized the importance of putting away sin from our lives.

During the succeeding days the same plan was followed, Mr. Goforth taking charge of the morning and afternoon meetings, and intrusting the evening meeting to one of the pastors or a Chinese helper.

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I shall not attempt to give you an account of Mr. Goforth's addresses. They were earnest gospel talks, straight home to the heart, well illustrated with incidents from Korea, Manchuria, Shansi and other places.

On Monday morning his text was from Rev. 3, 15: "I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot." After the addresses an opportunity was given for prayer, when several broke down in tears unable to proceed. One of these was Mr. Fan, assistant teacher in the girls' school. He made public confession of his sins and asked God's forgiveness. In the afternoon the text was from John 11: 39, "Take ye away the stone," and a powerful appeal was made to all to allow nothing to hinder them from receiving the blessing.

That the two addresses on Monday had a great effect on all minds was shown by the constant references made to them afterwards. However, that afternoon and evening there seemed to be an adverse power working in the meeting preventing the Spirit from doing His work.

On Tuesday morning after the address on Hosea 10:12, "Break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord," when prayer was asked for, a great many were visibly moved, many weeping in great distress, and several praying aloud at the same time. In the afternoon again, we felt as if there was some power holding the people back, and the meeting passed by without any special signs of the Spirit's presence.

Up to this time we had not been holding our 2 p.m. special prayer meeting, but now it seemed as if the afternoon general meeting did not reach as high a level as the other two, so we decided to make it a special subject of prayer, and thereafter met at 2 p.m. for that object.

On Tuesday evening when we reached the meeting after our special prayer meeting, we found almost the whole company engaged in prayer aloud, many in tears and crying for forgiveness. There were some, however, who did not seem to be affected, and who were looking at the others puzzled to know what it all meant. It was Wednesday, however, that the complete breakdown came, and from that time forward the note was

### "Victory."

The morning meeting was opened with a hymn, prayer and another hymn. Then before Mr. Goforth began his address Mr. Fan, of the girl's school, came forward and asked to be allowed to say a few words. He then proceeded to tell how, when he reached the school grounds in the morning, he had heard a great sound of weeping. The Spirit's power had come upon the girls, and the sense of sin was overpowering them.

He tried to commence work as usual, but rang his bell in vain. He went to report to the Principal, and was advised to let the Spirit complete the work He had begun. This was done. With the conviction of sin came the desire to confess it, and until this was done there was no peace of mind, so one and all confessed to one another, and to their teachers and to God and asked for forgiveness.

Such was the story Mr. Fan had to tell. When he had finished two other men came forward to the platform and made confession of sin, one of them with bitter cries breaking down unable to proceed.

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An opportunity was then given for prayer, and thereupon ensued such a scene as never before had I seen, nor again do I expect to see. A man started to pray, had not said more than half a dozen words when another, then another joined in, and in moment the whole company was crying aloud to God for mercy. Oh, the intensity of feeling, all the pent up emotions of a life time seemed to be pouring forth at that time. All the sin of the past was staring them in the face, and they were crying in anguish to God for mercy.

Nothing in my mind can more fitly describe the scene than to compare it to the suddenness and violence of a thunder-storm.



It starts with the patter of a few heavy drops, then comes the downpour lasting half an hour or so. But while it lasts how terrible it is. So it was here with this storm of prayer. It started with the one or two. Then came the burst from many hearts, all the pent up emotions so long held in check. There was no restraining it, and no attempting to do so.

Think of the Chinaman, so afraid of "losing his face," of showing his real feelings, of betraying his secret thoughts! But now there was no thought of face, of who saw or criticised. The one thought was "God be merciful to me a sinner." Each man and woman was face to face with God, a righteous God, and what mattered what friends and neighbours thought.

Some were praying for help to confess their sins, and to allow nothing to be unconfessed. Some could only sob out "oh God forgive me, oh God forgive me." Some were imploring the Holy Spirit not to leave them. One man standing beside me was beating his head with his hands and crying out in great agony until he fell down on the round and lay there exhausted. Another a few seats away was rapping his head on the back of the bench and praying with all his might. But one cannot attempt to adequately describe it. After about half an hour a hymn was sung and the storm having spent itself the address was proceeded with.

The afternoon meeting was much quieter, but one felt that the Spirit was now having His way. After the address there followed prayer and individual confession. One of those who spoke was Mr. Hu I Chuang, who is perhaps the most eloquent preacher in our mission. He confessed to non-observance of the Sabbath, and allowing his hired help also to work on that day. He promised that hereafter no work by man or beast would be carried on on his farm that day. He took on himself all the responsibility for the coldness and deadness of the Changts' un church of which he is the most influential member.

A great many others also confessed, and it was shown that that village which when the pastor visited it, seemed to be so faithful in church attendance, and such a model church, when he was not present became dead, and only three or four attended the

services on Sabbath. The Holy Spirit thus revealed a state of affairs the pastor never even suspected, but now that He has cleansed that church, He can truly glorify the name of Jesus hereafter.

On Wednesday evening, after the opening exercises, an opportunity having been given for prayer, again came an outburst similar to that of the morning, but perhaps not so prolonged or so intense.

The same was true of the following day, and thereafter there was practically no calling on individuals to lead in prayer. The leader of the meeting would simply say, "you will now have an opportunity for prayer," and at once the whole assemblage would be crying aloud to God. When the storm of prayer had about subsided, the tones of the organ would be heard, and a hush would fall on the audience as Mr. Slimmon would sing the words of some fitting hymn as "Whiter than the snow," "Just as I am." "There is a fountain filled with blood" and the people would be comforted.

Wednesday and Thursday were the days of greatest storm, when the volume of prayer was most demonstrative. Afterwards there was intensity, there was sobbing, but there was more quietness.

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As the days passed there was added confidence in tone, due to the increasing knowledge of the power of prayer. As men and women came under the power of the Spirit, confessed their sins, and received new sense of pardon, peace and power, their desire to see others receive a similar blessing was especially manifested in their recourse to prayer, and their entire reliance on the Holy Spirit to confer that blessing.

Sometimes one who had wandered far away from God, and now came back to Him publicly confessing his sin, would ask for the prayers of the people. At once as if with one heart and voice all would respond.

Again, the cry of a son or daughter for a father or a mother's salvation, the appeal of an anxious one for prayers for relatives, the yearning of a helper for the people of the district over which he had been placed as shepherd, each brought its response in a volume of prayer by the congregation.

One of our preaching helpers, who has

been ill for some time with dropsical trouble, and given only a few months to live, confessed that owing to his lack of scholarship and to the fact that he had been appointed to a district where there were a great many literary graduates, he had felt discouraged, and decided to give up preaching. He was soon after taken ill, and now no hope was entertained for his life. He realised now he had been trusting in his own powers and not in the Holy Spirit, and he humbly confessed his sin.

But now he wanted to live, that he might go back to that place in the Spirit's power, and show the genuineness of his repentance. He broke down in tears as he asked the prayers of all on his behalf. Instantly there arose to God such a volume of prayer, the prayer of faith, as brought conviction that God would hear that prayer. Since that time this man has been improving in health, and we expect that God will send him back to his work a new man.

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Let me just mention one other case, that of a young man, an ex-pupil of our school. He had been sent to take charge of the school in Hwaiking, and while there fell into gross sin. He was dismissed in disgrace, and on his return to Changte, avoided all his old associates, never came near the church, and wandered far away from God.

During the meetings constant prayer was made for him at our prayer meetings, and several times he came to the meetings, but did not seem to be affected at all. At length Mr. Goforth asked the prayers of the assembled congregation for him, and, again there arose the prayer that avails.

Before the meeting closed he also came forward confessing sin.

When prayer was asked for the Emperor and Dowager Empress, who were ill, an immediate and hearty response was made. There was no confusion, no seeming incongruity in all praying aloud at the same time, it seemed a most natural way to approach God. Never did we realise the power of prayer as we did at that time. The whole atmosphere was one of prayer.

Especially do we think with wonder and gratitude to God of those afternoon and evening prayer meetings amongst ourselves. We would first spend a little time in talking over the situation, the subject and per-

sons for whom special prayer should be offered, and the answers already received, and then we would spend the rest of the time in prayer.

Looking back on that time now and recalling the great number of definite petitions presented, and definite answers received, almost immediately, one cannot but "praise God for all His goodness and all His wonderful works to the children of men."

We would go direct to the general meeting from our knees, and oh, the gladness and the glory of it, as we saw one after another of those we had been praying for going forward to tell how God had met with them, and brought conviction of sin to their hearts.

Teachers in the schools, assistants in the hospitals, preaching helpers, male and female, servants in our houses, Bible women, gatekeepers, visiting Chinese Christians from other missions, the boys and girls in the schools, all were definitely remembered in our prayer circle, and not one of them failed to receive the blessing. As one after another of those went forward our hearts were full. We could but bow our heads and listen to His voice saying to us, "Be still and know that I am God." "Stand still and see the glory of God."

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We, however, were not the only ones who learned anew how to pray in those days. Our Chinese Christians not only learned this lesson but how to work as well. They had their prayer circle as well as we, and kept us informed of all they were doing to bring in those who had grown cold or were special hindrances to the work. Many a case was reported of their sending out letters and special messengers to friends, relatives, or neighbours who had not thought it worth while to come to the meetings.

In special cases they sent out deputations of three or four men and persuaded some who were nursing grievances against the church, or had fallen into sin, to come to the place of meeting. Then they took them apart, prayed with them, asked us to pray for them, followed them with their prayers into the meetings, until the Spirit had brought them back to God.

Talk of the enthusiasm and hard work to bring in voters on an election day! Just as



great zeal did these Chinese Christians in the endeavor to bring as many as possible into right relationship to God.

I have already stated that there was confession of sin. Let me amplify this statement. The great fact evident to all was, that the Holy Spirit convicts of sin. Over and over again was this truth emphasised by men and women, young and old. When they first came to the meetings sin was not weighing heavily on them, but when God's Spirit filled them they felt so miserable on account of sin that they could not but speak out, even though it meant to be disgraced before all who knew them.

And it did not do to make only a partial confession. That did not bring peace of conscience. This was tried by some, but they had to come back, some of them two or three times, until finally their whole confession was made. "We can have no peace with God until we confess everything" was their statement. Oh it was bitterly hard! But when they had made their peace with God, what peace in the heart, what joy shining in the face. Having this peace of heart, they coveted the same for their friends and hence their zeal in bringing them to the meetings.

#### **Samples of Confessions.**

You are perhaps thinking that our church here must have been in a pretty bad state. No doubt of it. There was sin in the camp and it had to be put away. This is but the first generation of Christians and we cannot expect from them the knowledge of right and wrong that a christian community at home is expected to have. But let him who is without sin cast the first stone. God's Spirit makes a man's conscience very tender, and reveals sin as it really is in God's sight.

Listen to some of the sins confessed by strong men with sobs and tears.

"I have been filled with pride."

"I have cherished enmity in my heart against a pastor, a helper, or a church member." "I have been guilty of criticising people, and holding them up to ridicule, and thus have hindered God's cause in my home or village."

"The reason why the cause of Christ does not prosper in our village, why the church

members have grown cold, is all on account of my conduct, I have not observed the Sabbath, or allowed my servants to do so."

"I promised to give a tenth to the Lord, and I have not done so, my neighbours look to me as leader, and in this have followed my example, it is all my fault."

"I am the only member of the family who is a Christian and the reason for this is that my example has not been good, I have been proud and quarrelsome. I have not honoured my parents, and so did not commend the gospel of Christ to them."

"I have not been on speaking terms with my brother for months, I now acknowledge it was all my fault, I see he is in the audience. Brother I wish to apologise to you and ask your forgiveness."

"My father and mother are still heathen, so is my wife, and I have never spoken to them about Jesus my Saviour, this is my sin, when I return home I will at once seek to lead them to Jesus."

Sad were the cries of some, concerning relatives who had passed away to the other world without them even having said a word to them about the Saviour.

Many spoke about opportunities of speaking about Jesus, which they had neglected.

Others had been neglecting to read the Bible, and to pray daily, and so had become cold and dead spiritually.

One woman told about having been asked to go out with others and witness for Christ, but she would not go, and now she felt she had denied her Lord.

A preaching helper came forward his face depicting the agony of his heart as he cried out that he had failed to exalt Christ as he ought to in his preaching.

Another confessed to having received a large sum of money as a bribe, but now he wanted to restore the whole amount (equivalent to his salary for five months).

Another had in 1900, under false pretences, acquired a sum of money, which he had never paid, he now promised to refund it.

Two helpers had intended leaving church employ because their salary was small, and they had opportunities of making more outside the church. They now reconsecrated their talents to the Lord.

Another helper confessed he had been active in propagating revolutionary ideas to

gain reforms in the country. He now realised he had been sinning in not praying for the Emperor and those in authority that their hearts might be turned to God, and thus reform would be brought about.

There were confessions of opium smoking, drunkenness, stealing, adultery, and violation of all the commandments. These were hard things to confess, and all the torture of the judge would not have drawn forth these confessions, but God's Spirit gave them no peace until they had confessed and found forgiveness with Him.

#### **The Missionaries' Portion.**

But while the Chinese were being moved in this way. What about the missionaries, had they no sins to confess? Or, did not God move them as He moved the Chinese? Praise His holy name He did. We also received the blessing. To each one at some time during the week came the deep heart searching of the Spirit revealing the sin which had hindered usefulness and caused failure. Sin and its effect on his own life, and through him on the lives of others was more clearly revealed to him. Led of the Spirit each one was led at one time or another to make public confession of sin, and to seek forgiveness.

That which weighed most heavily on the consciences of all was that we had so long been grieving the Holy Spirit by not giving him His rightful place in our hearts and in our work. While believing in Him we had not trusted in Him, to work in and through us. Now we believe we have learned our lesson that, "It is not by might nor by power but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." May we never forget that lesson.

#### **In The Boy's School.**

Let me now tell you about the Spirit's work in the boy's school. When the breakdown came in the girls' school on Wednesday morning, we were all the more expectant that the boys should speedily receive the blessing. But Wednesday morning, afternoon, and evening Thursday morning, afternoon, and evening passed, and still no sign. What could be the hindrance? There was no doubt God was willing to bless them. What was keeping them from the blessing?

We had noticed that none of their teachers had yet opened their mouths, either in

confession, in thanksgiving, or in prayer for others. We were led to pray specially for them that they might not hinder their scholars, but might be the means of bringing blessing to them. Friday was a day specially noted for answers to prayer. How our hearts thrilled as, on that day, we saw one after another of those we had prayed for, going forward to await their turn to confess.

One of the first of these was Mr. Ch'en, the principal of the boys' school. He confessed to having desired to leave mission service for more lucrative employment, to coldness and deadness in his spiritual life, to a mere mechanical performance of his duties in the school. He said the fact that none of the boys in the school had been moved thus far came home to his heart with great power and he knew he had been the hindrance.

One of the other teachers was moved that day, and before the end of the meetings, all had come into their own.

#### **The Boys Confessions.**

But what of the boys? On Friday night as we were sitting in the tent, we saw one of the older scholars come in from the schaal, and call Mr. Griffith out. Mr. Griffith, on his return, whispered as he passed, "the boys are having their crises now." Their hour had indeed come. How searching was the Spirit's work among them the next few days were to reveal. As time permitted they were allowed to make public confession.

To me it was one of the most touching incidents of the whole series of meetings, to see these lads from seven or eight years of age up to sixteen or seventeen years, get up on the platform before a congregation of six or seven hundred people, and confess their sins. No pressure was brought to bear on them, but of their own desire they came forward.

But what terrible sins had these little fellows committed that they must come forward and confess? Of just such sins as boys and girls in home schools are guilty; e.g., disobedience to the teacher, and to parents when at home; quarrelling with their playmates, fighting, calling one another names, criticising one another, neglecting study, neglecting the reading of the Bible and pray-



er; or if praying, only doing so with the lips. Shewing a bad example to others.

But are these such terrible sins after all? If you had seen some of these little fellows sobb out their hearts, you would have realised that when the Holy Spirit works in the heart. He makes sin to appear as it really is, a thing to be repented of with tears. Little sins, unimportant sins, were they? Oh that we might keep so near to Christ as always to retain the tender conscience of a little child, yes, and the faith of one of these little ones.

#### What are the Results?

Let me now deal with the results attained by the coming of the Spirit. The first is a new life and energy in all, removing all the apathy and coldness, a deeper consecration to Christ's service, a new apprehension of the power of prayer, and the nature of the Spirit's work, a more complete dependence on Him to make our work effectual. This much in general terms.

What about more definite or tangible results; or, putting it in a different way, how did these results work out in actual experience? I have already spoken of the new zeal and expectance with which men and women came to God in prayer. Let me touch on their renewed consecration.

The last two evenings were for consecration. Previous to this each one who confessed promised to live a new life, and many of them in doing so made a covenant with God laying some money down as a pledge of faithfulness on their part.

At the first consecration meeting all who were willing from henceforth to observe the Sabbath properly were asked to stand, and almost all did so.

Then each of the outlying sections in turn was asked as to the contributions for the future. Man after man arose, and was recorded as promising to give faithfully one tenth of his income to the Lord. Some of them promised more than the tenth, and some promised definite sums per year. These two subjects occupied almost the whole evening.

Before closing the school boys and girls who were attending at this meeting, were asked as to what they were willing to do, as they are not earning money. They were asked how many were willing to give themselves to the Lord's work. Fifteen of the

boys rose in response, and consecrated themselves to the church's work, that is as preachers or teachers.

Then the girls were asked to respond, and the whole company of them stood up.

The second consecration meeting was taken up with receiving promises of time, to be spent in preaching. Those who were willing to spend a certain number of days or weeks preaching at their own charges responded in large numbers.

There is one other result that might be mentioned, and that is the removal of the spirit of division which, with the new spirit in the Chinese, was beginning to manifest itself between Chinese and the foreigner. This spirit has been removed, and we believe the Chinese understand and trust us now, as they never did before, and it promises well for our future relations with them.

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What are the subsequent results? It is now some weeks since the people returned home. The pastors and their helpers have been holding meetings at the outstations, and the reports coming in from North, South, East, and West, are all to the same effect, that God's Spirit is manifesting His power in these places just as He did here. Men are confessing sin and receiving forgiveness and new power. The mere telling of the meetings at Changte has been the means in God's plan of awakening men, and it would seem as if the whole Christian community is on fire for Christ.

May His Holy Spirit complete the work He has begun in our hearts, and may He glorify His name in the speedy bringing to Himself of all the heathen to whom He has sent us as His messengers.

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When God calls, he qualifies; when he qualifies, he calls.—Matthew Henry.

Salvation is never selfishness. It is not man getting into heaven, but heaven getting into man.

"It matters very little what I think about God; but it matters a great deal what God thinks about me."

It is with youth as with plants, from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in the future.—Selected.

# Pulpit and Pew

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## SOME SEARCHING QUESTIONS.

Does my life please God?  
Is there anyone I can forgive?  
Am I studying my Bible daily?  
Am I enjoying my Christian life?  
Have I ever won a soul to Christ?  
How much time do I spend in prayer?"  
Am I trying to bring my friends to Christ?  
Have I ever had a direct answer to prayer?  
Is there anything I cannot give up for Christ?  
Just where am I making my greatest mistake?  
Am I doing anything I would condemn in others?  
How does my life look to those who are not Christians?  
Is the world being made better or worse by my living in it?  
Have I ever tried giving one-tenth of my income to the Lord?—Canadian Churchman.

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## GLADSTONE'S RULE.

Gladstone's rule, even in his older years, was that of a "twicer," as he termed it, at public worship. Church-going, he said, was not a matter of fancy for a Christian; it is his duty for the work's sake. No public-spirited disciple had a moral right to be absent except for a good cause, he often asserted, from public worship. I am a regular churchgoer. I should go for various reasons if I did not love it, but I am fortunate enough to find great pleasure in the midst of devout multitudes, whether I can accept all their creeds or not. For I find that there is in the corner of my heart a little plant called Reverence, which wants to be watered about once a week.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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## KEEPING THE MAGNET STRONG.

A magnet is sometimes seen in a chemist's laboratory, suspended against a wall, and loaded heavily with weights hung upon an armature. We ask the reason, and the scientific man replies, carelessly, as if it were a commonplace thing: "The magnet was losing its power by lying about here without being used, and I am restoring its force by giving it something to do—more and more every day."

It is with men as with magnets. Idleness results in loss of power. Since the day of

the great Teacher, the unused talent is "taken away." And the law of restoration is always the same. To him that uses what he hath shall be given. The secret of restored force is to have something to do.—Ex.

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## THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE.

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in God's out-of-doors; these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.—Henry Van Dyke.

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## A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

One of the cheering signs of the times is the steady improvement of young men in the colleges that has largely come through the work of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Ray Bigelow, a former captain of the Yale football team, addressing the Y. M. C. A. in New York recently, said, "The time was when the best fellow in college was he who could drink all his fellows 'under the table.' The present situation is different. I venture to say that two-thirds of the men on the great amateur baseball and football teams are either out-and-out Christians or are morally clean."

All such utterances should act as stimulants to Christian young men to renewed effort in the college world for high standards of living. Christ is the word by which such work can be done.—Ex.

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## HOLDING TO A COURSE.

When once we have decided to do a certain thing at a certain time, that thing ought to be done at that time—unless this would be positively wrong—simply because we decided that we would do it then. For any decision made, or intention formed, is a promise of the will; and the turning aside from that decision or intention, unless such change is a plain duty, means a broken and weakened will.



### HOW I CAME TO LOVE MY MITE-BOX.

It was only a blue pasteboard box, just like all the rest of you Mission Band girls have, and yet to me it seemed more than just a box. When it was given to me, I looked upon it with doubt, and almost with dislike. Although I had read "Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box" and Mrs. Carpenter's "Talk on Mite-boxes," yet I could not class myself with old women, and so I began to wonder whether their were any similar experiences for young girls.

My wondering led me to thinking, and really that was something new for me, for everybody that ever knew me, always said I never took time to think. Well I thought that box over and over, and I came to the conclusion that I was not going to be foolish enough to put money in my box for just ordinary blessings. By ordinary blessings I meant my everyday blessings, such as a good home, kind parents, the very best of brothers, and many others of the same kind. No, I was going to look for blessings that were not at all common. You may be sure my box remained empty for some time. My eyes and thoughts were so eager to behold something afar off, that what was near at hand was overlooked.

One day a crowd of us girls was talking over some of the other girl's homes. It was not meant for gossip, in reality we were pitying one of the best of girls, because she had, what we girls called a cranky old aunt, living in her home. The aunt was good in her way, but she really was peculiar. I am sure, if I had lived with her, I should have been in hot water all the time. But our girl friend was a sweet, amiable girl, and so she never was cross. What it cost her to be sweet and amiable, perhaps we girls did not know.

That night when I went up to my room, my eye lighted on my mite-box and I thought at once I will just put in a little bit, because unlike my friend, I had no trying aunt, but the dearest, sweetest of grandmothers living in my home. You see it was the contrast that made me notice it particularly.

However I did not stop there, for my thoughts rapidly travelled over my list of friends. And as I dwelt with sweet remembrance on each dear one. I felt untold thankfulness because I was so favored in this respect. I put another little bit in my mite-box that night and I wrapped a little piece of paper about it, and wrote on it "Thankfulness because I have true, loving friends.

I believe I commenced to love the little blue box from that day. I kept it on a shelf in full sight so that I could see it as soon

as I entered the room. And now I often put in my little bits. Perhaps you will say some of my reasons were foolish, but they were not so to me. One went in because my dressmaker finished my dress when I wanted it, and I had expected to be disappointed and was not.

Another time I dropped in a piece, because I had to take a long walk on a cold day, and quite unexpectedly I had a drive. Then another time, because I went to Mission Band, and we had a fine meeting. It just suited me and gave me plenty to think about. For you see I had been thinking more and more, and was quite changed from the girl who never took time to think. At least one of my aunts gave me credit for more sense than formerly.

Then when my birthday came around, I did more thinking than usual, and with pleasure put in as many coppers as God had pleased to give me years. In fact I also put in another bit because I had been led to think.

One day, we girls were startled to hear of the death of the mother of one of our girls. What a thrill went through our hearts, as each thought, what if it had been my mother. I was not satisfied with a little bit that night but put in a bigger piece because my mother was spared.

Then my brother had an accident and broke his leg. He might have lost his life though, and as I thought what my life would be without his, I added another shiny piece.

One lovely Easter Sabbath our minister preached a grand sermon, and some of the thoughts gladdened my heart for a long time. Of course I paid a visit to my box when I went home that morning.

But my story would be too long, were I to tell all my experiences, and indeed some could never be told. My heart was lighter for joy, and my little box seemed full of love, as well as money, when I handed it in at the end of the year. And as the scraps of paper were read there seemed to be a certain fragrance about them.

Can I tell you more? My experience may be different from that of other girls, and yet I know I am much like other young people. The truth of it is we girls need only to look for our blessings and we will be astonished to find how they multiply. The trouble may be that we do not always have enough money to put something for every blessing. But our little boxes keep us in remembrance. I really believe the money from our boxes will do more good than any other funds, for so much of thoughtfulness is here expressed. Now if anyone doubts what I have written let that one make a trial and see if I am not correct.—Stella, in "The Palm Branch."

## HOW TO LIVE A CLEAN LIFE.

By REV. E. A. KING, OHIO.

(Mr. King, has served as president of the Ohio C. E. U. He has written a valuable little book on the subject of this article, "Helps to Health and Purity," and he has founded a purity society for boys, "Knights of the White Cross."—Ed.)

### The Young Man's Quest.

For ten years there have come to my study letters from young men from many parts of the world, all burdened with one anxious question, namely, how to overcome evil thinking and acting. Put in another way, young men desire to know how to become masters of themselves, how to keep the baser nature under.

Invariably I have advised them to cease their habit of looking within and consequent worry, centre their thoughts upon some all-absorbing purpose in life, then strike out confidently to actualize that purpose. The greatest hygienic dynamic in the world is a sincere, earnest attempt to attain something worth while, and to render some helpful, useful service to others.

### The Welcome or Unwelcome Thought Guest.

It ought to be understood by all young people that the mind is so constituted that one cannot cease to think. The young man may think one thing and not another, but think he must. There are certain impulses, feelings, and desires that come into the thought realm which are involuntary, and he cannot stop them, but he can direct them.

When one of these thoughts or suggestions, which he does not desire to cherish, looms up in his mind, he may bring into play his will-power, and banish the intruder by concentrating his attention upon some other thought nobler and better. This is according to the modern psychological dictum, and it agrees with Paul when he says, "Overcome evil with good." If the young man does this successfully, he has conquered himself.

Or, on the other hand, he can allow the unwelcome guest to remain until by familiarity and association of ideas it is often, perhaps almost constantly, in mind; it develops until he becomes possessed by it, and it drives him to the committing of some act for which he afterwards loathes himself.

### The Fight for Character a Real Struggle.

Living a clean, pure life is not a matter of luck, chance, or religion merely. It is

first of all a very matter-of-fact fight. The battle is in the mind; and it is a question of right motive, purpose, and will. It is a hard struggle because so many of us have to live and work in a polluted moral atmosphere. On every side there are suggestive pictures, risque stories, and immoral insinuations. The will must be strong and the purpose high if one is to weather the moral storm; but the young person who would live the clean life must fight for it or go under. There isn't any middle ground for moral invertebrates.

### The Value of Leisure Hours and Good Companions.

There is no exact order in which rules for conduct should be laid down, but I am sure of one thing: leisure hours and companions are two of the most important factors in the whole struggle. "The majority of young men who go to the bad are ruined after supper," and I have no doubt that the same may be said of young women. The way in which a young person spends his leisure time and the companions he keeps determine very largely his moral character. A deliberate choice must therefore be made among various forms of amusements, books, art, and social pleasures. All those things which flaunt the sensual before the mind are to be avoided.

### Dancing, Dress, Theatre, and Art.

It may seem trite and old-fogyish for me to say, even negatively, that dancing is not a form of recreation calculated to foster purity; but it is so very difficult to draw the line between "respectable" dancing and the other kind that I insist that the young person who is in the fight for a clean life cannot afford to dilly-dally with the modern dance. Christian girls may well be careful of their dress and conduct in the presence of young men. Modesty is becoming in women and much admired by all men. A really good girl may save a very bad man from an evil life if she but use her womanly tact and her native modesty.

There are noble and high-class plays that instruct and amuse, but the moral demands of the average public audience are so low that more or less of looseness, vulgarity, and suggestiveness enter into the performance. One is bound to come away more or less besmirched. Habitual attendance upon the theatre and the vaudeville is bad business for the young Christian who really desires to keep clean and fragrant in his personal life.

### The Passion for Nobleness.

To become absorbed in some ennobling and all-controlling life-purpose is the best moral tonic for a young person. Every



spare moment may be given to some useful service, some worthy study, some exhilarating and health-producing recreation. Outdoor sports such as ball-playing, tennis, rowing, and swimming in summer, and the gymnasium in winter, are wonderfully helpful in the struggle for clean manhood.

Any one who will earnestly reach out for all that is good and noble will, in time if not at the start, become habituated to good thoughts and impulses; the bad will be crowded out; sensual things will gravitate to their own sphere or entirely lose their influence over him; and life will become a constantly increasing satisfaction. The "man on top" will be master of the "animal beneath," and those who have tried it say it is worth the struggle.

#### **Being Good for Something.**

Of course we all know that right living has its remunerations, but it is not always easy to get back on the right track after one has gotten off; but a deliberate choice of high and noble ideals with an earnest attempt to attain them starts us in the right direction.

I make much of the idea of "deliberate choice" because the will is supremely involved in this fight for manhood, and just refraining from doing bad things amounts to little or nothing. A man cannot be good that way unless he may be considered as being good for nothing. What we need in these perilous times is the positive man who is good for something.

#### **The Value of Personal Influence.**

Most of us are influenced by personal friends or by strong characters, and friendships of this sort work wonders in transforming our lives, especially when we give ourselves willingly to their impress. Many a man has been thus won from bad to good, and started on a useful career. Because of this "following" instinct in human beings we very readily surrender to the great and good.

Why not, then, choose to follow the greatest and best person in all the world? Jesus Christ is our good elder Brother. He is flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone; what He felt, we may aspire to feel; what he saw we may aspire to see; and what He did, we may do in part. We have in kind, though not in degree, similar power and capacity. "We can aspire to live as pure a life as He lived; coming to Him means in a very large sense coming to our better selves."

What nobler ambition can a strong, healthy man have than to take Jesus Christ as his supreme ideal, and to try to grow into it? Such an all-absorbing, all dominating purpose would transform any life, and clarify it of dross and sensuousness.—C. E. World.

### **THE CHURCH LETTER IN THE TRUNKS.**

The following is written of the Western States. Perhaps not to the same extent, but to too great an extent it is true of Canada. Let each church member, elder, pastor, make personal application of it. (Ed.)

There are few influences which so seriously cripple the work of the western churches as the passive repose of church letters at the bottom of the trunks of people come from the east. Talk with any western pastor and hear him tell tales. The influence is negative, but it is mighty. If all the church members moving into western fields should roll up their sleeves for the church, the home mission problem would be immeasurably simplified.

The responsibility is even more that of the eastern pastor and the eastern church than that of western. It is no flattering recommendation of the eastern type of churchmanship that people by the scores and hundreds emigrate from eastern congregations and never so much as approach the churches of the western communities into which they move. Evidently they have not learned to value the church to such a degree that they esteem it indispensable. Ought it not to be a matter of pride-move, ought it not to be accepted as a bounden obligation, that each church which loses a member by removal shall see that he is located and at work in some other field?

He is careless and negligent? But keep after him; that is a part of the church's business. No church can properly wash its hands of responsibility for a member at once he removes from the immediate community. And even though he carries his letter with him, surely a moral if not a legal responsibility binds the parent church to see that the letter actually gets somewhere more honoring to churchmanship than a trunk bottom.

Something can be done in the discharge of this responsibility. A recent correspondent in the west indulges this rumination: "We have hundreds of church members over these fields who do not attend church." I have often thought if our hundreds of eastern friends would write a personal letter to their friends here about church, it might be the source of lots of good.—Ex.

"I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are going."—O. W. Holmes.

The Christian life is not only knowing and hearing, but doing.—F. W. Robertson.

## THE BIBLE.

BY DR. C. F. AKED, NEW YORK.

For the benefit of those who have been moved by attacks on the divine inspiration of some parts of the Scriptures Dr. Aked points out that it is not necessary to prove that every sentence and punctuation point in the Bible is beyond criticism in order to show that it is worth more than all the other books that have ever been written since the world began.

While the so-called "higher criticism" may have its place and value, says Dr. Aked, the great worth of the Bible to the ordinary Christian must ever remain in its divinely appointed power as a guide, an inspiration and a solace.

The following passages offer the most unanswerable argument to those who attempt to discredit the Scriptures by attacking isolated passages:

"First, the Bible is the Book of Righteousness. It is the one book in the world for the tried and suffering man who finds it infinitely difficult to maintain self-respect and integrity amidst the manifold seductions of our modern life. In the Bible he finds the inspiration to renewed effort after righteousness, examples, precepts, promises, prophecies, helping him in his struggles, nerving him to conflict and assuring him of victory.

"Second, the Bible is the Book of Faith, speaking to us of the reality of things unseen but eternal, planting within us the desire to hold on to the invisible, nurturing that desire, assuring us of the eternal triumph of goodness, telling us that goodness is alone immortal, bidding us, in spite of 'reason' and in the face of 'facts' cleave to goodness as the one strong thing here below, and, in trumpet tones that stir the spirit that is within us to a faith divine, proclaiming that wealth and honor, prospects, ambition and conquest, and the world itself, are well lost if by reason of the sacrifice we have saved our soul alive.

"Third, the Bible is the Book of Christ. The dominant note of all theology and criticism to-day is its demand for Christ. 'Back to Jesus' is the watchword upon every lip. Renan saw that the reform of Christianity consisted in suppressing the graces which our pagan ancestors have added to it, and to return to Jesus as He was. And all our theology to-day which has in it the promise of immortality takes up the cry, 'Back to Jesus as He was!' It is the Christ of Galilee and Capernaum, the Christ of Olivet and Bethany, the Christ who had not where to lay His head, who loved to call Himself the Son of Man, who now fills the thought of His Church; and the Book which is the Book of Christ is as immortal as Himself."—Ex.

## A MESSAGE TO MINISTERS.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE, D.D.,

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, BRUNSWICK, ME.

Passing by the ninety and nine who are doing all that I shall urge, and reaching heights of aspiration and depths of devotion of which I have never dreamed, I shall address my message to the one that is lost.

Do you bear in your mind and on your heart each member of your congregation, clearly contrasting the spiritual state in which he is with the one next higher, to which you are trying to help him.

Do you bear in your mind and on your heart the home influence and spiritual instruction each child is receiving, and are you doing something to improve it where it needs improvement?

Do you bear in your mind and on your heart both those who ought to pass naturally into the Church as the simple confirmation of their Christian nurture, and those who need a radical change of character and conduct as a condition of fellowship with Christ; and are you bringing to bear upon them the mental suggestions, the personal influences, the social pressure, the Scripture truths which will help and lead them in these forward steps?

Do you bear in your mind and on your heart the shortcomings of those whose conscious Christian purpose has not yet found adequate practical expression; and are you busy with plans for tactfully, gently, suggestively removing from their lives these blemishes?

Do you bear in your mind and on your heart the poor, the sick, the aged, the disheartened among your people; and for their sakes are you picking up all the health and happiness, the brightness, and cheer in life you can?

Do you bear in your mind and on your heart the immoral influences, the political corruption, the bad sanitation, the economic wrongs from which your people suffer; and are you doing your utmost for the correction of these evils?

Do you bear in your mind and on your heart the world-problems of Christianity in home and foreign missions, in the settlement and the slum; and are you doing all in your power to give your people an intelligent and sacrificial share in this great conquest of the world for Christ?

Are these seven forms of spiritual service your clearly conceived, deeply cherished ends? And are all other things, sermons and services, Bible-reading and prayer studies and calls, mere means to these ends; so that you never preach a sermon, never offer a prayer, never make a pastoral call unless it be to promote one or an-



other of these ends which are uppermost in your mind and deepest in your heart?

If you can answer an honest "Yes" to these seven questions; if this is the way ends and means stand related in your mind, then you are alive; your ministry is fruitful; your church is prosperous; your people are growing in numbers and in grace.

If to a majority of these seven questions you answer "No"; if these spiritual ends have slipped out of the focus of your thought and feeling, and things that should be mere means have slipped into their place, then you are a dead minister, and your church is probably a dying church.

The sin of a dead minister is the sin of the indefinite article. He preaches a sermon, offers a prayer, makes a call, where the minister who is alive preaches the sermon, offers the prayer, makes the call, his people's needs require and his devotion prompts.

The worst feature about preaching sermons taken from a book or magazine is not that it is stealing. Other persons steal; promoters and pickpockets, for instance. Preaching another man's sermon is a sign that you are dead; a much more serious matter. It is a sign that you are not alive to the specific need of your people on that particular day, and doing your best to meet that need.

The same objection, with almost equal force, applies to one's own old sermons. A sermon which springs from any source other than the minister's present devotion to some particular spiritual need of his particular people, is conceived in the sin of laziness and delivered in the iniquity of insincerity. Sermons preached on exchange, and when "candidating," where the application of this principle is impossible, are the only exceptions.

The same thing is true of Scripture-reading, prayer, and the pastoral call. Exalted into ends, done for their own sakes, or because it is one's duty to do them, they are little short of blasphemy; and of course unprofitable and unfruitful. Only when used as means to ends beyond themselves, are they holy, sacred, in other words, serviceable and fruitful.

A live minister is simply a man with a program in which the clearly conceived, deeply felt spiritual welfare of his people is the end in the foreground, and the appropriate material, mental, social means are in the background to support it.

A dead minister is a man without a program; a man in whose mind the true ends are in the dim, distant, traditional background; and what ought to be mere means are thrust obtrusively and ineffectively into the foreground.

This, then, is my message to ministers. Have a program in which the spiritual wel-

fare of your people stands clear-cut, broad-based in the foreground; and everything else, ecclesiastical traditions and clerical pretensions, sermons and services, organizations and enterprises, letters and calls, are kept in the background as essential yet strictly subordinated means to the one great spiritual end.—"Homiletic Review."

### SELF-RESTRAINT.

Self-restraint is better than outward coercion. The reversed engine will stop itself, even if the brake slips.

Power of self-restraint is the safest provision for speed. Look out for the engine or the man that cannot stop.

Too high speed is the first sign of nervous prostration. Slacken up before the power of self-restraint is exhausted.

Many a man thinks he is self-restrained when he is only lazy. No brake can be put upon inertia. There is nothing to restrain.

To know when to slacken speed is the qualification of a good engineer. To use the brake too soon is the sign of over-caution.

It is a mistake to slacken speed by letting the fire out. There must be some force even for self-restraint.

Lack of force can never be mistaken for self-control. Most men need to blow the fire rather than shut the throttle.

High speed and careful control make the best schedule.

He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.—Philadelphia Presbyterian.

### THE LETTERS I HAVE NOT SENT.

I have written them, keen, and sarcastic and long,

With righteously wrathful intent.  
Not a stroke undeserved nor a censure too strong;

And some, alas! some of them went!

I have written them, challenging, eager to fight,

All hot with a merited ire;  
And some of them chanced to be kept over night,  
And mailed, the next day—in the fire!

Ah, blessed the letters that happily go

On errands of kindness bent;  
But much of my peace and fortune I owe  
To the letters I have never sent.

Amos R. Wells in C. E. World.

# The Children's Pages

## TO THE BOYS.

Dear Young Laymen.

About two years ago, some men met in Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, to confer about missions.

They saw that although nearly two thousand years have passed away since Jesus Christ commanded His followers to tell the whole world that He would gladly save them from sin and misery, more than half the people in the world have never yet heard of Him and His great offer; and that most of the men who call themselves Christians, instead of making that the great business of their lives, do not give, to save the world, one twentieth part of what they spend in useless or hurtful indulgence, and that the little that is done, is not worthy of men who have themselves been forgiven. They felt that the spread of the good news to a sad world should be made more completely the business of life, and they resolved that for themselves they would make it so.

Then they talked to others. The idea spread, and now, all over Canada and the U. S. A., and in Britain and elsewhere, men are awaking to their duty. The Laymen's Missionary Movement, thus begun, is one of the great movements in the world's history. It is simply the men of the churches, awaking to their duty, and through their churches doing greater things for missions.

This Laymen's Missionary Movement has had several stages of progress in Canada. There were first the beginnings, in several centres, especially in Toronto.

Then, some weeks ago, there was a great national campaign all over Canada, from Sydney on the Atlantic to Victoria on the Pacific, in about twenty-four of the leading town and cities, and everywhere men responded by promising to do more than ever they had done before for missions.

There is now, in preparation, another stage. A great Canadian National Conference on Missions is to be held in Toronto

from March 31 to April 4, the first time in the history of the church or the world, when the laymen of a nation have met together to plan for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. It will be a great meeting. Its inspiration and influence should be felt all over Canada and beyond. I hope to be there and to write a letter to you young laymen about it.

In the meantime there are two or three things I would like you to think about:

1. The first thing is this, that you are the junior laymen of Canada, and soon, when the seniors pass away, you will take their places.

2. Boys like to do the work that men do. They build their play houses and their toy ships and look forward to the time when they will be men and do men's work. Here is a work which men are beginning to realize is their work, and by the time you are men it will be more fully realized. You should, therefore, learn about it now, as you do about other lines of men's work, that you may be ready to take it up when you are men.

3. There is something further that I would like to mention: Boys always do best, when they are men, that which they learn when they are boys. The best runners among men practised running when they were boys. The best musicians among men began early. So it is with this great work.

4. Young laymen do not need to wait till they are grown up before helping in mission work. You can help now, perhaps not so much, but just as well. Many of you are doing so, and are already fellow workers with Christ in saving the world. Keep at it. No grander thing in life can any boy or man do.

Memory stores up the bitter with the sweet. If we live negligently, sinfully, we lay up recollections which can cause only pain and sorrow. The secret of a happy life in old age is a well watched career through youth and manhood.—Selected.



### THE DISCHARGE OF DONALD CAPEN.

The youngest clerk in the shippinghouse of the Bohr Brothers sat heavy-hearted, at his desk—the fifth—one Monday morning in June. In front of him an open window admitted the breezes from Lake Erie, while the docks, many stories below, sent up a confusion of sounds from loaded drays and shouting drivers.

These louder noises Donald scarcely heard, so alive was he to the creak of the outer door as it admitted the many clerks and stenographers in the employ of the Bohr Brothers. Finally it opened wide with a rush, and closed with a bang which announced the arrival of the senior member of the firm, Robert Bohr. Donald drew in his breath sharply. He had hoped that Richard Bohr would be in the office that morning.

The elder Bohr strode through the long room, looking neither to the right nor the left. He was a tall man, thin, blond, and irascible in temper.

"If you suit here," Greeley had informed Donald on his second day, "the old man will seem to ignore you, but, nevertheless, you'll get a speedy rise in salary. If you don't suit him, your head will come off with the hair singed! If once you disobey orders you'll find out what I mean."

Donald had disobeyed orders.

Shortly after the swinging door of the private office had ceased its agitated motions, the head clerk, without a glance toward the fifth desk, tapped on the glass of the door and disappeared within. "I shall report you in the morning" the head clerk exclaimed angrily to Donald twenty-four hours earlier. Donald glanced up and nodded with assumed cheerfulness. Then his pen moved on, but not as steadily as usual. It was responding to the throbs of his pulses.

Greeley came across the room to get in a last word before it should be too late. Greeley had been in the employ of the Bohr Brothers a year, and had been ignored by Robert Bohr without having his salary raised or his hair singed. He was inclined to patronize the quiet new comer, and had introduced him to his own little social circle.

"Now see here, Capen," Greeley reasoned, bending over Donald's shoulder, you'd better knuckle under. The thing doesn't happen right along, you know; and, after all, you're no better than the rest of us."

"I'm not measuring you or any one else by my standard, Greeley!" exclaimed Donald.

The voice of the head clerk sounded from the swinging door.

"Mr. Capen, you are wanted in the office."

Five minutes later Donald stood beside

the table in the private office, holding in his hand a check, which represented his salary to date. His face was white, and his lips were pressed closely together. Being of Scotch descent, he found silence more golden than speech when facing such a vocal tornado as the senior partner had just expended on him.

The storm had spent itself without producing its usual effect. Donald had not "knuckled under. This unexpected result caused a curious change in the senior Bohr. The angry flush faded from his cheeks, and his eyes, resuming their steelgrey sharpness, searched the young man's face shrewdly. He hesitated a moment, and then concluded his remarks in a peculiarly penetrating voice.

"Under the circumstances, Mr. Capen, you cannot expect to fall back on us for recommendations." He paused. Donald bit his lips, bowed, and turned to go without a word. Robert Bohr followed him, continuing, "But if before the end of two months you decide to return and conform to the methods of our house, your old place will be open to you."

"Thank you," was the brief reply, and Donald passed out of the private office.

His face was still pale as he began to put his desk in order. He carefully assorted his papers, throwing the useless ones into his waste paper basket.

"Fired?" asked Greeley, succinctly.

"Yes."

"Whew! You are a guy! Up against another job now, hey?"

"I shall have to look for another job of course."

Greeley watched curiously, while Donald put the finishing touches to his desk, wiped it off, and started with his basket to the waste-paper box. Then Greeley turned to a gray-haired clerk, remarking "Huh! I wouldn't slick up my desk so clean if I'd been fired!"

Robert Bohr passing behind Greeley overheard, and smiled inscrutably.

With a cordial clasp of the hand, Donald bade a regretful farewell to his new friends, and left the breezy, pleasant office to which he had come with high ambitions three months before.

From the shipping-house he went directly to his boarding house and climbed three flights of dimly lighted stairs to his room, overlooking the back yard. It was a dingy, uninviting room, but it was the only home he had. He sat down beside the table, rested his head on his hands, and thought.

He felt just then, despite his twenty-two years, the need of a mother to comfort him and a father to advise. But he had neither—only the memory of those teachings, a part of which had caused this trouble.

His father's brother lived at the other

side of the city, but Donald would not appeal to him again. It was through the uncle that he had obtained the position with Bohr Brothers.

In one corner of the room stood a rented typewriter. Donald had made himself its master by patient practice in the evenings. He was also learning stenography, in order to prove equal to any emergency which might arise in the office. He had invariably been the first to reach his desk in the morning and the last to leave it at night. Quick, accurate, steady, he was rapidly making himself acquainted with the details of business, when—

"This is the way it all ends!" he muttered aloud.

After banking hours that afternoon Landis invaded the third-story room. Landis was a clerk in the Third National Bank. He did all that was required of him during banking hours, and did not weigh himself down with the responsibilities of that institution, either inside or outside its doors. Still, Landis was a good fellow, and had a genuine liking for Donald, whom he did not understand.

"Now, Capen, what's the racket?" he inquired, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Just met Greeley, and he said you'd been fired. Is it true?"

Donald nodded. He stood in front of his one window staring at an assortment of high fences and waving clothes-lines. "Yes, it's true" he admitted.

Landis threw one leg over the other. "Come out of your shell old man, and tell me how it happened," he said.

Donald responded slowly. "It's like this, Landis. I—that is—back on the farm we never did unnecessary work on Sundays. My mother"—Donald stopped and swallowed, while the clothes-lines blurred before his eyes.

"Yes, I understand," interposed the other, sympathetically.

"Well, with Bohr Brothers we're likely to be called to our desks any Sunday. At first I supposed by the rush and commotion on the docks that the work was necessary—that the vessels were coming and going on scheduled time; but I found out that whenever a cargo comes in on Saturday night, it is unloaded on Sunday—not from necessity, but in order to get it loaded and away one day earlier, and so make it more profitable. Yesterday I refused to work."

"But Greeley likes the Sunday work on account of the pay," interrupted Landis.

Donald nodded. "Yes, we are paid more than double."

"I shouldn't kick, then," said Landis, sagely.

"It's not a question of the money, and it's not a question of work, either. I've offered to work up till midnight any Saturday and begin at midnight any Sunday,

but between these hours—he turned abruptly to the window again.

"But see here, Capen," began Landis, from his height of superior wisdom and experience, "you must remember that you're not back on the farm. You can't carry such principles into business. Everything rushes here, and if you won't rush with the crowd you must expect to get fired out of the way. Better go easy on your notions and look out for number one."

Donald's eyes flashed and his lips tightened, until Landis moved uncomfortably and hurried on: "I wish there was a place over at Third National, but we're full there."

He rose. "Say, what about that little excursion to Niagara that the fellows have planned for Friday evening?"

"I suppose you'll be obliged to count me out, as I shall be busy looking up another job."

"Well, if we must we must then. So long!" and Landis ran lightly down the stairs.

The following morning the search for work began, but did not end. Day after day Donald tramped the streets of Buffalo, interviewing employers. Men liked his appearance, his quiet, straightforward manner, but the fact that Bohr Brothers, one of the best-known firms in the city, would give him no recommendation tipped the scale against him.

"Why were you discharged?" asked one merchant, favourably inclined toward the young man.

Donald told his story.

The merchant listened with a faint smile of unbelief. "I am sorry we have no place for you," he said, politely, at the close of the story. To his stenographer, as Donald departed, he said, in a weary but audible tone. "What a cock-and-bull story! Won't recommend him, but want him back again! I should think he'd invent a better yarn!"

"I've got to start square, whatever I do!" Donald muttered, with the remark still in his ears. "If it does sound like a cock-and-bull story, it's the truth, and I'm not going to tell any other."

A month passed, and then one evening Greeley and Landis climbed the three flights' to the upper hall of Donald's boarding-house, only to find him in still narrower quarters. He had moved into a tiny hall bedroom. Donald sat on the floor, Turk-fashion, leaving the narrow bed to Landis and the small chair to Greeley.

"What luck?" asked Greeley.

"None."

"Then," began Greeley, casting a triumphant glance at Landis, "you'll be ready to come back when I tell you the old man hasn't forgotten that he wants you."

"Wants you!" chimed in Landis. "Well, I should say so, after fixing things so you couldn't get a place anywhere else! That plan of refusing recommendations and holding the place open is a slick one to drive



you back. I tell you, Bohr has a long head on him."

Donald made no response.

"Well, I came up to tell you the latest. Capen," Greeley went on. "The old man stopped at my desk this morning, and asked where you were, and what you were doing. When I told him, he snapped his fingers and said: 'Idiot! We intended to give him a raise next month.' After he had gone on, he came back and added, 'Just tell him from me that one month is already gone.'"

"Another raise next month!" cried Landis, excitedly. "And you've had one already! I tell you what, it wouldn't take me long to decide in your place. Why, man alive"—Landis leaned over and slapped Donald's shoulder—"you were simply walking up the ladder there!"

"You're right he was!" Greeley interposed, heartily. "He'd already gone ahead of some of the men who'd been in the office for years."

That night Donald did not sleep well, but the following morning he stepped out on the street with the light of a new resolve in his eyes. His money was failing while his board bills remained the same, and the idea of going into debt never occurred to him. His father had regarded debt with a horror which had impressed the son. Therefore, while looking for a position suited to his education and ability, Donald had determined on a course which hurt his pride. He reported to the foreman of a gang of laborers, shouldered a pick, and began work on an excavation just back of the Third National Bank.

In overalls and blouse, he dug on steadily day after day, as he had driven his pen, in Bohr Brothers' office. The "boss" liked him. "He keeps at it whether I'm looking or not," he informed two gentlemen who stood one day before an open window in the basement of the Third National. One of the men was the president of the bank.

That evening Greeley ran up to Donald's hall bedroom. Greeley was in a hurry to join the boys, and could not sit down. Donald had ceased to join the boys.

"See here, Capen," cried Greeley, breathlessly, "I just dropped up to warn you that you've got only one day left of those two months! I tell you, when the old man says a thing it goes. But the Bohrs want you back, and don't you forget it. Robert stalked over to my desk to-day, and wanted to know if I supposed that young fool knew what a good business chance he was throwing away. Who knows but you might land in the firm yet if you came back?"

Donald had risen and faced Greeley. He appeared older than when he left the office. His hands were hardened and his face burned, but the expression of determination about his mouth had deepened.

"Greeley," he said, in even tones, "I am not going back."

Greeley became agitated. He ran his fingers through his hair and gesticulated excitedly.

"I think, Capen, it's time you woke up. You are throwing away the chance of a lifetime."

"Very well," said Donald.

There was a brief pause. Then Greeley swung on his heel. "Well, I give you up!" he said, in an annoyed tone, and ran downstairs!

Donald stood beside the window a few moments, his forehead contracted. It was not the first time he had faced the temptation to drop the pick and take up the pen, to stop moving up-stream, and drift down into an easy place, with good pay and every chance to rise. Why not? Why should he be burdened with principles which were millstones hung about his neck!

Presently he shook himself impatiently and began brushing his hat. The world was wide, and he was young and hopeful. "If I am square with myself," he said aloud, "I shall succeed some time, somehow. Anyway, I cannot give up," and he started out on his nightly quest for better employment.

As he turned into Main street he came face to face with Robert Bohr and a stranger. He raised his hat with a clear, direct glance at the former, and was passing on, when, to his surprise, Mr. Bohr stopped and accosted him.

"Shall I find you at your desk in the morning?" The question came abruptly.

Donald's eyes were steady.

"No, sir."

The stranger, who had stepped beyond the two turned and glanced at Donald with interest.

"To-morrow is the last day you can return," persisted Bohr. "After that the place is closed to you. I never go back on my word."

"Neither do I, sir," said Donald.

The following morning, under the hot sun, he began work as usual behind the Third National Bank. Rain had fallen during the night, and his boots and overalls were soon heavy with mud, while drops of muddy water splashed up into his face. A mile away a desk awaited him in a long, pleasant room, where the breeze from the lake swept in.

At the thought he struck his pick into a mass of splintered rock, as if he were burying the thought of that desk where it would never again rise to trouble him.

"Hello, Capen!" sounded a familiar voice behind him. It was an excited voice, and Donald turned in astonishment, to find Landis picking his way gingerly through the mud. "Hey, there!" cried Landis. "You are wanted in the bank right away!"

The point of Donald's pick fell harm-

lessly among the stones as he turned and surveyed Landis.

"You're wanted by the president," Landis repeated.

"Me!" exclaimed Donald.

"Yes, you."

"What for?"

"I give it up. Make tracks, now! He's waiting for you."

Past rows of men, who stared in frank amazement at the muddled workman, Donald passed into the handsomely furnished private office of the bank president, whom he found alone.

The banker was a middle-aged, gray-haired man, whose pleasant face puzzled Donald. "Where have I seen him before, he thought, as the president rose and offered his hand, saying, cordially:

"I am glad Mr. Landis found you so soon, Mr. Capen."

"Thank you," Donald replied, looking down at his dirty overalls. "I was obliged to come as I was."

"Exactly as I expected you to come. Will you sit down?"

Donald glanced at the softly upholstered chair behind him, and shook his head with a smile. "No, thank you."

The president's eyes twinkled. "What I have to say, Mr. Capen, can be said, briefly," he began. "I wish to offer you a position in this bank."

Donald could not believe that he had heard aright. He opened his mouth, but no sound came. Finally he gasped:—

"In this bank?"

The president seemed to enjoy amazement. "Yes," he said, "As soon as you are fitted for the work we shall make you receiving teller."

The blur which had come before Donald's eyes cleared. He knew now where he had seen the president. Last evening with Bohr! How much of his record with the Bohr Brothers did the man before him know! Donald bent his head in troubled thought. When he spoke, an instant later, he was really thinking aloud: "It's best to start square."

"Yes," said the president, gravely, "it's always best to start square."

Donald drew a long breath and told his story. When he finished, the president was smiling again.

"You have not told it all," he remarked.

Donald's eyes opened in astonishment.

"What"—he began; but the other interrupted.

"After your dismissal you arranged your desk as carefully as if you had been granted a vacation on full pay."

Donald passed his hand in bewilderment across his forehead. "How do you know," he asked.

The president reached forward, selected a sheet of note-paper, and pointed to the printed list of the officers of the bank head-

ing the sheet. His own name came first, followed by "Richard Bohr, Vice-President."

Donald read the name aloud in a dazed voice, adding, "I do not understand."

"My boy," said the president, quietly, "we have been watching you these two months. The business world is looking out for young men of action and brains, who can stand by their principles in the face of financial inducements to the contrary. Robert Bohr thinks—the board of trustees of this bank think—that it is safe to entrust other people's money to the care of such a man."—Youth's Companion.

### THE WORTH OF A NICKEL.

One day in December some hundreds of foreigners, with their strange tongues and their baggage, their hopes and their eagerness to reach the land of promise, were crowded into an immigrant train that rattled and jounced along between snow fields in southern Michigan. One of the men, passing from one car to another, slipped on the icy platform as the train rattled around a curve, and in an instant was left a crushed and bleeding heap on the ground, while the train, with all his kin, went on its noisy way.

The man opened his eyes in a hospital. He could not understand what the kindly folk about him said. He could not make the doctors understand that something hurt very much. He missed the awful meaning of the whispered verdict that nothing could save him. He could not understand the pastor who was called to the hospital to speak to the poor fellow comforting words.

The man thus taken out from among his fellow travelers on the train, had no language. He was as if shut out from mankind—isolated by the terrible babel which confounds speech. What can anyone offer to a man about to die who is thus lying apart and feebly uttering over and over again a phrase in an unknown tongue?

The dying man somehow makes the minister understand that Finland is the country from which he rushed to meet his fate; then quick as a flash the minister remembers the Bible Society's books in many tongues. He goes. He quickly comes back with a five-cent Gospel of John in Finnish. This little book will give the man God's message to him. But what if he cannot read!

The anxious-eyed stranger looks at the book in surprise and then cries for joy. In his dear native language he can read. "Let not your heart be troubled." So the little book spoke to that fluttering heart. The very words of Jesus were the guide of this alien as he went down into the "valley of the shadow of death." By means of this little book, worth a nickel then, the good minister's love spoke to the soul of the man from Finland.—Bible Society Record.



### A GOLD MEDAL.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when a boy at school in the country. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued for several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were foolish enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him.

"I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day—"I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you."

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least angered, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighbouring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the Principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal.

After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal announced that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would tell them a story.

"Not long ago, some boys were flying kites in the fields through which a lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster none followed to learn the fate of the lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the injured boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture was now helpless with bruises. 'Never mind,' said the boy, 'I'll drive the cow.'

"And his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get medicine. 'I have some money that mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for a little.' 'Oh, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Tom, who can't wear them. If you would buy these we could get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"When it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar drove the cow to the field every day, he was greeted with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made a matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he did not want to boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial was discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? No, Watson, do not get out of sight, behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson came forward a round of applause greeted his ears, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—Ex.

### HOW A STUDENT OVERCAME SIN.

A young university student in Japan, who had been a leader in his classes, near the end of his course gave way to temptation.

After some time, eager to regain his self-respect and his lost position, he sought the priest of a famous Buddhist temple. To him he told his troubles and his longings.

The priest said, "I can help you. If you will kneel with your thumbs together before the Buddha here, and remain absolutely motionless for three hours, you will be given strength to resist temptation." The seeker obeyed. In spite of the fact that the mosquitoes annoyed him constantly, he knelt as nearly motionless as possible for the required time. Then he passed out of the temple—to fall before his temptation, as before.

For two years he groped for help, but in vain, until he heard of Christ who came into the world that the world through Him might be saved. In Christ's strength he was enabled to conquer temptation. Today he is secretary of the Osaka Young Men's Christian Association.—Christian Herald.

### THE FLANNEL REMNANT.

"Five yards. There's only five and a half in the piece. It's a remnant. Have the whole thing for three shillings; regular price a shilling a yard."

Willie looked at the clerk almost incredulously. "Three from five," he thought—Aunt Ruth had given him five shillings that morning with which to buy the flannel—"leaves two; and eighteen pence is all I want to have enough to buy the skates."

"Will you take it?" The shopman was a trifle impatient, as two customers had already taken their places before his counter.

"I think so," answered Willie, and he watched the crown-piece shoot across the shop to the cashier's desk, while the purchase was being wrapped up.

"Your change. Thank you." The shopman turned away, and Willie dropped the florin into his pocket.

Just across the street was the finest assortment of skates that Willie had ever seen. He went over to look at them.

"My! isn't that a dandy pair, though! Just the ones I want!" And Willie's eyes fairly danced as he beheld a pair of bright nickel "Acme's" lying on a strip of black plush.

"I—I think I can keep it as long as she gets the flannel. They must cost a lot."

"You mean the Roger Acme?" asked the attendant, as Willie, having waited his turn, pointed to the coveted skates.

"Yes; the ones in the corner."

"Fifteen shillings and sixpence is the price. Excellent bargain; none like it in the city."

Willie hesitated. With the money his aunt had given him he had just fifteen shillings.

"I—I think I can keep it as long as she gets the flannel," he thought again, at the same time jingling his aunt's two shillings in his trousers pocket.

"Can't make it any less. They're a bargain at fifteen and six."

"But that other sixpence," thought Willie. Then, after a moment, "Please lay them aside for me; I'll come in for them later."

"Very well, I'll have them ready for you."

"It's five yards and a half," figured Willie as he reached the street; and a half yard of flannel will come to just sixpence. That will be sixpence more for Aunt Ruth to pay me. She'll expect to, when she finds how much I've got."

"It's a splendid piece of flannel," declared Aunt Ruth, after she had taken Willie's purchase to her room. "I'm glad you got a half yard extra. I almost told you to get it, for fear I'd be a little short. Thank you ever so much! Here's the sixpence!"

"Oh, that's all right!" Nevertheless, Willie took the shining coin. Hurrying to his room he counted his money to "make sure" he had enough.

"It's—just—it." But, somehow, Willie was losing his enthusiasm.

On the way to the shop Willie came upon a group of boys gathered about a poster on the fence of a vacant plot.

"Wonder what they've found!"

Getting nearer he looked over Eddie Mason's shoulder, and read:

"TEN POUNDS REWARD!"

"To anyone giving information leading to the arrest of the boys who broke into James Hill's shop on Friday night, November 27, the above sum will be paid."

"I say, Willie," exclaimed Eddie, "I'd like that money, but I'm glad I'm not one of the boys who stole, aren't you?"

Willie appeared not to notice the remark.

"Why, old man, you look awfully queer: Aren't ill, are you?"

"Of course I'm not!" And Willie hurried away, with an attempt to whistle.

"I—I'm just as bad—if—if it wasn't breaking in for it, and being advertised for," thought Willie as he went along. "When Aunt Ruth's always been so good! To—to steal from her! I don't want any skates, there!" And Willie brushed away more than one tear; it seemed a whole handful.

"They're all ready; fifteen and sixpence. The shopman handed out the skates, neatly done up, almost before Willie closed the door.

"I—I can't have them. I've not money enough," faltered Willie slowly.

"Never mind," said the man, kindly, appearing not to notice Willie's tear-stained face. "Perhaps when you get enough we'll have some others just like them."

That night, when Willie honestly confessed the whole story—poster and all, Aunt Ruth said softly: "After all, I'd rather be a brave little boy, Willie, than have the brightest skates in the whole window."—*Messenger for the Children.*

### A GOOD USE FOR IDOLS.

A missionary in Travancore, India, saw one morning a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols.

"What have you brought these here for?" asked the missionary; "I don't want them."

"You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," said the native; "but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?"

The hint was taken; they were sent to a bell founder and made into a bell, which now summons the native converts to praise and prayer.—*Ex.*



The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Jan.	Rec'd Mar 1 to Jan. 31
Foreign Missions...	\$6,492.32	\$35,644.62
Home Missions.....	2,637.85	8,435.93
Augmentation.....	1,676.36	4,650.70
College.....	2,843.28	9,973.49
A. and I. Ministers..	592.71	2,641.57
French Evangelizatin	387.35	1,098.76
Pt-aux-Trembles....	527.52	941.89
For North West.....	1,095.54	3,971.07
Children's Day Col..	144.23	1,908.45
Assembly Fund.....	175.00	339.25
Bursary Fund.....	210.05	1,488.32
Library Fund.....	121.00	232.49
Manitoba College....	2.00	8.00
Widows' & Orphans..	99.63	788.30
Temp., Moral Reform	151.55	389.03
Unallocated.....	1,379.50	3,027.83
Total.....	\$18,111.57	\$75,539.70

Received during January  
at the Presbyterian Office, Halifax,  
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the Donors.

Reported .....	\$57,428.13	J. Russell .....	2
St. John, St. Dav. ss. .	22 3	E. E. Archibald.....	1
Up. Riv. Dennis ss. .	3 50	Princetown .....	14 80
Black Riv. c.e. ....	10	New Mills .....	450
Mid. Stewiacke. ....	80 25	Truro, St. Paul's ..	100
John McLean.....	25	Pleasant Bay c.e. ....	5
Murdoch McLean..	25	Amherst St. Step. .	32 58
Atberton.....	2	Valley c.e. ....	24
New Glasgow United..	675	Hopewell, St. Col. .	7 65
Mrs. Geddie's Annuity.	100	Miss Mott.....	10
W. Bay Road ss. ....	1	Mrs. Howe .....	10
E. Cumming. ....	5	Earltown & Falls..	165
Halifax, Grove ss....	62 07	Charles Archibald..	100
Deane .....	21 25	E. Liv., St. Mary's..	123 55
E. J. M. ....	20	Upper Stewiacke....	125
Erie Stairs.....	5	Whycocomagh .....	55
Hantsport.....	5 32	Pictou, Prince St. .	93 20
M. Stewiacke, Brkfld. .	40	W. H. Chase.....	50
Clifton, P.E.I. ....	34 60	Lochaber.....	49
Salt Springs, St. Luke.	50 77	Hopewell, Union....	124 70
Cavendish ss. ....	7 50	Harmony c.e. ....	10
Newcastle, Up. ss....	2	Refund.....	25
Brookfield N.S. ....	31 73	Cross Roads, R. H. ss.	15
J. S. McLennan.....	25	Loch Broom ss.....	7 70
D. Pottinger.....	10	Halifax, St. Matt....	91 81
Frank Thompson.....	10	Hopewell ss. ....	5 70
Bedford Chase.....	10	Westville, St. Phil..	75
Wm. Fraser.....	10	Pres. Lun., Yarmouth.	20
W. T. Fanjoy.....	5	Mid. Musquodoboit..	85
T. C. Burpee.....	5	Shuebenacadiess....	50
P. Hooper.....	5	Richard's Landing ss.	8
J. D. Chambers.....	5	Mabou .....	29 82

Yarmouth.....	60	Newport.....	42 63
Refund.....	20	Newport ss .....	5
"T.C." .....	5	Port Morien ss. ....	3 25
St. John, St. Davids ..	125	Mrs. S. H. Holmes ..	10
Milford, Gays River... 45 11		Pict u. St. And.....	140
Milford c.e. ....	15	St. John, Calvin.....	9 38
Marble Mountain.....	25	New Richmond.....	31
Mid. Musquodoboit... 95 86		Dr. Sedgwick.....	5
Rent of Boat House... 18 75		Mrs. G. J. Harrison....	4
Kouchibougnac..... 6 86		Barney's River .....	60
Dr. & Mrs. McMillan. 40		Amherst, Knox.....	48 78
Mrs. McKenzie.....	5	Mrs. G. F. McKay.....	100
Mrs. J. S. McLeod.....	1	Hx. Ft. Massey, ladies.	124 35
Mabel Gunn.....	5	Hugh McPherson.....	50
Cape North.....	35 24	James A. Grant.....	100
Englishtown, S. Gut. .	20 60	A. Stirling McKay....	25
Chatham, St. And.....	214	Salt Springs, Eben....	180 40
New Carlisle.....	170	Kensington ss.....	25
Dalhousie ss. ....	13 87	A. S. McIntosh.....	50
Head Fortune ss.....	10	William Robertson ..	100
Fortune Bridge ss....	90	Hx., St. Matt.....	1,169 37
Salt Springs c.e. ....	5	Hx., St. Andrew's ss..	60
Dartmouth.....	571 22	"J. A. H." .....	5
E. R. St. Mary's, Glng	145	St. Geo., Pennfld, Boc.	45
Refund.....	98	Hx., Fort Massey....	1,863 35
St. George ss.....	2 60	Whycoc magh.....	6 75
H. W. Cameron.....	20	Fishers Grant.....	12 50
"A. Friend" .....	5	Middleton, Melv. Sq..	21
New Glasg., St. And	307 75	J. W. Fulton.....	5
Glance Bay, St. Paul's		St. John, St. Matt. .	36
w.h. & f.m.s. ....	312	Hx., Grove.....	20
"B. K." .....	5	J. D. McKay.....	20
Princetown ss.....	85	H. Sutherland.....	50
New Dublin, Conq. .	38	Mid. Stewiacke.....	21
D. W. B. Reid.....	51	Springside.....	15
Lewis Archibald.....	50	Bedford.....	5
Oxford.....	81 85	Dorchester, Sackville..	25
Hopewell, St. Columba		Truro, First.....	300
w.f.m.s. ....	82 60	Hx., St. And., ladies..	5 60
Pres. of P.E.I. ....	275	Summerside.....	383 19
Sunny Brae, St. Paul..	75 80	H. A. Dickie.....	10
S. Granville .....	47	New Aberdeen.....	73
Cavendish.....	67	Harmony, N. River....	13 53
St. John's, Nfld. ....	1,000	Parr-boro ss.....	4 76
Bl'mfield, O'Leary, &c	200	Mid. River, C B.....	74
Pictou, Prince ss....	2 02	Boulardarie.....	30
Halifax, Park m s....	114 12	Thornburn, S. River .	411
Escuminac.....	17	Nashwaak, Stanley....	52 50
Hantsport.....	2	Hx., St. John's.....	432 94
Scotsburn .....	13	"M.F.B." .....	5
Scotsburn ss.....	37	Windsor ss.....	29 91
Nashwaak.....	5	Truro, St. Paul's, c.e..	20
Milltown.....	19 65	Newcastle.....	342 13
Sydney St. James....	16	Amherst, St Step. gld..	46 75
Antigonish.....	40	Westville, St. Phil....	79 93
Pleasant Bay ss.....	2 30	New Glasgow, United,	
Halifax, Grove c.e. .	42 60	two mem .....	100
Humphreys.....	4 36	Coll. Fund to Library..	120
Refund.....	10	John Mowatt.....	10
Moser River ss.....	5	Malagawatch.....	51
Daniel H. Moser.....	2	Blue Rocks.....	30
St. Peter's.....	90 25	Moncton, Gordon ss..	20
"A Friend" .....	40	Truro, St. And.....	1,046 89
Tatamagouche.....	1 3 49	Springfield.....	4 30
John D. McLeod.....	10	J. C. McGregor.....	100
Great Village.....	16	C. E. Carmichael.....	50
Kentville.....	36	A. M. Carmichael.....	50
"St. Pa. mem. ....	10	Millsville ss.....	6
"ss. ....	14 42	Pugwash.....	15
Hx., St. And., ladies..	35 55	J. H. Sinclair.....	100
St. Paul.....	2 91	Little Narrows.....	21 15
Sunny Brae.....	7 78	Mira.....	19 45
Hx., St. John's, ladies.	90	Millsville c.e.....	20
East River.....	217		
Pictou, Kno.....	77		
		Total.....	\$75,539 70

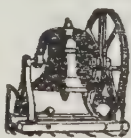
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# The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Jan.	Rec. Mar. 1st to Jan. 31.
Home Missions...	\$28,216.79	\$65,733.04
Augmentation....	7,374.83	11,646.49
Foreign Missions...	24,626.48	51,923.16
Widows' & Orphans'	2,607.44	6,456.64
Aged Ministers....	3,339.03	9,641.59
Assembly Fund....	874.85	3,749.75
French Evangeliztn.	3,771.11	8,064.62
Pt-aux-Trembles...	2,757.06	5,602.02
Tem. Moral Reform	760.64	1,901.04
Knox College.....	2,019.92	2,649.43
Queen's College....	1,047.39	1,301.87
Montreal College...	496.17	670.83
Manitoba College...	1,330.44	1,812.42
Westminster Hall..	193.30	355.92

Received during January.  
At the Presbyterian Office, Toronto,  
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the donors.

Black Bank, Ont. ...	\$ 31	Motherwell .....	84
Tor, Dunn Ave. ss....	42 78	Medicine Hat .....	74 25
Tor., Queen, East. ...	4 31	Mrs. M. Elliott .....	100
Amherstburg ss. ....	2 21	Miss M. Jamieson .....	25
Owen Sd., Kx., ss. ...	10	Essex, St. And. ....	8 40
Mont. St. Gabriel's...	232 79	Rutherglen, Man. ....	38 55
Drayton, Ont. ....	31	Garafraxa, ...	34 50
Allenford, Ont. ....	23	Smith's Falls l.b.cl ...	25
Neepawa, Kx. m.b....	20	Warwick, Knox. ....	11 50
Winchester, St. Pa. ...	135 10	Melrose, Ont. ....	31 81
Smith's Falls, St. Pa. ...	25 44	Field, St. Step. ....	20
Tilbury, 1st ss. ....	21 7	Cargill, Ont. ....	11 50
Lang, Sask. ....	12	Rev. A. Henderson ...	5
Elgin, Man. ....	100	Appleton ss. ....	50
Barrie, Ont. ....	58	Est. Joseph Madill ...	350 27
Harring on, W., Ont. ...	107	Quebec, Chal. ....	26
Sarnia, St. Pa. ....	25	Oak River, Man. ....	65 40
Bathurst, S. Sherb. ...	25 25	Rv. J. P. Falconer ...	5 60
N. Bruce, St. And. ....	11	Rv. Donald Fraser ...	6 35
Mt. Pleasant .....	14	Rv. R. G. McKay. ....	7 1
McDonald col. Un. Ch. ...	20 71	Rv. J. M. Sutherland ...	8 30
Ottawa, Bethany ss. ...	36 50	Grafton, Ont. ....	153 75
Glencoe, Ont. ....	150	Vancouver, St. Jno. ...	270
Moore Line, Ont. ....	116 90	Winterbourne. ....	32
Westmount, Wmster. ...	44 40	Blake, Ont. ....	21 20
Quebec, Chal. ss. ....	50	Rv. A. F. Carr. ....	7 70
English Settlement...	8 50	Niag. on-Lake, St. A. ...	7 65
Ashburn, Ont. ....	28	Toronto, Chal. ....	200
Coleman, Alt. Inst. Ch. ...	6 25	Rv. A. M. Hamilton. ...	16 3
" " Un. ss. ....	9 45	Rv. Alex. Hamilton. ...	13
Comber, St. And. ....	115 45	Scottown, Sask. ....	3 50
Glenarm, Ont. ....	99 45	Fleming, Sask. ....	5
Lonsdale, Ont. ....	11	Orillia, y.w.m.s. ....	10 50
La Guerre, Que. ....	5	Normanby, Knox. ...	35 50
Varna, Ont. ....	33	Runnymede ss. ....	7
John Fletcher. ....	90	Ilderton, Ont. ....	16 53
Rev. J. E. Duclos. ....	14 60	Bainsville, St. And. ...	165 58
Rev. Robt. Harkness ...	13 39	Snow Road ss. ....	2 9
Rev. J. B. Layton. ....	55	Mississippi ss. ....	2 57
Rev. A. H. Foster. ....	5 80	Eramosa. ....	74
Rev. Charles MacKay. ...	30	L'Original, St. And. ...	50
Rev. Jas. Taylor. ....	8	Queensboro', St. And. ...	7 13
Seaforth, 1st ss. ....	50	Hensall, Carmel. ....	121 51
Hamilton, St. John's. ...	161 50	McIntosh, Ont. ....	133 16
" M. L. ....	1	Stirling, St. And. ....	20 55
Kingston, St. And. ss. ...	12	Fordwich, Ont. ....	27
" J.R.C. ....	43	Woodstock, Chal. ss. ...	17 55
Dr. J. L. Murray. ....	8	Port Dalhousie. ....	83
Weston, Ont. ....	93 25	Amherst Island. ....	81
E. Seymour, St. A. ss. ...	17	Williamsford ss. ....	3
Edmtn, Qu'n's Av yps ...	5	Kemble, Ont. ....	30
Ivy, Ont., ss. ....	7	West Adelaide. ....	5
Innisfail, Alta. ....	20 95	W. Toro to, Victoria. ...	21 65
" " ss. ....	3 65	Rv. D. M. Buchanan. ...	16 55
Rv. W. F. & Mrs. Allan. ...	13	Rv. J. Burnett. ....	10
Little Red Deer ss. ....	4 65	Rv. J. McIlung. ....	7 15
Chesterfield. ....	95 79	Rv. T. L. Turnbull. ...	19 15

Hibbert, Roy's Station 24	Elmwood, Man., ss....	7 24
Crysler, Knox. ....	Eden, Man. ....	20 35
Belleville, St. And. ...	Miss M. Riggs. ....	18
Vernon, Ont., ss. ....	Manitou, St. And. ....	173
Rv. Wm. McDon. Id. ....	Spencerville y.p.g. ....	10
Richards Landing. ....	Garafraxa, St. John's. ...	37 45
Toronto, Bloor. ....	Hamilton, McNab. ....	153 30
Tor., St. Mark's ss. ....	Norwich. ....	112
Moore Line c.e. ....	Howick ss. ....	19 50
Tor. Emmanuel. ....	Beaverton, Knox ss. ....	5
Pr. Rv. A. D. Menzies. ...	Langside. ....	20
Prof. Ballantyne. ....	Ailsa Craig. ....	64 23
Bury's Green, St. Jn's. ...	" " ss. ....	16
King, St. And. ss. ....	Carleton Pl., Zion. ....	283
Brent'd, Fargdn. y.p.s. ...	Mankton, Knox. ....	36 10
Port Albert, St. And. ...	Hamilton, St. And. ...	30
Fairbank c.e. ....	Hillsburg, St. And. ...	192 01
Rv. J. M. Whitelaw. ....	Deseronto, Ch. Rdmr. ...	19 45
Esque-ing, Union ss. ....	Drumbo, Willis. ....	59 80
Tor., College c.e. ....	Wyoming, Ont. ....	23 35
Rv. D. A. McLean. ....	Cartwright, Knox. ....	32 50
Paisley, Knox. ....	Gamebridge. ....	31 98
Rv. John McFarlane. ....	Sarnia, St. Paul's. ....	35 20
Whitechurch. ....	Nashville ss. ....	10 59
McIntosh. ....	Campbellford, St. And. ...	90
Glamis, St. Paul ss. ....	Conn., Egerton ss. ....	10 20
Bolover. ....	Rockwood. ....	47 77
Stouffville, St. Jas. ...	Milverton, Burns'. ....	51 47
Avonton y.p.m.a. ....	Warsaw, Cottesloe. ....	26 40
Columbus ss. ....	Rev. P. W. Currie. ....	9 60
Newtonville. ....	Rev. J. L. George. ....	5 60
Jarvis, Knox. ....	Chelsea, Que. ....	16 38
Montreal, Taylor. ....	Cantley, Que. ....	4 26
Molesworth. ....	Rev. James Taylor. ....	10
Ospringle. ....	Lindsay, St. And. ....	200
Ingersoll, St. Paul. ....	Braeside m.b. ....	60
Camlachie, Knox. ....	Glenarm, Ont. ....	8
Rv. J. Bailey. ....	E. Nottawasaga. ....	48 40
Erin, Burns'. ....	Rev. W. W. Craw. ....	7 60
Colborne ss. ....	Dr. Edwin Smith. ....	8
Zephyr, Ont. ....	A. J. Murray. ....	70
Rv. Robert Hamilton. ...	Mont., St. Giles' w.m.s. ...	100
Stratford, Knox. ....	Thamesford, St. And. ...	144
St. Cath., Haynes. ....	Warkworth. ....	71 92
Montreal, Taylor. ....	Elora, Knox. ....	361 31
Rv. A. B. Dickie. ....	Seaforth 1st. ....	239 95
Rv. S. M. Whaley. ....	Rev. J. R. Gilchrist. ...	13 30
E. Zorra, Burns'. ....	Blytheswood. ....	10
Elora, Knox, ss. ....	Centre Road, Knox. ....	21 80
Vaughan, Knox. ....	Sarnia, St. And. ss. ....	125
Hillsburg, St. And. ....	Elgin, Man. ....	120
Cornwall, Knox c.e. ....	Hamilton, Kx. ss. ....	434
Pr. Rv. J. Menancon. ...	Rev. J. Russell. ....	9
Bainsvil, St. And. ss. ...	Tor., West, jr. c.e. ....	18
Sarnia, St. And. ss. ....	Runnymede W.A.A. ...	2
W. F. M. ss. ....	Thos. Turnbull. ....	25
Douglas, Ont. ....	Uxbridge ss. ....	50
Mosboro', Ont., ss. ....	Wellesley, Zion. ....	38
Beverly, Ont. ....	Rev. Alex. Wilson. ....	9 15
Millbank, Knox, ss. ...	Markham, St. And. ...	40
Miss J. Dawes. ....	Winnipeg, Wmstr. ...	1,983 50
Stouffville. ....	Monteith, Man. ....	25 60
Cote des Neiges. ....	S. Indian. ....	4
Mitchell, Knox, ss. ....	Casselman. ....	6
Seymour, St. And. ....	Summerstown. ....	57 60
Strathroy, St. And. ss. ...	N. Derby. ....	56
Parry Sd., St. A. c.e. ...	Ottawa, Stewarton. ...	16 21
Caledon, Melville. ....	Orillia, Ont. ....	200
Red Deer ss. ....	Beachburg, St. And. ...	83 25
Harriston, Guthrie. ....	Centreville. ....	22 80
Clinton, Willis. ....	Stratford, St. And. ...	60
Riverside, Ont. ....	Doe Lake, Ont. ....	50
Per Agent, Hx. ....	Hillsdale, St. And. ...	30
Rev. J. A. McKeen. ....	Rv. Wm. Farquharson. ...	7 70
Rev. M. McGillivray. ...	Rv. F. W. Farries. ....	10
Thedford. ....	Rv. J. B. Hamilton. ...	16
Perth, Knox b.c. ....	Rv. A. E. Mitchell. ...	11 70
The Misses Armour. ....	Rv. H. H. Macpherson. ...	13 80
Mrs. J. A. Waddell. ....	Motherwell, Ont. ....	14
Maxville ss. ....	Rv. Robt. Stewart. ...	13 60
Kingston, Chal. y.w.s. ...	Rv. H. Young. ....	8 60
Columbus. ....	Scarboro', St. And. ...	5
Brucefield, Union. ....	Women's Miss. Soc. ...	1 78 78
Iroquois, Knox. ....	Culloden. ....	21 25
Rev. D. O. McArthur. ...	Kilbride. ....	22
Rev. Walter Moffatt. ...	Russell. ....	50
Toronto, Emmanuel. ...	Ptboro', St. Pa. Chin. ...	15
Scarboro', Zion. ....	Pender Island ss. ....	32 65
" " ss. ....	Bristol, Que. ....	130 30
Tavistock, Knox. ....	Rv. A. S. Stewart. ...	7 45
Hastewood. ....	Apple Hill. ....	24 70
West Bentinck. ....	Flodden, Knox. ....	42 85



Brooklin, Ont. .... 18	Pr. Rv. S. J. Taylor. 172 37	Rv. Robt. McIntyre. 16 90	Rv. A. J. W. Myers. 6 65
Scarboro', Knox ss. 7 35	Rv. A. Rowat. .... 9	Rv. John McNeill. 7 45	Rv. F. A. MacKay. 10
Rv. A. D. Menzies. 8 60	Dr. McTavish, Tor. 11 70	Rv. D. B. McRae. 7 45	Rv. J. B. MacLeod. 7 70
Grand Forks. .... 31 35	Meaford, Erskine. 20	Rv. P. Nicol. .... 8	Rv. J. Steele. .... 6 95
Dunwich, Duff's. .... 65	Mont., Amer. Presby. (Mrs. Johnston's cl.). 20	Rv. H. C. Sutherland. 14 75	Rv. J. C. Tibb. .... 7 15
Toronto, Chinese. .... 69 73	Ottawa, St. Paul's. .... 30 86	Rv. T. A. Watson. .... 10	Rv. S. A. Woods. .... 8 30
Atwood, Ont. .... 7 92	Markham Melv. .... 78 70	Hyde Park, Ont. .... 27	Dalhousie. .... 59 65
Moore, Burns. .... 37 80	Galt, Knox. .... 845 65	Rv. Thos. Nixon. .... 6 10	Tavistock, Knox ss. 10
Cottonwood, Pense. 123 05	Carlisle, St. Paul. .... 67 05	Claude, Ont. .... 158 43	Petrolea, Ont. .... 66
Caron, Knox. .... 28	Ballinafad. .... 16 40	McGillivray, Ont. .... 37 43	Rv. S. Childerhouse. 6 65
W. H. Chase. .... 250	Toronto, Wmstr. b.c. 40	Pakenham, St. A. .... 21	Tor., College St. .... 2,142 58
Annan, Ont. .... 60 78	Mimosa, Ont. .... 3	Eldon, St. A. .... 116	Riverdale. .... 53 13
Est. Margrt. McKenzie. 500	M-Intyre ss. .... 3 50	McDonald's Cors. .... 41 93	Mimico ss. .... 15
N. Wmstr 1st. .... 93	Kaskawan, Ont. .... 17 65	Egmondville. .... 157 75	Dr. R. P. MacKay. 6 95
Glencoe. .... 50	Montreal West ss. 29	Clayton. .... 59 60	Tor., St. Enoch's. .... 1 66
Glenmorris. .... 141 23	Maple Valley, St. A. ss 23 06	Fairfield East. .... 75	Mount Pleasant ss. 27 15
Markdale, Cook's. .... 34	Buffalo Lake. .... 19	N. Augusta. .... 2 25	Rv. G. Milne. .... 8 60
Brampton ss. .... 51	Drummond Hill ss. 8 27	Stone's Corners. .... 4 50	Ballinafad. .... 12 50
Amurrior, St. And. c.e. 150	Chatham, St. Mungo's. 8	Napier, St. And. .... 38 55	Glenmorris. .... 4
Rv. W. W. Peck. .... 13 80	Allensville, Cairns. 4 50	" " ss. 32 50	Latona y.p.s. .... 10
Mt. Forest, Wmstr gld. 10 25	Hallville, Ont. .... 400	" " gld. 12 50	Port Elgin ss. .... 25
Dunnville, Kx ss. .... 2 50	Millbank, Knox. .... 110 80	Rv. T. A. Bell. .... 9 60	Rv. K. MacLennan. 5 80
Oro, Guthrie c.e. .... 48 10	Keady, Chal. .... 47 39	W. Lorne, c.e. .... 7	Edmonton, Queen's ss. 05
Ryan Family. .... 10	Mitchell, Knox. .... 121 44	W. Lorne. .... 32 80	Toronto, Av. Road ss. 59 41
Wapella. .... 4 67	Pickering, Ont. .... 75 38	" ss. .... 7 40	Lobo, Melv. c.e. .... 10 25
Cornwall, Knox. .... 222 74	Bobcaygeon, Knox. .... 71	Tor., St. James Sq. 1,223 67	Wallace, Man., Kx. .... 11 25
S. Plympton m.b. .... 10 40	Embro, Knox. .... 302 68	Rv. R. Bennett. .... 5 80	Erin, Burns ss. .... 17 50
Aberarder, St. Jno. .... 22	Cornwall, Knox. .... 400	Rv. W. D. Bell. .... 8 0	Woodstock, Chal. .... 104 43
Belmont, Knox y.p.s. 17	Rv. F. Ballantyne. .... 7 45	Rv. Geo. Crombie. .... 12 75	Flesherton, Chal. .... 1
Almonte, St. And. .... 144	Rv. H. Crozier. .... 8 60	Rv. J. B. Edmundson. 10	Scotstown. .... 16
Walford. .... 17 90	Rv. F. M. Dewey. .... 5 80	Rv. R. Gamble. .... 14 60	Lisle, Ont. .... 23
Ottawa, Erskine ss. .... 250	Rv. J. Johnston. .... 9	Principal Gordon. .... 7 45	Woodlands, St. Mat. ss. 4
Suthwyn, Man. .... 6 25	Rv. D. Johnston. .... 13 95	Rv. A. G. van. .... 16 90	Burlington, Knox. .... 25 45
Springfield, Man. .... 4 40	Rv. J. H. Lemon. .... 8	Rv. J. G. Greig. .... 6 95	Toronto, Coll ge. .... 12 50
Rv. S. Acheson. .... 19 25	Rv. K. J. MacDonald. 8 60	Rv. N. D. Keith. .... 7 45	Crystal City &c., Man. 160
Rv. A. H. Drum. .... 6 10	Rv. J. F. Macfarland. 11 25	Rv. D. D. Millar. .... 8 30	N. Lunenburg. .... 48
Rv. W. H. Geddes. .... 13 95	Rv. L. Perrin. .... 12 20	Rv. A. Mackenzie. .... 12 75	Orillia c.e. .... 28
Rv. C. T. Tough. .... 16 90	Dr. John Ross. .... 6 35	Dr. E. A. McCurdy. .... 9 60	Arden, Man. .... 18
Rv. G. B. McLennan. 47 30	Dr. Wallace. .... 5 80	Rv. Rod. MacKenzie. 15 30	Toronto, Chal. .... 754 34
Pennfield, &c. .... 10	Rv. W. S. Wright. .... 7 70	Rv. H. K. Maclean. .... 20	Tor., Old St. And. 1,200
Motherwell y.p.s. .... 10 40	Victoria, St. And. .... 103 05	Rv. D. M. Macle d. .... 8	Marion Bridge, P.E.I. 5 68
Strathane, Ont. .... 40 91	Lancaster, Kx. .... 152 50	Rv. Gordon Pringle. .... 9 15	Rv. J. J. Cochrane. .... 8 30
Pres. Ch., Ireland. .... 1,457 97	Buckingham, St. A. ss. 8 50	Rv. W. H. Smith. .... 6 65	Rv. J. W. M. Crawford. 6 10
U. F. Ch., Scotland. .... 121 48	Mosa, Burns. .... 7	Rv. J. H. Turnbull. .... 7 70	Rv. J. H. Edmison. .... 7 15
Toronto, Erskine ss. .... 6 25	Corbett, Ont. .... 16	Grafton, Ont. .... 11	Rv. D. S. Fraser. .... 7 15
Deer Park, Ont. .... 49 22	Sydenham, St. Pa. .... 42	Rv. John Melnis. .... 7 15	Rv. G. A. Leck. .... 6 65
Hariston, Guthrie. .... 10	Lingwick. .... 60	Rv. L. W. Parker. .... 6 65	Rv. J. Lindsay. .... 8 60
Rv. P. M. McDonald. 6 10	Rv. E. McQueen. .... 13 30	Rv. E. N. Waits. .... 10	Rv. Robt. Murray. .... 9 15
Glenallan, Knox. .... 10 63	Rv. G. D. Campbell. .... 6 95	Scarboro', Ont. .... 104	Rv. D. D. McDonald. 15 70
Melbourne, Guthrie ss. 17	Rv. Robt. Hughes. .... 10	Rv. F. A. MacLennan. 8	Rv. J. A. McLean. .... 6 10
St. George ss. .... 10 62	Rv. N. H. McGillivray. 7 70	Peabody, Zion. .... 8 45	Rv. J. M. McLeod. .... 10 80
Lon., New St. Jas. .... 80	Rv. A. Rogers. .... 7 15	Merrickville, Knox. 19	Rv. J. W. MacMillan. 5 60
Peterboro', St. And. .... 3 50	Rv. J. S. McIlraith. .... 11 70	Cartwright. .... 8 90	Rv. A. G. Rondeau. .... 7 50
S. Mountain. .... 139 32	Rv. D. McDodrum. .... 11 10	Shannonville. .... 6 77	Rv. H. Ross. .... 13 95
Meekston, Ont. .... 2 2	Tait's Corners. .... 24 60	Dr. E. D. McLaren. 16 90	Rv. R. C. H. Sinclair. 6 95
Pleasant Valley. .... 51 32	Red Deer, Knox. .... 30	Mr., Mrs. W. Turnbull 10	Rv. J. E. Smith. .... 9
Dutton, Knox. .... 40	Archie Brown. .... 66 65	Carman, St. And. ss. 65	Rv. Dr. Sedgwick. .... 9 60
Edmonton, Qu'n. Av ss. 85 95	Glencoe, Ont. .... 125	Lachute, Que. .... 40	Rv. John Thomson. .... 8 60
Toronto, Cooks' ss. .... 50	Dr. D. McGillivray. .... 13 80	Atwood, Erskine. .... 115 76	Rv. H. Young. .... 30
Toronto College c.e. .... 17 33	Toronto, Bonar. .... 5 10	Hillsburg, Bethel. .... 46 45	Humesville, Man. .... 425
Scarboro', Knox. .... 31 75	Rv. A. McGillivray. .... 17 85	Leaskdale, St. Pa. .... 9	Milliken, St. Jno. .... 4
Belmont, Knox. .... 123 50	Toronto, Cooke's c.e. 25	S. Wmstr, St. A. ss. 26 84	Ottawa, Knox ss. .... 60
Brucefield b.c. .... 14 90	Rv. J. M. Robinson. .... 10	L. Bowman. .... 10	J. A. Allan, Reg. .... 125
" ss. .... 21 95	Rv. Alex. MacMillan. 10	Miami, Man. .... 218 30	Reg. Kx. ss. (Mr. A. cl.) 25
Medicine Hat. .... 9 75	Rv. S. H. Moyer. .... 7 45	St. David's, Ont. .... 16 80	Mr. & Mrs. Allan. .... 25
Galt, Knox ss. .... 53 70	Pinkerton guild. .... 14 50	Brussels c.e. .... 36	Rv. J. D. Anderson. .... 6 65
Strathcona, Knox. .... 50	Rv. J. McKimmon. .... 12 75	Amos, Ont. .... 105	Rv. A. McD. Haig. .... 15 45
Wmstown, St. And. .... 125 17	Rv. Alex. Stewart. .... 6 65	Mosa, Burns. .... 10	Oro, Willis. .... 20
Darlingford la. .... 10	Galt, Central c.e. .... 10	Rv. H. E. Abraham. .... 6 35	Dr. T. C. Jack. .... 6 65
Hamilton, St. Jas. .... 39	Preston ss. .... 5	Rv. J. R. Bell. .... 19	Rv. B. A. Lundy. .... 7 70
St. Columba. .... 22 50	Belmont, Knox ss. .... 3	Rv. J. W. Cameron. .... 6 95	Rv. C. H. Muir. .... 8 90
Rv. Jas. Buchanan. .... 13 30	Flesherton, Chal. .... 21 60	Rv. J. Carruthers. .... 5 60	Rv. John McDougall. 6 65
Rv. John Currie. .... 7 70	Kew Beach ss. .... 59 91	Rv. G. A. Christie. .... 6 35	Rv. Jas. A. Stuart. .... 8 60
Rv. D. R. Drummond. 8 30	Roseisle. .... 13 50	Rv. J. A. Cranston. .... 9 15	Rv. Jas. Wheeler. .... 7 70
Rv. John Fairlie. .... 13 30	Rv. John McKenzie. .... 10	Rv. J. M. Crombe. .... 6 95	Almonte, St. John's. 237
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Rv. G. C. Heine. .... 8 30	Thamesford, St. And. 26	Rv. Jas. Hastie. .... 5 80	Rv. C. H. Daly. .... 16
Rv. R. E. Knowles. .... 8	Winnipeg, Knox c.e. 50	Rv. W. H. Jamieson. 10	Annan, Ont. .... 7
Rv. C. B. Ross. .... 10	Port Perry, St. Jn. b.c. 6 76	Rv. A. V. Morash. .... 5 60	Aberfoyle, Ont. .... 2 50
Rv. A. A. Scott. .... 7 45	Haney, B.C. .... 10	Rv. J. D. McLeod. .... 8 60	Toronto, Chinese. .... 66 50
Dr. E. Scott. .... 7 45	E. Gloucester y.p.g. .... 30	Rv. John Radford. .... 8 90	Sarnia, St. And. ss. 10
Rv. L. W. Thom. .... 20	Seaforth 1st b.c. .... 8	Rv. W. L. H. Rowand. 12 20	Estevan, Sask. .... 46
Lyleton, Man. .... 35	Kingsbury, St. And. 101 05	Rv. R. J. Ross. .... 7 45	Chatham, &c., St. Mungo ss. .... 10
Kirkhill. .... 13	Rv. James Binnie. .... 9 60	Rv. F. D. Roxburgh. 8 60	Shelburne, N.S. .... 15
Ottawa, Bank. .... 200	Rv. Thos. Davidson. .... 12 75	Rv. Wm. Wallis. .... 10	Londoa, St. Paul's. .... 19
Mosa, Burns. .... 299 90	Rv. David Forr st. .... 7 70	Brae-side. .... 26	Blackheath ss. .... 7
Avonbank c.e. .... 14	Rv. F. H. Larkin. .... 10	Nesterville. .... 65	Pincher Creek. .... 10
Rv. R. McKay. .... 16 10	Rv. C. S. Ford. .... 5 80	Vanleek Hills ss. .... 74	Desboro, Ont. .... 10
Rv. T. A. Sadler. .... 6 35	Rv. S. C. Murray. .... 14 60	Lon. June, St. Geo. 126 21	Port Dalhousie. .... 83
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Rv. S. J. Taylor. .... 5 80		Rv. J. F. Dustan. .... 6 35	Homewood, Alta. .... 2



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Nelson, B.C., St. Pa. .... 100	Winchester, St. Pa. .... 160	Rv. T. A. Mitch. .... 11 25	Rv. J. A. Matheson .... 6 35
Wmstown, Heph ..... 229 45	Rv. H. McQuarrie .... 10	Rv. J. M. Macalister. .... 6 10	Walton Duff s. .... 96
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Dunwich, Duff s. .... 21 24	Furin, Ont. .... 74	Rv. A. H. Macfarlane. .... 16 10	Mrs. A. D. MacCallum. .... 5
East Delta, B.C. .... 41	Rv. W. A. Duncan. .... 7 70	Rv. M. McKimmon. .... 16 10	Est. Alx. Penrycook. .... 290
Nakusp, B.C. .... 3	Rv. D. McLeod. .... 16 63	Rv. J. B. McLean. .... 5 60	Cornwall, Knox. .... 17 90
Saskatoon, St. Thos. .... 3 45	Rv. J. C. Robertson. .... 7 15	Rv. W. W. McLaren. .... 8 30	Albemi St. And. .... 50
Wyoming guild. .... 4 50	Orillia b.c. .... 75	Rv. A. MacTavish. .... 8 90	Brandon, Knox ss. .... 6 55
Figini, Man. .... 43	Etihel, Ont. .... 47	Rv. J. A. Ramsay. .... 8	Chilliwack, Cooke's m.b. .... 16 25
Fergus, St. And. gld. .... 10	Vancouver, 1st ..... 485 55	Rv. Dr. Ross. .... 16 10	Rv. A. M. Gordon. .... 7 45
Cumberland, B.C. .... 93	Woodbridge, Ont. .... 38 55	Rv. J. W. Penman. .... 96 33	Rv. A. MacWilliams. .... 7 45
Binbrook, Knox. .... 100	Nairn, St. And. .... 21 25	Tenby Bay, Ont. .... 2 80	Rv. R. J. Wilson. .... 8 60
Tara, Ont. Knox ..... 81	Guelph, Chal. .... 1,442 63	Proof Line, Ont. .... 51	Parkhill, Ont. .... 146 15
Ingersoll ss. .... 50	Fergus, Melv. .... 149 90	Mansfield, Ont. .... 11	Rv. J. A. Claxton. .... 16 90
Espanola, Ont. .... 10 20	Gananoque, St. A. ss. .... 27	Rv. D. Currie. .... 7 45	Tor., Cowan Av. y.p.g. .... 7 12
Atholstan, Que. .... 10	Mono, East ..... 21	Rv. D. M. Gillies. .... 12 26	Springfield, Min. .... 6 50
Miss T. B. Dingwall. .... 10	McKillop, Duff's ss. .... 7 58	Rv. M. J. Macpherson. .... 6 95	Suthwyn, Man. .... 4 50
Rv. Jno. Anderson. .... 9 15	Lachine, St. A. c.e. .... 53	Rv. E. G. Walker. .... 8 90	Cardinal, Ont. .... 115 88
Rv. Robt. Aylward. .... 14 60	Victoria, Knox. .... 21	Scarboro, St. And. .... 35	Boissevain, Man. .... 204 85
Rv. Geo. Ballantyne. .... 8	Queensboro, Ont. .... 7 60	" " ss. .... 44 25	Quebec, Chal. .... 10
Rv. W. J. Booth. .... 7 70	Rv. D. M. Buchanan. .... 4 18	Merritton, St. And. .... 8 30	Bracebridge ..... 100
Rv. H. Brown. .... 16 10	Rv. D. L. Campbell. .... 7 70	Brantford St. And. .... 146	Bear Creek ..... 54
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Rv. J. H. Chase. .... 10	Kv. P. Fleming. .... 8 60	Leamington, Kx. .... 166 97	Ellenville, ss. .... 5
Rv. John A. Cormie. .... 6 35	Rv. A. A. Graham. .... 10 80	Rv. W. W. Hardie. .... 10	Bertha, Man. .... 10
Rv. R. M. Craig. .... 29	Rv. H. H. Kippan. .... 6 10	Rv. R. Pettigrew. .... 7	Port Stanley, St. John's. .... 64 10
Rv. A. H. Denoon. .... 5 80	Rv. F. J. Maxwell. .... 8	N. Brant ..... 92 25	Birdtail, Sioux Miss. .... 87 55
Salt Springs, St. Lu. .... 6 20	Rv. Wm. Millar. .... 15	Palmerston, Ont. .... 20 55	Leggatt, Ont. .... 3
Rv. S. McL. Fee. .... 8 94	Rv. I. H. Macdonald. .... 10 80	Embro, Knox ss. .... 10	Galt, 1st c.e.s. .... 25
Rv. J. Gandier. .... 10	Rv. T. R. Shearer. .... 5 80	Lonsdale, Ont. .... 10 50	Plumas, Man. .... 9 75
Newburgh, Camden. .... 16 40	Lancaster, Knox ..... 19	Auburn, Ont. .... 35	Ingle-side, Man. .... 26 10
Newburgh m.b. .... 3 60	Cornwall, St. John's. .... 18 50	Tavistock, Knox. .... 113 80	" " ss. .... 1 80
Rv. Geo. A. Grant. .... 5 80	Stewartville. .... 35	Bradford, lat. b.c. .... 1 80	Salem, Man., St. And. .... 3 35
Rv. J. H. Kirk. .... 8 60	Mr. W. Wilson. .... 19	Orillia ..... 200	Rounthwait, Man. .... 82 45
Rv. A. J. McMullen. .... 8 30	Rv. A. Craze. .... 7 15	Cromarty. .... 13	Chatsworth, Ont. .... 20
Rv. J. E. McCurdy. .... 6 10	Rv. W. A. Mason. .... 5 40	Norval. .... 164 60	Rv. E. E. Amund. .... 7 70
Rv. Samuel MacLean. .... 16 85	Rv. John Mackintosh. .... 10 40	Vasey ..... 22 15	Rv. M. N. Bethune. .... 8
Rv. T. D. McCullough. .... 6 10	Tilbury West, Kx. .... 71 92	" ss. .... 5	Rv. Dr. Bryce. .... 7 70
Rv. A. M. McLeod. .... 6 35	Dr. J. Frazer Smith. .... 14 65	Beechwood, St. And. .... 270 1	Rv. D. McD. Clarke. .... 12 20
Rv. D. H. McKinnon. .... 5 60	Rv. D. A. Thomson. .... 7 15	Milton, Knox Ch. .... 1 6 65	Rv. R. M. Diekey. .... 7 45
Rv. Wm. MacLeod. .... 7 70	Walkerton, Ont. .... 588 22	A. M. Boosey. .... 60	Selkirk, Man. .... 2
Rv. Wm. McNichol. .... 6 65	St. Cath. 1st ..... 181 34	Condie, Sask. .... 13 50	Rv. E. W. Johnson. .... 8 90
Rv. George Millar. .... 6 95	" " ss. .... 83	Clegg, Rosebank, ss. .... 5	Rv. G. R. Laing. .... 13 60
Rv. H. J. Pritchard. .... 7 15	Collingwood ..... 454 34	Tor., St. Giles. .... 650 02	Rv. E. D. Millar. .... 7 70
Rv. Alex. Shepherd. .... 7 45	Martintown, St. And. .... 323 45	Rv. T. H. Rogers. .... 8	Rv. F. W. Murray. .... 5 80
Rv. P. Strang. .... 14 60	" " ss. .... 18 24	Rv. Neil Shaw. .... 13 30	Rv. M. D. McKee. .... 13 30
Rv. G. A. Sutherland. .... 6 35	Ham., McNab ..... 224 70	Rv. W. K. Shearer. .... 8	Rv. M. A. McKenzie. .... 7
Hamilton, Erskine. .... 240	Tor., Erskine b.c. .... 20	Rv. Edwin Smith. .... 6 10	Rv. J. B. McLaren. .... 7 45
" " ss. .... 50	Tor., St. Enoch's. .... 182	Fr Rv. A. D. Menzies. .... 683 70	Rv. A. B. MacLeod. .... 14 60
Mainsville, Ont. .... 43	Tor., Coll. ss. .... 91 83	Glengarry Pres. ss. a. .... 220	Rv. D. MacRae. .... 8 10
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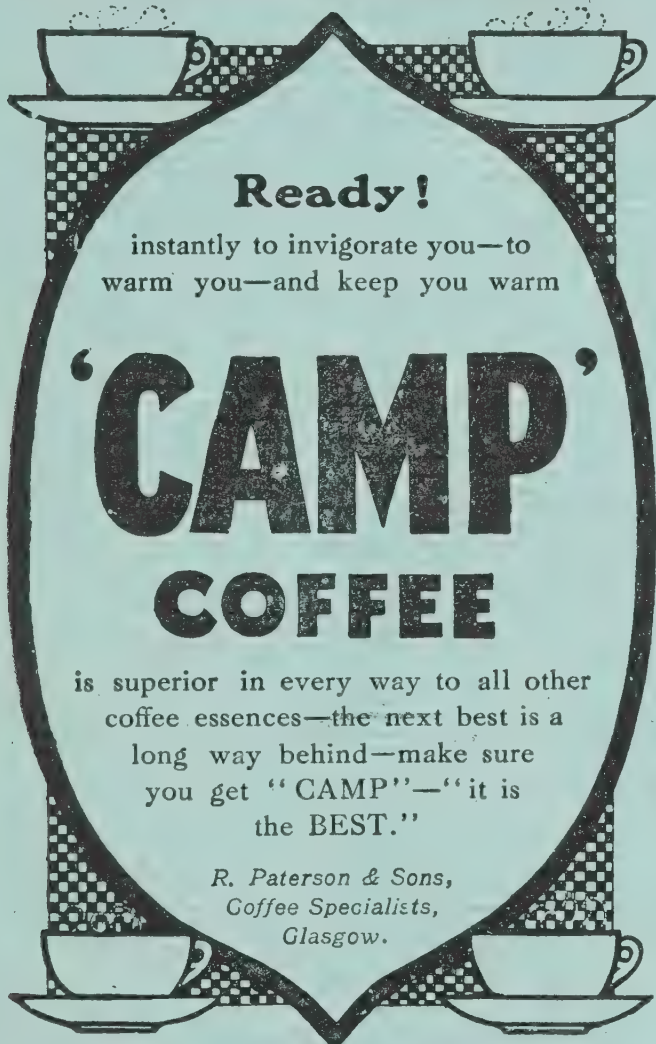
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A man only understands what is akin to something already existing in himself.—Amiel.

✓ Good intentions will not help a man on his way if he takes the wrong road.—Old Proverb.

He is the reatest whose strength carries up most hearts by the attraction of his own.—Beecher.

"Only what we have wrought into our character during life, can we take away with us."—Humboldt.

The key to a noble life is to see clearly, and then to act in absolute obedience to the highest vision.—W. J. Dawson.

It is one mark of a superior mind to understand and be influenced by the superiority of others.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"The measure of greatness is the service one has given to God and his fellow men; self-aggrandizement is the worst littleness."

"Charity for all men doesn't mean that one must never try to kill another man's business. When it's bad business it must go."

"God needs not our gifts, but we do need the giving. Often the reason the church has nothing in it for us is that we have put nothing into it."

Gentleness of speech has made the most wilful to be as the heart of a little child, and filled many a troubled life with the peace of Jehovah.

"The value to himself of a man's religion lies in the degree to which it gives life a meaning. If it does not enrich his life it is doing him no good."

"Little words, not eloquent speeches; little deeds, not miracles or battles, nor one great heroic or mighty martyrdom, make up the Christian life.—Bonar.

If anger arise in thy breast, instantly seal up thy lips, and let it not go forth. Angry passion is like a fire, and angry words are like breath to fan it.—Jeremy Taylor.

A true gentleman is true everywhere. He who has courtesies for those only who are of equal or superior station is lacking in the graces of genuine nobility.

It is good to have money, and the things that money can buy. It is good, too, to check up once in a while, and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—Lorimer.

Loving is the highest manifestation of life, as it is the most complete expenditure of life. Its nature is not to gather, but to spend. It radiates like fire, overflows like a spring, spreads abroad like sunlight.

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To-morrow and to-morrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time; and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death.—Shakespeare.

Only fixed convictions will produce permanent Christian activity, and only those who are actively at work will maintain fixed convictions. The two may stand together; either attempted alone will fail.—John A. Broadus.

If you would lift me, you must be on higher ground. If you would liberate me, you must be free. If you would correct my false view of facts—hold up to me the same facts in the true order of thought.—R. W. Emerson.

A single instrument out of tune can spoil all the music that ever was played by an orchestra. So a single boy or girl out of tune either in class or at home, can spoil all the pleasure and comfort of both. Let us "tune up" and keep in tune, if we really want to add to the world's music.—The King's Own.

"If we see any dust on our brother's coat, let us get the brush of brotherly kindness, and brush it off, and not stand on the other side of the street and say, 'Look at Brother So-and-So's dirty coat,' because by so doing we take up a handful of mud and throw it at him, and thus make it worse."

"Perhaps the summary of good breeding may be reduced to this rule: 'Behave unto all men as you would they should behave unto you.' This will most certainly oblige us to treat all mankind with the utmost civility and respect, there being nothing that we desire more than to be treated so by them."



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# Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIV.

APRIL, 1909.

No. 4.

## MAKING LIFE COUNT.

It will come some day—the time when there will be no more “come over and help us” from a world in darkness and sin—no more heart-breaking, as the missionary sees sinning, straying multitudes he cannot reach and save, no more worry over missionary deficits. For such a time many a Simeon and Anna has waited and wrought and prayed. Perhaps too we look forward to it as a time when missionary collections will follow the sword and spear into history, and nothing be left to do for Christianity but to enjoy it.

But it would mean something else, that now we scarcely realize. It would mean a time when life could not be made to count for so much as it can to-day, a time without opportunity to share with Jesus Christ in the world's redemption, a time without scope for the devoted and heroic, without opportunity for sacrifice and achievement and conquest, and one can almost fancy earnest souls looking back with a holy envy to the times when men shared with Christ the conflict as well as the triumph.

All of which is but a roundabout way of saying that we to-day enjoy opportunities of making our lives count for something that men and women in the far past did not have and that men and women in the far future will not have.

One of our younger missionaries not long since, speaking of the older men in the same field, said: “If I can make my life count for one-tenth as much as theirs have done, I shall be satisfied.” There can be no nobler ambition, no higher attainment than to make one's life count in that which will not pass away, and the calls of which we sometimes weary are but opportunities for making our lives count in bringing in the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, and for laying up for ourselves eternal treasure in the shape of glad, grateful memories for having lived in a time of history when these opportunities were enjoyed.

## “IT IS FINISHED.”

We can use these words of the Master with regard to our church work for the past year. “It is finished.” But we cannot, as He did, go on and say, “I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.” His work was complete. Nothing was lacking of what was needed or required. Our work for the year is finished, but it did not come up to the requirement and need.

In Home Missions, the Eastern Section of the church closed the year with a snug working balance of over five thousand dollars, which will help to carry on the work till the giving for this year comes in.

In the Western Section, receipts were larger than ever before, \$157,469, but “the work given us to do” has grown so rapidly that the outlay was \$170,846.

For French Evangelization, \$18,155 was received, but “the work given us to do,” even the part of it that was attempted, meant an expenditure of \$23,132. For Pointe aux Trembles Schools, which are doing so great a work, \$18,406 was received while the expenditure was \$19,560.

For Augmentation, that indispensable nursing fund of the church, which aids small and weak congregations into self-support and strength, \$38,520 was received and \$37,623 expended in the Western Section.

Foreign Missions has been fully given elsewhere in this issue. The Aged Minister's Fund and the Widows' and Orphans' Funds have come out fairly well.

Two special factors have affected the doing of the past year. One has been the business depression, which, in some quarters, has affected the contributions.

The other is the Laymen's Missionary Movement, which has brought up the work of the year to a higher level than ever before, in spite of the business depression. This movement bids fair to broaden and deepen, and gives promise that in years to come, we may more nearly approach to Christ's standard—“The work which Thou hast given me to do.”



### LOVE'S QUESTION.

Many years ago, when I was travelling one day by rail, a woman, seemingly distracted, probably demented, walked up and down the aisle of the car, her constant exclamation "What *shall* I do." "What shall I do!" for many a weary mile.

The incident suggests a trio of questions, different in source and cause, kindred in form, that echo around the world. The first is the question of necessity, of stress—"What *shall* I do?" The second is the question of duty, of conscience,—“What *should* I do?" The third is the question of love,—“What *can* I do?"

This last is always and everywhere love's question. Love does not ask "What *should* I do?" Love does not wait to count the cost, save to find out whether it is within the reach of ability. Love's one question is "What *can* I do?" It is the question of parental love. When the children are sick or in trouble or in need—"What *can* I do?" When they are well the parent toils early and late for them, bears burdens that they may be spared them. It is the question of friend for the friend that is loved.

The same principle holds good in our relation to Jesus Christ. If we love Him our question will not be "What must I do?" "What should I do?" but "What *can* I do?" Love does not stop at a twentieth or a tenth or a fifth or a half, if it can do more. Its only limit is the measure of its ability.

If the above be true; if love's measure of service be "What *can* I do?" then it must follow that what we do is the measure of our love. Not by one's position in the church, not by professions and declarations, but by what one does, must one's love be measured. By their fruits ye shall know them.

This was the measurement of Christ's love for us. He did the utmost, He gave Himself. It was His measure of the love that anointed Him for burial, "She hath done what she could." It is His measure of our love to-day as He looks upon what we do to help and save our fellow men.

Love's question suggests some personal problems in spiritual arithmetic which each one of us should work out alone with God.

Here is one surrounded by every comfort, professing to love the Lord Jesus Christ; and doing nothing for Him. Find the percentage of truth in that profession of love.

Here is another who professes to love Jesus Christ and does less for that Christ than he spends for himself in beer or tobacco. Find out the proportion of reality to pretence in that profession.

Here is another who professes to love the Saviour and does less for Him than he—or she—spends on theatre, sport, entertainments and hundreds of other luxuries in life. Find out the height and depth and length and breadth of the love in that profession.

Do not mistake the reference to these indulgences. The question here is not whether they are right or wrong, whether the Christian may or may not take a part in them. It is simply this—if love's question is always: "What *can* I do?" and if we spend more upon these things than we do for Jesus Christ, what is the percentage of reality in our profession of love for Him? Let each one honestly figure out these problems, not for others but for self, and give to self and to God an honest answer.

There are two or three practical thoughts that follow these problems and their solution. The first is this, that there will come a time when the Christian whose profession has been found wanting will be in a very serious position. As he nears the border land of life and looks out into eternity and to meeting with that Saviour whom he has professed to love, and sees how little he has done to show the reality of that love, things will look very different to him from what they do now.

A second fact that should not be forgotten is that it will then be too late to recall lost opportunities. It will then be too late to do what might have been done. It is well to keep this fact in mind so that life's evening may not be clouded by vain regrets.

This, too, should be remembered, that love's question, "What *can* I do?" is never burdensome. Though love's measure of doing is large, it is not heavy. The sweetest joy of life is in service, even in sacrifice, for love's sake. Love's yoke is easy, its burden light.

**CHURCH UNION.**

On pages 154-156 of this issue is given the Statement of Doctrine prepared by the Union Committees of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches in Canada. They have also prepared a Statement on Polity (Church Government); on the Ministry; and, in part, on Administration, i.e., the management of their Colleges, Publications, Missions, etc.

These Statements will next be presented to the Supreme Courts of the respective churches for their consideration. If approved they will be sent down to the other courts and to congregations for their decision.

If the returns show that the people are practically unanimous in their wish for union, the way will be clear for the General Assembly, the General Conference, and the General Council to take practical steps in that direction. If, on the other hand, there is manifested a diversity of opinion, or any widespread opposition, action will doubtless be stayed for a time, for no church would press a union with others which would mean the separation of any considerable number of her own.

So far as the Statement of Doctrine which appears in this issue is concerned, its excellence must impress every thoughtful reader. It is full, simple and Scriptural. There are few Presbyterians who can find any substantial difference between it and the Shorter Catechism or the Confession of Faith. Methodists and Congregationalists will doubtless find it in equally substantial accord with their accepted beliefs.

Even if organic union should be delayed the work of these Committees has not been in vain. Their Statement of Doctrine will be of permanent value to the Christian world. It will be a standing testimony to the essential unity of the Protestant Evangelical Church, both in this and in other lands, and will be of value in helping to set before the world the substance of the Protestant Christian faith. It may also serve as a standard or model to other churches contemplating union.

As to whether union is in the near future that future alone can tell. People may believe the same truths and work for the same end and yet prefer to carry on their work

separately. So far as opinion has been expressed by Presbyteries it is largely in favor of union, but, there is evidently a considerable minority of a different mind, which pressure would only intensify.

The reasons given for this opposition are varied. The name and history of their church are dear to many, and they see no gain in union to match the loss. A correspondent recently wrote that the union agitation made it difficult to get up a club for the RECORD; that if the Presbyterian Church were a permanency, like the Anglican or the Baptist, it would be different, but if it is to die and pass away in a year or two they need not trouble taking an interest in it or its work. These good folk need not worry. The Presbyterian Church is going to remain very much alive.

There are many who really think that on the whole the Christian work of the world can be better carried on with the present variety in method and with unity of spirit than by a huge uniformity, and that such unity is the thing is seek.

It is probable that one great obstacle in the way of union is neither doctrine nor polity, but the feeling of irritation that exists in many places over what is considered unchristian methods in connection with Christian work. Even one instance in a neighborhood, of endeavor to win members or adherents from one church to another, may banish kindly feeling for years, and do far more real harm to the cause of Christ than all the parties concerned can do good. A single instance of lack of high, noble, Christian ideal, in the doing of Christian work, may banish union sentiment from a community for a generation.

It may be said that union would end such things so far as the uniting churches are concerned. That may be, but it does not seem to be the kind of courtship that makes people anxious to marry.

Whatever the result may be, no one need fear for the Church. Jesus Christ is more interested in her welfare than any of us can be and in the way that He leads, no ill can come to her. "The Lord is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved." It remains for each member of that Church, according to light and opportunity, to do faithfully and well the part that comes to hand to do.



**THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.**

The thirty-fifth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada will meet in the City of Hamilton and within Central Church there, on Wednesday, 2nd June, at 8 p.m.

The Committee on business, consisting of the Clerks of Assembly, together with Clerks of Synods and Presbyteries, who may be commissioners, will meet in Central Church on Wednesday, 2nd June, at 4 p.m.

Presbytery and Synod Clerks are instructed to take order that all papers to be laid before next Assembly be in the hands of the clerks at least eight days before the date of said meeting.

For the better ordering of the business of the General Assembly, will Clerks of Synods and Presbyteries kindly aid the Clerks of the Assembly by complying with the following requests:

(1) Send list of Presbytery's Commissioners as soon as they are appointed, to Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., 68 St. Famille St., Montreal. All other papers for submission to the Assembly, send to Rev. John Somerville, D.D., Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

(2) Furnish the P. O. addresses of all Elders to whom commissions are given, as well as the charges to which Ministerial Commissioners belong, as this will facilitate direct communication with the Commissioners and greatly aid the work of preparation for the Assembly.

(3) Have all returns to Remits, Petitions, Overtures and other matters for submission to the Assembly that may require separate consideration, on separate sheets.

(4) See that documents for submission to the Assembly are written on foolscap paper, only on one side of the sheet, and with a wide margin on the left.

(5) Instruct parties who have causes coming before the Assembly, to have copies of all papers bearing on such causes printed for the use of members of the Assembly.

(6) Applications of Presbyteries for the reception of ministers of other churches must be accompanied with at least 100 copies of certificates and other documents bearing on the applications, printed for the information of members of Assembly. They should be forwarded to Dr. Somerville, who will see to the printing of them, and each appli-

cation must be accompanied with \$5.00 to pay the cost of printing.

(7) Returns to Remits to be sent not later than the first of April.

(8) All overtures for presentation to the Assembly to be in the hands of the Clerks of Assembly not later than the 10th of May.

Arrangements as to transportation are in course of formation and will be intimated in due time; correspondence thereanent to be addressed to Dr. Somerville.

ROBERT CAMPBELL,

JOHN SOMERVILLE,

Joint Clerks of Assembly.

**The Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.**

Meets in Calvin Church, Pembroke, on Tuesday, the 13th of April, at 8 p.m. Members, when purchasing their railway tickets, will procure standard certificates as usual. The subject of the Synod conference will be "The Presbyterian Brotherhood."

**"I'M COUNTING ON THEM."**

S. D. Gordon, in one of his books, pictures Christ going home after completing His work on earth, meeting and conversing with Gabriel. The latter asks Him about His work, if he had finished it. Yes He had finished it, made atonement for sin and now humanity might be pardoned, saved.

"Does every one know of it?" asks Gabriel.

"No, only a few whom I have had with me. But I have told them to tell others, and they in turn to tell others, and so on until all shall know of it."

"But," said Gabriel, "do you think they will do it?"

"I'm counting on them," was the reply.

The scene is fancy. The thought is fact. Christ has made atonement for sin, has opened the way whereby men may be forgiven and won back to Him, and is "counting on" everyone who knows this great and blessed truth doing what they can to tell it to those who do not know.

The most hopeless man on earth is the one who learns nothing through experience. One may pull an ass out of the pit a hundred times, and a hundred times it will fall in again.

**DATES AND PLACES OF MEETING  
OF THE SYNODS AND PRESBYTERIES  
OF THE CHURCH.**

*Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls, inductions, resignations, as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.*

**Synod of the Maritime Provinces,  
St. John, 1st Tues. Oct.**

1. Sydney, Sydney, 25 May, 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Port Hastings, 11 May, 9.30
3. Pictou.
4. Wallace, Amherst, 11 May, 2.30 p.m.
5. Truro, Truro, 20 Apr. 9.30 a.m.
6. Halifax.
7. Lunenburg.
8. St. John, St. John, 6 Apr., 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Campbellton, 22 June, 10 a.m.
10. P. E. I., Charlottetown, 11 May, 10 a.m.

**Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.  
Pembroke, 2nd Tues. April.**

12. Quebec.
13. Montreal, Mont., Knox, 12 April.
14. Glengarry, Alexandria, 6 July:
15. Ottawa, Ottawa, 4 May, 10 a.m.
16. Lanark, Renfrew, 24 May, 11 a.m.
17. Brockville, Hallville, 6 July, 12.30 noon.

**Synod of Toronto and Kingston,  
Toronto, 2nd Tues. May.**

18. Kingston, Belleville, July, 11 a.m.
19. Peterboro, Port Hope, 13 July.
20. Lindsay, Lindsay, 18 May, 11 a.m.
21. Whitby, Whitby, 20 Apr., 10 a.m.
22. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
23. Orangeville, Orangeville, 4 May, 10.30
24. Barrie, Barrie, 11 May, 10.30 a.m.
25. North Bay, North Bay.
26. Algoma, Manitowaning, 6 July, 8 p.m.
27. Owen Sound, Owen Sd., 6 July, 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen, Holstein, 6 July, 10 a.m.
29. Guelph, Guelph, 18 May, 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Hamilton and London,  
Hamilton, last Mon. March.**

30. Hamilton, St. Catharines, 4 May, 10 a.m.
31. Paris, Ingersoll, 11 May, 11 a.m.
32. London, St. Thomas, 4 May, 10 a.m.
33. Chatham, Chatham, 13 July, 10 a.m.
34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 7 July, 11 a.m.
35. Stratford, Stratford, 18 May, 10 a.m.
36. Huron, Clinton, 11 May, 10.30 a.m.
37. Maitland, Brussels, 18 May, 11.30 a.m.
38. Bruce, Paisley, 6 July, 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Manitoba,  
Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov.**

39. Superior, Fort Frances, Sept., 10 a.m.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Darlingford, 4 May, 2 p.m.
42. Glenboro, Treherne, May.
43. Portage.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, July.
46. Brandon, Brandon, 10 May, 7.30 p.m.

**Synod of Saskatchewan,  
Saskatoon, 1st Tues. Nov.**

47. Yorkton.
48. Arcola.
49. Alameda, Estevan, 6 July, 9.30 a.m.
50. Qu'Appelle, South Qu'Appelle, May.
51. Abernethy, Cupar, Sask., 13 July, 9 a.m.
52. Regina, Lumsden, 2 Tues. Sept., 9 a.m.
53. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 15 Sept., 3 p.m.
54. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, Sept.
55. Battleford.

**Synod of Alberta,  
Calgary, last Wed. April.**

56. Vermilion, Vermilion, 15 June, 9.30 a.m.
57. Edmonton, Edmonton, Apr.
58. Lacombe, Morningside, Sept.
59. Red Deer, Red Deer, Sept., 2 p.m.
60. Calgary.
61. High River.
62. McLeod.

**Synod of British Columbia,  
Victoria, 1st Wed. May.**

63. Kootenay, Nelson, September.
64. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
65. Westminster, Vancouver, 27 Apl., 10 a.m.
66. Victoria, Nanaimo, at call of Mod'r.

**CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS**

**Calls from**

Kincardine, Maitland Pres., to Mr. J. H. Edmison.  
St. Matthews, Halifax, to Mr. J. W. Mac-Millan, of Winnipeg, Accepted.

**Inductions into**

Morewood, Mar. 18, Mr. Horace Peckover.  
Little Narrows, Mar. 2, Mr. P. K. McRae.

**Resignations of**

Lion's Head, Mr. J. W. Penman.  
Ballinafad and Melvil, Mr. Geo. Milne.  
Maxwell, McIntyre, etc., Mr. George Ballantine.  
Malagawatch and River Dennis, Mr. J. Rose.



# Our Foreign Missions

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## THE MAKING OF A DEFICIT.

### And Where Responsibility Lies.

The making of a Foreign Mission deficit is an interesting process, though sad. It is like that in a rolling mill where the red hot iron is run through a succession of rolls, each squeezing it smaller than the other; the final squeeze in this case being given by the members of the church.

The Foreign Mission situation, with considerable deficits both East and West, comes to pass on this wise.

There is the heathen world, without hope, their sad condition making silent appeal for the knowledge that saves.

There are our missionaries, in all our fields, trying to give that knowledge to as many as they can.

There is the great fact that the farther out they reach, as they work up to their strength and sometimes beyond it, all their effort, instead of overtaking the need, but shews them the greater need to be supplied.

Then, as that need and their own inability to meet it grows upon them, they are compelled to make their appeal each year to the Foreign Mission Committee for more help, for men and women from home and for means to employ native helpers. They do not ask for enough to supply the need, but for what they think cannot possibly be left undone, and yet with the most rigid cutting down, their estimate of what is necessary grows from year to year.

These estimates are sent home to the Foreign Mission Committee. What can they do? They would like to grant all that is asked. They know how necessary it is; how the missionaries have cut down the estimates before sending them home, and yet they have not the funds to meet them.

The Committee looks at the estimates with their pressing appeal, and then at what was given by the church last year. They see that the two are far apart, and they are compelled to cut down the estimates still farther, although they know how closely they have been cut in the field.

On the other hand, the church is growing, her members are realizing more fully that Christ's great work in life is their great work in life, and the Committee, while cutting the estimates in part, sanction what seem the most pressing needs, and place the facts before the church in the trust that her members will respond.

One step farther and the process is completed. The appeal comes to the church. Some respond by doing more, others do not. There is increase in giving, but not enough to meet the estimates sanctioned by the Committee. The work has been undertaken, for the missionaries must know before-hand what they will be allowed to spend for the year. Having been undertaken, the work must be paid for and the balance comes out on the wrong side.

### Who is to be Blame for the Deficit?

The heathen are not. They cannot help their condition, needing the Gospel.

The missionaries are not to blame for pressing the needs of the heathen world. If they did not do so they would be guilty. They see the need; their work is not merely to do what they can to relieve that need, but to make the church at home see it and realize it, and if they did not press the need and urge their estimate of what is necessary to meet it, they would not be faithful to their trust.

Is the Foreign Mission Committee to blame? If when the estimates come home, the Committee were to say: "The church only gave so much last year, we will only sanction what is well within that amount this year," they would be shutting, in the face of the church, the door of opportunity that the Lord is opening. They know that the church, as a whole, is as yet only playing at missions; they know that an increasing number are taking missions more seriously, and the duty of the Foreign Mission Committee is to open wide the door of opportunity, rather than to close it. Not until the church comes nearer the measure of her duty and ability in the matter, will the Foreign Mis-

sion Committee be justified in assuming that she will not go forward each year to better things, and the door should be opened wide enough for her best possible effort.

If the Foreign Mission Committee is not to blame is there any other door at which the blame can be laid? What of the church? Is she to blame for the deficits? If she knows what is needed, knows what she is called to do, is able to do it, and is not doing it, then the blame must lie there, unless she can find some other place to put it.

When the King comes in to see the guests, the Missionary Funds, at the close of our church year, and sees one and another not having on the wedding garment of a credit balance for the year, where will He place the blame? The only solution of the question is for the church either to wipe out the deficit or to find some other place for the blame to rest.

And who is "The Church"? Is it I, Lord?"

#### THE FOREIGN MISSION FUND, WEST.

Dr. R. P. Mackay, Foreign Mission Secretary, West, writes that the debit balance of the fund a year ago was, \$11,485.42, the receipts for the year, \$179,577.51, the expenditure for the year, \$185,846.92, and the debit balance at the close of the accounts a few weeks ago, at the end of February, \$17,754.83. The expenditure for the year was thus a little over six thousand dollars more than the income.

There are in the Western Section of the church over two hundred and twenty thousand communicants. The giving of last year, according to the above statement, was about eighty cents per member, for giving the Gospel to the heathen world. The whole amount seems a large sum, but is the average up to the measure of the duty and ability of these two hundred and twenty thousand communicants. It is but two-thirds as much per member for Foreign Missions as is given in the Eastern Section. On page 157 of this issue is an article "Deeper Than Ever Before," on the condition of the Foreign Mission Fund, East. Will the good folk from Quebec to Nanaimo, please read it carefully, with application to the Western Section of the church.

#### INDORE COLLEGE FOR PAST YEAR.

BY REV. R. A. KING, PRINCIPAL.

Last year we kept open during the 'hot weather, expecting plague in August and September, and none came. This year with some misgivings, we ran the risk, that is, we had vacation at the usual time and reopened in the first week of July. A few cases occurred in September and October, but no epidemic. Thus we have had an unbroken season's work.

#### Attendance.

We reached this year our high watermark. There are on the rolls one hundred and ten names, divided as follows:—first year, thirty; second year, fifty-three; third year, fourteen; fourth year, thirteen. We had fixed on fifty, as the maximum we would admit to any class, and it became necessary to turn some away from the second year. Fifty is as large a class as can be successfully handled, if personal work is to be done. One could lecture to many more, but in this country that is not advisable from an educational, and certainly not from a missionary standpoint.

Hitherto all the years have been taken together in Bible. This season, however, we had no class room large enough, so we have divided the class. This means more teaching, but there is a gain in effective work. In the Senior Class, embracing the second, third and fourth years, we studied the "Teachings of our Lord" following Robertson's Handbook.

Occasionally, we digressed to some of the moral subjects suggested by Cameron Lee's "Life and Conduct." Having finished Robertson, we have turned to the "Life of Paul," which is with the majority a new subject, and one in which they are showing great interest; there is so much in the beginnings of Christianity in Western Asia and Europe to remind them of the humble beginnings and struggles and opposition they see in and about their own homes.

In the Junior Class we have many students who had never read a chapter of the Bible in their lives. Most of them are from outside Government schools. And yet a few brought to class with them well-bound Bibles that has seen service somewhere.



One would like to know the history of these. In the class are two special students, who are not taking the full University course. They elected to study English and Bible only.

With such a class, many of whom had prejudices born of ignorance, it seemed best to let them know what manner of book the Bible was. So we read through, with very few comments, the Gospel of Luke. And now we have gone back to a study of the "Life of Christ" following "Sanday's Outlines."

#### **Staff.**

In the staff, we have had no changes. During the early part of the session, Mr. Dunn, who had been appointed to Indore for language study, gave us valued assistance in English and Theism. Mr. Johory and Mrs. King have continued their honorary labours. The burden lies heaviest on Mr. Sharrard and Mr. Cornelius, who average something over five lectures a day, with extras on Saturday.

#### **Accommodation.**

As the first story of the new building was completed, room by room, we moved the school classes over. Now, we have the ground floor of the main building exclusively for College purposes. Thus we are swelling out.

Our most pressing need is hostel accommodation. Attention must be turned in this direction as soon as the school building is completed. The present hostel rooms were intended, in the first place, as only temporary, but even as they are there is never any difficulty in filling them.

#### **The Unrest.**

There is no disguising the fact that student life the country over has been affected by this wave of unrest. Political fervour often breeds indifference to religious matters. Even in Canada during a political campaign it is a little difficult to carry on a revival.

But perhaps this is not all that is to be said. It would be interesting to know how much of this new national spirit is anti-Christian. Some of it is. But how much? The intense nationalism which repels everything foreign, resents Christianity as a Western innovation.

However, opposition is usually opportunity. It is our part to show that Christianity is not Western, but Eastern; that all that is true and noble in their movement is countenanced by Christianity; that only as it stands on a Christian basis may they expect their movement to be permanent.

The missionary to-day finds himself in a new role, that of a mediator. The official of this generation with his head office, his routine and his telegrams has grown quite apart from the people. The missionary stands between in many cases with a hand extended to each.

#### **Promise in India.**

Mrs. Dr. Buchanan, of our Bhil Mission, India, writing under date 17 November, says:—"Last month we were both at Jubbelpore in the Central Provinces, attending a convention for the deepening of the Christian life, and it was really most inspiring. Eighteen hundred Indian Christians were in attendance and about eight missionaries from Central India and the Central Provinces. The chief speakers were Indian Christians. The keynote of the meetings seemed to be "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." It was good to hear these Indian brethren eloquently and powerfully pleading with their brethren to endure hardness for Christ's sake, in winning India for Him. One could not but feel that "The Redemption of India draweth nigh." There was great heart hunger manifest in these meetings, and God was present in a wonderful way to bless and revive His people."

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#### **THE WAR AGAINST CONSUMPTION.**

The war against pulmonary consumption is becoming more and more general as the dread disease is being better understood.

But no battle was ever won by the surgeons alone. The people must enlist if extermination is to be hoped for. Fortifications must be built and built early. The campaign should commence at home, and be extended to the schools. Sunlight, pure air and deep breathing cost nothing, and these are its most formidable enemies. The disease is a result, and to remove the result we must first remove the cause.—Philadelphia Westminster.

### "DEEPER THAN EVER BEFORE."

Rev. Dr. McCurdy, the agent of the Church, East, in sending the Receipts, East, for February, says:—"We have had a good year, though the Foreign Mission Fund is more deeply in debt than I ever knew it to be before, \$19,251.75.

This statement should be laid earnestly and honestly to heart by every member of the Church in the Maritime Synod. This Synod pioneered the way of the Colonial British Empire in giving the Gospel to the heathen world. It sees the fruit of its work in once savage tribes now civilized and Christian.

But its very success has thrust upon it responsibilities which it cannot evade, has opened doors which it cannot refuse to enter. Nor can expenditure be lessened by withdrawing men and women from the foreign field. Work undertaken must be carried on. No right thinking Christian would dream of aught else.

Moreover those who have gone before us, who have toiled and left us the result of their toil in happy homes and smiling fields and plains, have left, with these things, this trust, that we should take up this work where they laid it down and carry it on to still grander results.

Our Eastern Synod has its martyr roll, those who have given their lives in seeking that which was lost. It has its honor roll of the living who are giving their lives, their all, for the same glorious end. But the obligation to give the Gospel to the world rests upon men and women who are comfortably at home just as much as upon those who have died the martyr death, or are now in the foreign field, giving their lives, their all, for the world's uplift. Those at home, equally with those who have gone abroad are "not their own," but are "bought with a price" and belong to Him who paid that price. To those at home, equally with those abroad comes the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." All cannot go personally, but some go, others help them go, and thus all may do their share.

But do they? Are those at home doing their share? There are more than forty-four thousand communicants in the Synod

of the Maritime Provinces, men and women who have publicly declared that they are not their own, that they belong to Jesus Christ, that they have taken Him as their Saviour, their Master, their Leader, to follow and obey.

The total Receipts, East, for Foreign Missions for the year just ended, is \$52,-070.20, about a dollar and twenty cents per communicant. This is a large amount. But, taking the average per communicant, does it measure up to the standard of Him who gave Himself? Does it measure up to the standard of those who are giving themselves as our substitutes in the field? Does it measure up to the duty and ability of the forty-four thousand Christian men and women whose supreme business in life, as co-workers with Jesus Christ, is to extend His Kingdom and its good to all the world; whose only work that will last when all else has passed away, will be the part, more or less, which they have in a redeemed humanity?

Is the giving of the year, love's measure? These men and women profess to love the Saviour and their fellow men, and mission work is simply the out going of love. "God so loved that He gave," and—men so love that they give.

But love's standard of measurement is never "what should I do"—but—"what **can** I do." That is the standard of the parent with the child, of the lover with the beloved. The question is—"does this doing of the past year for the world's evangelization measure up to the "can do" of these forty-four thousand communicants? There are men and women of wealth among them who could give their hundreds, even their thousands, and not feel it; and there are few so poor that, if they realized it as their supreme business in life, could not give up to the average, and to other work proportionately.

While each one must decide for self the measure of his and her own love, it is manifest that the Synod could wipe out that debt and carry on the work with very little effort, if all would ask love's question, "what **can** I do" and would do up to their own answer. No matter how little we can do, let it be done, and leave to others to do the measure of their love



# Statement of Doctrine

AGREED UPON BY THE JOINT COMMITTEE

of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches.

To be Submitted to Next General Assembly.

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We, the representatives of the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Congregational branches of the Church of Christ in Canada, do hereby set forth the substance of the Christian faith, as commonly held among us. In doing so, we build upon the foundation laid by the apostles and prophets, confessing that Jesus Christ Himself is the chief corner-stone. We affirm our belief in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the primary source and ultimate standard of Christian faith and life. We acknowledge the teaching of the great Creeds of the ancient Church. We further maintain our allegiance to the evangelical doctrines of the Reformation, as set forth in common in the doctrinal standards adopted by the Presbyterian Church in Canada, by the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, and by the Methodist Church. We present the accompanying statement as a brief summary of our common faith, and commend it to the studious attention of the members and adherents of the negotiating Churches, as in substance agreeable to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures.

## Article I.—Of God.—

We believe in the one only living and true God, a Spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in His being and perfections; the Lord Almighty, who is love, most just in all His ways, most glorious in holiness, unsearchable in wisdom, plenteous in mercy, full of compassion, and abundant in goodness and truth. We worship Him in the unity of the Godhead and the mystery of the Holy Trinity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, three persons, of the same substance equal in power and glory.

## Article II.—Of Revelation.—

We believe that God has revealed Himself in nature, in history, and in the heart of man; that He has been graciously pleased to make clearer revelation of Himself to men of God who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit; and that in the fulness of time He has perfectly revealed Himself

in Jesus Christ, the Word made flesh, who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person. We receive the Holy Scriptures of the Old Testament and of the New Testament, given by inspiration of God, as containing the only infallible rule of faith and life, a faithful record of God's gracious revelations, and as the sure witness to Christ.

## Article III.—Of the Divine Purpose.—

We believe that the eternal, wise, holy and loving purpose of God embraces all events, so that while the freedom of man is not taken away, nor is God the Author of sin, yet in His providence He makes all things work together in the fulfilment of His sovereign design and the manifestation of His glory.

## Article IV.—Of Creation and Providence.

We believe that God is the creator, upholder and governor of all things; that He is above all His works and in them all; and that He made man in His own image, meet for fellowship with Him, free and able to choose between good and evil, and responsible to his Maker and Lord.

## Article V.—Of the Sin of Man.—

We believe that our first parents, being tempted, chose evil, and so fell away from God and came under the power of sin, the penalty of which is eternal death; and that, by reason of this disobedience, all men are born with a sinful nature, that we have broken God's law and that no man can be saved but by His grace.

## Article VI.—Of the Grace of God.—

We believe that God, out of His great love for the world, has given His only begotten Son to be the Saviour of sinners, and in the Gospel freely offers His all-sufficient salvation to all men. We believe also that God in His own good pleasure, gave to His Son a people, an innumerable multitude, chosen in Christ unto holiness, service and salvation.

**Article VII.—Of the Lord Jesus Christ.—**

We believe in and confess the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Mediator between God and man, who being the Eternal Son of God, for us men and for our salvation became truly man, being conceived of the Holy Spirit and born of the Virgin Mary, yet without sin. Unto us He has revealed the Father, by His Word and Spirit, making known the perfect will of God. For our redemption He fulfilled all righteousness, offered Himself a perfect sacrifice on the cross, satisfied Divine justice and made propitiation for the sins of the whole world. He rose from the dead and ascended into heaven, where He ever intercedes for us. In the hearts of believers He abides forever as the indwelling Christ; above us and over us all He rules; wherefore, unto Him we render love, obedience and adoration as our Prophet, Priest and King.

**Article VIII.—Of the Holy Spirit.—**

We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of Life, who proceeds from the Father and the Son, who moves upon the hearts of men, to restrain them from evil and to incite them unto good, and whom the Father is ever willing to give unto all who ask Him. We believe that He has spoken by holy men of God in making known His truth to men for their salvation; that, through our exalted Saviour, He was sent forth in power to convict the world of sin, to enlighten men's minds in the knowledge of Christ, and to persuade and enable them to obey the call of the Gospel; and that He abides with the Church, dwelling in every believer as the spirit of truth, of power, of holiness, of comfort and of love.

**Article IX.—Of Regeneration.—**

We believe in the necessity of regeneration, whereby we are made new creatures in Christ Jesus by the Spirit of God, who imparts spiritual life by the gracious and mysterious operation of His power, using as the ordinary means the truths of His word and the ordinances of Divine appointment in ways agreeable to the nature of man.

**Article X.—Of Faith and Repentance.—**

We believe that faith in Christ is a saving grace whereby we receive Him, trust in Him and rest upon Him alone for salvation, as He is offered to us in the Gospel, and that this saving faith is always accompanied by repentance, wherein we confess and for-

sake our sins with full purpose of and endeavor after a new obedience to God.

**Article XI.—Of Justification and Sonship.**

We believe that God, on the sole ground of the perfect obedience and sacrifice of Christ, pardons those who by faith receive Him as their Saviour and Lord, accepts them as righteous and bestows upon them the adoption of sons, with a right to all the privileges therein implied, including a conscious assurance of their sonship.

**Article XII.—Of Sanctification.—**

We believe that those who are regenerated and justified grow in the likeness of Christ, through fellowship with Him, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and obedience to the truth; and that a holy life is the fruit and evidence of saving faith; and that the believer's hope of continuance in such a life is in the preserving grace of God. And we believe that in this growth in grace Christians may attain that maturity and full assurance of faith whereby the love of God is made perfect in us.

**Article XIII.—Of the Law of God.—**

We believe that the moral law of God, summarized in the Ten Commandments, testified to by the prophets and unfolded in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, stands forever in truth and equity, and is not made void by faith, but on the contrary is established thereby. We believe that God requires of every man to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God; and that only through this harmony with the will of God shall be fulfilled that brotherhood of man wherein the kingdom of God is to be made manifest.

**Article XIV.—Of the Church.—**

We acknowledge one holy catholic Church, the innumerable company of saints of every age and nation, who being united by the Holy Spirit to Christ their Head, are one body in Him, and have communion with their Lord and with one another. Further, we receive it as the will of Christ that His Church on earth should exist as a visible and sacred brotherhood, consisting of those who profess faith in Jesus Christ and obedience to Him, together with their children, and other baptised children, and organized for the confession of His name, for the public worship of God, for the administration



of the sacraments, for the upbuilding of the saints, and for the universal propagation of the Gospel; and we acknowledge as a part, more or less pure, of this universal brotherhood, every particular Church throughout the world which professes this faith in Jesus Christ and obedience to Him as Divine Lord and Saviour.

**Article XV.—Of the Sacraments.—**

We acknowledge only the two sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, which were instituted by Christ, to be of perpetual obligation as signs and seals of the covenant ratified in His precious blood, and as a means of grace by which He doth work invisibly in us, and doth not only quicken, but also strengthen and comfort our faith in Him, and also through the observance of which His Church is to confess her Lord and be visibly distinguished from the rest of the world.

(1) Baptism with water into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit is the sacrament instituted by our Lord to signify and seal our union to Himself and our participation in the blessings of the new covenant. The proper subjects of baptism are believers, and infants presented by their parents or guardians in the Christian faith. In the latter case the parents or guardians should train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and should expect that their children will receive, by the operation of the Holy Spirit, the benefits which the Sacrament is designed and fitted to convey. The Church is under the most solemn obligation to provide for their Christian instruction.

(2) The Lord's Supper is the sacrament of communion with Christ and with His people, in which bread and wine are given and received in thankful remembrance of Him and His sacrifice on the cross; and they who in faith receive the same do, after a spiritual manner, partake of the body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ to their comfort, nourishment and growth in grace. All may be admitted to the Lord's Supper who make a credible profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and of obedience to His law.

**Article XVI.—Of the Ministry.—**

We believe that Jesus Christ, as the Supreme Head of the Church, has appointed therein a ministry of the word and sacra-

ments, and calls men to this ministry; that the Church, under the guidance of the Spirit of Christ, recognizes and chooses those whom He calls, and should thereupon duly ordain them to the work of the ministry.

**Article XVII.—Of Church Order and Fellowship.—**

We believe that the Lord Jesus Christ is the sole Head of the Church; that its worship, teaching, discipline and government should be administered according to His will by persons chosen for their fitness and duly set apart to their office; and, although the visible Church may contain unworthy members and is liable to err, yet believers ought not lightly to separate themselves from its communion, but are to live in fellowship with their brethren, which fellowship is to be extended, as God gives opportunity, to all who in every place call upon the name of the Lord Jesus.

**Article XVIII.—Of the Resurrection, the Last Judgment and the Future Life.—**

We believe that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust, through the power of the Son of God, who shall come to judge the living and the dead; that the finally impenitent shall go away into eternal punishment and the righteous into life eternal.

**Article XIX.—Of Christian Service and the Final Triumph.—**

We believe that it is our duty, as disciples and servants of Christ, to further the extension of His kingdom, to do good unto all men, to maintain the public and private worship of God, to hallow the Lord's Day, to preserve the inviolability of marriage and the sanctity of the family, to uphold the just authority of the State, and so to live in all honesty, purity and charity that our lives shall testify of Christ. We joyfully receive the word of Christ, bidding His people go into all the world and make disciples of all nations, and declare unto them that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, that He will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. We confidently believe that by His power and grace all His enemies shall finally be overcome, and the kingdoms of this world shall be made the kingdom of our God and of His Christ.

# British Guiana Mission

## DEMERARA AND BERBICE FOR 1908.

BY REV. J. B. CROPPER, HELENA.

In 1907 the Council recommended, and the Foreign Mission Committee approved the recommendation, that the mission districts should be co-terminous with the counties of the colony.

Of the events that fall to be chronicled the most important is the advent of the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie who arrived on the 26th of April. Mr. Mackenzie's coming was long expected, and the need for his aid in the work was growing greater every day. To Mrs. Mackenzie and himself I would record the extension of most hearty greetings; and thanking God for His goodness to the latter in the hour of sickness, would pray that both may be spared to labour for many years in this needy field.

At Letterkenny the new building begun in 1907 was completed and the opening service was held in February. This building was greatly needed and its erection has been a stimulus to the growth of the congregation. Some families travel seven miles each way, to and fro, to attend the Sabbath services, but it is hoped that this year a building will be put up to serve the neighbourhood whence they come.

At Port Mourant the work has been maintained under great difficulties. Port Mourant is a large sugar estate with a resident East Indian population of over 6,000. A little building for worship (30x17 ft.), and a part of the time of a catechist, with a monthly visit from the missionary, represent the sum total of effort which the means at our disposal have enabled us to make here.

In the end of 1907, work was opened on the East Coast, Berbice, at Bohemia, a point six miles from the town of New Amsterdam. A building was rented, day school was started and regular Sabbath worship was set up. Much opposition was experienced; but our efforts have proved successful and the station is now one of our most prosperous and vigorous.

At Cotton Tree, West Bank Berbice River, a long-felt want was met by the erection of a small and inexpensive building and the opening of a day school. Sabbath services were previously held in the houses of Christian families, but an impetus has been given to the work by the setting up of the "House of Prayer."

Helena is, Better Hope excepted, the oldest station; and though not large in numbers, the community is fairly advanced in life and sentiment as a Christian congregation. Many of the women have lately shown commendable zeal. They meet in class on Sunday afternoon for religious instruction, and on Monday afternoon to learn to read. There is no Bible woman but they are instructed by the male catechist. This is a very unusual feature and speaks well for the earnestness of the women and the trustworthiness of the catechist. They also study the singing of Christian hymns set to the several native airs used at marriages and other festivals; and it is pleasing on these occasions to hear the tunes the people have sung for centuries, laden now with Christian sentiment instead of the ungodly burdens they bore before.

The schoolhouse, which is used for worship, is far too small for the congregations that assemble on Sacrament Sundays and on other special occasions, and it would be of great advantage to the work if a regular place of worship could be built. We already own a site.

The catechists have, on the whole, laboured faithfully and evidence of their toil is visible in many places. Day school teachers, too, have worked well, and the schools show that good work is being done.

We have enjoyed our wonted measure of health and have been happy as missionaries in close touch with our people. The year has been laden with much anxiety and unrest to me, but the call of duty has been loud and strong, and it has sustained me. Evidences, too, of Divine Guidance have been unmistakable. Grateful for these, I take courage and go forward.



**ESSEQUIBO MISSION FOR 1908.**

By REV. R. GIBSON FISHER.

As statistics go, we, in Essequibo, though our mission is still in its infancy—five and a half years old to-day!—have much to be thankful for. Robert Morrison worked for twenty-seven years in China, and had only three converts. MacFarlane, of India, after years of devoted ministry in the Punjab, prayed almost in despair for one convert. We had fifty baptisms in Essequibo during 1908, and no less than forty adults were added to our Communion Roll.

There has been an unusual amount of sickness amongst our people this year. The work of all our catechists and teachers has been frequently interrupted thereby, and the mission house itself did not altogether escape. For a time, indeed, the eyes of the Colony were on us, as the dreaded "Yellow Jack," after an entire absence of twenty years from our shores, very mysteriously elected to return, early in June, his first victim being our newly-arrived missionary, Mr. MacKenzie, then on a visit to Suddie, with his wife. For a few days the outlook was dark, indeed; but God was merciful, and to our great joy and thankfulness our brother's life was spared, and the disease claimed no other victim. For a month, however, we were all in quarantine, guarded by officers of the law, so that "none went out, and none came in;" and this, of course, somewhat retarded the progress of the work. But when we contemplate what might have been, we have no words for aught but praise.

**Buildings.**

Thanks to the generosity of our friends at home, we have this year made some little progress in the matter of mission buildings. Our accounts, indeed, show an expenditure of over \$1,330.00 in this direction; but ten times that amount is still needed, before we can be properly equipped. About \$800.00 of this amount has gone for one good building at Maryville, Leguan; which, however, still needs painting, fencing, and a host of other things. It was opened, nevertheless, with great joy, on Sunday, November 29th, all the three "Sahibs" being present, and a mixed multitude of delight-

ed people. Much less pretentious buildings have also been erected at Queenstown and at Airy Hall; which, for a time at least will satisfy our urgent needs at those two points.

But we are still quite homeless at Hampton Court, Anna Regina, Bush Lot, Reliance, Taymouth Manor, Golden Fleece, Huis't Dieren, and Aurora on the Coast; at Maria's Pleasure and Friendship, in Wake-naam; and at Blenheim, in Leguan; whilst at Suddie our temporary "cathedral" is anything but a credit to us, and the gaping wounds in its walls and roof cry aloud for immediate attention, or rather for premises more in keeping with our needs.

**Schools.**

Day, Sunday, and Night Schools—have caused us much work and anxiety this year; but, we are glad to say, they have, under very trying conditions, made substantial progress. Our ten Sunday Schools now number 555 scholars, and there are 412 children in our seven day schools; also 41 adults attending four night schools. Five of our seven day schools, it may be noted, are conducted on sufferance, and for but one hour each day—8 to 9 a.m.—in school premises belonging to other denominations—Anglican, Scotch and Wesleyan—Scripture knowledge and the elements of Hindi being the only subjects taught by us. In all these places, the Government Regulations preclude any possibility of our securing government aid for any new school, and we, therefore, thankfully avail ourselves of this opportunity of co-operating with existing schools, and thereby influencing the East Indian children of the neighbourhood.

To the many kind friends who have cheered us by sending picture cards and mission boxes full of good things, for these, we again tender our warmest thanks. They would feel amply repaid could they but see the joy their kindness brings to many of "the least of these," His little ones, or estimate the influence for good the anticipation of their gifts exerts all the year round, in securing regular and punctual attendance at school and service, on the part of some, who perhaps otherwise would not come at all.

### Catechists.

These, now eight in number, have again proved faithful and invaluable helpers. None of them have enjoyed any advantages in the way of training, and their devotion and perseverance in the face of great trials and opposition, have been very encouraging. In the absence of any training institute, I have again given one day every week—sometimes two—to my Catechists' Training Class; and though the time can ill be spared for this undertaking, and the expense of bringing the men together is great, I have nevertheless always felt this to be about the most fruitful part of my labours. The profiting of most of the men is manifest, and makes one long for the day, when by means of a properly equipped and adequately staffed training institute we may be enabled to get the maximum of service and efficiency out of the material Providence has placed within our reach.

### CENTRAL DEMARARA FOR 1908.

BY REV. A. D. MACKENZIE, B.D.,  
GEORGETOWN.

My report this year must be a brief one. Although I arrived in the colony at the end of April, it was not until October that I was able to do much work. I desire to express gratitude to God for His goodness in restoring me to health after a severe illness.

To my colleagues and their families, as well as to other kind friends in the colony, Mrs. Mackenzie and I owe a deep debt of gratitude for their sympathy and help extended to us. Our debt to Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, at whose home I stayed during my illness, cannot be expressed in words. At great sacrifice to themselves, everything their minds could suggest was done to help and comfort us.

On the 15th of September, I assumed charge of the district of Central Demerara, the boundaries of which had been determined by the mission council. This district includes the stations occupied for years by my predecessors—Better Hope, Triumph and Ogle, each with a catechist.

As the missionary residing nearest Better Hope, the care of the English speaking congregation there was assigned to me. In this I had the valuable services of Mr. Cosson,

a young West Indian, as catechist. He had previously assisted my predecessor, Rev. Mr. Cropper, in the same capacity. To him fell the great share of pastoral visitation and the conduct of the prayer meetings as well as some of the Sabbath services. My residence in Georgetown, seven miles away, made this a necessity.

The work has been carried on along much the same lines as reported in previous years, although through non-residence lacking somewhat in the personal touch with the congregation's life. This lack I tried in a measure to make up for by more frequent Sabbath services.

At Triumph, two miles to the East, a small church has been erected and opened after the new year. Our first Sabbath was encouraging—but I am trespassing on next year's report. The work here will, I trust, receive an impetus. The building is in the heart of a large East Indian village population.

At Ogle, two miles west of Better Hope and nearer Georgetown, the work is promising, although only open-air services have been held for some time. The catechist, James Kunar, seems to have a good hold on the people, and has a good following of young men who are inquiring into the Truth. Both the station and the man give me hope and the early opening of a new building gives assurance for better things.

Work has been begun in Georgetown at two points. Here I have a catechist, Robert Rajkumar, one of the first engaged by our mission, also a Bible woman. Both are working energetically and the little congregations are growing. Two Sunday Schools are in operation. At one point we are building a small place of worship. The money to begin it came in response to an appeal to the little church at Sydney Forks, C. B. More is required but we believe it will come. At the other point we are occupying a school building kindly placed at our disposal for Sabbath services by Rev. W. B. Ritchie of the Scotch Church.

Within the district are three schools, viz., Better Hope, Ogle and Uitkomst. The two former cost the church nothing for maintenance as they are government aided, and the other we hope to have in the same position as soon as we are able to erect a proper building. The Ogle building has for



the past years been falling into decay and as a result the school and religious work in general has been hampered. As hinted above a new building is in course of erection.

Uitkomst is situated in isolation, forty miles up the Demerara River. We have as yet no catechist here but faithful work is being done in the religious training of the

children, by the teacher, a man of excellent parts. This must be one of our first points named as the opening is a good one.

To the kind friends at home who have helped our work by their generous gifts of clothing, cards, toys, etc., as well as by their words of sympathy and good cheer, we extend our sincere thanks.

#### LETTER FROM REV. J. T. TAYLOR.

Mhow, India, Feb. 1, 1909.

Dear Record,

On January 28th, our Mhow field, so often afflicted, suffered another loss in the death of Mrs. Drew, wife of Rev. E. J. Drew, for many years assistant missionary in our field, and latterly the chaplain of the Church of Scotland in this station. She was full of years and good works, had passed her seventieth birthday, and while not in vigorous health, had continued her Christian activities to the last.

Her chief work was done among the soldiers and their wives who have from time to time been stationed in Mhow; and there are hundreds in every part of the British Empire where these troops have gone who remember her with affectionate regard. Her home was ever open to the lonely young soldier, and during the years when our staff ministered to the troops she upheld their hands and did most effective service.

But it was the Young Women's Christian Association which was her chief care, and which she "mothered" for many long years. Her service here was unique. Her long residence in Mhow, her acquaintance with the needs of every class in the community, and above all her gentle, loveable nature, enabled her to fill an important place in the life of the community.

The Canadian Mission and the Church in Canada will cherish her memory for the faithful years of service, along with her devoted husband, for the children rescued in the famine; and latterly for the self-sacrificing help during the years of plague. At great personal risk she helped to care for the fifty or more Christian lads stricken with the pestilence. "God's acre" in Mhow is once more consecrated by the grave of a faithful servant of Jesus Christ.

#### LETTER FROM DR. McPHEDRAN.

Dhar, Central India, Feb. 4, 1909.

Dear Mr. Munro,

We had very satisfactory sea voyages except for a rather large share of sickness, as neither my wife nor myself is a very good sailor. However, most of the trip, and particularly that in the Mediterranean Sea, was very pleasant, and we reached our destination sharp on time. We landed at Bombay on Friday, Jan. 29th, and after spending Sunday in Indore, came on to Dhar on Monday last, Feb. 1.

We had a month in London and I was able to do some hospital work which I expect to be of value to me when I begin medical work.

It is too soon to say much about what I think of India. The impressions I got at first will probably be modified very soon, except in a few cases; for instance, the lack of unity as a nation seemed very noticeable, while even more so, indeed most striking of all, is the extreme poverty and ignorance of the mass of the people.

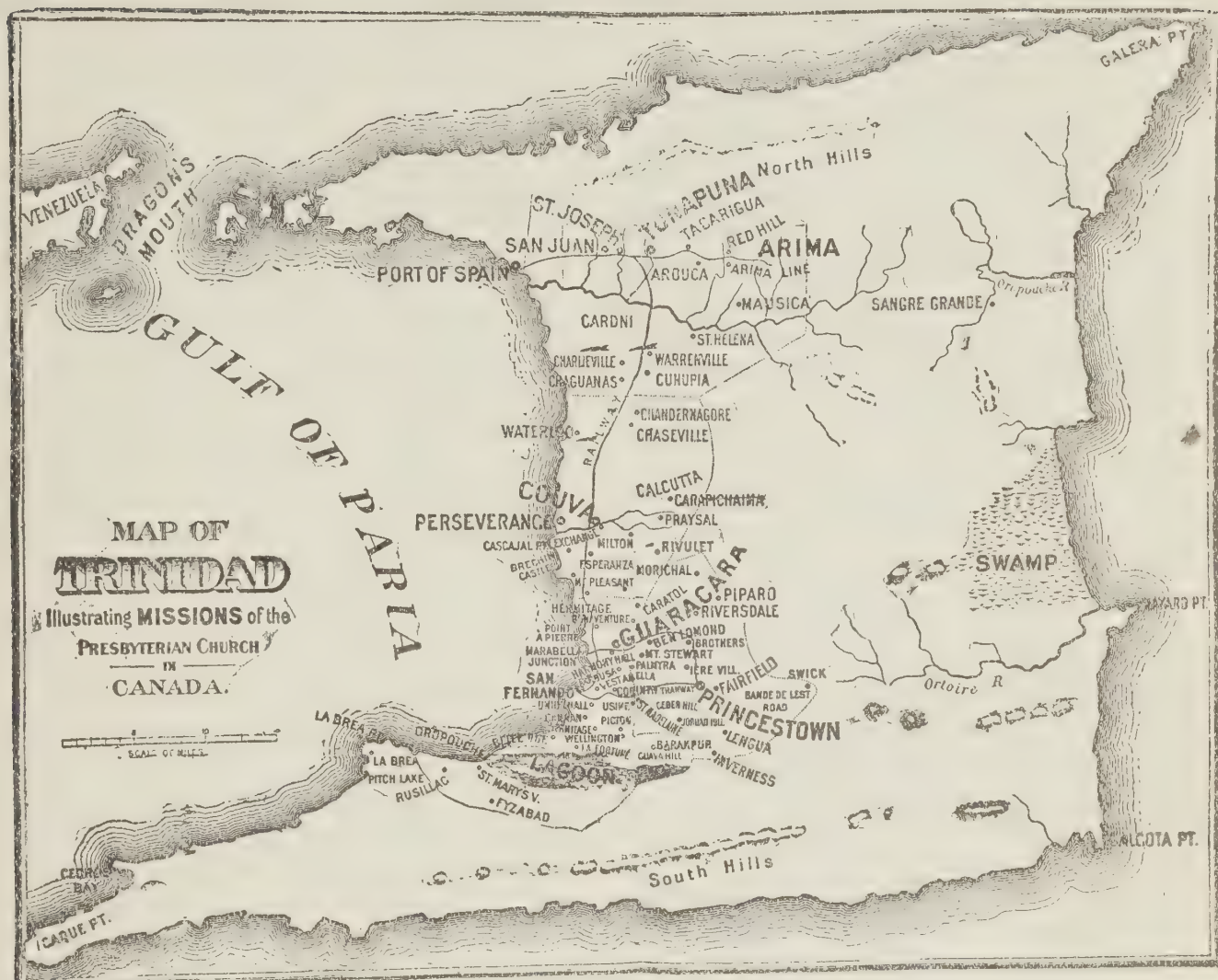
In Dhar I have seen only a little of the work. It was refreshing to see the welcome that the Indians here gave to Mr. and Mrs. Russell. I do not wonder so much now that they were homesick for India. We are to stay in Dhar while learning the language.

We are glad to hear that Sirdarpore is more likely to come to us from the Government than it was some months ago. It is too soon to be sure yet, but the present position is rather more hopeful.

We are both in good health and spirits and are ready for work.

The man who is sure of God can afford to hold very lightly the things of this world. God Himself is his inalienable heritage; and, in having God, he has all.—F. B. Meyer.

# The Trinidad Mission for 1908



## GENERAL REPORT 1908.

BY REV. A. W. THOMPSON,  
SECRETARY OF MISSION COUNCIL.

The work of the year just closing was carried on under unusually trying conditions. Times were hard in the comparative, if not the superlative, degree. The abnormal health conditions reported last year continued throughout the greater part of this year also.

Plague, too, gained an entrance into our Colony and for a time almost paralyzed trade. The shadow of death was cast upon not a few of our homes. Our forces all through the year were under strength. Dr. Coffin's absence was a serious loss. The brethren of the San Fernando District had the care and anxiety of the Susamachar

congregation in addition to their own heavy tasks—this vacancy still remains unfilled.

As reported last year, Rev. J. S. Wilson, M. A., with characteristic generosity came to the rescue and supplied with great acceptance the pulpit of Susamachar English congregation all through the year. He also gave religious instruction in Naparima College. He has the best thanks of the whole Mission for his much valued assistance.

Rev. Paul Bhukhan, one of the first graduates of our Theological College, and a valued pioneer worker, after a lingering illness, was called to rest in July.

One of the bright signs of the times is the serious efforts now made all over the Mission by the native Christians to provide their own church buildings entirely at their own cost.



The ordinary church collections fell off slightly, due to the financial depression, locally characterized as the most severe in the history of this generation. Counting the special gifts of the people for their new churches, however, the grand total is above the best of previous years.

The growth of the native christian community has for some time past created a situation that taxes to the utmost the force of paid workers that can be employed. The work of "ingathering" must more and more be left to each individual convert. In this respect we are far behind. The vision of each convert, in the joy and gratitude of the new heart, seeking to win others to the Saviour, and turning not back "empty handed" has not yet come to the native church. Past traditions of heathenism, and the example of the so called Christian community have not been helpful to missionary effort.

Extension of work has played so large a part, of necessity, in the past, that intensive work has not had its due share. Accumulated material is abundant. What is needed now is the "working up" process.

Dr. Coffin's classes promise large rewards, and the first fruits already gathered have been good indeed.

It is worthy of note that by far the greater number of baptisms for the year were infants and young people. This is significant, and should make clear to all that the young are our chief care and have the first claim. They are indeed the key to all the problems of our future Church. Fit and proper shepherds for the lambs of the flock, strong, christian homes as centres of influence and power, and 'lights' to those around, mothers who are capable of training up their little ones in the way of righteousness, these are our chief and pressing needs.

Will the friends in Canada keep this in mind, and back up by prayer and deeds the institutions and workers that have these as their chief 'care.' In this alone lies our hope of future triumph, that the young be won and kept and trained for Christ and the Church which He purchased with His blood.

We are grateful to the Home church for past help, and are confident that at this present time, when old and new and newer

problems confront us, the additional help asked for will be cheerfully given.

We also record our thanks to all the friends, old and new, who have stood by us and helped us to put through the work of a most trying year. "The Lord hath been mindful of us: He will bless us. 'To Him be the praise!'"

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## FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT.

Of Rev. John Morton, D.D.

The work of the year has followed on the lines of previous years. Shut in for a great part of the year by quarantine and with much sickness around us, we scarcely left our field for a day, and all the stations have been supplied, and the work of ourselves, our wives, our agents, and our printing press has gone on with unfailing regularity. No effort has been discontinued, or relaxed. Preaching has been intensified and printing extended.

Seed sown far afield has borne good fruit. At one station I found a man and his wife present who had carried their babe twenty miles to be baptized. They came on Saturday and walked back on Monday, and their offering to the church was one dollar.

At our November Communion a woman came nineteen miles to Guaico for the Sacrament, and brought her babe for baptism. The father remained at home on account of the other children, four of whom should be in school, and will be if we can open a school at Bishe. Some of them can read the Bible, but since they removed to Bishe, two years ago, they are eleven miles from any school or service.

I have a couple to marry shortly at the same station, which is twenty miles by railway from Tunapuna, who walk seventeen miles to meet me there. These are illustrations of the urgent call there is for extension.

Take an illustration of a different kind. Within a few years several cacao estates in the Sangre Grande district have been receiving indentured Indian immigrants. Twenty-five of the last to arrive were allotted to a cacao estate, the owner of which has just leased us an acre of land for ninety-nine years at a shilling a year for mission purposes.

I was asked to meet them as soon as they arrived and tell them in their own language what the manager and his wife wished to do for them and what the government required them to do. These twenty-five new immigrants are living but half a mile from our school house. Seven of them are women, and none can read.

There are over two hundred others within three miles of the same school, not one of whom is a christian.

Twenty-five years ago this easterly district, where we have five schools and hope soon to open another, was unbroken forest. It is now tapped by a railway and intersected by numerous gravelled roads.

No head teacher and only one catechist has been struck off the list in 1908, and we close the year with good feeling and hopefulness throughout this wide field.

In Sangre Chiquito the people are gathering up their strength to build a church, but the determination is to take time so as to avoid debt and secure native lumber well seasoned.

A few East Indian friends have provided by a special effort a reed organ of excellent tone for the Tunapuna church.

A former contributor in Ireland, on her death bed, out of very limited means, sent us £15, by which being dead she yet helped.

It seems to us that in no past year have Mrs. Morton and myself been able with such satisfaction and joy to give of our best to the work of the Mission. We had both a short, sharp attack of illness in July and our doctor very urgently advises us to go North for complete rest. Since our return in April, 1904, I have been only five Sabbaths out of the pulpit, in every case through illness. I therefore ask for furlough from May. My field work and the Hindi S. S. Lessons will be provided for by special effort of the workers in the Tunapuna field. The Mission Council will arrange for the pages of our Hindi monthly "Presbyterian."

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In a world where there is so much to sadden and depress, how blessed the communion with him in whom is the one true source and fountain of all true gladness and abiding joy.—Archbishop Trench.

## FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

Of Rev. S. A. Fraser.

The absence of two missionaries from this district during the past year entailed a large amount of additional work on the one who was left. The financial management and general oversight of the Educational Institutions in San Fernando; with Hindi instruction to the boys of the Training School; conducting weekly prayer meeting in the town, visitation of the sick, and general management of Susamachar Church affairs, in addition to the growing demands on time and strength in carrying on the work in the rapidly growing country districts, was a serious tax on one's strength.

### Educational.

Seventeen Day Schools, including the new school opened on Rock River Moruga road, and twenty-two S. Schools, with a total yearly enrollment of about four thousand children, have been in operation for the whole year; religious instruction was regularly given in all our schools. There were four hundred and twenty-five more children enrolled in our schools this year than last, and the average attendance increased over one hundred.

Eight of our Training School boys secured their teacher's certificate at the teachers' examination, four getting the certificate of the highest class. The results were very satisfactory.

I spent one Saturday every month with the teachers, reviewing Adam's Primer, &c. Different teachers were selected every month to put down on the blackboard an outline of the lesson for the day, for the primary and senior department, and others were invited to criticize and suggest improvements, paying particular attention to the principles and methods of teaching given them by Dr. Coffin in his extramural course. We found these exercises interesting and profitable.

### Evangelistic.

The work of evangelizing has been carried on as usual by the missionaries, catechists, teachers, and Bible women, preaching and teaching the Gospel in churches, school houses, hospitals, barracks, houses, huts, highways, and hedges, wherever opportunity offered.



The heathen listen attentively and very few of them make any attempt to defend their religious beliefs and customs, before the missionary or the better educated native preacher. Oh! for a Pentecostal baptism of the Holy Spirit to bring them to decision in large numbers.

One hundred and twenty-two were baptized during the year. Twenty-eight couples were married. Communion was dispensed twice in each of the six centers during the year. Religious services were well attended in town and country.

Although the year has been a hard and trying one in every way the native church has contributed \$1,570.41 outside the town of San Fernando, being an increase over last year of \$135.

### **Buildings.**

We built a new school house of native wood, with temporary accommodation for the teacher, on Rock River Moruga Road. This is a new district, situated about twelve miles from San Fernando, which is rapidly increasing in Indian population, and after the completion of the new railway extension to Siparia, it will form part of one of the most prosperous districts in the island.

Native wood, though more expensive in the beginning, will last four times as long as the imported pitch pine lumber. We enlarged Fyzabad school house, and catechist's house at Marabella, and built new teachers houses at Siparia and Bonneaventure.

We purchased four lots of land at Penal for the erection of a new church in the near future by the people of that district.

Rev. Lal Bihari has to the utmost of his strength carried on the work of former years. He gave the catechists instruction on Fridays, in Comparative Religion, and usually also in the S. School lesson for the week. He spent more time in the town than formerly on account of the vacancy.

In spirit the faithful, devoted Babu shows no sign of lagging with increasing years, but he is not so strong physically as we would like to see him.

Rev. Mr. Wilson has relieved me from the Sabbath evening English service in Susam-achar church during the whole year; for which I am devoutly thankful.

It is very disappointing that from among all the young ministers of our Church in

the Maritime Provinces no suitable person could be found to obey the call of the church to preach the Gospel in this town. Any one who comes will have a congregation of about two hundred and fifty christians and about two thousand heathen to whom he may preach, and all within this town and its suburbs.

A local newspaper speaking of the past year said: "The past year can without exaggeration be described as perhaps the most terrible and trying of any that this generation has witnessed for Trinidad." Notwithstanding this your missionaries have had much to be thankful for and we go forward to the New Year with hope and confidence, knowing that He whom we serve shall reign.

Our thanks are tendered to all kind friends who have helped with money and clothing, cards, papers, etc.

## **EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT**

**Of Rev. H. H. Morton.**

### **Schools.**

In the Tunapuna District there were nineteen schools in operation during 1908, of which seventeen were assisted by Government and two unassisted. Of the latter one was open for only five months of the year.

The total number of children enrolled in the schools was 3,635, and the average daily attendance 1,511. The proportion of girls to boys in all our schools is markedly small. The number of head teachers was nineteen, assistant teachers twelve, pupil teachers fifty, sewing mistresses thirteen. Eighteen of the head teachers were also Sunday School superintendents, three also were catechists for their district, and others helped occasionally for services in addition to their Sunday School duties.

Our teachers have great opportunities of doing good. By their teaching, religious instruction and manner of life they can point children, parents and fellow East Indians to Christ, the Saviour of the world. In numberless ways they can be of the greatest service to the Kingdom.

Our catechists and teachers meet once a month at Tunapuna and at Guaico to give in monthly reports of church and school work, pay in collections, and get instruction and

guidance. The travelling done by one in this wide field is no easy matter.

Permission has been granted by the Government to open a new school at Biche, seventeen miles from the Sangre Grande Railway Station, just where the Tunapuna and Princetown fields meet. There are a great many East Indians in this new settlement, and several Christian families from our old districts, and a school is greatly needed.

The supervision and care of our nineteen schools is no easy task. Rev. Andrew Gayadeen, Caroni, and Joseph Gibblings, catechist, Guaico, are of great assistance in sharing the labour of this supervision.

#### **Preachers.**

There are twenty-one fully established preaching stations in the Tunapuna district and several other places where occasional services are held. Besides the two Canadian missionaries and the Rev. Andrew Gayadeen, our invaluable native ordained minister, ten other preachers supplied the needs of these stations. Besides travel, each preacher holds service at two or three stations on the Sabbath. On an average Dr. Morton, Andrew Gayadeen and myself hold a Bible Class and three services each Sabbath, and often have fifteen to eighteen miles of travel.

Slowly and surely does the area of people reached by the preaching of the Word from and the cry come from some new settlement for the preacher and the Word preached.

Fifteen miles in the woods from Guanapo Station is a settlement of East Indians, anxiously awaiting a catechist and a school.

In November five of them, three men and two women, Christians in the midst of a multitude of heathen, walked long weary miles to Arima and sat down to the Lord's Table for the first time.

There were baptized in the Tunapuna District during 1908, 112 persons, 22 adults and 92 children and young people.

Christian sentiment is growing stronger every year and leavening little by little the heathendom with which it comes into contact.

We are constantly struck at the silent hidden force of Christianity in the lives of many who outwardly are stalwart defenders of Hinduism.

## **THIRD ANNUAL REPORT**

**Of Rev. W. J. Jamieson.**

The story of our work for the year in Princetown district is in brief as follows:—

#### **Buildings.**

Some necessary repairs were made to our Church (St. Andrews). Our people out of their poverty gave \$275.00. Several outside the congregation generously helped. The building now, with concrete walls and drains, new wood work, and paint inside and out, presents a finished and substantial appearance.

The increased attendance of children in several of our schools necessitated enlarging the buildings to accomodate them. Teachers' rooms at the end of the school houses had to be taken for this purpose, and new houses built for them instead. Part of this work has not yet been finished.

#### **Schools.**

There have been thirteen schools in operation during the year, with a total enrolment of 2,109, total average attendance of 1528, and daily average of 765 for the year. There has been a gain in attendance, greater efficiency, and improvement in Bible knowledge.

#### **Catechists.**

Mr. C. C. Soodeen and thirteen catechists have given faithful and hearty service. One old man was retired, and a young man taken on. Old faithful Padarath was pensioned, but his influence among his people will still be helpful. Weekly classes have been continued throughout the year on the same lines as last year. These men have held Sabbath public worship regularly in twenty-one places and have assisted in some twenty Sabbath schools during the year. They have visited regularly the Christian families in their several districts, have travelled many miles, often over deep, muddy roads and during wet weather, in visiting and carrying the Gospel to their fellow countrymen. Their service and encouragement given to us, I wish to acknowledge, and to share with them any success which has come to the work here.

#### **Teachers.**

There are thirteen head teachers, two assistant, and nineteen pupil teachers on the



staff. Monthly classes were held for these during Dr. Coffin's absence, and an attempt made to keep them in touch with the prescribed Teachers' Training course, and to follow work laid down by Dr. Coffin.

The International Beginners' course, adapted to our schools and children, has been tried during the past year in all our schools with success.

### Christian Endeavor.

Christian Endeavor Societies have continued as during last year,—Princetown, Mount Stewart and Riversdale, and Tabaguite young people are working up to an organized Society. Princetown young people have taken hold of the work of the year with a will. They have followed the monthly missionary topics with earnestness and intelligence.

### The Outlook.

Two new schools should be opened without delay. In at least two districts, inhabited largely by Indian people. We cannot expect to economize more in the future than we have tried to do in the past. Where is the money for advance to come from? Our increase during the year, though slight, has been general and healthy. The outlook is hopeful, if only the workers on the field have the co-operation and prayerful sympathy of the Church at home.

Many youths are in our schools, the Word of God is being taught not only on Sabbath, but during five days of the week. The Christian people generally are living on the land, and are sure to become more prosperous later on. They are few in numbers, but they are certainly moulders of public opinion, witnesses to nobler ideals, and examples of better lives than those about them who do not know the Gospel.

If it be consoling to be much in the thoughts of a revered earthly friend, what must it be to occupy the thoughts of ONE, better than the best, more loving than the most loving human relative? An earthly father writes his son in a distant land, "You are never absent from my thought." Such, too, is the comforting declaration of our Father in heaven. The humblest and lowliest of His children on earth can say, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."—Madcuff.

### WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time, so many things I'll do  
To make life happier, and more fair,  
For those whose lives are crowded now  
with care.

I'll help to lift them from their lone despair,  
when I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well,  
Shall know no more the weary, toiling days;  
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always  
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest  
praise,

When I have time

When you have time, the friend you hold  
so dear

May be beyond the reach of all your sweet  
intent,

May never know that you so kindly meant  
To fill her life with sweet content, When  
you had time.

Now is the time. Ah, friend, no longer  
wait.

To scatter loving smiles, and words of cheer,  
To those around whose lives are now so  
dear,

That may not meet you in the coming year.

Now is the time.

—Exchange.

Let me to-day do something that shall  
take

A little sadness from the world's sad store,  
And may I be so favored as to make  
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed,  
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or  
friend,

Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,  
Or sin by silence when I should defend.

However meager be my worldly wealth,  
Let me give something that shall aid my  
kind,

Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to  
find.

Let me to-night look back across the span  
Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience  
say

Because of some good act to beast or man,  
"The world is better that I lived to-day."

—The Missionary.

Life is often difficult; it is never impossible for the man that has to live it. If the trial be very sore, if it shake your strength and strain your patience almost to the breaking point, if the agony of conflict surprise you, then that only shows that you are stronger than you took yourself to be. Had you been unfit for it this post of danger would never have been assigned to you.—John Kelman.

# Young People's Societies.

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## TOPICS FOR 1909.

- Jan.—Strangers Within Our Gates.  
Feb.—Educating Prospective Citizens.  
Mar.—Home Mission Hospitals.  
Apr.—On the Trail.  
May.—In the Camp.  
June.—Sharing the Burden.  
July.—Pte. Aux Trembles Schools.  
Aug.—French Evangelization.  
Sep.—Our San Fernando College.  
Oct.—Rev. Andrew Gayadeen.  
Nov.—Yamot.  
Dec.—Awakening in Korea.  
Convener, Rev. Dr. McTavish, Kingston.

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## TOPIC FOR APRIL.

### "ON THE TRAIL."

BY REV. GEORGE PRINGLE, HUNKER, YUKON.

The great stampede to the Klondike gold-fields, in the years '97 '98 and '99, is still fresh in the memories of all. It has been described from various points of view by writers in newspapers and magazines. You know its main features; the thousands that started north; their mad haste to reach the diggings and untold wealth; their sufferings; their disappointments; their successes; their iniquities; and their heroism.

No such event is likely to happen again until at least this generation shall have passed away. There may be other distant goldfields discovered and the multitudes may rush in, but they will not suffer as did the Klondikers for lack of experience and right advice. Those weary days, hundreds of men being as long as two years en route, trained many thousands of men in the art of travelling through the wilds without undue suffering, and they will not forget it as long as they live. They were fresh from office and store and factory, and not ten per cent. of them, even if used to hard, physical toil, knew how best to make their way with their outfits over mountains, to navigate great and rapid rivers and to travel across miles of uninhabited country.

You can well believe that their experiences were manifold, peculiar, soul-testing, painful and ludicrous. Some broke down and died on the way. Many died in Dawson of typhoid pneumonia within a year or two of their arrival. Hundreds turned back. On the trail human nature was shown in the raw. The stampede developed into a thousand mile go-as-you-please race for Dawson. The principal rule was "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." The strain of continued exhausting toil had its effect in making men sensitive, quarrelsome, and peevish. Partners, angry with each other, would saw their boat in two or cut their tent through the centre each taking half. Neither would agree to buy or sell his share intact and wouldn't yield so far as to toss a coin to settle the quarrel, preferring in a sort of madness, to destroy boat or tent.

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In these days of the Great Stampede our Church had its missionaries on the trail, with the pilgrims and at strategic points along the line. The Stikine-Teslin trail, the White Pass, the Chilkoot Pass, and the Yukon River all saw the ministrations of the Presbyterian missionaries. In the early years they were the only representatives of any Canadian church at the front. The missionary had strenuous work to do. He must first be able to cook his own grub, "mush" his own dogs, and build and run his own boat or raft, able, "all round" to "paddle his own canoe" lest he might be a burden instead of a help.

Moreover he must lend a hand to aid the weaker brother. He ministered to the sick according to his ability and buried the dead. Meningitis, malaria, scurvy, typhoid, and pneumonia claimed scores of victims. His duty was to help, whether the help needed was light for the journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death or liniment for aching sinews, cheer for sore hearts or a cure for sore feet, to give a lift to the exhausted or to knock down a bully. His



muscles, grub, tent, and purse were at the disposal of the needy.

How well your missionaries succeeded can be told to you best by the men who were with them on the trail and saw their work.

The mission church was miles long, its roof the sky, its walls the horizon, its congregation a procession. The missionaries preached mostly with their hands and feet. These thousands of travellers must be given the assistance they really needed. There's a fellow stuck with his sleigh in trying to get to the top of the bluff. He has lost his temper and is pounding his dogs. The missionary hitches his dogs on in front and gets behind and pushes. Another has lost his outfit, and nearly his life, through treacherous ice. The Sky-pilot shares his bacon and beans with him. Word comes that a man lies helpless, sick with scurvy, fifty miles away, on a badly-broken side trail. The minister goes after him and brings him back to comfortable quarters in his own tent and feeds him on raw potatoes and onions until he recovers. These are facts that happened and they constituted effective sermons preached without a word of preaching.

One night the missionary pitched his tent in the neighborhood of a hundred others. After supper he started singing some of the old hymns. They heard him in the tents around and soon every singer—and there were some grand ones on the trail—had caught the tune and the spirit of it and the whole camp was resonant with the deep melody of men's voices. You can't sing "Nearer my God to Thee" under any conditions without being brought nearer. The words meant more to these men, singing in the wilderness, than ever before. They were bearing crosses that searched cruelly for the weak places in body and soul. The dear old hymns were to those weary homesick fellows in effect the voice of God. They heard and their hearts became braver and tenderer even while they sang.

Again you might happen on men and circumstances where a hymn would be a mistake, better sometimes a rousing catchy rag time song, or a good story well told. Anything to "jolly" the sour ones into good humour and cheer up the despondent.

The missionary tried to preach the Gospel of Good Cheer and Practical Help with

a word now and then fitly spoken about his Master the Great Burden Bearer.

Here and there along the line of march large camps sprang up, more or less transient, made up of a continually changing concourse of people living mostly in tents; stopping places where the wayfarer must wait until his boat, raft, or scow was built, or his outfit could be sorted and re-packed, or until lake and river froze solid for dog-teams in the Fall, or become clear enough of ice for navigation in the Spring. Such places were Bennett, White Horse (now permanent), Telegraph Creek and Glenora.

At these or similar points the missionary would establish himself in tent or cabin and get some place in which to have regular services. He found himself in the midst of evils that were not so evident before. The temptations of sensuality and strong drink were now flaunted openly before everyone. There was an entire absence of those restraints found in settled communities which will make even men, wicked at heart, hesitate to incur the condemnation of relatives, friends and public opinion. Relatives were thousands of miles away and knew nothing, and public opinion hardly existed.

Determined opposition must always be expected in a fight against public iniquities that declare big dividends. The missionary found it so and further he found that he had to carry on the contest virtually single-handed. He had his sympathizers of course but they were gold seekers not moral reformers. Besides they were here to-day and away to-morrow. Their Mecca was Dawson and nothing could hold them or their interest along the way.

Our men met these conditions by equipping reading-rooms of modest pretensions but cheerful and cozy, and open day and night. In addition to the Sunday services, weekly socials and concerts were arranged. Also they went continually among the people getting hold of them as best they could, winning their good will, their confidence, their friendship. The personal element counted. The tact, the "likableness" of the missionary, the ability to make a favorable first impression, were in those days the necessary qualifications for a measure of success in keeping men from going to wreck.

Still the procession moved along. These

camps were only eddies in the stream that flowed on to Dawson and Atlin. These two places represent the permanent camp at the end of the long trail. Centres of world-renowned mining districts, they were destined to become cities which would remain and thrive after the first great influx of people had subsided. In these towns suitable churches and hospitals were built and a strong central organization formed, upon which the missionary, laboring among the shifting population of miners on the surrounding creeks, could rely for advice and co-operation.

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To the honor of our men in Dawson and Atlin be it known that they housed the sick first. Both hospitals were built and running before the present church buildings were erected.

Wise counsels too prevailed in the plans and construction of these churches. Thought was taken for the future and its needs. St. Andrews church at Dawson, built by the people of Dawson, is a large modern building with splendid pipe organ and otherwise fully equipped to satisfy the requirements of a metropolitan congregation. It has amply justified the expense incurred. Uncomfortable buildings with poor light heat and ventilation were necessary makeshifts for a few months in the trail camps, but for Dawson and Atlin, towns with a future, you must have better.

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Dawson is a city in the centre of a mining district of unknown wealth and extent, the capital of the Yukon Territory; to-day a Territory, to-morrow a Province. Beginnings are of great importance for future generations. Low ideals, wrong customs, and unrighteous laws, if permitted in early days, may require gigantic efforts to destroy them in years to come. Therefore the acknowledged representative of Christianity endeavored with courage and wisdom, to give direction by voice and influence to the public opinion which was at last commencing to form. His pulpit utterances were sane and strong. He gathered good men around him to counsel and uphold. He kept in touch with the government as well as the people, in order that he might effectively urge the recognition of the essential principles of Christianity in the making and enforcement

of law. He was no longer contented with the half-measures acceptable in the past, but worked with a vision of the future inspiring him. And so he laid the foundations broad and deep, and resting on the eternal verities, foundations upon which those to come could build securely.

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Our ministers met with fierce and organized antagonism. The forces of righteousness and evil had fought each other in a desultory fashion all along the way to these northern cities. But the time had come when the two armies faced each other and threw up their entrenchments, conscious that no truce would do and that the battle for supremacy must commence.

Our church may well feel proud of those who carried its banner in Dawson, Atlin and White Horse. Their motto was "Peace with honor, otherwise honorable war." The results are very apparent. Public opinion in the North to-day definitely demands decency and honesty in public and private life, and its voice is becoming clearer and more insistent. Dance halls, as they existed, are of the past. Vice and graft if not destroyed must at least hide themselves away.

The Presbyterian church organizations in the Yukon Territory are pre-eminently centres of powerful influence and recognized leadership in the advancement of every good cause. The pioneer ministers earned for our churches this splendid reputation and they have been succeeded by men who are well able to hold what has been won and furthermore lead the people on to better things.

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#### WOULDN'T HURT CANADA EITHER.

"What America needs more than railway extension, and Western irrigation, and a low tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind father and mother used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayer before breakfast, right in the middle of harvest; that quit field work a half hour early Thursday night so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting. That's what we need now to clean this country of filth, of graft and of greed, petty and big, of worship of fine houses and big lands, and high office and grand social functions." —Wall St. Journal.



# Youth's Record

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## SNOW MEN—AND OTHER MEN.

If all the snow men that have been made this Winter all over Canada were standing side by side, it would be a wonderful sight. There would be big men and little men, men with two legs and men nearly all leg, men with arms and without them, men with round balls for noses and men whose noses had been forgotten. There would be one thing, however, which nearly all of them would have in common, and that is their makers. Most of them would be made by the boys. That wonderful army of snow men was almost wholly your work.

There is another army of men that will soon be all over Canada. They too are white, though not so white as are the snow men. They too vary in size, though not so much as do the snow men. They have eyes that see and hands that handle. They are the men who, a dozen years hence will till our country's farms, dig her mines, build her houses, man her ships, work her factories, run her trains, make her laws, teach her schools, heal her sick, be her ministers and missionaries.

This army of men is not coming to us from without, ready made. They will be chiefly home made. They are now making. They are already half size or more, and the makers are working at them, moulding them, shaping them into what they are finally to be when they come to be men.

The point which we wish specially to note here is that the same boys who have this Winter made the army of snow men, have a part in the making of this army that shall plan and carry on Canada's work a dozen years hence, and they are now at work on their great task.

And, more important still, these men that are being made and the boys who are making them are the same. Canada's boys of to-day will be Canada's men of a dozen years hence, and the men will be what the boys make them.

The shaping of the snow man was quickly done. The shaping of the citizen is a longer task, and the boys of to-day are every day

working at it, shaping the Canada that is to be. The boy that allows meanness or falsehood in his life, is shaping himself into a mean, false man. The boy that is impure in thought and life is building up an impure man. Boys who allow laziness or deceit a place are shaping lazy, deceitful men.

On the other hand, the boys that are square, honest, true, manly, obeying their parents and honoring God, are shaping men that will be a blessing to their country and their fellow men. The boy is the father of the man. As the boy is so will be the man.

Sometimes boys in building a snow man, stick a pipe in his mouth. Boys in building men sometimes do the same. The snow man is the best place for the pipe. It does not hurt him. The living man is better without it, and the boy who is building a pipe into the mouth of the man he is making is, to that extent, spoiling his man.

A boy can build many snow men. If he makes a mistake in one he can try again. But he can only build one living man, and if he blunders in that one, he cannot go back and do his work over again. Every day and hour of a boy's life leaves its mark on the character of the man that he is making of himself.

Boys have seldom any pattern after which to build their snow man, but pile him up with little care. Sometimes they take as little care in building the other man. But every boy has a Perfect Pattern after which to model the living man he is making, if he would only copy his model. This model is not merely the shape of goodness, to serve as a measurement by which to build, but a living model, just like what the boy should seek to fashion the man he is working at.

Best of all he has the help of that Model to direct and aid him in making his man like unto the Model. So if a boy fails in furnishing his country and his church and his God with the right kind of a man to help the world onward and upward, it is the fault of the boy and not of the Model.

Well, my boy, how are you shaping your man?

### HIS FATHER'S LETTER.

(Some years ago, when a young Scotchman, was leaving his home to come out to the new world, his father gave him the following letter, which we quote from an exchange. The son is now an honored elder in the Presbyterian Church, the letter may be helpful to other young men who are leaving home.—Ed.)

My dear Son:

You go away from our sight it may be for a long time. Of course, we cannot expect you to understand the feelings that agitate our hearts. We only get calm by bearing you and ourselves to the throne of God. We are hopeful for your future. You promise well, and this is our comfort. The untried future is before you, with an entire change of circumstances, and the thought of this causes us some anxiety.

We have many times spoken to you and given you counsel of love, but you have all you need in your Bible. Do not forget constantly to consult it; make it your daily study. Read often the fourth chapter of Proverbs; it is the safe compass for a young man; it is all true; keep strictly by its precepts.

Love and meditate often on the words of Jesus; walk and talk with him. He is a real, personal, present Friend.

We will be often thinking about you, and you will be remembered always in our prayers.

Keep your own counsel; be wary of men; don't think you know everything; ask advice, if you require it, from those older than yourself, and especially of a Christian.

Suit and shape yourself to your place and circumstances; get to know the customs and ways as soon as possible; get knowledge, it is easily carried about.

Discard entirely all evil habits; be master of yourself; be an out and out abstainer, and don't be afraid of letting it be known. Don't smoke, it is a useless senseless, expensive habit, and will never recommend you, but, in many cases, would be an obstacle to your success.

Cultivate and keep the company of good young men, if possible, those better informed than yourself, from whom you can learn some good or useful thing.

Let your every word be true, no half truths, and you will command trust and respect.

Write often. You will be getting a letter from some of us by almost every mail. Should you not succeed, or wish to come home, let us know at once, and we will not fail you.

You go from us, we believe, with good and noble motives, and we trust you. You have good hopes, and we share them with

you. Don't be discouraged; though you may meet with disappointments, don't brood on them, but rise above them. Pray to God to open up your way as you go along, even as you enter a door to apply for employment.

And now we commit you to the care of your God, who is our God, hoping to meet again.

Your affectionate  
Father.

### A CHART OF CONDUCT.

Never be idle.

Make few promises.

Always speak the truth.

Never speak ill of anyone.

Live up to your engagements.

Be just before you are generous.

Earn money before you spend it.

Drink no kind of intoxicating drinks.

Good character is above all things else.

Keep your own secrets if you have any.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Never play at any kind of games of chance.

Keep your promises if you would be happy.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.

When you retire think over what you have done during the day.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by yourself.

If any one speaks evil of you let your life be so that none will believe him.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind.—

Ex.

When men become as anxious to be honest as they are to appear so, personal explanations will become unnecessary.



**BILLY.**

One day Billy was a stranger—at the end of a week he was as much at home as any boy in the street.

"We are glad he came," Teddy Farr said, "We like him."

And the other boys said pretty much the same thing.

"Why is this Billy such a favourite?" Mr. Farr asked Mrs. Farr.

"I don't know yet," said Mrs. Farr. "I am watching to find out."

When three more weeks had passed, she thought that she knew.

A group of boys were out in front of her gate one afternoon, and she heard one of them say:

"Pshaw! What can we play? I wish the snow hadn't all gone into mud."

"We had just finished our fort," said another, "and only had one afternoon's fun with it. But it was melted in the night."

"Anyway, we had fun making it," said Billy. "Let's not waste the whole afternoon. Let's begin and play something that doesn't need snow."

When Mrs. Farr looked again they were sailing ships down the gutter and discovering the Congo with great excitement.

Another time Teddy had to go an errand, and asked the others to keep him company.

"Oh, we can't!" objected somebody. "We've all planned to walk out in the other direction and see the place where the fire was last night."

"Why wouldn't it do," said Billy, "to go with Teddy first? We needn't come all the way back, need we? There ought to be some short cuts, I should think."

Well, when they had put their heads together, they remembered that there were.

Then there was the day when Joe Hall lost his arithmetic. Joe and Billy were the best in the school in arithmetic. Joe hated to miss any of his lessons.

"Never mind," said Billy. "My book will do for us both until yours turns up. We are pretty quick at it, you know. We can manage."

When the mud froze hard and the snow came again, and the boys brought out their sleds to go sliding, Billy appeared with the funniest home-made one that was ever seen.

"It isn't very pretty," he said cheerfully, when the others were trying to be polite and look as if they saw nothing different in it. "But it will do. When you go scudding down hill on it the feeling is just the same."

"If, said Teddy, during a rainy recess, Will Prichard had only come to school to-day, we could try that new game he was telling us about."

"Let's try it anyway," said Billy. "We can play all we remember, and make up the rest. That will do until we can get the real thing."

On one sad afternoon, when they were having a game of ball in the schoolyard, Billy broke a cellar window.

After the crash there was a pause of dismay.

"We must have kept getting nearer to the house without noticing it," said Billy.

"How would it do," suggested Joe, "to be quiet until we are asked about it? Maybe Mr. Nevin will think that the street boys did it. They broke one."

"It wouldn't do at all," said Billy quickly. "It wouldn't be fair."

He told Mr. Nevin, and paid for the pane, and after that he was short of money for some time. For Billy was poor.

After the three weeks, Mrs. Farr said to Mr. Farr:

"I think I know why the boys like Billy."

"Why?"

"Because he has a delightful habit of getting the best for himself and his friends out of what he has at hand. He makes things 'do'—except the things that won't do at all. I like Billy myself," she said, smiling.—Sel.

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**WHAT TO DO WITH A BAD TEMPER.**

Starve it. Give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry, do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself; but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up.

The person who can and does control tongue, hand, heart, in the face of great provocation, is a hero. The world may not hold him or her as such; but God does. The Bible says that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

What is gained by yielding to temper? For a minute there is a feeling of relief; but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and pain is given to others as well as self. That pain, too, often lasts for days, even years—sometimes, for life.

An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler; it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done many never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.—The Herald and Presbyterian.

**THE ERRAND BOY FROM SUPPLER'S.**

"Botheration!"

"I think it is scatteration," said a hearty deep voice, and Sam stood up and laughed. Then the gentleman in dogskin gloves, and the boy in none, bent their backs together, until the boxes and parcels were all safely within the trap again and slung on Sam's back.

"Thank you, sir!" said the errand boy; he wished he knew some better words to show his gratitude.

"Don't mention it," said the gentleman, waving a dogskin glove lightly. Sam was immensely tickled; without putting it into words, he was vaguely conscious that this was what one gentleman would say to another when a favour had been done. What a fine thing it must be to wear gloves, and have that sort of manner! Somehow the packages felt heavier than usual.

"You are from Suppler's?" the gentleman said, falling into step with Sam. That was evident enough, being in large letters on boxes and packages, and even on the boy's cap and collar.

"Yes, sir; I'm errand boy at Suppler's."

"Ah, an errand boy," said the gentleman, in a musing way; "I salute you, comrade," (the dogskin went up stiffly to the wearer's brim). "I am in that business myself."

"Sir!" cried Sam, twisting around under his load to see if this piece of elegance was making fun of him. No; the gentleman looked grave, and the light in his eyes was not in the least quizzical.

"Yes," repeated the stranger, "I have for about twenty-five years been an errand boy; sometimes, I trust, doing my errands faithfully; sometimes, alas! neglecting and slighting them. But I have a very kind, forgiving Master. I hope you have, my boy?"

"Mr. Suppler is all right, sir; a fellow gets what he earns with our master."

"Ah," said the big "errand boy," "If my Master only gave me what I earned, I'd be badly off, my lad!"

"Who do you work for, sir?"

"I am going to tell you," was the answer, "because I want you to enlist in his service with me. What is your name friend? I want to speak a word for you to my Master."

"My name is Sam Hamilton, sir, but I don't know that I want to leave Mr. Suppler. I like Mr. Suppler, and he likes me; it was just this very morning he said to me, 'Sam,' said he, 'I wish I had ten more boys that stuck to their jobs like you.' I beg your pardon, sir, but that's what he said."

"Ah," said the gentleman again, in that quick way of his, "loyal, faithful, affectionate. My Master seeks such to serve him."

"What did you say his name was, sir?"

"What! You haven't guessed my Master's name, Sam? Who could it be but"—

At this moment the two errand boys turned a corner, and almost ran into a party of gentlemen; the gentlemen seized Sam's companion by the hand, hats came off, and such talking went on that it brought folks to their windows. Our boy was bursting with curiosity, but old Mr. Suppler's confidence was not misplaced.

"See here!" he said to himself, "I haven't got time to gape at these swells. Mr. Suppler's customers didn't put that in the bargain." Sam moved on, and his load prevented him from seeing, and the street noise prevented him from hearing the efforts the gentleman made to detain him.

He only saw this big "errand boy" once after that, for to tell the truth the gentleman did not live in the city. A few weeks later Sam was going on an errand to a distant part of town, in the tram car. As he sprang in and took his seat, a big, handsome man flashed a look of recognition at him and stretched across the car to him—a dogskin glove. Of course Sam knew his comrade-in-trade—it was the "swell" errand boy.

"Well, Sam," he said, "I'm glad to see you again; I lost the chance to tell you my Master's name."

"I think I've guessed it, sir"; Sam doffed his banded cap just a little sideways, and said gravely, "It was God in heaven, wasn't it sir?"

The gentleman had moved across to Sam and he now laid his hand on the boy's knee. Nobody could hear what they were saying to each other.

"That's right, Sam," he said, "that's right; the Lord has sent me here to do His errands; just that; and I'm hoping to win His approval, as you have done your master's, by being loyal and true. I hope my Master is yours, Sam."

The car stopped, and several gentleman got up. "This is our stopping-place, Governor," said one. He touched Sam's companion on the arm, but that gentleman was waiting for an answer to his question.

"I hope so, sir," said Sam, and then he felt his hand gripped by, the gloved one, and the party hurried off.

"How did you get so thick with his Excellency, kid?" asked the conductor.

"His what?" cried Sam.

"Don't you know who that big man was?"

"He told me he was a—a—errand boy," said Sam, hesitating.

"An errand boy! Oh-ho! That was his Excellency, Robert McDowell, Governor of the State!"—Messenger for the Children.

Some things if wasted can never be restored. The prodigal's father could easily replace his ring and his shoes, but those wasted years were gone forever.



**"HE SHALL NOT FAIL NOR BE DISCOURAGED."**

School was out, but one boy lingered, when the room was cleared he made his way to the teacher's desk.

"Well, John, what is it?"

"Its no use," said John, the tears choking his words. "I just can't do these examples. I don't understand a thing we have been trying to do, and my work is all wrong. If it wasn't for having the other boys laugh at me, I would go back. I can't get anything right."

"Let me see your paper," said the teacher. "See, this one is right."

"May be it is; but I don't know how I did it, and the rest are all wrong."

"No, here is another that is almost right. You began well, and made just a trifling mistake. Let us correct that and see how well it will come out."

It would be too much to say that the teacher showed John how to do the work. He was too weary and discouraged to understand very much of what she showed him. But one thing he understood—the teacher had confidence in his ability to succeed.

"She thinks I can do it, and I believe I can," was about the way he put the case. "The teacher is a brick! She has faith in me."

That the teacher was not discouraged about him rebuked his own discouragement concerning himself, and gave him power to succeed. He was not a brilliant scholar, but he was a faithful student, a worker who needed just the encouragement his teacher gave him to add hopefulness and outlook to the work.

Years afterward, in a time of perplexity and doubt, the lesson came back to him. He had suffered disappointment and his faith was sorely tested. He was tempted not to try again. Then he found the prophetic words, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged."

"I wonder if that means that God has faith in us?" he asked. "That is what it seems to mean. 'A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench. . . He shall not fail nor be discouraged.'"

His own lamp had been burning dimly enough, and sometimes had given smoke instead of light. He had been bruised, wronged, disappointed. Had God any oil for a lamp so nearly dry? Could God bind up so bruised a reed? Would God count himself to have failed if one poor man like himself should let his light flicker and go out, or if a reed so bruised should die?

"He shall not fail nor be discouraged." The words came back to him with the clear ring of assurance. He remembered the day when he stood, a big boy, ashamed to cry, but humiliated and discouraged, before the teacher's desk, and how her faith in him

had given him faith in himself. Man that he was, he sobbed again before the Great Teacher who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not;

"O God, if thou art not discouraged concerning me, I will not give up in despair of myself."—Selected.

**AT HIS POST.**

The older boys in Oakley were building a snow fort, and Philip Merrill watched the boisterous fun with envious eyes.

"May I help?" he asked.

"No, you'd only bother," replied Tim Drake, as he and George Lewis placed an enormous snowball on the tower of the fort.

"But I won't get in the way," urged six-year-old Philip. "I could help a lot."

"Only boys that are big and brave enough to stand a real hard fight can belong to this garrison," said George. "You'd cry at the very first snowball that hit you."

"No, I wouldn't. I can be brave," insisted Philip.

"Well, then, you come here to-morrow. We want a brave man for sentinel," said Tim, winking at George.

"I'll come. I'm awful glad I can be a soldier," and Philip's face was wreathed in smiles.

"Then we'll depend on you for sentry duty. It's getting dark now. You'd better skip."

The boys laughed as the child ran home. "He'll stand guard about three minutes when he gets here and finds no one at the fort," remarked Tim, "for to-morrow is Saturday, and we'll all be skating."

"Papa, what does a sentinel do." asked Philip that evening.

"Why, usually he just walks to and fro in front of the place he is guarding, and carries a gun," replied his father.

"How long does he do that?"

"Until he is relieved; that is, until the soldier whose turn it is next to stand guard, comes."

"What if he gets tired?"

"He goes right on just the same; if he is a faithful soldier he will not desert his post," explained Mr. Merrill.

"I s'pose it wouldn't be brave to stop before the other sentinel came?" asked Philip, after a pause.

"No," returned the father, who by that time was thinking of something else.

The next day at noon Mrs. Merrill said, "I wonder where Philip is. I thought he was playing in the yard, but when I went out to call him he wasn't there. It is snowing hard and I wish he'd come home."

"He'll turn up soon hungry as a little bear," answered Mr. Merrill. But an hour passed and Philip did not come, and his father, who began to share Mrs. Merrill's anxiety, started out in search. The storm

had developed into a blizzard, and he fought his way through it to the houses of Philip's various playmates, but none of them knew anything about the child. As he was returning in the hope that the child had come home during his absence, he met George Lewis.

"Can't you find Philip?" said George, sympathetically, and then with a sudden thought he added, "Have you been to the snow fort at the school-house?"

"Snow fort?" repeated Mr. Merrill, reminded of Philip's questions. "Let's go there at once."

Wearily trudging back and forth, painfully struggling against wind and snow, they found the small sentinel.

"I didn't stop till you came," he murmured. "I was a brave soldier." The toy gun dropped from his numb fingers and he sank unconscious in the snow at his father's feet.

His father gathered him into his arms and carried him home, where all night long George and Tim, who humbly came to be of any assistance possible, heard his baby voice crying between croupy gasps for breath: "I was a brave soldier, papa—I didn't d'sert the post."

In the early morning, when the little fellow was pronounced by the doctor out of danger, Tim and George, with hearts too full for words, looked at each other with swimming eyes.

As they left the house, George said, "It seems to me I couldn't have stood it if that brave little chap hadn't gotten better. I guess it's a lesson for us, Tim."

"It surely is," answered Tim in a choking voice.—*Children's Magazine.*

### A WORD TO GIRLS.

Girls in the country sometimes grow tired of the quiet routine of farm work and long for the excitements and attractions of city life.

But life in the city is not the public holiday it seems to the girls on their occasional visits to town. Believe me when I tell you that working girls in the city have an infinitely more monotonous existence than the country girls ever dreamed of. You get up early and work hard, it is true, but the picnics you attend in summer and the sleigh rides and parties that enliven your winter give you social recreation and change, while there is always the keenest enjoyment for those who know how to read mother nature's book.

Think of spending every working day in a dingy office, writing and figuring constantly with but half a day's vacation in three years, as one girl I know of has done! Think of spending all the hot dusty summer days at a sewing machine in a factory with the ceaseless clatter of hundreds of other machines all about you! Think of walking two miles

to work, standing behind a counter all day, forced to smile and smile, though you feel as a villain ought to feel, and again walking home at night! All these things thousands of girls in big cities do.

One girl I know stands and irons ready-made shirt-waists all day, week in and week out. What is the variety of her life? How would you like to exchange your duties with her? Do you not think it would be a welcome relief to them to milk in the cool of the morning, churn, bake, and sweep before the hottest part of the day, peel the potatoes for dinner out under the shade of a tree, and after dinner is over and the dishes washed to take a little rest indoors or out in the cool and shady yard; or in the fall go to the woods in search of nuts and at night lie down and breathe in the sweet-scented air of the country instead of amid sewer smell and effluvia of dirty alleys?

How would you like to pay out of your scant earnings for every speckled apple or withered peach you ate? Why, if you live in the city, you would pay for fruit that you will not pick up from the ground now. How would you like the ever-present possibility of losing your "job" and having your income cut off for a time, with no money to pay the expenses that always accumulate so fast?

Think of these things before you give up the quiet and peaceful life of the country with the certainty of a comfortable home, even if you do not have ice cream and oysters every day. To make the best of what you have is better than to rush into evils that you know not of.—*Metropolitan and Rural Home.*

### ARE YOU THERE TO HOE.

"Away up among the hills of Vermont, in a little country church, was a deacon known throughout the community for his good works, his zeal, and self-sacrifice. He was a man of inherited and acquired wealth, with all surroundings contributing to an easy and luxurious life.

"He was asked one day by a visiting minister why he was pursuing a course so unusual to rich men. His reply was: 'When I became a Christian, and began to read the Bible with appreciation of its meaning, I read that I was called into the vineyard of the Lord, and I made up my mind at once that I was not called there to eat grapes, but to hoe; and I've been trying to hoe ever since!'"

"Time is a great soother, a great healer of sorrows, a great adjuster of misunderstandings. 'All things come to those that wait' is true in many of the fields where life is active."



**SIX THINGS BEHIND.**

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Rufus," said his mother, "did you post the letter I gave you yesterday evening?"

"Oh, mother—I forgot it. I meant to, but just then I had to go and get some new shoe laces, so it went out of my mind."

"Didn't I speak of those laces yesterday morning?"

"Yes, but just then father had called me to ask if I had weeded the pansy bed the night before."

"And had you?"

"No, mother, I was just then writing the letter you said must go to grandmamma."

"I thought you were to write that on Saturday?"

"I meant to, but I had to do some examples that I didn't do on Friday, so I hadn't time."

"Rufus," called his brother, "did you nail the broken board on the rabbit hutch yesterday?"

"Oh," Rufus sprang up in dismay, "I was just going to, but I hadn't watered the house plants, and I went to do that, and then"—

"The rabbits are all out."

Rufus hastened to join in the hunt for the pets. In the course of his search he came upon two tennis racquets which he had "meant to" bring in the night before, and they were in bad condition.

"There, now! It will cost ever so much to get these strung up. Why didn't I take them in? I remember I hadn't locked the stable door when father called me, and then I hurried to do it before he asked me again."

Later in the day, Rufus, with a penitent face, brought to his mother the letter which should have been posted. During the rabbit hunt it had slipped out of his pocket, one of his brothers having found it in the damp clover, and it was now a sorry-looking mis-sive.

"Rufus," she said, as he sat on the porch step near her, "I do not see how you can endure to live such a burdened life."

"How burdened, mother?"

"You are always hurrying from one thing to another"—

"Why, yes, you see, when I'm told to do one thing I generally have to wait till I do something I've been told to do before. Then, by the time I do it I've forgotten the other thing, so when somebody tells me to do something else, there's something ahead of it. It seems like that all the time."

"Exactly," said his mother, with a smile at his way of putting it. "You live all the time under a burden of undone duties."

"Well, it does seem," said Rufus reflectively, "as though I was always about six things behind."

"That is a poor way to get along."

"Yes, it is," agreed Rufus, with energy.

"Then why don't you try a better way? It is a bad, bad habit. A habit clings to us, and grows stronger. Every time we yield to it it is one more brick added to the character we are building. A brick is a small thing, and they are laid one by one, but as a wall of habit rises day by day how fearfully strong it is, and if the habit is a bad one, how difficult to break it down. If you carry your habit into manhood—dragging along your burden of delayed or undone duties—what a wretched pattern of a man you will be."

"I shouldn't like to be that," said Rufus soberly.

"I hope you will not."

"But it does seem as though I never could get caught up."

"Brace yourself to it, my boy. Ask for the help we all need, even in what we consider our smaller duties, and then be on the alert to do every duty in its proper time. Promptness and reliability are among the best foundation stones on which a boy can build character."—Messenger for the Children.

**IT TAKES COURAGE.**

To speak the truth when, by a little prevarication, you can get some great advantage.

To live according to your convictions.

To be what you are, and not pretend to be what you are not.

To live honestly within your means, and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

When mortified and embarrassed by humiliating disaster, to seek in the wreck or ruin the elements of future conquest.

To refuse to knuckle and bend the knee to the wealthy, even though poor.

To refuse to make a living in a questionable vocation.

To refuse to do a thing which you think is wrong, because it is customary and done in trade.

To be talked about and yet remain silent when a word would justify you in the eyes of others, but which you cannot speak without injury to another.

To face slander and lies, and to carry yourself with cheerfulness, grace and dignity for years before the lie can be corrected.

To stand firmly erect while others are bowing and fawning for praise and power.

To remain in honest poverty while others grow rich by questionable methods.

To say "No" squarely when those around you say "Yes."

To do your duty in silence, obscurity and poverty, while others about you prosper through neglecting or violating sacred obligations.

Not to bend the knee to popular prejudice.—Success Magazine.

**BESSIE'S BROTHERS.**

"Now, sister, I cannot be bothered with you to-day. It's the first skating this year, and I've only a half holiday, so I'm going to make the most of it," and Horace buckled his skates together with an air of determination that dashed Bessie's hopes at once. Still she faintly pleaded, "Oh, please, Horace, you promised you'd teach me—"

"So I will, but not to-day. Girls are such geese, anyway; I don't see why they want to skate. At the least little slip they squeal, and act crazy generally," and Horace buttoned his coat with a superior air.

"But I won't squeal once, if you'll only take me," said Bess. "I'll come home in an hour, if you say so." But Horace was obdurate. "Not this time. Now don't cry—girls always—" the door slammed behind him, and the rest of his speech was lost. Bess slowly unbuttoned her cloak, trying hard to keep back the disappointed tears. Her pretty new skates in the crimson bag would have to be hung away again for nobody knew how long. Two big drops rolled down at the thought. Just then ten-year-old Bob rushed in. "It's freezing faster an' faster, and I'm going skating. Oh, jolly, ain't I glad this is a holiday?" and his cap tinkled against the chandelier in its mad flight skyward. "What's the matter, Bessie?" he asked, noticing his sister's downcast face.

"I want to go skating, too, but Horace won't take me," she faltered. "Everybody can skate but just poor me."

"I'll take you. I just guess I will;" and Bob dashed a tempestuous kiss from his mittened finger-tips as he pranced. Bess laughed in spite of herself. "You? Bless your heart," she said, "you couldn't teach me to skate. Why, I'm six inches taller than you are, and bigger every way." Bob flushed, and straightened up proudly. "I'm strong as anything," he declared. "You just try me once, and see if I can't help you to learn."

"It would spoil your fun just as much as it would Horace's," said Bessie, hardly knowing what to say, yet quite sure her younger brother was too small to give her any help.

"'Twouldn't spoil it at all. It'd just be dividing it with you, so both of us could have some; and that's heaps better than fun that leaves other people out," declared Bob, stoutly, as he slung his sister's skate bag over his shoulder.

Two hours later, Horace skated back from a long trip up the lake. A certain scarlet cap, with a familiar look about it, caught his eye, and he drew near to investigate.

There they were—sturdy Bob, with one hand on his hip, holding his elbow out

straight, skating slowly along, while beside him, with a firm grip on the dark-blue sleeve, went Bess, a little shaky, but really skating. Her cheeks were red, her eyes shone like stars, and a happy smile brought dimples all over her face. Dear little Bob looked proud, as he said, "Look out for that rough place, Bess, it might trip you. Now, I'll get in front, and you put your hands on my shoulders, while we turn around; keep your ankles firm!" They were too busy to see Horace among the comers and goers on the ice, and he skated away again.

But somebody else's cheeks were red, as he said to himself. "If ever I felt mean—it's now. Bob isn't allowed to go out after dark, but he's given up his afternoon to do what I wouldn't do, though I ought to have been glad of the chance. Such a sister as Bess is, too! I don't deserve to belong to the same family!" By this time he had circled back, and the others were startled to hear him say, "Here, Bob, this is my girl, and I'm going to take possession of her now. Yes, you can trust me—I'll have her skating backward and doing fancy figures by night." Bess laughed happily. "Haven't I learned rapidly? I didn't think he could help me at all, but he's taught me beautifully. Bob is the dearest—"

"I didn't do nothin'," Bob protested, with more earnestness than grammar.

"Only gave up your own fun for me," said Bess, gratefully.

"I never had a better time," began Bob, but Horace interrupted. "Well, it's my turn now. Scamper off, and show us how well you can do alone."

"Look at his happy face," said Bess, as he shot by, a moment later. "He said he enjoyed fun that didn't leave other people out, and I believe he does."

"So does everybody else, if they'd only remember it," remarked Horace, as they moved slowly forward. "Next time I'm in for a real downright good time, I think I'll follow Bob's example."—Selected.

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The man who is always envying some other's chance is sure to be making too little of his own.

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Life is too short to waste any of it on wishing you were some one else: you never will be, and would make a bad mess of it if you were.

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Seldom can the heart be lonely

If 't seeks a lonelier still:

Self-forgetting, seeking only

Emptier cups of love to fill.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.



# Pulpit and Pew

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## "MORE SUCH SERMONS."

An American minister, spending a summer abroad, preached on a Sunday in a Scotch city. The congregation was reverent and closely attentive, many persons looking up the text as it was announced, and nearly every listener paying strict attention throughout; but the faces gave little indication of the impression, favorable or otherwise, which the sermon was making.

At the close of the service the people withdrew quietly. The preacher walked out of the front door, and started for his hotel, quite uncertain of any good accomplished through his message.

A well-dressed man joined him at the door, and asked, "'Are you walking? Then I will walk a bit with you.'" And for a little way they walked in silence.

"It's about your sermon I wanted to speak to you," said the Scotchman. The minister thought he was preparing for an argument. The Scotchman spoke in brief sentences, sometimes walking a number of strides after one sentence before speaking again. Not till the very last word did the minister find himself able to conjecture what relation the monologue had to the sermon.

"It is hard to say some things we want to say," said the Scotchman, and then walked on.

"I have a son.

"He has caused me much anxiety.

"He left home six years ago.

"He went to Jamaica, and led a rough life.

"He got into the fruit business, and went to the States.

"For months we would have no word from him.

"When we got word it was little comfort, and often it was pain.

"We hardly knew which caused us more sorrow, the letters or the silences.

"It is all changed now.

"He wandered into an American church, and heard a sermon that changed his whole life.

"He is married, and sober, and happy, and his letters fill us with joy.

"I was thinking as I listened to you, 'It will have been a sermon like that which touched the heart of my boy.' Good-bye!"

He left as abruptly as he had been speaking, and the minister walked on alone. He had forgotten, while his companion was telling his story, that it had something to do with his own story, and he was wholly unprepared for the sudden turn by which the narrative of the son in the far country assumed a relation to his own message.

But he said to himself, as he walked on, that he had never had a finer compliment nor one he would more gladly hear again, than that which the undemonstrative Scotch father gave him in his belief that such a sermon might touch the heart of a wayward son, and help him toward the new life.

And he said to himself that no commendation of the scholarship or logic or literary beauty of a sermon could be quite so desirable a quality as fitness to touch the heart of a wandering boy, and bring him to the new life. And he promised himself to preach more such sermons.—"Selected."

## GENIUS AND ITS IMITATIONS.

The erratic man avoids commonplaces, but accumulates little momentum.

Brilliance is desirable; it attracts attention: but staying-power lasts longer and accomplishes more.

What more than one man believes to be the sign of genius in himself is nothing more than plain foolishness.

In order to be different from others, one must be different; thinking that he is so does not make him so.

The engine that jumps the track makes a sensation, but the one that stays on the track and pulls is more useful.

It is better to prove one's excellence in the way he travels the middle of the road than to attract a moment's attention by bolting off the side.

True genius does new and great things, but does not cackle about it.

A world full of geniuses would be difficult to live in; no one would agree with another.

If all were leaders there could be no followers; and after all, followers are necessary to materialize the leader's thought.

No man can make himself a genius; some men who have tried it have developed a genius for failure.

Yet men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

"The Philadelphia Presbyterian."

## A FRESH START TOWARD CHRIST.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

A man has just gone out of my room who said to me: "I am going to make a fresh start. All his life he had been drifting farther and farther off from where his conscience told him that he ought to be. His "fresh start" was toward Jesus Christ. And every unconverted person who reads these lines ought to take the same step. You expect to do it at some time before you die; do it now. Jesus Christ long waited for you; hasten to him at once.

Do not wait for any keener sense of guilt; people often discover more of their own weakness and wickedness after they have come to Jesus than they ever dreamed of before.

Do not wait for more feeling. If you had fallen from a ferryboat into the North River filled with floating ice, would you wait to feel colder before you grasped the rope flung out to you? When Jesus told the blind beggar to come to him, he cast off his garment and came straightway. When the leper besought Christ to heal him, the Master bade him "go show himself to the priest." The suffering wretch did not stop to count his scabs or scales, nor inquire, "What good will it do me to go?" He asked no questions, but started, and "as he went he was healed." The path of obedience was the path of salvation; it will be just so with you.

When Jesus encountered James and John on the lake shore of Gennesaret, he simply said to them: "Follow me." He did not come twice after them, nor did he need to speak twice to them. Their destiny hung upon ten minutes; so may yours.

Suppose that these two fishermen had treated the Saviour as you have always treated him, where were their wonderful history, their priceless service, and their crown of glory? Their destiny turned on a "Yes" or a "No." They did not stop to cry over their sins, or to bargain with their new Master as to their support; they quit their nets, rose up and walked off with Jesus Christ, not knowing whither he would lead them.

You, too, my friend, must forsake your "net." A single favorite prevailing sin may be a net that entangles your soul in its meshes. The "net" which my friend who has just left this room is quitting is a dangerous tampering with a brandy bottle. I have seen hundreds of awakened souls drawn back into hardened impenitence by sensual temptations. The decanter, the gaming-table, the play-house, or the appetite for licentious gratification have coiled their net around the feet, and held them from following Christ.

Perhaps your besetting sin is a love of making money, and in ways that do not satisfy your conscience. Then stop it at whatever sacrifice. You cannot make an honest prayer while there is a dishonest coin in your pocket. Just as it is the hidden root which holds a tree against every effort to move it, and the hidden rock that staves the hold in the bottom of a vessel, so it is the secret sin that oftenest keeps a soul from Christ. Search your heart to the bottom, and whatever Christ bids you give up, surrender it.

Perhaps fear of ridicule or the desire to stand well with your irreligious associates may be influencing you. But you cannot keep on good terms with sinners and live on good terms with your Saviour. Take a bold stand, if some of your acquaintances do stare at you or sneer at you. Perhaps your courageous coming out for Christ may startle them and shame them, and be the means of saving their souls. I know of two young ladies who so impressed their circle of friends by their decided stand for Christ, that a deep religious interest was started, which finally spread through the congregation. Obey Christ, and he will take care of the consequences.

In order to be saved by Jesus Christ, there are two things that are indispensable: One is repentance of sin, and the other is faith. They both mean doing. They are not frames or feeling; they are acts. Repentance is a resolute turning away from your old sins, with a full purpose to live a different life. Faith is a resolute grasp of Jesus Christ, binding your soul to him as your atoning Saviour. You must put your whole heart into both.

Nor can you consider yourself a converted man or a saved man until you are joined by the Holy Spirit to the Infinite Son of God. The Spirit will help you, waits to help you, and every hour that you refuse to obey conscience and follow Jesus, you are resisting that divine, loving Spirit. In the saving of your soul, you must act and Christ must act. Your faith is your laying hold on Jesus, and doing whatever he bids you. Jesus will forgive your sins, cleanse your soul, and give you strength to follow him. That is his doing.

Take these two truths and act on them. Go to Jesus in honest prayer. The "inquiry meeting" for you is a meeting of your own heart with him; no pastor, or evangelist, or friend can be a substitute for your Saviour. One honest hour with Jesus Christ is the first step to which you must come sooner or later, or else die in your sins. One honest hour with Jesus may give you a new life in this world, and life everlasting up yonder. A single decisive step—straight to Jesus Christ—will give you such a "Happy New Year" as you never knew before.

Brooklyn, N.Y.



**THE MASTER'S PLANS.**

A gentleman who was walking near an unoccupied building one day, saw a stone-cutter chiseling patiently at a block of stone in front of him. The gentleman went up to him.

"Still chiseling"? he remarked pleasantly.

"Yes, still chiseling," replied the workman, going on with his work.

"In what part of the building does this stone belong"? asked the gentleman.

"I don't know," replied the stone-cutter; "I haven't seen the plans."

Then he went on chiseling, chiseling. Now, that is what we should do. We have not seen the great plans of the Master Architect, but each of us has his work to do, and we should chisel away until it is done.—Exchange.

**HOW TO GET INTERESTED.**

"I can't get interested in missions!" exclaimed a young girl petulantly and, if truth must be told, a bit superciliously, as she left a thrilling missionary meeting in company with an older lady, presumably an aunt or other relative.

We were near enough to hear the answer.

"No, dearie," came the pitying response; "it isn't to be expected you should—yet awhile. It's just like getting interest in a bank: you have to put in a little something first; and the more you put in, the more interest—time, or money, or praying, it doesn't matter which; but something you have to put in, or you never *will* have any interest. Try it, dearie—just put in a little something, and you're sure of the interest." —The King's Own.

**FAMILY PRAYER.**

We would like to ask what some church members and professedly religious men, heads of families, with children growing up around them, are thinking about when they pass day after day, week after week, month after month, without family prayers?

Do they think they are doing their duty—discharging their obligations and meeting their responsibilities? Do they expect that the divine Saviour, who looks upon their hearts and life, will approve their course and at last say, "Well done, good and faithful servant"? Do they think such neglect will be at all likely to impress the minds of their children with a sense of the importance of religion or a practical religious life?

Or, have they not reason to fear that some time or other in their history it may happen to them as it is said to have happened to a wealthy worldly man in North Carolina, whose only child, a lovely and loved daughter of some eighteen summers, was told by the physician about midnight that she could not live until daylight.

"Call pa," she exclaimed of her father, who after long and anxious watching was seeking a little rest. "Call pa."

It was done. He went to the bedside. "What is it, darling. What can I do for my child?"

"O pa, the doctor says I cannot live until morning, and you never taught me to pray. What shall I do? What shall I do? She shrieked—and died.—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

**THE BEST SERMON.**

Words, though fitting and wise, are powerless to produce moral change. As vehicles of the Spirit, words gather power from the personality of the men who utter them, and from the behavior of the people whose lives reveal their meaning.

Words dislocated from human life are impotent; else might they be shot at men like bullets from a gun. Something like this is often tried, but never effectively. But lives often prove effective even when hemmed in by silence.

Some seventy years ago a brilliant young lawyer in an inland community of New York, long a vexation to the pastor because known to be the central force in a nest of youthful scoffers on the borders of his congregation, at length unexpectedly asked admission to the church, and gave evidence of sincere piety. After satisfactory "examination," the pastor asked to which of his own sermons the convert attributed his conversion. "To none," was the gentle reply, "but to the life of you church janitor."

The instance is typical, not exceptional. Fully two hundred thousand sermons are preached in America each week, but records of conversion under these are scant. Evangelistic results, almost without exception, are won in after-meetings, and seldom prove traceable to even the most apt and forcible appeals from pulpit or platform.

These appeals, and indeed all the better class of sermons, may operate with great force on Christians present, and set them at work; it is then that tangible results among the impenitent begin to appear. The revivalist's words, as a rule, reach the ungodly only by filtering through the lives of the godly. Each human heart awaits the mysterious, compelling touch of kindred life.

In rare instances the preacher is permitted so to charge his message with personal experience as to reach effectively one here and another there in his audience with something of the intimacy of a private interview; but the mere nerve-cost of such a feat is tremendous, and these semi-miraculous leaps over obstacles to contact of "man with man" have little to do with the normal and divine method of winning souls.

From the death of sin men are called to life by the Spirit of God *through the electric touch of personality*, not often by the thing called oratory even at its highest power, even though vitalized to the utmost degree by the spiritual attainments and attitude of the speaker and the specific ministry of the Holy Spirit therein.—S. S. Times.

**PUTTING AWAY THE HINDRANCE.**

There was once in Boston, an old codfish dealer, a very earnest and sincere man, who lived prayerfully every day. One of the great joys of his life was the family worship hour.

One year two other merchants persuaded him to go into a deal with them, by which they could control all the codfish in the market, and greatly increase the price. The plan was succeeding well, when this good old man learned that many poor persons in Boston were suffering because of the great advance in the price of codfish.

It troubled him so that he broke down in trying to pray at the family altar, and went straight to the men who had led him into the plot, and told them he could not go on with it. Said the old man:

"I can't afford to do anything which interferes with my family prayers. And this morning when I got down on my knees and tried to pray, there was a mountain of codfish before me, high enough to shut out the throne of God, and I could not pray. I tried my best to get around it, or get over it, but every time I started to pray, that codfish loomed up between me and my God. I wouldn't have my family prayers spoiled for all the codfish in the Atlantic Ocean, and I shall have nothing more to do with it, or with any money made out of it."—*Home Herald*.

**SEVEN WAYS OF GIVING.**

1. The careless way. To give something to every cause that is presented, without inquiring into its merits.

2. The impulsive way. To give from impulse—as much and as often as love and pity and sensibility prompt.

3. The lazy way. To make a special offer to earn money for benevolent objects by fairs, festivals, etc.

4. The self-denying way. To save the cost of luxuries and apply it to purposes of religion and charity. This may lead to asceticism and self-complacency.

5. The systematic way. To lay aside, as an offering to God, a definite portion of our gains—one-tenth, one-fifth, one-third, or one-half. This is adapted to all, whether poor or rich; and gifts would be largely increased if it were generally practised.

6. The equal way. To give God and the needy just as much as we spend on ourselves, balancing our personal expenditures by our gifts.

7. The heroic way. To limit our own expenditure to a certain sum, and give away all the rest of our income.—Selected.

**A HINT CONCERNING DISCIPLINE.**

The teacher who is at his wits' end to know how to deal with thoughtless and unruly boys, should study this sketch from real life, as given in *The Literary Digest*.

The "kid" police force was organized among street arabs, newsboys, bootblacks and boys who would naturally be expected to oppose such a movement. Four years ago Chief Richmond was arranging a schedule of his men for the Fourth of July. Already the boys were beginning to shoot off giant crackers. The chief had ordered that any boy caught setting off fireworks before the hour which ushered in the Fourth should be arrested.

A policeman entered, half dragging, half leading a dirty-faced little fellow, who was wiping his eyes on his sleeve.

"Caught the kid shooting a giant cracker. Here's the cracker itself as evidence," said the policeman.

"All right. Put the kid over in that chair," said the chief.

Chief Richmond is a friend of boys and understands them.

"Jimmie," he said, "what do you say to helping me make the 'gang' behave themselves to-morrow? I need a good boy, and I believe you are the very one I want."

"Not me," answered Jimmie. "I ain't goin' to tell on none o' me pals."

"No, I don't want you to tell on your pals, my son," said the chief. "I'll make you a regular policeman, and you can arrest any boy just like a regular policeman can."

"And kin I have a star?"

"Yes, I'll give you a badge," answered Richmond.

"All right, I'm wid yer," and Jimmie was there and then made a special, and started out to keep the other boys from shooting off crackers.

The "kid" force is changed completely for the different occasions upon which it is used. In this way, the writer points out, the chief gives every boy a chance to become a policeman, and the heaviest disgrace that can come to a Council Bluff's boy is for one who has been a member of the force to be arrested.

**THE SOLDIER'S BUTTON.**

A little boy was being prepared for a serious operation. Said he to the nurse, "You don't know what I have in my hand."

"No," she replied, "what is it, my boy?"

He answered: "A button from the uniform of a real soldier."

The matron had given it to him, having cut it from her husband's coat, who was a soldier. He held it in his hand, that he might gather a soldier's courage for the ordeal he was about to pass through.



**WHERE "MEANS OF GRACE" ARE.**

The ministers call churches means of grace, and prayer means of grace, and the Bible means of grace; and so they are. But, also, your shop is a means of grace, and your kitchen is a means of grace, and your social gathering is a means of grace; and your dull and stupid clerk is a means of grace, and your more dull and stupid cook is a means of grace—or disgrace, just as you choose to make them. Let a man go into life believing this, taking life as his school, preparing for the life beyond, and what a glorious thing it is to live!—Lyman Abbott.

**DR. ARNOLD'S DAILY PRAYER.**

Dr. Arnold, late Headmaster of Rugby School, England, was one of the greatest scholars of his day (fifty years ago). He was also a devout Christian. The following is said to have been his daily prayer:—

"O Lord, I have a busy world around me. Eye, ear, and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in this busy world. Now ere I enter on it, I would commit eye and ear and thought to Thee. Do Thou bless them and keep their work Thine, that, as through Thy natural laws my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at these times when I cannot commit each particular thought to Thy service. Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake! Amen."

**THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.**

To speak the truth, to live the truth, to love truth; to be kindly hearted and mannered in word and act, honourable without being harsh, self-respectful without being haughty; never to think ourselves better than others, no matter how poor they be, or lowly; ever to remember that we are God-made, not self-made, as to be humble in our success, submissive and brave in our defeats; to shun pride and self-glorying as a great taint, to seek simplicity and lowliness as some splendid treasure; to be charitable for failings we see in our fellow-men, penitent for those we discover in ourselves; to be sympathetic, feeling with men in their misfortunes, rejoicing with them in their joys; to be filled with a spirit of forgiveness, never resentful, ever sweet and cheerful, tender-hearted toward weakness, admiring toward loveliness; to think much about ourselves yet talk little, to talk about our neighbour's virtues only, to be always talking and thinking about Jesus; to hate nothing but sin and falsehood, to love everything true and pure and wholesome, to have the sense of the Divine Presence in our hearts at every moment—this is to be a Christian gentleman.—Malcolm James McLeod.

**RESOLVING AND DOING.**

Doing instead of resolving to do spells all the difference between success and failure. He decided one day that he would insure his house, but it burned before he got around to it. He was going to send some food and clothing to a poor neighbor, when he died. He meant to take some flowers to a sick friend, but he saw crepe on the door when he went. He was just going to stop drinking, when his health became wrecked. He was just going to pay that debt, when his creditor failed. He was just going to speak to that young man, but vile companions led him astray. He was just going to speak to that young man, but heard that very night that he had left on a long journey. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with they might," and not just decide to do it.

**GOD KNOWS AND HEARS.**

"A friend of mine said to a life-saver at Newport, Rhode Island, 'How can you tell when anyone is in need of help when there are thousands of bathers on the beach and in the water making a hubbub of noises?'"

"To which he answered, 'No matter how great the noise and confusion, there has never been a single time when I could not distinguish the cry of distress above it all. I can always tell it.'"

And that is exactly like God. In the midst of the babel and confusion He never fails to hear the soul that cries out to him for help amid the breakers and storms of life."—The Expositor.

**THE WAR AGAINST CONSUMPTION.**

The war against pulmonary consumption is becoming more and more general as the dread disease is being better understood.

But no battle was ever won by the surgeons alone. The people must enlist if extermination is to be hoped for. Fortifications must be built and built early. The campaign should commence at home, and be extended to the schools. Sunlight, pure air and deep breathing cost nothing, and these are its most formidable enemies. The disease is a result, and to remove the result we must first remove the cause.—Philadelphia Westminster.

If you blur your moral perceptions, if you sacrifice your honor by ways that are not clean and straight, then the whole landscape of your spiritual outlook will lose its delicate coloring and lose its clear edge, and you will not be able to distinguish between the good and evil, between the true and false.—John Kelman.

# The World's Work.

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## KOREA.

Korea is the romance of missions. Its growth reminds one of the apostolic age. In 1902 our communicant roll in Korea was 5,481; five years later it numbered 15,079. The contributions in the meanwhile have grown from \$4,434.08 to \$40,088.48. In September, 1884, the first missionary, H. N. Allen, M.D., went to Korea and began his medical labors. The next year the Rev. H. G. Underwood arrived, and for five years his was the only Presbyterian mission in Korea.

Then the Australian Presbyterian Church, the Southern and the Canadian entered the field. Five years ago those four Churches organised a union theological seminary which last year had an attendance of seventy-four students. On September 17, 1907, these four Churches united and formed the Presbyterian Church of Christ in Korea. It has 7 native ministers, 53 elders, 989 congregations, 19,000 communicants, and 70,000 believers. The city of Seoul, where the first mission was established, has a population of 300,000. This city has three Presbyterian churches organized on the collegiate system. Each church has outgrown its capacity; in one instance the men being obliged to attend at one hour and the women at another.

There is also a hospital at Seoul, built by Mr. Severance of Cleveland, at which 493 cases were treated last year, the large majority of which being surgical. A hospital in that country means so much more than it can possibly mean here.

When we read of our local churches meeting with such indifferent success, the word from Korea is an inspiration. For instance, Syen Chun station was not opened until 1901. It now reports "Places of meeting, 102; communicants, 4,039, added this year, 1,085; catechumens, 4,667, added this year, 2,733; adherents, 15,348; theological students, 28; primary schools, 100; pupils in schools, 2,290; church buildings, 89; total contributions in U. S. money, \$13,957.19." Accustomed as we are to our conservative conditions this seems scarcely credible, and yet God is in Korea and seemingly for a special purpose.—Ex.

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## RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN RUSSIA.

According to a decree issued one year ago, Russian subjects were given the right to change their religious faith. This privilege

was accorded to members of the Orthodox Church as well as to others. A counter decree has now been issued by the Holy Synod excluding soldiers from its benefits, and compelling them, as long as they are in the army, to remain in connection with the Orthodox Russian Church.

A Russian decree, whether issued by the Czar or by any of the other qualified authorities, is binding in law only until it is revoked or superseded. There is no assurance that it is seriously meant, or that it will not be changed with the changing whim of the government.—Phil. Pres.

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## COLPORTEURS AND R. C. PRIESTS.

### From The Bible Society Record.

It is one of the rewards of Bible work that no servant of Jesus Christ can engage in it without gaining, through its strenuous experiences, new aspiration, new faith, and new power. We have often been struck by this fact in witnessing the effect upon our colporteurs of the opposition of the Roman Catholic clergy to Bible distribution.

We have now gathered through various sources a number of incidents showing the attitude of the Roman Catholic clergy toward Bible work in various European countries, and this grouping of incidents reveals once more the refining and elevating influence of such opposition upon the character of the men who meet it.

We should always remember that there are Roman Catholic priests who really favor the circulation of the Bible; this is especially the case in France. There are also in France Roman Catholics who publish the Scriptures for circulation among the people. The version of the Gospel and the Acts commenced by Abbe Crampon and completed by his Jesuit colleague, enjoys a circulation which is not officially condemned. The Gospels are sold at two cents each.

In Italy too the Gospels published by the Society of St. Jerome have had a remarkable circulation. But here we find that the clergy are not united in commending these little books to their parishioners.

A year ago a young man leaving home to serve in the army was presented by the parish priest with a copy of the St. Jerome version of the Gospels, with the counsel to study it. After a few months in the army



he came in contact with another priest who ordered him to give up the book. The soldier objected, saying that it was a Roman catholic book given him by a priest. His reply was: "My son, obedience to the Church is your first duty. By that book you have learned to dogmatize, and you are on your way to perdition!" There was no help for it, and the poor soldier had to give up his precious copy of the Gospels.

There seems to be a special reaction taking place against the circulation of the St. Jerome edition, the St. Jerome Society having been instructed to make no further translation, and copies already printed having been practically taken out of all the bookshops and placed in the hands of the Lignorini, an obscure society of the Church of Rome.

It is also found in many of the countries of Europe that the people, after getting a taste of the Scriptures bought from some colporteur, are quick to answer back when the priest undertakes to deprive them of the book. A man in Belgium, in refusing to give up his New Testament, said, "I have found more comfort in reading that book than in any of your visits."

However this may be, as our readers have observed again and again in other countries, colporteurs in European lands have to encounter bitter opposition from the Roman Catholic clergy. One colporteur in Belgium sold quite a large number of Scriptures in a village and went away much encouraged. Two years later his work carried him into the same part of the country again, and he found the people absolutely unchanged, knowing nothing about the Bible. After he left on his previous visit, the parish priest had collected the whole mass of books sold in that parish and had publicly burned them! The same thing has occurred in various Roman Catholic sections of Germany.

One colporteur in Spain reports an encounter on a railway train with a priest, who became so abusive during the journey that fellow-passengers intervened in the defense of the colporteur; whereupon the priest, with the true spirit of the old Inquisition, said that he would like to blow up all Gospel meeting places in Spain and to burn all Protestants.

It is very difficult for Protestants who have never been much in contact with Roman Catholics in Europe to appreciate the tremendous power of the clergy over the people. In a village of Silesia, Germany, one of the colporteurs of the National Bible Society of Scotland became acquainted with a woman whom a priest had stripped of practically all her property, that masses might be said to deliver her mother from purgatory.

After all was gone, the priest came back to the woman to incite her to further self-denials by telling her that her mother had

yet from four hundred to five hundred years to spend in purgatory. Among such a priest-ridden people the work of the colporteur is like breaking up a hard-baked soil in order to plant seeds.

In all this matter of the bitterness of the Roman Catholic parish clergy in Europe toward Bible distribution, we have to take note that much of their feeling arises from absolute ignorance of the Book which they oppose.

In one place in Spain the priest had denounced the Bible sold by the colporteur as "false." A purchaser of the Bible went to the priest saying, "Please sell me a good Bible since this one is false." The priest told him he had none to sell, and added, "I, myself, do not read it, as it puts me off the right road." The purchaser answered the priest, "As for me, sir, this book has given me a cleaner mouth!"

In one place in Posen the priest took into the pulpit a Bible which had been bought from a colporteur. He opened it and read from the third chapter of Galatians, "Christ . . . has become a curse for us," explaining to his people that this verse proves that the Bible is false because it calls Christ "a curse."

Turning to Revelation, sixth chapter, he read along, "I saw and behold, a white horse. . . . And I beheld, and lo, a black horse." "You see this is a false Bible," he said. "It teaches that there are horses in heaven." The poor man had never looked into the Latin Testament lying on the desk in his church, and did not know that those same verses occur in it.

The effect of all this opposition upon colporteurs is direct and personal. At one place in Poland, a colporteur writes, "The priest was furious and boxed my ears. God grant me wisdom, tact, patience, and love."

In Bohemia the colporteurs have had the experience again and again on reaching a village of being refused permission to sell. The dogs may be turned loose on them. They may be driven from door to door, and, without a morsel of bread even, they must set off to plod through miles of mud to the next place. It may happen that in the evening they arrive at a place where none will give them shelter; they must again shoulder their loads and seek another village in the hope of finding there some of friendlier disposition to take pity on them.

These men are true missionaries of Christ, not content merely with doing their best to have as large a sale as possible, but watching every opportunity for speaking the Word to heart and conscience. And in this work the men lay up stores of power for better persuasion, not from glowing hearts. Roman Catholic opposition to the Bible fosters the development of the colporteur.

**NEW YORK AND ITS PEOPLE.**

New York City is no longer American, if by that term we mean that its present population is of American born ancestry. It is the largest Irish city in the world. It is the largest Hebrew city in the world, having a Jewish population fifteen times as large as the Jewish population of Jerusalem and ten times as large as the Jewish population of all Palestine. There are only two nations that as nations have a Hebrew population equal to that of the city of New York. It has more Germans than any German city except Berlin, there being more residents of the city with German parents than with American parents. It has a larger Italian population than any city in Italy.

The tenement population of New York City is larger than the combined population of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut.

During the past year the increase in population of the city of New York has been equal to the total increase of all the States west of the Mississippi river.

Wendell Phillips once said, "The time will come when our cities will strain our institutions as slavery never did." That time is drawing near.—Ex.

**A MISTAKE OF INGERSOLL.**

Twenty-five years ago, Robert Ingersoll declared in a public lecture that the Bible was an exploded book; that its sales were falling off rapidly, and that within ten years it would not be read any more. But since then, six Bible houses have been established, and the sale of the Bible has been quadrupled. The American Bible Society alone issued more than 1,500,000 Bibles last year, and the British and Foreign Bible Society more than 5,000,000. Other Bible companies show correspondingly large outputs. The total number of Bibles in English alone, produced in a single year, is upwards of 10,000,000 copies.

The Oxford Press turns out 20,000 Bibles in a week. More than 40,000 sheets of gold are used in lettering the volumes, and the skins of 100,000 animals go into Oxford Bible covers each year.

The British and Foreign Bible Society prints the Bible in 400 languages.

During the first year of America's rule in the Philippines, 10,000 Bibles were distributed there. Contrary to expectations, since the Boxer insurrection in China, the issue of Bibles for China last year was 428,000 copies.

The fact is, the Bible, to-day, is the most popular book in the world, and more copies are sold than of any other hundred books combined.—Phil. Pres.

**MOHAMMEDANISM IN INDIA.**

So far, the Mohammedan population in British India stands firm for Government, in opposition to agitation by men of other religions.

After the Hindu leader of a riot in Bombay was deported, last summer, "the most influential and cultured Mohammedan" in the country, Aga Khan, addressed a letter to the Deccan League of which he is president, in which he said: "British rule is an absolute necessity. I put it to you that it is the duty of all true Indian patriots to make that rule strong."

Ideas which Islam stigmatizes as rationalistic (for example, the right to study science), strongly pervade Moslem circles in India. This fact affords a connecting link between Islam and Christian schools and hospitals. The missionary has a free hand in British India, and, wherever he frankly faces Islam, a few converts are steadily won to the gospel of Christ.—Ex.

**PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE FACTS.**

"Prohibition does prohibit. The United States America government is looking about for some source of revenue to replace the decreasing tax on liquors. From June, 1907, to June, 1908, internal revenue collections fell of about \$18,000,000. Since June, 1908, the decrease has doubled. There will be by next June a deficit of probably \$30,000,000 in the Internal Revenue receipts. But this will be counterbalanced in time by decreased cost of punishing criminals."

"France is the country whose light wines promote temperance." "The Minister of Justice reports that fifty-three per cent. of the murderers, fifty-seven per cent. of the firebugs, seventy per cent. of the vagrants, and sixty-six per cent. of all convicts were drunkards."

"A German asked 150 eminent German writers whether alcohol helped them work. One hundred and fifteen replied, and all but seven said 'No!'"

"Last year saw twenty-six saloons a day closed by the operation of temperance laws in United States America. Twenty-six times 365 equals—?"

"The consumption of distilled liquors in England is said to have fallen off more than twenty per cent. in the past five years."—Phil. Pres.

"Over 66,000,000 Americans live in "dry" territory to-day. More than the population of Germany."



# The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Feb.	Rec. Mar. 1st to Feb. 28.
Home Missions...	\$38,024.89	\$154,869.48
Augmentation....	22,498.81	33,277.09
Foreign Missions...	63,175.75	120,576.47
Widows' & Orphans'	7,881.53	14,425.67
Aged Ministers....	12,182.61	21,990.59
Assembly Fund....	3,881.17	7,665.33
French Evangeliztn.	9,971.37	18,145.84
Pt-aux-Trembles...	6,875.01	13,406.70
Tem. Moral Reform	2,438.24	4,358.67
Knox College.....	5,634.41	8,233.84
Queen's College....	2,591.48	3,393.35
Montreal College...	1,127.52	1,798.35
Manitoba College...	2,746.15	4,558.57
Westminster Hall..	870.70	1,226.62

Received during February.  
At the Presbyterian Office, Toronto,  
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the donors.

Tor., Chinese .....	105	Rv. A. J. McGillivray ..	7 70
Osgoode Liness.....	4	Glensandfield .....	32
Isabella, Man. ....	2 65	Clareholm ss .....	12 10
Woodstock, Knox....	60	Paisley, Knox .....	17
Appleton, St. And....	30	Thedford, Knox, .....	70
Russell, Ont. ....	40	Montreal, Erskine ..	1,860
" " ss. ....	18	Peterboro', St. Pa. ss.	294 23
Welwyn, Sask. ....	23	St. Thos., Stapledon..	21 50
Beauharnois ss .....	35	Wpg., St. Giles' .....	25
Ryals ont, Ont. ....	54	Rv. J. F. McLaren....	6 10
High Bluff, Man. ....	81 90	Vancouver, 1st.....	457 01
N. Merrington, .....	93 71	Sarnia, St. And. ....	215
" " ss. ....	15	Mont., Stanley.....	49 50
A. B. Morrison .....	15	Hilleden, Sask. ....	10
Glencoe, " J. McA." ..	1	Haileybury .....	18 19
Orillia .....	200	Kirkhill, Ont. ....	5
Mrs. D. Cameron, Mrs.		Rv. R. H. Gilmour....	6 35
J. H. Black .....	200	Greenwood, St. Col ..	33 50
Mitchell, Knox, ss....	29 96	Rv. Dr. Talling.....	7 70
Shoal Lake, Man.....	111 40	Kintyre, Ont. ....	191 50
Nesbitt, Man. ....	28	Owen Sound, Kx. ....	611 60
Quesnel Cariboo.....	200	Rv. Dr. Ballantyne....	6 35
Victoria, St. And....	125	Rv. M. McKinnon....	8
Riverbank, Man. ....	12	Georgetown .....	530
Burns ss., Ont. ....	81	Limehouse .....	143 41
Glenallan ss., b.c....	20	King, Ont., St. And..	135
Acton, Knox, ss. ....	15	" " ss. ....	15
Oneida, Ont. ....	9	Durham, Ont. ....	224 80
Foxwarren, Man. ....	35	Kew Beach, Ont. ....	20
Seeburn, Man. ....	27	Tor., Central. ....	100
A. Weston, Ont. ....	105	Rv. W. M. Reid. ....	46
" " ss. ....	20 90	Claremont, Ont. ....	59 50
Charlott'n, St. Jas. ...	5	Mary Moore.....	8 50
Tor., Collge St .....	10	Streetsville, St. And. ss.	25
Dr. J. Campbell. ....	8	Douglas y.p.s .....	2
Rev. Alex. Fraser....	25 50	Rv. Thos. Bennett....	10
Rev. Geo. Gilmore....	10	Rv. R. W. Dickie....	7 70
Per Rv. J. Menancon..	75 50	Hamilton, Knox .....	14 50
Rv. A. Forbes.....	12 75	Albarni Ch. & ss.....	15 05
Rv. D. A. Frame.....	6 65	Gore, Que. ....	12 60
Rv. A. L. Fraser.....	6 10	Laurel, Ont. ....	92 85
Rv. H. Michael .....	12 20	Black's Cors., Ont....	150 76
Rv. R. G. Strathie....	5 60	London, St. And....	4,05 05
Pittsburg, St. Jno. ...	21	Ripley, Huron .....	101
E Gloucester .....	27 95	Chippawa ss. ....	14
Dunbarton, Ont. ....	30 91	Chippawa .....	42
Treherne, Chal. ....	57 65	Caledonia .....	564 40
Tor., St. Jas. ....	3,570 01	Mont., Amer. ch....	3,990
Mitchell, Kx. y.m.c....	25	Woodville ss.....	75
K. W. Beach .....	222 70	Kirkton, Ont. ....	93
Tor., Erskine ss.....	700 81	" " ss. ....	36
Gilbert Plains.....	25 50	Thames Road.....	83
Roseland, Man. ....	4 65	" " ss. ....	43
Lacombe, Alta.....	42	" " c.e. ....	8
Iderton, Ont. ....	1 10	Rv. Colin Fletcher....	7 15
Wadena, Sask. ....	10	North Gower .....	91
Cambray, Burns.....	18	Indian Head .....	120
Latona, Ont. ....	98	Orms town, Que. ....	169

Orms town Village ss..	80 73	Rv. F. W. Thompson ..	23 68
" " c.e. ....	58	Lloydminster ss. ....	2
Up. Orms town ss. ....	10	Percy, Sask. ....	117 55
Rv. Dr. Morison.....	8 60	S. Weyburn, Sask. ....	23
Beaverton, St. And....	63 18	Wanapipen, Sask. ....	46 58
Condie, Sask. ....	14 30	Dolly Cragg.....	1 57
Vanc., St. John's....	187 90	Cadurci, Man. ....	103
Rv. H. S. Graham.....	8	Rv. J. S. Watson.....	9 15
Rv. D. McGillivray....	8 30	Tor., St. Jas. Sq. ss. ..	174 72
Rv. A. S. Ross.....	7 15	Milton, Kx. ....	1 75
Rv. W. McKinley.....	11 95	Hyde Park ss .....	10
Rv. J. H. Barnett.....	9 15	Chalk River.....	45
Euphemia, Ont. ....	10	Port Carling.....	8
West Flamboro' .....	158 05	Desboro', Ont. ....	2 50
Atkins' Cors. ....	30	Lucknow, Ont. ....	265
Rv. Wm. Dewar.....	7 70	Lowry, Ont. ....	20
Kenora, Chinese. ....	20	Rv. P. F. Langill .....	14 80
Wpg., Mr Thomson's cl.	60	Rv. J. H. Ratcliff, St. Cat.	6 10
"Newton, Nor. Car." ..	10	English Settlement ..	10 44
Brockville, St. John's.	249	Simeone, Ont. ....	300
Warton, St. Paul's....	156 10	Edmonton, Wmstr....	338 50
Grand Mere, Que. ....	11	Stratford, St. And; ...	17 90
Exeter, Caven. ....	22 03	Rv. T. J. Thompson....	21 43
Chiselhurst .....	22 70	Hugh B. Woodrow,	
Bristol Cors, Que.....	81 95	Longueuil.....	650
Eugenia, Ont. ....	13	Margaret Woodrow,	
Crawford, Ont. ....	62	Longueuil .....	650
Tor., Royce Ave. ....	43 87	Bala, Ont. ....	15
Rv. J. A. Anderson....	6 10	Dunbarton ss .....	24
Rv. A. D. Archibald....	6 65	Sherbrooke, Que. ....	365
Rv. C. C. McIntosh....	8 30	Cockburn Island, Ont..	6
Clifford, Knox.....	266 30	Sinaluta, Sask. ....	140
Tor., Ave. Road.....	507	Rv. And. Henderson..	10
Glamis, Ont. ....	14	Sault Ste. Marie, St. A.	83 15
Dawn Centre .....	36 30	Tor., Claremont, c.e....	24
Westmount, Melville.	410	Per Rv. S. B. Rohold..	14
Rv. Dr. McNair.....	6 95	Schreiber .....	5
Kirkwall, Ont. ....	70	Ch. Set and, Col. Com.	391 03
Women's Miss. Soc. .	4,400	Strathlorne ss.....	7 65
Westboro' Ont. ....	5	Rouleau c.e. ....	16
Peterboro', St. And..	224	Kelowna, Bethel ss ..	10
" " ss. ....	70	Springfield ss .....	14 70
Cornwall, Kx., Chin. .	10	N. Luther, Ont. ....	117
Prin. Scrimger.....	18 90	Komoka, Ont. ....	52 25
Rv. J. T. Scrimger. ....	6 35	Woodstock, Ont., Kx. ss.	50
Tor., Erskine .....	983 67	Brooke, Ont., St. Paul's	16
Vict. Mines, St. And..	13 25	Collingwood ss.....	13 60
" " ss. ....	3	Brighton, St. And....	70
Clinton, B.C. ....	18	Tor., Fern Ave. ....	116 83
Mindemoya, Ont. ....	12 90	Rv. Allan Simpson....	20
Big Lake, Ont. ....	10 25	R. M. Howden.....	1
Providence Day sch. 2.	4 85	Knox Ch., Sixteen. ....	40 53
St. David's, Man., c.e.	25	Rv. J. A. Dow.....	10
Cornwall, St. John's.	261	Rv. Dr. Herdman .....	5 60
Essex, St. And. ....	41 41	Rv. A. C. Wishart.....	16 30
Mildmay, Ont. ....	70	Rv. Wm. Robertson....	15 15
Wroxeter, Ont. ....	87 95	Quebec, Chal. ....	1,952 39
Tantallon, Sask. ....	37	Gait, Central .....	375
Elmwood, Man. ....	25	" " ss .....	116
Pipestone, Man. ....	70	Logan, St. Paul's.....	5 40
Newdale, Man. ....	135	Quaker Hill, Ont. ....	50 23
St. David's, Man. ....	41 40	Rv. E. D. Bayne.....	6 65
Per Agent, Hx. ....	3,087 10	N. T. MacMillan, Wpg.	125
Aultsville, Ont. ....	24 25	Palmerston, Kx. ....	225
Mimosa, Ont. ....	93 80	Harriston, Guthrie ss.	19 43
Brandon, St. Paul's....	13	Arcola, Sa-k., St. And.	89 45
St. Cath., Haynes .....	32	Birtle, Man., ss.....	15
Glensandfield ss .....	4	Wpg., St. And. ....	929
Mrs. Alfred Watts.....	20	Lumsden, Sask., St. A.	140
Bayfield, St. And. ....	77	Chatsworth, Ont. ....	183 15
" " ss. ....	5 53	Brandon, Man., St. Pa.	800
Verness, Que. ....	70 50	Port Dover, Kx. ....	172 50
" " ss. ....	14 40	Westn't, Wmstr. ss....	46 00
Mt. Albert, Ont. ....	60 75	Tor., Bonar .....	15
Rv. D. G. Cameron....	14 10	Nashville, Ont. ....	80 90
Rv. H. Gracey.....	8	Tor., Bloor .....	574 63
Rv. J. S. Sutherland..	8 60	Sydenham, Knox.....	10 20
Rothsay Cotswold. ....	25 50	Woodford, Ont. ....	11 30
Rv. Arch. Thompson..	11 25	Fergus, Melville ss ..	55 90
Yorkton, Sask., St. A.	50	Brookton, Ont. ....	22
Dal. Mills, Cote St. Geo.	217 75	Carp, Ont. ....	41 35
Havelock, Ont. ....	51 50	Runnymede guild....	7 57
Orangeville, guild....	10	Rv. W. N. Carr.....	3
Rv. M. Campbell.....	8 60	Puslinch, Knox.....	137 60
Rv. C. Munro .....	2	Esterhazy, Sask. ....	24 15
Rv. W. A. McIlroy....	6 95	Gravenhurst, Kx. ss..	26 61
Rv. M. McLeod .....	11 25	E. Wawanash, Ch. c.e.	1
Rv. J. W. A. Nicholson	7 45	Miss McNeill, Ahusant	25
Westmount, St. And..	342	Wadena, Sask. ....	12
Indian Lands, Ont. ....	19	Shebo, Sask. ....	31
Colborne, St. And....	24	Hills Gr. en, Ont. ....	30
Sandringham ss.....	5	Smith Hill, Ont. ....	74
West Brant ss.....	2 05	St. Thos., Alma ss....	81



Teeswater, Knox .....	50	Collingwood .....	10	Port au Persil &c.....	25	Cobourg, St. And.....	317 71
Stratford, Knox y.p.s..	1	St. Cath., Kx .....	5	McLennan, Ont.....	2 70	Grand Mere.....	6
Blenheim, St. And .....	46	Snowville, Ont.....	22	Goderich, Kx.....	670 02	Mont., Kx .....	535 82
Moorefield, Ont.....	62 58	Kearney, Ont .....	20 80	Ridgetown, Zion .....	61 75	Angers, Perkins .....	5
Rv. A. J. Mann.....	10 40	Ensdale, Ont.....	16	Victoria, Hrbr c.e.....	1 53	Merivale, ss .....	25
Wales, Ont .....	15	Scotia, Ont .....	5 20	Gordonville, Ont.....	5 45	Brockville, 1st .....	1 25
Rapid City, Man.....	57 60	Ditchfld, Megantic .....	4	Laskay, Ont.....	42 25	Wakefield, Masham .....	50
Rosedale ss .....	1	North Ham Ste. Sophie .....	5	St. John, St. John's c.e.	1 25	Winslow, Que .....	40 60
Scarboro', St. And .....	50	Glenmorris, ss .....	6 25	Norval, Ont .....	36 18	John Leask, Sr .....	55
Scarboro', St. A. y.p.s.	11	Teeswater, c.e .....	2 66	Esquesing, Union.....	14 80	Nairn, St. And. y.p.s.	47 60
Rv. J. F. Scott.....	15 70	Tor., Col. St. b.c.....	35	Dungannon, Erskine .....	35	Port Elmsley .....	2 25
North Portal.....	2	Bethesda, Ont.....	36 75	" " ss.....	8	Oliver's Ferry.....	8 35
Lanark, St. And.....	167	Atkins' Cors, c.e. ....	1 75	Bala, Ont. c.e.....	1 75	Rv. W. T. B. Crombie..	6 65
St. Thomas, Knox.....	543 78	Tor., Queen E.....	60	Hillsdale, St. And.....	36	Richmond, Que .....	93 65
Tor., St. Jas. guild....	3 30	Calvin, Sask .....	70 25	Oakdale, Ont. c.e .....	1 10	Melbourne, Que.....	15 25
King, Ont., St. And .....	39	Millions, Sask .....	39 45	Chelsea, Green ss.....	15 10	Mont., Stanley.....	65
Cranbrook, Ont.c.e. ....	3 90	Carnduff, Sask .....	55 50	Waskada, Man.....	25	Pr. Rv. S. J. Taylor.....	250 77
Pinkerton ss.....	14	Truro, St. Paul's ss.....	25	Humboldt, Sask.....	53	Bertha Jeffery.....	3
Cedar Grove, Zion.....	31	Antigonish, c.e.....	1 10	Round Plains Res.....	13	Gray, Sask .....	5
Prairie Rose, Sask.....	12	Burnt Ch., c.e.....	75	George C. Sweet.....	50	Keene, Ont .....	277 20
Regina, Knox ss.....	75	John L. G. bb.....	50	Rv. Prof. Baird.....	5 60	Rv. D. T. L. McKerrel..	9 60
Ponoka, Alta.....	6	Cold Spring.....	177	Rv. Prof. Falconer .....	5 60	Alliston, Ont .....	10
" West, Alta.....	4	Norwood, Ont.....	1 50	Est. Wm. Giles.....	166 50	Tor., Cowan ss .....	12 64
Regina Mr. Duncan.....	250	Thornhill, Kx.....	24	Skipness, Ont .....	3 05	Broadview, St. And ss.	25
Per Rv. A. D. Menzies.....	478 50	Austin, Man .....	5	Orms town, St. Paul's .....	8	Schreiber .....	35
Ashton, Ont.....	25	Cypress Riv., c.e.....	1 65	Keene, Ont .....	736 65	Ok Lake, y.p.g.....	4
Fenelon Falls, St. And.....	125	Mountain, City.....	10	W. M. Scott .....	50	Victoria, St. And.....	183 15
Avon ton, Ont.....	43 35	Rv. David Ritchie.....	8 50	Hargrave, Man.....	8	George Kirkland.....	18
Cresswell, Ont.....	8 05	Eganville, Mei .....	60	Westfield, Man.....	18	Orillia.....	200
Brussels c.e.....	14	Minnedosa, Man.....	131	Vancor, St. And.....	457 75	Windsor, Ont., St. And	723
Orms town y.p.s.....	6	Wellwood, Man. &c.....	21	Lumby, B.C.....	25	Watford, Ont., ss .....	50
Hawkesbury, St. Pa.....	157 25	Oakville, Ont.....	88	E. Gloucestr, ss.....	15	Proof Line Beth. ss.....	5
Inwood c.e.....	3	Vancor, Chal.....	160 70	Glac, Bay, St. Paul's c.e.	1 25	Warwick, Kx c.e.....	1 20
Kintore, Ont.....	104	Martintown, St. And c.e.	3 81	Rv. Hector Fraser.....	12 20	Rv. J. W. Mitchell.....	2 50
Princeton, Ont.....	103	Beckwith, Ont.....	30	Catherine Scott.....	75	Alliston, y.p.g.....	1 25
Arkona, Ont.....	11	Campbellford, c.e.....	15	Cedarvil, Morrisa ss.....	18	Mont., Chal. Chinese..	60
Canmore, Alta, &c.....	50	Athelstan, c.e.....	3	Ethel, c.e.....	20	" Wmstr ".....	40
Rv. Dr. Abraham.....	1 85	Dracon, y.p.s.....	4 40	Miss I. Broomfield .....	5	St. George, Ont.....	177
Whitby, St. And .....	2 7	Soyna, St. And.....	81 35	Chilliwaick, Cooke ss .....	30 95	Kelloc, Man. ss .....	1 50
" " ss.....	30	Rv. C. McKinnon.....	5 60	Cayuga, Ont .....	89	Culross, Man. ss.....	1 50
Rv. S. S. Burns.....	10	Robert Davidson band	18	" " ss.....	8	Gladstone, Man.....	200 50
Rv. D. T. L. McKerrel.....	7 15	of scattered workers.	18	Latona, y.p.s.....	1 70	Woodville, Ont.....	105 15
Rv. W. S. Moore.....	15	Tor., Knox.....	1,266 39	Westwood, Ont.....	150	Dundalk, Ont .....	45 90
London, 1st.....	873 70	Valetta, c.e.....	1 17	Orono, Ont.....	121 45	" " ss.....	2
St. Aidan's, B.C.....	25	Kintyre, y.p.h.m.s.....	45	Seaforth, 1st.....	50	Ventry, Ont.....	27 35
Mt. Brydges.....	1 10	Lethbridge.....	175	Tor., St. Jas. Sq.....	31 44	" " ss.....	2 29
West Bay, N.S., c.e.....	2 31	Rv. J. M. MacLennan.....	12 63	Dunwich, Chal.....	29	" " c.e.....	6 14
Madoc, Tp., St. Col.....	10	Tor., Wmstr.....	3,027 04	Mandaamin, guild.....	25	Muir's Settm.....	2 75
Mont., Stanley.....	165	Rv. J. Rex. Brown.....	8	Severn, Malta, etc.....	41 25	Merivale, y.p.s.....	3 31
Smith Falls, St. A. fld .....	2 30	Rv. W. M. Tufts.....	5 60	New Denver, Kx.....	8 25	La Riviere, Man.....	3 25
Dawson, Y.T.....	82	Ethel, Ont. c.e.....	3 20	Elmira, Gale .....	14 03	Rv. M. J. Leith.....	8
Clinton, Willis.....	10	Tiver on, Ont.....	37 63	Langton, Alta.....	26 50	Rv. R. J. Craig.....	10
Peterboro', St. Paul.....	181 37	Louth, Ont .....	46	Cheadle, Alta.....	14 10	Ott., Erskine .....	298
Mrs. M. A. Hazlett.....	70	Pelham, 1st.....	76 73	Vancor, Mt. Pleas.....	246 90	Wetaskiwin, Kx.....	54 15
Peterborough.....	70	Holstein, c.e.....	4 85	" " ss.....	75	Alma, Ont.....	178 80
Mrs. E. Walsh, P'boro.....	250	Paynton, Sask .....	10	" " " grls bd .....	10	New Wmstr, West .....	319
Miss C. Dickson, ".....	250	Woman's h.m.s.....	2,533	Fernie, Kx ss.....	50	Napanee, St. And.....	105 22
Miss M. ".....	250	Nanton, Alta.....	52	Rv. D. M. Solandt.....	16 30	Leeds, Que .....	355
Mont., Taylor.....	155	" " ss.....	32	Lindsay, St. And.....	277 11	Hx., St. And. y.p.g....	1 45
Ottawa, Bank St.....	334 46	" " girls' m.b.....	20	E. Pushech .....	285	Kinburn, Ont.....	54
London, New St. Jas.....	142	Kingston, Cooke's.....	239 93	Markham, St. And.....	23 65	Rv. D. MacLeod, F'mosa	47
Croft, Ont.....	3 75	Mon., Victoria .....	90	Guelph, St. And.....	271 45	St. David's Man. c.e.....	3 50
Little Red Deer ss.....	17 50	Prescott, Ont .....	187 25	Cornwall, Kx c.e.....	2	Green Ridge, New Brdg	51 50
Mrs. A. S. Jamieson.....	6	Egypt, guild.....	1	Alexandria, Ont.....	155	Forest, Ont.....	35
Friend Kaslo.....	20	Niagara, St. And. ss.....	15 10	Ottawa, MacKay .....	203	Wardville, Ont.....	37 10
Crosshill, Boyd.....	8	Orillia, c.e.....	1 55	" " ss.....	48	MacGregor, Beaver.....	24
Argus, Zion.....	10 40	Lefroy, Ont .....	76	Portlock, Ont.....	10 70	Dunn's Valley .....	15
New Lowell, Bethel.....	4 30	Craigvale, Ont.....	187 40	Cambell's Bay, Que.....	20 70	Ophir, Ont .....	20
Mary Kirk.....	13 50	Churchill, Ont.....	441 35	Lowr Litchfield.....	15	Poplar, Dale .....	5
Aspdin, Y. P. guild.....	1 35	Stewart's Memorial.....	45	Calumet Isd.....	11	Victoria, St. And.....	15
Le ds, St. Sylvestr.....	103 80	Mrs. J. Francis Ind Hd.....	250	Mrs. John Hope, Miss		Blenheim, Guilds.....	550 75
Galt, Kx guild.....	2	St. Stephen's St. Ste. ss	9 25	A. Elmirst.....	18	Kenton, Man .....	2
Newburgh, Camden.....	39	H., Grove c.e.....	1	Woodstock, Kx.....	5	Bradwardine, Man.....	1 75
Grand Valley.....	1 5 18	Bo'sover, Ont.....	19 11	Oakwood, Ont.....	5	Torbolton, Man.....	1 75
Sidney, Man.....	19 29	Galt, 1st c.e.....	1 45	Dresden, Ont.....	85 36	Mont., Crescent.....	4,400
Bryson, St. And.....	22 80	Mainsville, c.e.....	65	Rv. Norman Lindsay.....	6 35	Oak Lake, Man.....	53 25
Brant, Argyle.....	23	Oshawa, Ont .....	190 63	Tait's Cors, y.p.h.m.s..	20	Whitefish, Ont.....	9
Moore Creek, c.e.....	2 40	Cromarty, Ont.....	150 62	Cornwall, St. John's.....	63 55	Rv. W. Gallagher.....	5
Sunderland, St. And.....	21	Livingstone Ck.....	10	Kenneth Urquhart.....	250	Weston, Ont.....	16
Ham., Ersk. Jr. c.e.....	83	Arnprior, Ont.....	3	Dunwich, Chal.....	146	Anonymous.....	25
Thedford, Kx ss.....	16 00	Westport, Ont.....	19 50	Bervie, Kx .....	45	J. Mackintosh.....	5
Admaston, c.e.....	1 95	Dr. Rv. J. F. Menancon.....	322 09	Ayton, Ont .....	29 95	Town Line, Burns.....	30 65
Mon., Erskine.....	285	Mon., Erskine.....	2,104 32	Kilsyth, y.p.s.....	2 50	Newmarket, ss .....	15
Harrow, c.e.....	1 55	Ridgetown, Ont.....	77 74	Berlin, St. And.....	363 70	J. T. Ross, Que.....	250
St. Andrew's Man.....	30 50	Bruce Mines.....	54 60	Allensvil, Cairns .....	1 01	Blyth, St. And. c.e.....	4
Alice, Petawawa.....	178	Ellerslie, Rabb Hill.....	15	Ham., Ersk. Sr. c.e.....	2 15	Hamiota, Scotia.....	413 65
Rocanville, Sask.....	24	Wolseley, St. Jas.....	38	Kelowna, Kx.....	1 6	Pettapiece, Man.....	2 20
Waldemar, Ont.....	40	Per Rv. A. D. Menzies.....	141 50	Tor., Wmstr ss.....	251 96	Isabela, Man .....	42
Sutton, W., Ont., Kx.....	67 15	Tor., Chinese.....	40 10	Wawanesa, Man.....	37	Sperling, Man.....	1 65
" " " ss.....	4 63	Rv. W. O. Rothney.....	20	Preston, c.e.....	4 21	Rv. W. B. Hutton.....	5
Hamilton, St. Pa.....	2,617	Maxville, Ont.....	159	Carli-le, ss.....	17 23	N. Luther, c.e.....	12 65
Kingston, Chal.....	188 59	Avon ton, Ont.....	22 60	Mrs. John Goldie.....	400	Elmira, Ont., c.e.....	55
Botany, &c.....	49 50	Tor., St. Mark's.....	23	Madoc, St. Peter's.....	5 84	Port Perry, Ont.....	113 30



Dr. T. D. Meikle .....	50	E. Williams, Ont .....	43	50	Midhurst, Ont.....	30	Morewood, Ont.....	66
Mr., Mrs. D. Morrice .....	500	Barclay, Man .....	15		Minesing, Ont.....	15	Rv. Robert Martin.....	10
Ham., Central .....	462	Kingston, Zion .....	24		Belmont, Knox.....	10	Rv. Donald Tait.....	11
Inkerman, Arden.....	160	Tor., Reid Ave. c.e.....	4	80	Collingwood, jr. gld.....	15	Grassmere, Man.....	85
Rv. A. L. Manson.....	10	Carberry, Kx. ss.....	12	35	Lunenburg y.w.b.c.....	20	Rv. G. E. Lougheed.....	9
Rv. D. A. McKenzie.....	8	Hull, Zion .....	51		Drummond Hill, Ont.....	138	Westbourne, Man.....	6
Rv. P. A. McLeod.....	6	Phoenix, St. And .....	1	25	Mrs. J. H. Fidler.....	25	The Landing, Man.....	4
Providence Bay.....	16	Sapperton, B.C.....	47		Collingwood, Ont.....	135	Rv. W. M. Fleming.....	8
" " scl. 2.....	4	Mont., Stanley St.....	19		Morrisburg, Ont.....	122	Tor., Old St. And.....	10
Campbell, Ont.....	4	Santaluta, Sask.....	1	95	Esplin, Ont., ss.....	2	Fort Sask., Alta.....	110
Mindemoya, Ont.....	1	Prescott, Ont .....	5		Thorold, St. A. ss.....	50	Kenyon, Ont .....	3
Big Lake, Ont.....	1	Belmont, Kx.....	167	10	Westmeath, Ont.....	47	Danville, Que.....	35
Britainville.....	1	" " ss.....	26		Leeburn, Ont., c.e.....	1	Vankleek Hill, Kx.....	242
Lachute, Que.....	28	Yarmouth, St. Jas.....	62	25	" " " ss.....	331	Valcartier.....	50
Beachburg, St. And.....	28	Scotstown, Ont., St. A.....	59		Brantford, Zion.....	2,583	Edmonton, Wmstr.....	277
Golden, B.C.....	37	Hugh Morrison .....	5		" " " ss.....	331	Norval, Ont.....	25
Burk's Falls, St. And.....	4	Kenton, Man.....	75		Rv. J. A. Forbes.....	7	Tor., Dovercourt ss.....	71
Rockburn, Que.....	19	Gordon Head, B.C.....	9	45	Rv. H. P. Read.....	8	Sydenham, St. Pa. c.e.....	4
Ottawa, Bank ss.....	115	Nanaimo, B.C.....	10		Rv. James McCrear.....	15	Janetville, Ont .....	12
St. Elmo, Gordon gld.....	3	Vanc., Chal. c.e.....	2	50	Madoc, Ont., ss.....	13	Hontypool, Ont .....	8
Loring, Ont .....	17	Rv. T. T. Reikie.....	6	95	Ashfield, Ont.....	75	Horning's Mills, Kx.....	28
Rv. Wm. Dawson.....	8	Milliken, St. John's.....	53	50	Glenvale, Ont .....	8	" " " ss.....	9
Pincher Creek.....	15	Wpg., Augustine.....	1,264	18	Norwood, Ont.....	128	Runnymede.....	56
Rv. H. McKay.....	20	St. Cath., Kx.....	283		W. Huntingdon, Ont.....	6	Tor., St. Paul's.....	525
New Glasgow y.p.h.m.s.....	37	Dauphin, Man.....	57	85	Sidney, Ont.....	3	Campbell, Ont.....	1
MacLeod, Alta.....	89	Agricola, St. Paul's.....	1	75	Cornwall, French.....	3	Cache Bay, Ont.....	33
Per Rv. S. B. Rohold .....	12	Mimico, Ont.....	57	50	Rv. J. G. Stuart.....	6	Fergusonvale .....	15
Tor., Cooke's.....	589	Leaskdale, Ont .....	10	32	Tor., Erskine.....	500	Country Friend.....	50
Chilliwick, Cooke's.....	22	Baltimore, Ont.....	116	50	North Ekfrid.....	11	Miss L. P. Rankin.....	5
Rainy Riv., Kx. ss.....	5	Tor., Ont., St. And.....	2,589	57	Allandale, Ont.....	97	Campbellville, St. Dav.....	95
New Hastings ss.....	3	Childrn Rv. J. M. Nivin.....	25		Nicola, B.C.....	27	" " " ss.....	10
Per Pearl B. Stewart.....	31	Chatham, 1st.....	433	60	" " " ss.....	6	Thorold, St. And.....	98
Arundel, &c.....	5	Dr. C. A. Webster.....	20		Haileybury.....	4	Hornby, Ont.....	25
Vegreville.....	1	Mount Pleasant.....	7	75	New Liskeard.....	72	Brown Lea Sch.....	11
Guelph Pres. Un. y.p.s.....	235	Primrose, Ont.....	42	50	Wallaceburg, Kx.....	5	Point Edward, Ont.....	10
Fort Frances.....	42	Galt, Knox.....	41		Sunnyslope, Alta.....	27	Lucan, Frazer.....	12
Grafton, Ont.....	4	Tor., Rosedale.....	831	60	Rv. H. G. Gratz.....	7	" " " ss.....	62
Birtle, Man .....	1	Proton, Ont.....	4	80	Edwd. Brown, P. laPra.....	400	" " " ss.....	5
Dawn, Tp., Calvin.....	4	Innerkip, Ont.....	7		Scarboro', Zion.....	40	Oneida, Ont.....	9
Portaupique, N.S.....	2	Dixon, Ont.....	10		Sandwich, B.C.....	171	Bond Head ss.....	11
Beaverdale, Sask.....	15	Iroquois, y. p. guild.....	1	40	Tor., Old St. And.....	1,073	Kamloops, St. And.....	140
Newcastle, Ont.....	24	Kincardine, Kx.....	413		Cargill, St. A. ss.....	8	"A. & M.".....	35
Rv. W. A. Bremner .....	10	Vernonville.....	2	56	Albarni, St. And.....	13	Oro Tp., Guthrie.....	46
Rv. T. Hunter Boyd.....	8	Oshawa ss.....	52	83	Per Mrs. Sproat.....	1	Caledonia, C.E.....	80
Pilot Mound.....	108	Mont., Crescent ss.....	106	60	Tor., St. John's.....	1,643	Grenfell, Sask.....	40
Galt 1st.....	375	Corunna, Kx.....	11		" " " ss.....	81	Spallumcheen.....	110
Sault Ste. Marie, St. Pa.....	26	Drinkwater, Sask.....	112	75	" " " b.c.....	22	Thedford, Ont.....	16
Mont., St. Giles'.....	470	"A Friend," Tor.....	10		Essa 1st.....	75	Maxville, Ont.....	7
" " ss.....	110	Culloden, Ont.....	20		Carlisle, Ont.....	37	Feversham, Ont.....	14
" " c.e.....	50	Barrie, St. A., Chin.....	18		Elora, Chal.....	101	Fisdale, Man.....	5
" " Chinese.....	70	Battleford, Gardnr.....	52		Per Agent, Hx.....	2,312	Mather, Man.....	20
W. J. Archibald.....	10	" " " ss.....	5		Cookstown, Ont.....	160	Holmfild, Man.....	1
Nellie Archibald.....	2	Kamsack, Sask.....	10		Chesley, Geneva.....	286	Plum Coulee &c.....	28
Benvoulin.....	50	Centreville, Ont.....	71		" " " ss.....	78	Morden, Man.....	4
Kelowna.....	20	Vermilion, Alta.....	5		Newburgh, Camden.....	20	Dunston, Knox.....	9
Balderson, Drumd.....	140	Brooke, Enniskillen.....	1	40	Newburgh Mis. Std. Cl.....	2	Beulah, Man.....	64
Red Deer, Lake.....	12	"A Friend," Cornwl.....	150		Camden East ss.....	2	Plumas, Ogilvy.....	71
Pridis, Alta.....	6	Perth, Knox.....	565	85	Crystal City, &c., Man.....	127	Longlaketon.....	35
Griswold, Man.....	55	Newbury, Knox.....	5		Per Rv. F. Ballantyne.....	10	Carberry, Knox.....	165
Dominion City, Man.....	20	Rv. D. MacVicar.....	15	15	Beaverton, Knox.....	12	Baldur, Man.....	17
Perth, St. And.....	20	Calgary, Knox.....	391	16	Winlaw, Sask.....	29	Ham., Wmstr m.b.....	5
" " h. m. bands.....	1	Listowel, Ont.....	138		Belmont, Knox, ss.....	50	Bolton, Caven.....	14
Rv. A. H. Scott.....	15	Mont., West.....	85	79	Millbank, Knox.....	5	Ymir, B. C.....	11
Valley, N.S., c.e.....	1	Glasgow Station.....	10		Galt, Central c.e.....	1	Oakville, Mill Crk.....	31
New Jersey, N.B., c.e.....	1	Showers' Cors. c.e.....	1	25	Watford ss.....	50	Rv. W. J. Inglis.....	10
Great Village, N.S., c.e.....	1	Oro, Central.....	5		Rockland, Ont.....	2	Alexander, Man.....	20
Tor., Bonar m.b.....	8	Spence, Ont.....	6	2	Ottawa, Knox.....	50	Demorestville.....	22
Drayton, Ont.....	6	Balgownie, Sask.....	160		Per Geo. Grimson.....	189	Crofton, Ont.....	8
Harrow, Ont.....	30	Almonte, St. And.....	58		Rosemont, Ont.....	13	Kenmay, Man.....	28
Kingsville, Ont.....	6	Hugh McLeod.....	2		Berkley, Ont.....	1	N. Kinloss.....	16
Crowstand, Sask.....	214	Newboro', St. John's.....	9		London, St. A. ss.....	365	Rv. B. M. Smith.....	5
Portage La Prairie, Kx.....	828	Cobalt, Ont.....	50		Meaford, Ont.....	3	Alvinston, Guth.....	71
Dunwich, Duff's.....	12	Novar, Ont.....	18	50	Temple Hill ss.....	19	Clinton, Ont.....	5
Sandon, B.C., St. And.....	8	Leduc, Alta.....	26		Kirkfield ss.....	25	Beamsville, Ont.....	10
Sandon, etc.....	1	Scarboro', St. And.....	90		Rolover ss.....	25	Miss M. Barrett.....	5
Back Riv. Bridge, St.....		Est. Marion Hunter.....	600		Proof Line, Ont.....	66	Warwick, Kx ss.....	40
Step. c.e.....	3	Perth, St. And.....	49	50	Goodlands, Man.....	38	" " c.e.....	47
Ridgetown, Ont.....	204	Lackey, Alta.....	1	65	Cartwright Knox c.e.....	2	Mitchell, Kx.....	25
N. Vanc., St. And.....	5	Powassan, Ont.....	7		Ota., Bank, Chinese.....	70	Pentanguishene.....	37
Tamworth, St. A. ss.....	6	Pine River, Ont.....	3		S. Missouri.....	100	Port Colborne.....	40
Goderich, Un.....	13	Duart, Ont.....	31		Woodville c.e.....	2	Camden VIII, Kx.....	20
Springville.....	42	N. Pelham, Ont.....	18		Mt. Pleasant.....	242	Lynhead, B. C.....	23
Orangeville Pres.....	187	Rv. A. B. Dobson.....	6	10	Cheltenham.....	153	Richmond, Ont.....	45
Warsaw, Ont.....	4	Scarboro' Melv.....	336		Ramsay, Ont.....	32	Fallowfield, Ont.....	16
Louth y. p. guild.....	3	" " " ss.....	91	21	Souris, Knox.....	17	Brussels, Mel.....	768
Stark's Cors.....	16	Kirkwall, Ont.....	50		Guelph, Chal.....	26	" " " ss.....	52
Woodbridge ss.....	7	Dresden, Ont.....	20		The Maples, Ont.....	4	Stoughton, Sask.....	13
Clifton, N.S., c.e.s.....	2	Durham, Ont., guild.....	20		Ventry, Ont., Knox.....	3	Walton's Sel Sask.....	2
Pine Creek, Alta.....	19	Foxboro', Ont.....	19	30	Dundalk, Erskine.....	2	Rv. William Meikle.....	16
Davisburg, Alta.....	10	Harriston, Guthrie.....	2	5	Silverton, B.C.....	5	Rv. A. B. Dobson.....	20
Melrose, Alta.....	4	Bluevale, Knox.....	203	45	Wilton, Ont.....	7	"Metz".....	5
Wom. Home Mi. Soc. 2,800		Eadies, Ont.....	165	75	Aurora, Ont.....	70	N. Erin, Knox.....	9
Grand Bend c.e.....	1	Maitland Pres. y.p. un.....	500		Darlingford, Man.....	4	Oro, Ont., Esson.....	30



London, Chal .....	44	Exeter, Caven.....	168 50	Wallacetown, Ont.....	115	Caledonia, Ont.....	948
Creemore, St. And....	97	Roland, y.p.s.....	7	Perth, St. And.....	375	St. Mary's Knox.....	168 35
Dunedin, Ont .....	25	Sunbury, Ont.....	45 50	Brantford, Balfour....	76	St. Catherine .....	183
Stittsville, Ont .....	20	Glenburnie, Ont.....	11 50	Onondaga, Ont .....	20 10	Robt. H. Cook, Arcola.	25 1
Bell's Cors .....	15	Guthrie, Ont .....	11 15	Red Deer, St. And....	26	S. Nissouri.....	32
Westboro' Ont.....	5	Duntroon, St. Paul's..	7 77	Port Moody, B. C. &c.	14	N. Nissouri.....	30
Dunbar, Ont .....	82 95	Neepawa, Knox.....	165	Tilbury, 1st .....	43	Carman, Man .....	91 25
Wmsburg, Ont .....	107	Keewatin, St. And....	35	Fort Qu'Appelle.....	51 25	Pettapiece, Man.....	46 61
Winchester, Sprgs....	13	Wpg, Cifton St.....	10	Dunwick, Chal. y.p.s..	4 50	" " y.p.s., ss	90
Smith Falls, St. A....	367 30	Wpg, Kx .....	2,075	Wpg, Pt. Douglas.....	263	S. Qu'Appelle.....	83
Castleford, Ont .....	87	Grand Coulee .....	189	Brandon, St. Paul's...	390	Tamworth, St. And....	10
Campbellford, St. A. ss.	50	Cranbrook, Kx.....	115	Ripley, Knox .....	200	Doon, Ont .....	15
Perth, Knox.....	185	Macoun, Sask .....	10	Milestone, Sask.....	40	Franklin, Man.....	68
Clam Harbor, c.e .....	1	Blyth, St. And.....	322 25	Ham, Pres .....	330 48	Coleman, Instl. Ch .....	71
Aylmer, East, Que .....	20	Shoal Lake, Man.....	166 66	Bethesda, Ont.....	49	Prince Albert, St. Pa.	225
Ste. Therese, Que.....	25 57	Oakburn, Man .....	83 34	Simcoe, St. Paul's....	410 74	McLennan, Ont .....	19 45
Russell, Ont .....	6 20	Brantford, Zion.....	77	W. F. Hamlt'n, Passbrg.	200	Burnstown, Ont .....	90
Oxford Mills Ont.....	40 50	2nd W. Gwillimby, ss.	6	Upper Canard, ss.....	36	R. C. Smith .....	10
E. King, Ont .....	36 10	Bond Head, Ont.....	61 25	Dunbarton, Ont.....	1	Port Arthur, St. Pa....	234
Tor., Cowan m.b .....	22 24	Crystal City, Man.....	4	Esquesing, Boston....	67	Waskada, Man. ss.....	2 50
Est. Jas. McLaren.....	20	Killarney, Erskine....	8 75	Galt, Central .....	382	Wpg, Wmster .....	200
Tweed, St. And. ss.....	2 56	Rosthern, St. And....	147 70	Russell, Man .....	170	Carleton Pl, Zion y.p.s.	1 50
Sulphide Mine, Ont....	20 50	High River, Alta .....	71 80	" " ss.....	33 90	Middleville, Ont.....	21
Tweed, St. And.....	45	Gilbert Plains, Man...	63	" " Lad. Aid.....	25	Darling, Ont .....	23
A. Cameron, .....	20	Selkirk, Kx .....	15	Rv. G. A. Edmison....	15 15	Minto, Man .....	64 55
Blytheswood, Ont.....	13	Wpg, St. Ste.....	1,208	Hargrave, Man.....	5	Barrie Pres, ss. c.e. assoc	20
Manitowaning, Kx.....	19	" " ss.....	85	Rosthern, Sask.....	3	MacLennan, Ont .....	30 25
Mr., Mrs. Wm. Cook....	10	Dundurn, Sask .....	25	Balmoral, Man.....	20	Lower Caledonia, c.e....	65
Little Current, Kx .....	20	Guthrie, &c., Ont.....	5	Saltcoats, Sask.....	130	Binsearth, Man.....	175
Newmarket, Ont.....	73 50	Kenora, Ont. ss.....	35	Bredenburg, Sask.....	5 25	Mrs. McKinnon & Son	7
Huntsville, St. And....	49 74	Ribston, Alta .....	12	Rainy River, Ont .....	35	Plympton, Man .....	28 85
Kenmore, St. Paul's....	72	Clearsprings, &c .....	6	Silver Creek, Man.....	193 25	Valcartier, Que.....	4
Est. Miss S. A. Jenkins	9 50	Elgin, Man .....	119 35	Miniota, Man .....	50	Oro, St. And .....	5
Smith's Falls St. f. a....	9 8	Lauder, Man.....	65 30	Banff, Alta .....	11 10	Oro, Central .....	10
Yorkton, St. And.....	47	Avonmore, b.c. & gld..	50	Delisle, &c., Sask....	86	Rosseau, Ont .....	41 85
Georgetown, Que.....	302	Lynden, Ont .....	51 83	Asquith, &c., " .....	48 75	Turtle Lake, Ont.....	3
Molesworth, Ont .....	37 05	" " ss.....	8 14	Perdue, &c., " .....	4	Mrs. S. Crerar .....	5
The Ridge, Ont .....	11 41	Glenboro', Ont .....	73	Okotoks, St. Lu.....	22 50	Sundridge, Ont.....	20 23
Harwick, St. Pa.....	30	Lena, Man .....	2	Wpg, Man. Kx c.e....	15 50	Bloomfield, Ont.....	12 20
Vernon, B. C .....	270	Broadview, Sask .....	49 80	Kingston, St. And....	613 42	Hartfell, Ont.....	20
Three Riv., Que.....	8	Brown's Cors, Ont.....	56	Pr Rv. J. Menancon....	108 75	Lynch Lake, Ont .....	9
King, St. Paul's.....	34 35	Ahousaht, B. C.....	50	Dutton, Kx H. M. Soc.	5	N. Battleford .....	57
" " 11th line.....	14 85	Mrs. Haslitt.....	5	Ventnor, Ont .....	43	Crandell, Man .....	33
Salmon Arm, B. C.....	30 50	Mrs. Walsh.....	5	Alix, Alta .....	4 65	Calander, Ont.....	14 50
Harrison, Guth.....	59	Miss Dickson .....	5	Central, Park, B. C....	45	Adjala, Ont .....	110
Lansdowne, etc., Ont..	26	Miss M. Dickson .....	5	Longueuil, Que.....	10	Rv. G. E. Forbes.....	6 65
Kenora, Ont .....	132 90	Arrow River, Man.....	72	Mont., Jr. Miss. Soc....	475	Rv. J. A. Moir.....	9 60
Unionville, Ont .....	53 25	Wyeval, Ont .....	33	Moosomin, Sask.....	140	Rv. John Hawley .....	20 15
Listowel, Kx ss.....	45	Reston, Man .....	106 40	McKillop, Duff's .....	5	Bradford, Ont .....	60 75
Pelham, Ont., 1st .....	4	Port Elgin, Ont.....	118 85	London, Kx ss .....	22 21	2nd W. Gwillimby....	124 50
Louth, Ont., y.p.s.....	2	London, King St .....	59 39	Thamesville, St. Jas	162 75	Revelstoke, B. C.....	30
Mono Mills, Ont.....	100	Newington, Ont.....	57 05	Morden, Kx.....	42	Kitsilano, B. C.....	125
Mono, East Ont.....	26	Wick, Ont.....	215 13	Hillsdale, St. And....	18	Copper Cliff, Ont.....	20
Corbetton, Ont.....	31	Rv. Robt. Martin .....	40	Roslin, Ont.....	33 25	Banff, Alta .....	26
Rosthern, Sask.....	50	Rv. D. J. Craig.....	12	Thurlow, St. And....	23 25	Duncan's B. C., St. A.	25
Woodford, Ont.....	8	Carlingford, Kx.....	37 75	Dundas, Kx .....	110	Caron, Sask., St. A....	2 50
Avonbank, Ont.....	194 3	Rv. J. H. Graham.....	15 15	Rv. P. McNabb.....	25	Summerside, Sask.....	21
Hensall, Carmel.....	325 8	Oro Ty., Willis.....	11 35	London, Knox .....	616 61	Caron, Sask., Kx .....	4
Chatham, St. And....	1,032	Oro Ty., Esson.....	1	Cobden, Osceola.....	66	E. Clover Var., Alta....	9 45
E. Templeton .....	21 57	Taber, Alta .....	15	Eden Mills, Ont.....	11 75	Dutton, Kx .....	23
Maisonneuve.....	12 7	Rv. J. P. Munro.....	16 92	Molesworth, St. And.	25	Baltimore, Ont.....	26
Dover, Calvin.....	80	Lethbridge, ss.....	37 50	Saltfeet, Cheyne.....	70 75	Vancor, St. John's....	121 20
Mont., Calvin.....	30 79	Victoria, 1st .....	240 70	Ross, Ont.....	24	Quebec, St. And.....	255
Riverview, Ont.....	20	Grandview, Man .....	24	Fingal, Knox .....	193	Rv. A. T. Love .....	6 95
New Glasgow, Que....	23	Birtle, Man .....	62 40	Spencerville, ss.....	7	Blackstock, Ont.....	36 60
Norwood, Ont.....	70	Strathcona, Kx .....	80	Tor., Victoria .....	100	Cadmus, Ont .....	27 90
Westmount, Wmstr....	5	Homewood, Alta.....	10 75	Beauharnois, St. Ed....	150	Ennis-killen, Ont.....	5
Tamworth, St. And....	2 32	Lakefield, Ont.....	142 31	Silver Crk, Man.....	1	Glencoe, Ont .....	81
Mont., Stanley c.e....	40	N. Smith, Ont.....	12 50	Souris, Man., Kx.....	25	" " ss.....	90
Cecebe, Ont .....	1 15	Kemble, Ont.....	54 36	Hanley, Sask., Kx.....	25	Bellevil, John St.....	3 9 49
Ely, Ont .....	5	" " y.p.s.....	2	Nelson, B. C. St. Pa....	296	Orillia, Ont.....	187 45
Elk Lake, Ont.....	10 50	Gravenhurst, Kx.....	39 10	Rathwell, Man.....	40	Tor., Old St. And....	403
Dunchurch, Ont.....	3	Regina, Kx .....	680	" " ss.....	12	Waterloo, Ont.....	40 10
Bloomfield, Ont.....	1 70	Gamebridge, Ont.....	8	Indianford, Man. ss....	8	Bruce Pres .....	90
Sundridge, Ont.....	2	Kildonan, Man .....	193 54	" J. McA", Glencoe ..	1	Dunnville, Knox.....	30
Bonfield, Ont .....	4	Brockville, Family....	600	Burk's Falls, St And..	52 31	Wroxeter, ss.....	20
Warren, Ont .....	1	Mont., Cres. Chinese ..	70	Ely, Ont.....	10	Wellandport, Ont.....	18
Matheson, Ont.....	4 25	" Stanley .....	5	Orangeville, Pres.....	24 16	Delhi, Chal .....	29 25
Massey, Ont.....	5 50	Kemptonville, St. Pa....	43 10	Oilsprings, Ont .....	14	Fairbank, Ont .....	7
Espan-la, Ont.....	4 10	Miss E. M. Stevenson ..	5	Hazeldean, Man.....	10	Pr Rv. A. D. Menzies....	382 55
Spanish, Ont.....	1 60	Spencerville, Ont.....	125	Whitewater, Man.....	4	Caledon, E. Ont.....	31 25
Carluke, Ont .....	2	Metcalfe, Ont .....	48 56	Tilbury E. Fletcher....	348	West n, Ont.....	53 10
Gananoque, St. And....	209	Marvelville, Ont .....	15	Oxbow, Sask.....	60 60	N. Bruce, St. And....	174
Ivan, Mcville .....	5	Rv. R. McNabb.....	8	Surrey, B. C., Mud Bay	35	Cannington, Kx.....	48
Tilsonburg, Ont .....	77 75	W. H. M. S .....	51 45	Caintown, Lyn &c.....	307 25	Tor., Riverdale .....	22 87
Teeswater, Kx.....	193	S. Gloucester.....	73	Keene, Ont .....	95 61	Woodville, Ont.....	150
A. Ballantyne.....	15	Manotick, Ont.....	45 15	Hastings, Ont.....	64 50	Dr. R. P. MacKay.....	125
Grimsby, St. John's....	94 35	Rv. W. H. Cramm.....	8	Rv. D. A. Thomson....	5	Foresters Falls ss....	4
Brockville, Pres, ss & c.e	71	Vernon, Ont .....	72	Miss Moscrip's Chin. cl.	13 25	Rv. T. O. Miller.....	8
Paris, Ont .....	601 90	Moffat, St. And.....	43 25	Fort Wm., St. And....	251	Craighurst, Ont.....	38 35
Act n, Kn x .....	253	Desbarats, Ont .....	19 86	Binscarth, Kx ss.....	20	Eglington, ss.....	50
Baden, Livingstn .....	102	Telegraph Crk, Dr. Inglis	25	S. Nissouri, ss.....	20	St. Mary's 1st .....	392 75
Orillia, Ont.....	400	Kate B. Goodfellow....	5	Napier, St. And. gld....	1 35	Renfrew, St. And....	1,206



Renfrew, St. And. b.c. 20	Mimico, Ont ..... 5	Harriston, Kx ..... 21	Basswood, Man ..... 59 50
Renfrew, St. And. N. Ward ss ... 20	Rev. J. Gandier..... 11	Elmira, Gale. .... 13 55	N. Bay, St. And.. .... 346
Windham Cent., St. A. 86 50	Niag. Falls, St. A. .... 132 50	Rv. W. J. Dey ..... 20 2	Lakefield, Ont ..... 25
Nottawa, West..... 1 70	Hespeler, Ont ..... 99 50	Lynedoch, Ont ..... 35 20	Hamilt, St. John's...160
Shelburne, Kx gld.... 2 18	Colborne, Ont..... 39 75	Lloydminster, B. C.... 3	Morris, Man..... 35
Allensville, Ont.. 4 50	Ow'n Sd, Kx ..... 192 39	Conger, Brockvil.1st ss, 68 92	Homewood, Clover
Aspdin, Ont .. " y.p.gld. 6 05	Orrville, Ont. ....18 55	Ivy, Ont ..... 70	Bar, Alta ..... 3
" " ss..... 4 55	Magnetawan, Ont .... 52 67	Town Line, Ont..... 60	Tor., St. Jas. Sq..... 50
" " Lad. Aid. 5	Fletwode, Sask ..... 5	Guelph, St. And. ss... 60	Tor., Knox ..... 10
Rv. G. W. Thom ..... 5	Kemptville, Ont..... 9	Rutherford, c.e..... 1 70	Miss Oliver ..... 2
Franktown, Ont. .... 37	Edmonton, Alta..... 50 0	Bishop's Mills, Ont... 10	Lumsden, Sask .....208
Monkman, Ont..... 5	Mont. Ersk. Chinese... 19	Langside, Ont..... 7	Orangevil, St. And...231
Fingal, Kx ..... 16 50	" " American	Friends, Coaticook .... 5 75	Moose Jaw, Sask.. 548
Vaughan, St. And St Pa.165	Chinese .....106 33	Hillhurst, Que. .... 6 50	Pr Rv. W.R.Cruikshank 18 93
Appin, Ont ..... 21 20	New Glasgow, N.S. Un 4	Massawippi, Que..... 11	Colborne, St. A. Wlng
" " w.h.m.s... 4	W. Korah, Ont..... 16 55	Scotland, Ont..... 45	Wrkrs ..... 50
Perley, Sask ..... 12	Conger, Ont. .... 50	Cobden, Ont. .... 4	Pr Agent, Hx ..... 3,578 47
Kirkton, Ont..... 30	Brantfrd, Farngdn... 80	Newburgh, St. And. c.e. 1	Hugh Waddell... .. 250
London 1st ss..... 256 12	Nicola, B. C ..... 3 50	Quebec, St. And. ss ... 45	Souris, Knox .....236
Cumberland, Ont..... 5	Dean Lake, Ont.. .... 5 10	Three Rivers, Que. .... 42 70	Warren, Ont ..... 9
Aylmer, Knox ..... 4	Patton, Ont ..... 8 43	Rv. S. F. Sharp..... 8 60	Eglinton, Ont..... 187 87
St. Cath., Knox..... 1	Bright, Ont ..... 2 85	Goldenburg, St. And.. 3 59	Thamesville, St. Jas. 15
Bala, Ont ..... 1 04	Rv. J.R.S. Burnett.... 6 65	Mooreline, c.e..... 20	John C. Wick ..... 1 0
Trenton, St. And.....200	Tor., Old St. And....250	Silver Water ..... 26	Plummer, Ont..... 3 50
Rv. W. T. Wilkins.... 8	Parkdale .....1,151	Elizabeth, Bay ..... 2	Aberdeen, Ont..... 9
Rv. Jas. Barber..... 7 45	Rv. J. McP. Scott.... 12 75	New Wmstr, St. And.2 2	Gordon Lake, Ont.... 4 65
Omagh, Ont..... 15	Quebec, St. And..... 40	Carholme, Ont..... 40	Peterboro, Knox ..... 60
Teeswater, Kx ..... 302	Whitechurch..... 35	Essex, Ont..... 13 05	Churchill, Ont. .... 2
St. David's, Ont..... 13 02	Atwood, Ont.....125	Elk Lake, Ont..... 10	Lefroy, Ont ..... 1
Mr. A. R. Goldie .... 275	Corunna, Ont..... 8	Mrs. John McCalla ... 2	Tor., St., And..... 30
Rv. D. Ritchie ..... 20	Thessalon, l. h. m. s... 25	Alex. McDonald.....250	Chester, Ont ..... 20 49
Iroquois, Kx ss..... 8 15	Thornhill, ss ..... 10	" Anonymous" ..... 2	Tor., West ..... 687 32
	McIntosh, Ont..... 30	Rv. D. J. Davidson ... 5	David Yuile..... 1,200
		Bryanton ..... 4	Ottawa, St. And.....2,684 84
		Margaret, Man., King's. 55	" " " .....110 01

THE SUICIDE'S CURE.

"A New York pastor received a call in his study one morning not long ago from a man with whom he had a pleasant, but not intimate, acquaintance. And the visitor told him, without much ado, that he had called on a peculiar errand.

" 'Some time ago,' he said, 'as you know, I lost my wife, I have no children, I have no near kinspeople, and I am very lonely in the world. Last week, by an unlucky speculation, I lost my whole fortune, I am therefore without companionship, without an occupation, without money. I am too old to start again, and I have no joy in life as it is. I have deliberately decided, therefore, to commit suicide. And I called to tell you of my purpose, and to ask the favor of you that when my body is found you will make such an explanation as your good judgment and kindly feeling toward me may suggest. I have come simply to ask this favor, and not to argue the question, which I have settled for myself. If you do me this last service, I shall be very grateful.'

"The preacher said little and was far too wise to undertake to dissuade him; but he permitted the man to say all that he had to say without interruption.

"Then, as he was going away, the preacher called to him and said:

" 'I have not seen you on the golf links for some time. You used to enjoy the game.'

" 'Yes,' said the other.

" 'Well, go out and play one more game to-day before you carry out your purpose.'

"The man smiled for the first time, and went to the golf course, and—he is living yet."—World's Work.

RESOLVE WISELY; KEEP TO IT.

This is as true of the ordinary routine duties of daily life in the home or the office as of decisions in matters of moral right and wrong. A housekeeper starts her day, or a business man goes to his office, each definitely intending to do certain important things before anything else is taken up. But in this busy world both find from one to a dozen other opportunities of activity immediately open to them,—not things that must be done just then, but that may be done.

The average man or woman turns aside from the bravely-formed intention, takes up one of these other things, then another, and when night comes wonders why that important matter, which was surely planned for to-day, did not get done. The exceptional man or woman turns a deaf ear to the call of miscellany, holds resolutely to the intention formed, and by night-time has done all the general duties of the day, plus the important duty that was given first place.

And the average folk look at the exceptional folk and wonder *how* they get time to do so much! Time has nothing to do with it; it is simply a question of unswerving will, flatly refusing to be turned aside from doing that which was decided upon, merely because a door to the right or the left lies temptingly open. Let us decide wisely, and then let nothing but the voice of God turn us from our decisions.—S. S. Times.

"The world cannot be organized into godliness, or preached into godliness, but it may be led into godliness. The simple quiet, unposing practice of their professions by Christians would do more to set this old world right than all the powerful organizations that bear the Christian name."



The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Feb.	Rec'd Mar 1 to Feb. 28.
Foreign Missions..	\$16,425.58	\$52,070.20
Home Missions.....	4,747.58	13,183.51
Augmentation.....	6,010.21	10,660.91
College.....	9,475.24	19,448.73
A. and I. Ministers..	2,820.16	5,461.73
French Evangelizati	892.52	1,991.28
Pt-aux-Trembles....	567.20	1,509.09
For North West.....	1,418.27	5,389.34
Children's Day Col..	110.62	2,019.07
Assembly Fund....	417.26	756.51
Bursary Fund.....	1,141.75	2,630.07
Library Fund.....	23.76	256.25
Manitoba College....	38.00	46.00
Widows' & Orphans..	218.20	1,006.50
Temp., Moral Reform	322.63	711.63
Total.....	\$44,623.98	\$117,140.85

Received during February  
at the Presbyterian Office, Halifax,  
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the Donors.

Acknowledged.....	\$75,539.70	Shemogue, Pt. Elgin..	38
Souris, Bay Fortune..	112	"A Friend".....	2
Sydney, Falmouth St..	290	Hx., St. Matthew's ..	100
Merigomish ss.....	10 38	Shuebenacadie.....	139
Mt. Stewart.....	87	Richmond Bay E.....	15
Mid. Stewiacke.....	156 30	Senator McKeen.....	500
J. Stanley Ross.....	25	Murray Harbor, S.....	105 12
Bedeque.....	105	Alberton.....	98 35
Charlotet'n, St. Jas..	287	Mid. River, C.B.....	40
P. E. I. Presby.....	30	W. H. Chase.....	25
Miss B. McLauren....	25	Springside.....	35 60
Pleasant Valley ss....	1 80	Refund.....	24
Waweigss.....	4	Fargahar Bros.....	50
New London.....	75	Millville.....	8
Mrs. C. H. Cahan.....	140	E. W. Girvan.....	5
Grand River.....	173	Bloomfield, &c.....	78
Campbellton ss.....	50	Springhill c.e.....	25
Mrs. McEwan.....	1	Valleyfield.....	138 5
Mrs. Crawford.....	1	Loch Lomond, Fram..	123
G. McLean.....	2	Blue Mt. Garden.....	4 50
Mrs. G. Anderson....	3	A. J. McLeod.....	50
J. H. Anstey.....	10	John McNab.....	500
Jacob Withrow.....	50	Hx., Chalmers.....	144
Rev. R. Murray.....	10	Bridgewater.....	186 36
Rev. E. D. Millar.....	10	Rev. H. Crawford....	20
J. R. Millar.....	5	Dalhousie.....	236 51
Alexina Keay.....	15	Little Narrows.....	5 10
Forks, Baddeck.....	54 58	Stellarton Sharon....	482 63
Whycocomagh.....	23	New Dublin, Conq....	40
E. Cumming.....	5	Antigonish.....	69 63
Pictou Presby.....	50	Riverside.....	30 07
Pass River ss.....	27	West River Station..	16
Strathlorne.....	115	"A Friend".....	15
Hopewell, Union.....	6	Riversdale.....	35 53
Boulardarie.....	45	New Mills.....	55
"Missions Friend"....	10	Salt Springs, St. Lu... 4	
Cheverie y.p.m.b.....	6	Un. Centre, Lochaber..	84
"Thank Offering".....	100	Port-au-Pique c.e....	15
Mahone.....	57 25	J. D., P. A. McGregor.	500
Shemogue, etc.....	45	Cove Head, B.Pt.....	158
Stellarton, St. John's.	97	Beq. Miss A. Duncan..	25
R. E. Chambers.....	30	G. S. Campbell.....	100
Orwell.....	89	St. Stephen.....	243 36
Campelton c.e.....	19	St. Andrew's.....	191 85
Hartsville miss. soc..	4 50	Alex. S. Stalker.....	10
Coldstream.....	114	Lake Ainslie.....	4 50
John A. Flett.....	5	Inverness.....	61 2
St. John, St. Dav.....	800	Hunter River.....	34 59
".....	25	Springfield.....	1
Halifax, Park St.....	51 74	Moncton, w.h.m.s....	50
Richmond.....	28	N. W. Arm ss.....	15

Musq. Harbor.....	41	St. Croix, Ellershouse	138 63
"..... ss.....	11 60	Stirling Gift.....	500
Refund.....	5	Hector McInnis.....	100
Dominion No. 6.....	165	Sussex.....	177 52
Onslow.....	127	Refund.....	10
"A Friend".....	5	Moser Riv., Quod, Pt. D.	14
"A.B.C.".....	5	Tabusintac, Bt. ch.....	105
Noel.....	25 80	Lorneville.....	47
Earltown and Falls...	36 50	Hopewell.....	2
Bescuminac.....	35	Up. Musquodoboit....	29 65
Broughton.....	53	Lunenburg.....	473
St. James and Union..	76 55	Whycocomagh.....	6
Halifax, St. And.....	785	Margaree.....	2
Boulardarie.....	63	Lake Ainslie.....	2
Murray Harbor N.....	71	Montague.....	108 75
Reserve Mines.....	140	Fisher's Grant.....	14 50
"..... ladies.....	40	Westville, St. Phil....	110
Bay of Islands.....	26 50	Springhill.....	12
Glace Bay, St. Paul's.	450	Sydney Mines.....	193 25
John Munro.....	80	Black River, N.B.....	75
Mt. Uniacke c.e.....	5	Windsor c.e.....	12
Rev. Allan Simpson....	30	Wallace.....	162
St. John, St. And.....	326 67	Chipman.....	154 5
Marshfield.....	54 60	Pictou, Knox.....	279 63
Kensington, New Lon..	607 54	Trenton.....	231 55
H. McInnes.....	25	D. Logan.....	19
Glassville.....	30	Rexton.....	2
Refund.....	15	West Branch.....	10
Halifax, Park ss.....	25	Salt Springs, St. Lu....	100
Interest.....	1 67	Wm. E. McLean.....	5
Dr. F. S. Yorston.....	20	West River, P.E.I....	45 50
W. New Amman.....	29	Waweig.....	13
Bay St. Lawrence ss...	30	Rolling Dam.....	9
Sunny Brae c.e.....	10	Bayside.....	3
Baddeck.....	268	Millerton, &c.....	86 85
Woodville.....	15	W. Riv., St. Mary s...	88 52
Beq. Mrs. C. Fraser....	25	Lahave.....	96
Richmond Bay E.....	15	Cavendish.....	1 9
Brookfield P.E.I.....	91 75	Hampton, &c.....	123 61
Upper Londonderry...	40	Dartmouth c.e.....	25
Sheet Harbor.....	37 70	Marion Bridge.....	102
Sherbrooke ss.....	15 25	Harvey and Acton....	60
Mulgrave ss.....	12	Carleton.....	92
Bathurst.....	141	Harcourt.....	81 53
Inverness.....	59 70	Shelburne.....	95
Clyde River, P.E.I....	25	Refund.....	9
Shemogue, Pt. Elgin..	40	Clifton.....	20 70
John W. Roy.....	13 75	Stellarton, St. John's.	1
Glace Bay, Knox.....	149	St. John, Calvin.....	29
Geo. A. Douglas.....	10	Dartmouth, St. Jas. ss.	1 8 76
New Glasgow, Bt.....	5	Halifax, Grove.....	40
St. John, St. Step.....	5 5	Port Morien.....	50
"..... ss.....	57 20	Fredricton.....	1 0 45
Clyde, Barrington....	29 50	Gairloch.....	83 10
Presby. Lun., Yar.....	10	Mid. Riv., Pictou.....	39
Rexton.....	50	Mrs. D. Collie.....	1
Waverley.....	8	Kincardine.....	56
Interest.....	12 62	Ferrona.....	53 35
Charlottetown, Zion..	444	Stellarton, Sharon....	50
"..... ss.....	200	Fairville.....	15 50
Acadia.....	31	Port Hastings ss.....	10 69
Riv. Dennis.....	25	Port Hastings c.e....	13 55
Up. Mt. Thom ss.....	1 50	Jane Mitchell.....	5
Caledonia, P.E.I.....	33 60	H. McLeod.....	5
Douglstown.....	24	Lahave.....	133
Bathurst.....	3 75	Cavendish.....	45
Black River, &c.....	43 88	Wolfville m.b.....	50
Caledonia Mines ss...	22	Kempt Road, &c.....	61 20
Loch Lomond.....	3	D. C. Henderson.....	19
Gabarus.....	125	Sydney, St. And.....	362
Windsor.....	153 27	Graham Colquhoun....	10
Fireside Club.....	60	Alex. Matheson.....	25
Belfast.....	150	Hx., St. Matthew's....	285
W. Riv. & Green Hill..	110 90	Oldham.....	1 65
S. R. McKay.....	50	St. John, St. And.....	25
J. N. Cowans.....	137 50	Gore, Kennetcook.....	141
Mrs. A. Campbell.....	20	St. Croix.....	10 35
Mrs. Trueman.....	2	Maitland.....	67 77
Mrs. Barclay.....	1	Truro, St. Paul's.....	279
Miss Harding.....	1	Westville, Carmel.....	36
Mrs. Duncan.....	1	Chatham, St. And.....	229
Robert Baxter.....	5	Prince William.....	62
Hx., Park St., Chinese.	20	Salina.....	4 65
N. W. Arm, Rock'g'm.	290 20	Per Rev. Jas. Ross.....	108 65
Anonymous.....	85	John Bowes.....	2
Int. between Funds...	251 81	Sale Furniture.....	75
Refund.....	20	Riversdale.....	11 83
Barney's River.....	5	Herbert Stairs.....	25
St. Peter's Bay.....	229 25	Gilbert Stairs.....	25
Canard.....	75	Hopewell, Union.....	50
Charlot't'n, St. Jas...	88	Salt Springs, St. Lu....	105
A. M. McLeod.....	10	Springside.....	10 25



Acadia.....	91	Mrs. L. E. Logan.....	1	Pic., St. And. ss., ladies	140	Mary McIntosh.....	1
Mrs. Mary A. Dunlap..	25	Onslow.....	26	Annapolis.....	11	Daniel McLean.....	2
J. H. Pugsley.....	20	Sydney Mines.....	100	Yarmouth.....	79	Orwell.....	2
Mrs. A. Rogers.....	5	Truro, Ist.....	428 79	Scotsburn.....	20 64	Sydney, St. Mark's....	30
P. A. Curry.....	2 50	Sydney, St. James....	241 08	Reserve Mines.....	7	Mrs. Mary Caldwell....	1
Hx. Park.....	50	Leitch's Creek.....	44	S. Gut, Englishtown..	11 75	Rev. J. M. Sutherland..	5
Loggieville.....	47 50	Boulardarie.....	40	Sydney, St. And.....	29 22	Deane.....	14
Douglastown.....	95	Hx., St. Andrew's....	15	North Shore.....	10	Whycocomagh.....	1
Chatham, St. John's..	116	Walton.....	10 25	Sydney, Falmouth St..	10	Cavendish.....	15
Refund.....	10	Mrs. C. A. Curry.....	50	Boulardarie.....	44	N. Sydney.....	274
Belfast.....	17	Bridgetown.....	28	N. Sydney, St. Matt...	10	New Glasgow, St. And..	5
Sydney Mines.....	10	New Glasgow, P.E.I.,	11	Bridgeport.....	10	Hx., Fort Massey.....	335
West Bay.....	84 50	Port Hastings.....	136 86	Presby. of Sydney....	5 33	New Glasgow, United..	531
Earltown c.e.....	10	McLellan's Brk Mt....	47 50	Refund.....	6 35	Bridgetown.....	39
Port Hood.....	9	"A.H.W.".....	8	Bridgeport.....	30	For. Miss. Bequests..	3,753 74
Mabou.....	19	St. John, St. John's..	23 20	Pugwash.....	210	Consolidated Rev.....	7,60 38
Marble Mountain....	5 80	Greenfield.....	40 70	Redbank.....	40	F. M. Bdg. Fund.....	454 17
Merigomish, Fr. Riv..	39	Moncton.....	512 81	Durham ss.....	2	M. J. McCurdy, Pph..	104 04
Cardigan.....	101	" ss.....	135 40	Hopewell, St. Col....	70		
Dundas, Annandale...	65	Hx. Grove.....	32	New Richmond.....	50		
Upper Londonderry..	70	Pr Miss Carmichael..	735 30	Linden.....	59	Total.....	117,140 85

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### SOME ELEMENTS OF HAPPINESS.

Happiness, according to the laws of nature and of God, inheres in voluntary and pleasurable activities; and activity increases happiness in proportion as it is diffusive. No man can be so happy as he who is engaged in a regular business that tasks the greater part of his mind. I had almost said that it was the beau-ideal of happiness for a man to be so busy that he does not know whether he is or is not happy; who has not time to think about himself at all. The man who rises early in the morning, joyful and happy, with an appetite for business as well as for breakfast; who has a love for his work and runs eagerly to it as a child runs to play; who finds himself refreshed by it in every part of his day, and rests after it as from a wholesome and delightful fatigue—has one great and very essential element of happiness.—Henry Ward Beecher.

“Goodness is contagious. The holy man does most to make the world holier. More efficacious for human betterment than all the multiform programs of social reform that are being proposed, is simple righteousness in all of life's relations, on the part of those who have named themselves as followers of Jesus.”



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Character is essentially the power of resisting temptation.

The noblest question in the world is; What good may I do in it?

"If you will think twice before you speak, you will do a good deal less speaking."—

Do not stop so long to review the past as to hinder your prompt entrance on the new course.

You are not required to do more than there is time for. But all the time must be accounted for.

"The more we call God in, the more surely and wholly shall we cast the tempter out."—Bishop Moule.

A wise man sets his pace according to his time. Early speed gives margin for slackening toward the end.

"God calls us to duty, and the only right answer is obedience. Undertake the duty, and step by step God will provide the disposition."

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong.—George Macdonald.

"Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time."

The wish forms often warm upon my heart, that I may learn nothing here that I cannot continue in the other world; that I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in heaven.—Richter.

"It is unwise for us to try to hurry God. We ask for guidance and because it does not come before we have ceased asking we distrust God. That is not wise. The slowness of God is the safety of men."

Men do not complain of the sixth commandment, which protects their persons, nor of the eighth, which protects their property, why, then, should they complain of the fourth, which protects their rightful heritage, a weekly day of rest?—Eugene Stock.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine cases out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth saving.—Garfield.

A profession of skepticism is often nothing more than the whistling of the boy as he goes through the church yard and is afraid of ghosts, and therefore "whistles hard to keep his courage up." They try to get rid of the thought of God because of that ghost of conscience which makes cowards of them all.

Have you ever had your day suddenly turn sunshiny because of a cheerful word? Have you ever wondered if this could be the same world, because someone had been unexpectedly kind to you? You can make to-day the same for somebody. It is only a question of a little imagination, a little time and trouble.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

"Dr. Chalmers tells us of a man in Glasgow he visited twenty-one times before he would receive him, and the next time the dying infidel invited him in because he wanted to see the man that had grip enough to stand twenty-one refusals. Therefore, brethren, "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."—Sel.

"Look up, for God looks down." Thus can we see Him face to face. There is inspiration and power in looking up to God. It acknowledges His superiority over us, and our dependence upon Him, while it assures us that all His power is pledged to our help. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."—Christian Observer.

Nothing is eternal but that which is done for God and for others. That which is done for self dies. Perhaps it is not wrong, but it perishes. You say it is pleasure—well, enjoy it. But joyous recollection is no longer joy. That which ends in self is mortal. That alone which goes out of self into God lasts forever.—Frederick W. Robertson.

To be physically strong and keep so, a man must exercise his muscles. To be mentally strong and keep so, a man must study and think. To be morally strong and keep so, a man must do righteousness and overcome temptation. No one can be good without effort. The fact that it "is hard to be good" is no excuse, but just another reason for righteousness."

To be fellow-worker with God may appear to be too vast and impossible an idea of the purpose of human life in this world; yet nothing is clearer and more certain than that He Who made man and sent him here to work and labor until the evening has left many things for man to do in fulfilling His plans and completing His works.—Dr. John Hunter.



GO YE INTO  
PREACH THE GOSPEL  
ALL THE WORLD AND  
TO EVERY CREATURE

# The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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# Presbyterian Record

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No. 5.

## NATIONAL MISSIONARY CONGRESS.

TORONTO  
1909.

Such was the inscription, in black and gold, on the button which identified commissioners to that unique five days' gathering in Toronto, ending April 4th, in connection with the Laymen's Missionary Movement.

More than four thousand men, one-third ministers, two-thirds laymen,—farmers, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, business men of all kinds,—doctors, lawyers, legislators, judges,—representing the different Protestant Evangelical churches all over Canada,—Anglican, Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian,—meeting with one mind, as one man, with one aim, the greatest and grandest aim in the world, that of giving the knowledge of Jesus Christ, with all the good and gladness that He brings, to the whole world in this generation; that of bringing the whole world, of this generation, into the safety and happiness and purity and peace of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ;—such was the gathering that made up the Congress.

An immense hall, holding four thousand people or more, packed to its limit at nearly every session, with mottoes and watchwords on every side; the two hemispheres, encircled with "Thy Kingdom Come," "As God hath prospered you," "Not As Little as we Dare, but as Much as we Can," "He shall have Dominion," "This is the only Generation you can Reach," etc., etc., each motto in its own way an echo of the dominating idea of the Congress, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation"; such was the environment in which the Congress met.

In the afternoons and evenings, great mass meetings, with addresses on missions, home and foreign, on the needs of the world, on the duty of Christians towards the world, on the progress that is making, etc; in the forenoons the men of different denominations meeting by themselves in some one of their own churches, to plan for the practical carrying out of their own part of this great movement; such was the way the five days were occupied.

A list of grand themes:

- "The Great Commission";
- "The Reflex Influence of Missions";
- "The Relation of the Ministry to a Missionary Church";
- "The Minister, the Leader of the People";
- "Canada's Opportunity at Home and Abroad";
- "The World's Debt to the Missionary";
- "The Victorious Progress of Missions";
- "The Awakening Orient";
- "The Impact of Christianity on Non-Christian Religions";
- "The Sure Victory";
- "The Place of the Church in the Making of the Nation";
- "Canada's Debt to the Missionary";
- "Our Duty to the English-speaking and European Settlers";
- "Our Duty to the Asiatic";
- "The Christianization of our Civilization";
- "The Stewardship of Life";
- "The Stewardship of Business Talents and Possessions";
- "The Call to Christian Service";
- "Missions as an Investment";
- "The Significance of the Laymen's Missionary Movement";
- "Knowledge of Missions an Inspiration to Obedience";
- "How to Lead the Church to its Highest Efficiency";



The Church's Call to the Students";

"The Student's Call to the Men of the Church";

"The Unity and Universality of the Kingdom";

"Missions and Church Unity";

"Co-operation, the Law of Christ's Kingdom";

"To Obey is Better than Sacrifice."

Such were the themes and subjects of address—that held the Congress at a high level from start to finish.

#### SOME MEN OF THE CONGRESS.

It would be in order now to tell of the men who took a part, and who with their mental strength and moral earnestness, grasped and held and moved and thrilled the throngs from day to day. But to speak aright in praise of men requires wisdom "rightly to divide" between what is good and not so good, and wholesale honey smearing is not a "good or pleasant thing." It may, however, be stated with truth and safety that all did as well as they could, and the doing was of a high order.

Of two men, however, exception may be made, without seeming invidious, more especially as neither of them are Canadians. The first is Robert E. Speer, one of the Foreign Mission Secretaries of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., but belonging rather to the missionary world than to any one land.

Tall, straight, clean shaven, quiet and modest, a nature's nobleman in appearance, a strong man in his prime, he deals only in great themes, and in a strong, earnest way. There is no littleness, no effort to catch the ear, to make a jest, to raise a laugh, to please with wit or eloquence. Some speakers remind one of a sail-boat, dipping, skipping, over the waves. He seems a steam-ship, moving steadily and grandly on, with lucid thought, forceful logic, clear, strong expression, to the climax of his argument, carrying his audience with him to the end.

The other is Sir Andrew Fraser. The son of a Scottish manse, a graduate of Edinburgh University, he went early to India in the civil service, a splendid type of that noble band of men, who in the service of the Empire abroad, have done so much to make Bri-

tain and British rule so great a factor in the uplift of the world.

For thirty-seven years he has been in the civil service in India, and has risen step by step until he has reached the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, ruler over nearly forty millions of people. Of medium height and size, with a kindly, pleasant face, a great mind and a great heart, the oftener he was heard the more he seemed prized; and one could scarcely decide which to admire in him most, the statesman, the sage, or the saint.

Instead of having a chapel and chaplain of his own, or attending church where other leading Europeans in the city worship he attends a native church, with a native pastor, is an elder, taking his part as a member of session with the native elders, and, as an elder, he was moderator, last year, of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of India.

The reception he got from that vast audience when he rose to speak on the evening of his principal address, was the greatest and most enthusiastic of the Congress, and if it were a question as to which of the men present won most completely the love and admiration of that great gathering, there would be little hesitation as to the answer.

Others there were of whom one would love to speak, N. W. Rowell, K.C., of Toronto, the Chairman of the Congress; J. Campbell White, General Secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement; Bishop Thoburn of India; some of the men of our own church; but one must stop short somewhere.

#### SOME INCIDENTS OF THE CONGRESS.

All the good things said; what a book they would make! There is going to be such a book. A stenographic report was taken of all the addresses at the main Congress, and will be published in book form, for one dollar, a very cheap and valuable book. It will be necessary to order immediately, inclosing price, from H. K. Caskey, 429 Confederation Life Building, Toronto, that he may know how many to print.

But one or two good things may be mentioned. One was by Rev. W. A. J. Martin,

of Brantford, Convener of our Foreign Mission Committee, at a meeting of the Presbyterian section. He was telling of a certain elder in Ontario, whose comment on the Laymen's Missionary Movement was "Aye, it's jist another scheme to get money from us." "WHOSE MONEY?" said the speaker.

Another was by Hon. D. F. Wilbur, the American Consul General at Halifax, N. S. He said in substance, "I was sent by my Government as consul, to Singapore, a moral cess-pool of the East, where dregs from nearly all nations can be found. I was asked, as consul, to visit and worship at a small mission church. My wife and I, on our way to the church, drove through the streets, thronged with dirt and vice and crime. This was the raw material.

When we got to the little mission church, we found there a congregation, clean, wholesome looking, dressed in white, engaging reverently and attentively in the services. This was the finished product.

I cared little for religion, but the thought came to me that if God could take such raw material as we had passed on our way to the church, and make of it what we saw at the church, He could make something of my life, and I gave myself to Him. I am a product of Missions. And if my wife were here she would say the same of herself."

Another good thing was by Sir Andrew Fraser. Speaking of the criticisms sometimes made by travellers, or others unfriendly to mission work, who claim that little or nothing is being accomplished, he said, in substance, in his own quiet, effective way:—

"If I wish to know whether there is anything in the science of Botany, whether anything has been accomplished, or whether it is worthy of study, I do not go to one who knows nothing about it, who has not studied it. I go to one who knows Botany and who *loves* it. Only such an one can give me a fair idea of it.

"If I wish to know what progress has been made in Geology, and the present position of affairs in that Science, and what it has worthy of examination, I do not go to one who is not acquainted with it. I go to one who knows it and who *loves* it. Any other course would not be thought of by any one.

"And when I wish to know about missions,

I naturally follow the same course. I could not expect to learn the facts from one who did not know.

"When a man tells me that missions are a failure, that they have accomplished little, I ask him,—'What do you know about missions? What missionaries are you acquainted with? What mission fields have you visited?' And invariably I find that men who depreciate missionaries and missions know very little, if anything, about them.

"I have been all over India. I have known many missionaries. I have visited them at their stations. I have been with them at their work, and I wish to bear testimony to their self-denying devotion and to the excellent work of those noble men and women. I wish to bear testimony, too, to the influence they have in keeping India loyal to the Empire."

#### SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE CONGRESS.

Impressions are personal. Each has his own. The impressions of all who were present would make a companion book to the Report, and perhaps of equal value, but these can never be gathered.

To the writer there are a few impressions that stand out prominently, as the Congress recedes, and details are forgotten.

One impression, as one looks back over that great gathering of strong, earnest men is the tremendous vital power in Christianity. No worn-out creed, but a living power brings these men together from hundreds even thousands, of miles to confer on the carrying out of a command given nineteen centuries ago. Does one doubt the existence of miracles. Here is a miracle, a very practical one. How other can it be accounted for than by the supernatural, the Divine Spirit working in men's hearts, bringing them into accord with the mind of Jesus Christ, bringing them at cost of time and money, not for any hope of reward, but out of love for God and their fellowmen, bringing them not to where they were to get something, but to learn how to give of themselves and their means for others.

If they were weak-minded emotionalists, some other explanation might be attempted, but they were just the opposite, sane, strong, intelligent, educated men, from middle age to old age, the last class of men in the world



to be imposed upon by false pretence or carried away by fictitious enthusiasm. Here is a miracle that cannot be explained away. If any man were beginning to be troubled with doubts or fears as to the reality, the Divinity, of the Christian religion, that Congress in its five days' duration, and its after results as the men have returned to their homes to carry out their plans, should give him assurance and rest.

---

A second impression was that Christianity is not decadent, but the opposite; not dying but more alive and vigorous and active than ever at any former time in its history. Never before did the Christian men of a nation gather to formulate a missionary policy, to plan for the evangelization of their proportion of the heathen world in their own generation.

Fears are sometimes expressed that the former days were better than these, that we have fallen on evil times, that truth is failing from the earth. Never was there so little ground for such a thought. Modes and methods of thought and action may have changed, but the doing of the will of God, the obedience which is "better than sacrifice," the love of God in men, prompting them to save their fellow men, was never so much in evidence as at the present time.

---

A third impression was that these men, gathered with one mind and heart, to do Christ's will, had no trouble with regard to the doctrines of the Bible. They had no difficulty in accepting the Bible as the word of God; no doubts regarding man's sin and fall, and his need of a Saviour; no doubts as to the Divinity of Jesus Christ, no difficulties regarding His incarnation, His sinless life, His miracles of love and mercy, no dilution of His atonement for sin by His sacrificial death. They had no difficulties about His resurrection and ascension; no doubts as to the necessity and reality of the Holy Spirit's work in regeneration; no doubts regarding a future of happiness or misery, with, or apart from, God, depending upon men's choice or rejection of Him in this life.

The working creed of an active Christian is usually very simple, and it is almost in-

variably the old, simple, evangelical doctrines of the Gospel. No other doctrines have ever proved effective in saving men. Other doctrines, often a little truth with a good deal of speculation, largely watered stock, may do all right for speculative purposes, but no others have ever proved safe for permanent investment.

It is a fact of history, past and present, that the men or the churches that get away from the old simple doctrines of redemption from sin through the death of a Divine Saviour, by the renewing power of a Divine Spirit, never do much for the salvation of the heathen world.

It is equally a fact of history that the times when heresies have sprung up have been times when men were doing little for the world's evangelization. And conversely, the men and the churches that have sought to save and uplift the world, and who have actually done the saving and uplifting, have been the men and the churches of the simple old Evangel.

If "he that doeth His will shall know of the doctrine" then the doctrines of the Evangelical churches in Canada are not going far astray at the present time. As a rule the true orthodoxy of an individual or of a church may be pretty correctly judged by the measure in which it manifests the Spirit of Jesus Christ, in its loving, active, self-denial and giving and sacrifice to save and bless mankind.

---

A fourth impression of the Congress was, that it was a grand exhibition of the real unity of Protestant Christendom. Here were men of all the different evangelical denominations, gathered as one man, with one aim, that of obeying at once the last command of Jesus Christ, of carrying his message of pardon and peace to the whole world.

We are sometimes told by our Roman Catholic friends that Romanism is one, while Protestantism is divided. Never could Rome assemble such a gathering of all her different religious orders, with such complete unity and harmony as here existed. Roman Catholicism has its orders almost innumerable, with often very bitter jealousies and feuds between them. Protestantism has quite a number of different denominations, orders if you will, bearing

different names, though probably not a tithe of the number in the Roman Catholic church. But Protestants are really one, more truly than it is possible for the Romanists to be.

Further, this is the ideal unity, that for which Jesus Christ prayed. It matters little by what name we call ourselves; it matters much that we "all may be one" in spirit, in aim, in effort, in doing the work of our Lord; keeping "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Here were Anglicans and Baptists, as well as Congregationalists, Methodists and Presbyterians, in a unity of Spirit, almost as complete as they will be when time is past. They separate to carry out their aim under different names, but each such gathering strengthens the real unity that exists and that will remain when all names that described men here shall have been left behind, and "every kindred, every tribe shall crown Him Lord of all."

---

To sum up the four impressions of the Congress:

(1) Christianity is divine. Nothing but the supernatural can account for a miracle like this; such a host, of such men, gathered from a nation, without hope of gain or reward, to plan for service and sacrifice, so opposite to the tendencies of human nature.

(2) Christianity is making progress, real, rapid, in the right direction. Never before has Christianity been able to gather the business men of a nation for such a purpose.

(3) The Congress gave no uncertain sound on the great doctrines of the Gospel. The men and the churches who are moved to sacrifice and service are usually those who hold such doctrines, and when they get to work they find that these doctrines are the only ones that are effective in saving and uplifting men.

(4) The Congress illustrated ideal unity in the Christian church, that which all should seek to preserve and increase.

---

#### SOME RESULTS OF THE CONGRESS.

One general result is a deepened interest on the part of many. We have heard of

business men who had previously taken little interest, and who went there to please friends, coming home saying that they had received a new vision of life, that it was given for service, that they had lived for themselves long enough, and wished now to do something for others. And these same men are now actively engaged in working to help forward the Missionary Movement. We have heard of men who went home, got their own congregations organized, with members promising so much per week, and raising three and four times as much as they did before. Such results as these would doubtless be duplicated many times if all were known.

---

The particular results, the ultimate aim of getting each member and adherent of the church to contribute weekly to missions, depends upon the organization of the different denominations.

The Presbyterians who were present met for organization towards the close of the Congress and appointed, subject to the approval of the Assembly, a National Committee of thirty-five men to have charge of the carrying on and development of the work of the Movement, in our Church, with power to add to their number.

They also resolved to employ a Secretary to visit the sixty-five Presbyteries of our Church, to secure organized effort in behalf of Missions. His salary and travelling expenses were subscribed at once, on the spot.

It should always be remembered that all the money to be raised in the churches as a result of this Movement, goes to the regular Missionary Funds of our church. These men who are so active in promoting this work give their own time and expenses and pay their own secretary.

---

The final working organization, on which final success depends, is the individual congregation, and the object of that organization will be to secure as far as possible a weekly offering for missions from each member and adherent. This is the ultimate issue, the ultimate aim. If this were done, there would be enough to evangelize our share of the world in this generation.



It is, after all, a very simple proposition, to give every one in a congregation the opportunity to contribute weekly to missions, but that simple thing is the key to the success of the whole movement. If that weekly opportunity be given and accepted, money for missions will be forthcoming.

#### STARTING THE L. M. M. IN A CONGREGATION.

The following was submitted at one of the sessions of the Presbyterian Section of the Congress, by Mr. M. Parkinson. It may serve as a useful guide. Congregations may vary it to suit themselves.

"To launch the Movement in a congregation, a mass meeting of the men of the congregation is absolutely necessary.

An adequate attendance of men is most readily and certainly secured by a banquet or supper. Let it be a paid banquet with a nominal charge. If the ladies of the congregation prepare the supper far more interest is likely to result. An adequate and energetic committee must sell these tickets.

Ask for returns from this committee ten days or two weeks before the date of the supper. This gives ample time for full preparation and for any additional effort to sell tickets if the response should not have been liberal.

The following is a suggested programme:  
6.30—Supper.

7.30—Address on "The Laymen's Missionary Movement."

8.15—Address on "Our Home and Foreign Missions: Shall we perform our task?"

9.00—Resolution endorsing Laymen's Missionary Movement, undertaking congregation's full share, setting a standard of ten cents or more per week per member, and adopting the weekly envelope system of giving, and an organized canvass of all the members and adherents to enlist their support. Discussion on this resolution.

After the supper and addresses, which should be made around the tables, a motion pledging the men assembled to do all in their power to raise the missionary givings of the congregation to ten cents or more per communicant per Sabbath, should be introduced.

This should be followed by a motion endorsing the use of the weekly offering envelop, preferably duplex, for the "Schemes of the Church," and asking the Session of the Church to take the necessary steps to introduce it in the congregation.

The work is then carried on by a Missionary Committee—of course appointed by the Session. The best working committees are found to be those in which the Session appoints, say, three men, with power to add to their numbers. These three at once proceed to find volunteers for the work, preferably choosing those not already overburdened with church duties, and still anxious and willing to serve in this regard. Churches will be surprised to find how much of such unused material all congregations contain.

The ideal procedure then is for this Committee to unite with the managers and, two and two, a manager and a member of the Missionary Committee, visit every home in the congregation, if possible inducing every member and adherent to adopt the weekly system of giving. This giving by all, and not by the fathers alone, will prove a benediction to any congregation.

This is believed to be the best method of contributing to church funds, because it is—

(1) Scriptural. "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." 1 Cor. 16:2. "Not only good religion but good business."

(2) It makes giving a part of worship.

(3) It enables the contributor to give the largest possible sum to the Lord's work in the easiest possible way.

(4) It opens the way for everyone to give something; most persons can more readily give a small sum weekly than a large sum at the end of the year.

So far as known, no congregation adopting and consistently carrying out this mode of procedure, has failed in raising the gifts to the "Schemes of the Church" from one to two or three or four, and even to five hundred per cent. in the first year.

See that your congregation becomes pervaded with the spirit of this Divinely-appointed Movement. It is doing a bigger and better thing than getting money; it is GETTING MEN. It is the elixir of life to a congregation wherever given a fair chance."

Jesus Christ never saves a man but He says to that man either, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion upon thee," or else He says, "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." And it is always, "Witness."

"You feel yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy."

### **Decrease of Students for the Ministry.**

In 1895 there were 230 students attending the regular classes of our five Theological colleges, at Halifax, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto and Winnipeg. In last reports, years later the number is 145, a decrease of 37 per cent.

The increase in communicants, in these same twelve years was 41 per cent., so that in 1895 our church had one student for the ministry for every 780 communicants. In 1907, twelve years later, she had one for every 1,750 communicants, less than one-half as many in proportion to her membership, as twelve years before.

Putting it in another way, the total number of students graduated for the ministry from our five colleges, in the seven years from 1888 to 1895, was 356; in the next seven years, to 1901, 497; in the last seven years, to 1908, 329.

The harvest seems greater, the laborers are getting fewer. It should be the aim of parents, ministers and teachers to keep before the young people the claims of the ministry, and it should be a matter of serious consideration on the part of the young, as to where they can make their lives count for most.

### **Our Colleges.**

Another session of class work is completed. Those who have finished their college course have gone forth to take up their life work at home or in the foreign field, while those whose course is not yet completed have for the most part gone out to Home Mission fields. Our church and country owe much to our student catechists.

The graduating classes are as follows,—Presbyterian College, Halifax, twelve; Presbyterian College, Montreal, eleven; Queen's Theological Department, twelve; and Knox College, twenty; fifty-five in all, from these four Colleges. At this writing, the number of graduates from Manitoba College has not come to hand.

Honorary degrees of Doctor of Divinity were given as follows, at the college closings,—Montreal, to Revs. J. H. MacVicar and Rev. F. M. Dewey; and Queen's, to Rev. Prof. Kennedy of Knox College.

Westminster Hall, Vancouver, has begun a most promising summer session, with some forty students. Professors Welsh and

Gordon, of Montreal, and Dr. Geo. Pidgeon, of Toronto, are on the staff for the summer, with perhaps Dr. Denny of Glasgow, for a time.

### **Report of the National Congress.**

The Report of the proceedings of the National Congress of the Layman's Missionary Movement may be ordered now for one dollar. As the edition must necessarily be limited the Committee urges all intending subscribers to order it immediately so that the size of the edition may be determined upon. Verbatim reports of all addresses will be given. As this marvellous gathering of 4,000 Canadian men was "the first National Missionary Congress of modern times" the volume will become of great historical value. It will be a thesaurus of missionary information and therefore a great aid in the preparation of missionary addresses and sermons. Order from H. K. Caskey, 429 Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto.

### **A S. S. Patriotic Service.**

A "Patriotic Service" has been prepared for the Sabbath Schools of the Presbyterian Church each year for the past two years. In 1907 the subject was "What the Sabbath School may do in Nation Building"; and in 1908 "Foes we must Fight." These were received with very much favor, and about 60,000 copies were required last year to supply the demand, while several orders which reached the office at the last moment could not be filled.

This year a "Patriotic Service" will be again provided for the last Sabbath in June, the subject chosen being "Canada for Christ," and a very neat and attractive programme in colors has been prepared. Copies may be obtained in any quantities desired, at cost price, fifty cents per hundred, by writing to Presbyterian S. S. Publications, Toronto.

### **One of Many.**

Dr. R. P. Mackay tells of some representatives of a congregation who were at the Missionary Congress, who went home, took up a canvass of their congregation, completed it in a few days, and reported that their subscriptions to Missions would henceforth be quadrupled.



# Our Foreign Missions

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## RUTLAM WEEK.

By REV. J. FRASER CAMPBELL, D.D.

Dear Record,

In the newspapers of this country we often see a heading consisting of the name of some Cantonment or Station occupied by Europeans, followed by the word "Week," and when we look further we see that it is a week of races, dances, etc.

Well, we have had our "Rutlam Week," and I think those who were present enjoyed it more than they at least would enjoy one of the other sort, and found it no more fatiguing, though there was hard work.

First there was a meeting of the Mission Council, in which a lot of work was done. Then there was a meeting of Presbytery. The former deals with matters as representatives of the Presbyterian Church in Canada and its Foreign Mission Committee: the latter deals with, sometimes, the same or closely related matters, but as a court of The Presbyterian Church in India.

Accordingly, in the former only missionaries are members, while in the latter an ever increasing number of the members are Indian brethren, and we look hopefully for the day when these will largely predominate. About three days were occupied with these more official business meetings.

The remaining nearly four days were occupied by a Christian Mela or Convention of the Christians of all our stations. All were not able to come who wished and hoped to, but there were three or four hundred present at some of the meetings.

In the mornings and afternoons the meetings were for all together, the noon meetings were for women in the Orphanage and for men in the Church, and on the Lord's Day we joined in the Lord's Supper.

Addresses were delivered by a number of our own missionaries and by leaders among our own Indian Christians, and many led in prayer.

But the special feature was found in the addresses of an Indian brother who kindly came from the Punjab at our request for the purpose, the Rev. Labhu Mal—pro-

nounced Lubhoo Mull.—We thank God for him. His addresses were admirable in matter, form and spirit, and we believe were exceedingly helpful, as indeed we trust was the Convention as a whole.

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## EXTENDING THE REVIVAL MOVEMENT IN HONAN.

LETTER FROM DR. MURDOCH MACKENZIE.

Changtefu, North Honan,

February 1st, 1909.

Dear Dr. Mackay,

In last letter I gave you a very brief account of our special services at Chang Te in November. As all the other friends have been writing also about those meetings, you will doubtless be well posted on the whole situation by this time.

Since writing you I have, with the Chinese helpers, been over the entire section committed to my care, and now give you some notes regarding our varied experiences.

The decision to visit the whole field was formed by the Christians from each centre who attended the meetings in Chang Te. They thought that the wisest plan would be for the pastor and helpers to go as a body and hold meetings at each leading centre. In carrying out this plan we began our work in Ho Pei, where your tour with us was begun in 1907.

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Much prayer had been offered in advance of our going and it was with hearts full of joyful expectation that we started away from Chang Te Fu. No definite method had been agreed on and it was understood that each pastor would follow what he regarded as the best for his own section.

We began our work in Ho Pei on Sabbath morning. The audience was about the average size there. No special interest was manifested by any person present. All our helpers spoke of the blessing they had received during the special services. The people were attentive, but nothing else could be said. I need scarcely add that the help-

ers were disappointed. So was the pastor too. Something must be wrong. With whom—Christians, helpers, pastor, or all present? We prayed much that evening and devoted the night meeting also to teaching concerning prayer.

We met again on Monday. While giving out the hymn "I think upon my sins," I felt strongly moved to make some comments on each verse as it was to be sung. When we reached the one beginning, "I think upon my sins, and also on Christ's grace," one of our members broke out in sobbing and great grief, with confession of sin. For a time he could scarcely give expression to his grief. Then all united in prayer on his behalf. Others at once followed his example. In a short time, fifteen in all had done so. Relief was thus given to many hearts and the tour seemed to be well begun. Christ has triumphed.

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Next day it was evident to us all that Satan was determined to have some part in the work too. One man endeavoured to introduce some of his grievances with the heathen. In an amazingly short time others sided with him. Neither pastor nor helpers could agree with the views presented and so the little Christian community was divided. The work begun so hopefully was hindered almost as soon as begun, by the Christians themselves.

That night the leading Christian had a vision which reminded us all of the valley of dry bones in Ezekiel. He regarded it as a message from God and so did most of the others. We had to leave ere we saw any marked result flowing from it, however.

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Moving eastward, we separated for a day, and then all met in Hsin T'sun. It was decided to hold three services daily there. In this case again there were no marked indications of the Spirit's presence or power during the first two days. On the third day we had a remarkable breaking down on the part of many. The Christians came forward one by one to make full confession of sin to men and to God. This went on for almost three days. Fully one hundred persons in all made confession. Almost all the commands in the Decalogue had been broken by some. Men said that had there

been thirty instead of ten they had broken them all.

It became evident that men who gave much grief and anxiety to our hearts in days gone by were mightily moved by an influence from above. It was positively painful to listen to some of the confessions made. Many hearts were unburdened before God. We had such scenes in prayer as had not at any previous time been witnessed in Hsin T'sun. The Chinese were moved to speak of themselves in confession as no Canadian would care to think or speak about them. Under the light of God many perplexing questions appeared as we had never seen them before. It looked as if God were to build the entire Christian community there anew from the foundation. The work closed with a baptismal service and consecration meeting. As you may imagine, we left Hsin T'sun with lighter and gladder hearts than ordinarily happens, feeling assured that the Church there would be more harmonious in future.

I am commissioned by the little church there to convey their thanks to you for the gift of ten dollars towards their building fund. The new church seats about two hundred and fifty and we all hope that it is used by those who are new men and women in the Lord Jesus Christ. I hope to go out there in two days for a Station China and am not quite so anxious about the result of going as circumstances often compelled me to be.

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Leaving Hsin T'sun, we went north to Hui Lung. The methods found so suitable in the other centres were followed there. During our stay over fifty were moved to make full confession of sin. Meetings were held daily at which it was evident that the Divine Spirit was doing His work in His own way and at this we all rejoiced greatly. Women did not confess so readily there, but it was clear that they felt as keenly their sin as the men did. The whole Christian community was revived and encouraged.

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Chang T'sun was the next place on our list. Crowded meetings were held there three times daily for nine days. During that time over one hundred and fifty persons made confession of sin. Some did so



calmly. Many did it with hearts bursting with grief. A large number sought publicly to be reconciled to those whom they had injured or who had become alienated from them. Many family feuds were brought to light and peace made up between the parties. Some Christians, in a most pathetic way, pleaded with their unconverted friends to surrender there and then to Christ.

It was not easy for some to own up to the darkest sins in their sad catalogue. Quite a number at first touched on comparatively trivial matters, but they were forced by conscience time after time to make a clean breast of their guilt. No description possible to me can convey anything like a correct account of the scenes through which we passed during those ten days. Over forty persons were added to the catechumen's list before we left.

We moved then south to Ching Ku, and three of the Chinese brethren went from that point to Hsun Hsien to help Mr. Clark in holding some meetings in that city. In both centres we had a repetition of some of the scenes which had been witnessed in the other sections of the field. There were no specially new features at either point and it is not necessary to relate what has so much in common with the foregoing.

The tour was closed in Kuan Chuang in the last week of the year. For some reason the work there was not attended with such results as in the other places. The Christians, while not divided, have a way of doing things that makes it difficult for them to pull harmoniously together. They are all thinking of building a large new church and the material structure seemed to come in between their hearts and the spiritual quickening for which we were praying and working. Many were blessed richly. The whole tour was of such a nature as to give to us all many new points of view.

Summarizing some of the results and impressions made, several points deserve note.

1. In all something over three hundred and fifty men, women and children confessed their sins during the time we were out on tour at the six leading centres in my field.

2. The Christians at four centres received a very abundant blessing, and even at the other two a number of men and women were under deep conviction of sin.

3. The power of united prayer was presented to the Chinese in many new lights. They began to understand it better during the meetings in Chang Te, and as they saw at each new centre some brought out to confess who had not done so at the earlier gatherings the conviction grew with them that to prayer nothing was impossible. They spoke of prayer, practised prayer, believed in it and loved it as they had not done before. Prayer became a wonderfully blessed reality to some of them.

4. The Holy Spirit, in His personality, presence with God's children, influence over human hearts, power to produce conviction of sin, and do work which lay completely beyond man's ability, was made very clear to many Chinese Christians during those meetings. God taught them and me many things by and concerning His Spirit. If we do not honour Him fully in the future we will grievously fail in our duty.

5. Sin was made to appear exceedingly sinful to a large number of people. Some of us longed to hear what sounded like heartfelt confession of sin from our Chinese Christians. It is possible that some may have concluded it would not be given to this generation of missionaries to hear such. We have heard it. Men were brought low in the dust literally and figuratively before God because of sin, at those services. It will not be so easy for some of them to speak lightly of it again.

There were very few extravagances, and only once or twice was it the pastor's duty to interfere in any way with what men were saying. There were but few physical manifestations of an objectionable nature, and all seemed to realize that they were dealing with the living and true God. What will be the outcome in the lives of both pastor and people must be left for later letters to deal with.

Thanking God for what we have experienced and seen, and with loving Christian regards and very happy memories of your tour over the same ground,

Yours in Christ's service,

MURDOCH MACKENZIE.

# Honan Presbytery, Annual Meeting

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## SUMMARY OF MINUTES.

The Honan Presbytery held its Annual Meeting from Jan. 13 to 20, seven week days, as long as the sittings of our General Assembly, and it had matters of quite as great and far-reaching importance to consider. Perhaps in some ways they were of even greater importance. They were greater in the numbers concerned, for it is the only Christian organization in North Honan, with eight millions of people, more than all Canada. It was greater in the results of its action regarding these eight millions, for in our home church nearly everything is fairly well settled. Each department of our church work is like a smooth running machine, and there is little to do regarding it, but to keep it going, while behind all is an intelligent church membership, that would continue on, no matter what an Assembly might do.

In China, on the other hand, all is formative, and the Presbytery is shaping the future of the church among these eight millions of people. It has to plan for the education of the young, for the organization of the church, for the training of a native ministry, for pushing the work of evangelism farther afield and bringing in the heathen millions around them, for the healing of the sick, for the establishment of hospitals, for all the many things that go to make up a Christian civilization.

The minutes of this meeting of the Presbytery are on our table, twenty-two pages of close, type-written foolscap. If there were room to print the whole in its official form, it would give a good idea of the Presbytery and its problems. But a summary must suffice.

The first day, January 13th, was a Conference. The forenoon, the first session, as was fitting, was devoted to the great revival movement which had come to the field during the past Winter,—the results seen, the lessons learned, and the purposes formed.

But the backward look was only to gather knowledge and courage for the future, and so the afternoon was devoted to the preparation for the great opportunity for evangelistic work at the annual Spring gathering of multitudes held for idol worship at the Hsun-hsien fair a few weeks later, and the appointment of a committee, Messrs. Clark, Thompson, Grant, and Dr. Mackenzie, to make arrangements for Gospel preaching during the week or more of the fair.

For the evening session were still other themes, farther afield; a report from Mr. Lohead regarding conditions in Japan, where he has labored for a year among the thousands of Chinese students at Tokyo; a report from Mr. Bruce, of conditions here at home, keeping them in touch with the Home Church, where he had been on furlough; and from Mr. Clark on his recent journey into far Northwestern China. How wide the ground, how large the sweep of that one day's conference! Many of our conferences at home, in their theme and scope, seem small in comparison.

Next morning opened the first regular session. Sederunt ministers, Revs. Murdoch Mackenzie, D.D., moderator, J. Goforth, W. H. Grant, J. A. Slimmon, R. A. Mitchell, J. Griffith, J. H. Bruce, H. M. Clark, G. M. Ross, A. W. Lohead, J. A. Mowatt, A. Thompson, G. Eadie; elders, Drs. Wm. McClure, P. C. Leslie, S. O. McMurry and W. J. Scott.

After the reading of not a little correspondence, from the F. M. Committee at home, from others in China regarding the common work, came the reports from the four main centres, Changtefu, Weihweifu, Taokow and Hwaikingfu. The fourth, Taokow, lying to the east of Weihwei, is recently opened.

### Summary of Report from Changtefu.

The work has gone on regularly in all its branches. The group of Christian women grows encouragingly. A special feature of the medical work has been the large num-



ber of patients who wish to break off opium.

The Boys' Boarding School is in need of increased accommodation. Examinations show good work done by the pupils and teachers. Three boys have completed their High School course. From such must come the future teachers and preachers in the Mission. Four day schools all made a satisfactory showing.

The Girls' School has an attendance of seventy-five. From such as these must come teachers, Bible women, wives of the men who must soon take the burden of the work in the Chinese church.

At the special meetings conducted by Mr. Goforth, November 8-18, there was an average daily attendance of over four hundred. The Spirit of God was present in great power to convict of sin and to lead to a new consecration in the service of the Master. The blessing received was shared in by all classes, foreigners and Chinese, helpers and church members generally, male and female, pupils in both schools, teachers, servants and employees.

We are full of praise for the pentecostal showers. The church thus cleansed and awakened, while giving rise to new problems and dangers, is yet full of promise of large and important results. The blessing has been carried by all to their respective districts.

Meetings of a similar character, and followed by similar results as those at Chang-te, were conducted by Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. Slimmon and Mr. Bruce, in all the centres of their respective fields. In Chang-ts'un, in Dr. Mackenzie's field, it was estimated that well over four thousand persons, chiefly heathen, were present at the services. So great was the crowd that it became necessary to hold separate meetings for men and women, and all available speaking talent had to be utilized.

In Dr. Mackenzie's field, two churches have been opened since last meeting of Presbytery. Three preaching chapels were presented by the Christians in Mr. Slimmon's field, and one in Mr. Bruce's field.

The baptisms in this field, since last meeting of Presbytery are, adults, one hundred and seventeen, infants thirty-seven. One hundred and forty-six new catechumens were recorded.

#### **Summary of Report from Weihweifu.**

The regular Sabbath services have been well attended, the church being usually crowded.

In October, Mr. Goforth conducted a series of special services lasting eight days. A large rush tent, holding four hundred and fifty people, was erected, and three meetings held daily, Mr. Goforth speaking every morning and afternoon, and one of the Chinese leading the prayer meeting in the evening. The meetings grew in interest and power and many of the helpers and other Christians received great blessing.

Since last meeting of Presbytery nine have been baptized and forty-three recorded.

The Boys' and Girls' Schools have been carried on with encouraging results, thirty-five boys being in attendance and nineteen girls. In the High School the average attendance of resident pupils was seventeen, of day pupils sixteen.

Miss McIntosh has spent much of her time in work among the women in the city. Besides this she has visited two other cities once a month, instructing the women. Mrs. McClure has also visited these two out-stations regularly and has made frequent trips to the homes of the Christians in the country round about Weihwei. Mrs. Lohead has accompanied her husband in almost all his country work; and at the central station she has also visited several of the neighboring villages and gained admission into many homes.

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#### **Beginnings in Taokow.**

This field is an inspiring one, the city itself being large and busy. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and Mr. Harold Clark, are occupying this new station.

"We have had much to encourage us during these first few weeks. In many ways we have been made to feel that God was with us and was going before us. The evening meetings have been exceedingly well-attended and we have made some good friends.

Special meetings were also held at Hsunhsien, at which about forty believers were present. These meetings were also true revival meetings. Since the work began, eight have been recorded as believers.

We give thanks to God for good health

and abundant opportunity for labor. Doors are open for us everywhere, but the laborers, both Chinese and foreign, are few.

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#### Summary of Report from Hwaikingfu.

Since last meeting of Presbytery, the Lord's Supper was celebrated three times at this station. Twenty-six persons were recorded as catechumens and fifteen baptized.

In November, Mr. Goforth conducted a series of revival meetings at the central station, when many from all parts of the field were greatly helped and blessed.

Mr. Ross, who has charge of Mr. Slimmon's field since the removal of the latter to Changte, has been able to take three tours through his field, in one of which he was accompanied by Mrs. Ross.

Mr. Mowatt was able to spend thirty-five days during the Autumn touring in the country. Book sales continued large. Much ground has been covered by the use of the bicycle.

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These Station Reports would have well filled a forenoon, but before they closed their first sederunt, they also received two other Reports, that of the Presbytery's Building Committee and its Church Organization Committee.

The former reported a missionary residence and some Chinese buildings for medical and school work, erected at Weihwei, and some Chinese buildings for medical and school work, etc., at Hwaiking. Other buildings are badly needed, but the F. M. Committee have not had the funds to provide for them.

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Of deep interest is the opening item of the afternoon, the second sederunt, viz.—the Report of the Roll-book Committee, which showed 1,086 communicants in the whole field, of whom 226 were added during the year;—and 1,286 catechumens, or candidates for church membership, of whom 423 were added during the year.

After the membership came the training of some of that membership for ministry. The Report of the Training Class Committee showed that the Training class met in Weihwei during the months of June and July, and was taught by Messrs. Slimmon,

Mitchell and Mackenzie in the subjects appointed by the Presbytery. The class was regularly attended by thirty-three men, preachers and helpers gathered in from the field, of whom twenty-nine took examination at the close. Twenty-two of these put in fairly good papers, and supplemental examinations were held for a number who failed to reach the number of marks required for a pass.

The half of the six years' course has now been reached, and it seems wise to grade the helpers into two or three distinct divisions for the second half. The Report was received and adopted.

The Committee on Mission History reported progress in collecting material, and suggested publication in 1910, the twentieth anniversary of our occupation of Honan.

The Committee on uniform examinations reported that some progress had been made in some of the schools, and that the attempt showed how necessary it is for the school work to be conformed to the curriculum.

When one considers that they are laying the foundation of a Christian education for a population of eight millions of people, the far-reaching extent of this seemingly simple report of a few mission schools is seen.

The Committee on Correspondence re theological education reported that the Committee considered the situation submitted to it by resolution of last Presbytery, drew up a letter to members of other missions as directed, and have received replies from all of them, which will be submitted to this meeting of Presbytery.

The Committee on Appeal to the Home Church reported that in accordance with the Presbytery's instructions, it met, drafted its appeal, submitted the same to each station in the Mission, considered the suggestions which had been sent in, incorporated these in the appeal and sent it on to the Foreign Mission Committee.

Our readers may remember this appeal, which appeared last year in the RECORD, a remarkable document, but unfortunately the Foreign Mission Committee had not the funds to respond to it.

Other committees who had matters intrusted to them during the year also re-



ported, after which officers for the current year were elected as follows:—

Moderator, Rev. R. G. Mitchell.

Treasurer, Dr. Wm. McClure.

Clerk, Rev. W. H. Grant.

*Station Treasurers.*

Changte Rev. J. Goforth.

Weihwei, Dr. Wm. McClure.

Hwaiking, Dr. W. J. Scott.

To any who have followed the day thus far far it is clear that it was a well filled one and entitled to adjournment.

The third sederunt, a. m. 15 January, was occupied in the consideration of Station Reports, the question of estimates, the report of the nominating committee, and the appointment of committees for the year. The latter were appointed as follows:

*Building*—R. A. Mitchell, A. W. Lohead, J. Griffith, G. Eadie, H. M. Clark, A. Thompson, G. M. Ross, W. J. Scott.

*Language Study*—W. McClure, R. A. Mitchell, D. MacGillivray, J. Griffith, H. M. Clark, J. H. Bruce, G. M. Ross, J. A. Mowatt.

*Educational*—J. Griffith, J. H. Bruce, G. Eadie, R. A. Mitchell, A. W. Lohead, H. M. Clark, G. M. Ross, J. A. Mowatt.

*Emergency*—Moderator, Clerk, M. Mackenzie, G. M. Ross.

*Roll-book*—W. H. Grant, J. H. Bruce, J. A. Mowatt, H. M. Clark.

*Auditors*—R. A. Mitchell, W. J. Scott, A. Thompson.

*Reports*—J. A. Mowatt, H. M. Clark, S. O. McMurtry, G. Eadie.

*Federation and Union*—M. Mackenzie.

At the fourth sederunt, p.m. 15 January, having surveyed the field, received reports, attended to all matters arising from the minutes, a business committee, Dr. McClure, Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Leslie was appointed to arrange the daily order of business to be taken up.

The Presbytery then resolved itself into a committee of the whole, for the purpose of discussing the recommendations of the Church Organization Committee, and during succeeding sessions much of the business was transacted in this way in committee of the whole.

The fifth sederunt was occupied with schools, adoption of a form for Annual

School Reports, including such items as, number of pupils, the several grades of school fees, the different items of expense, in food, books, etc., the whole including seventeen different items to be recorded in the Form, that the missionary of a district may know exactly the condition of his schools. There was also the consideration and adoption of regulations for the course of studies at the High School, the Boarding Schools for boys and for girls at the different stations, with the scale of salaries to be paid the native teachers.

These latter are of interest. When one reads the list of salaries, showing one teacher receiving 4,000 cash per month, another 3,500, and so on, it sounds large. But when one learns that a thousand cash is about sixty cents, and 4,000 cash about two dollars and a half, then the monthly wage is modest for a teacher.

In so far as possible, the different kinds of schools are made self-supporting, by the charge of a small fee.

The sixth and seventh sederunts, besides other matters, were largely devoted, in committee of the whole, to the allocation of forces to meet in the best way the needs of the whole field for the coming year.

The eighth sederunt, after adopting regulations for the better education of women, was given, in committee, to the subject of church organization.

In the ninth sederunt, the Committee on Theological Education reported a large amount of correspondence with the leading educationalists in the Missions of North China. The Committee was continued.

The Emergency Committee reported quite a number of matters to which, as was necessary in a new field, it had given its attention in 1908.

The new station of Tao-kow, and the securing of land for mission buildings there was also considered.

At the tenth sederunt, commissioners were appointed to the General Assembly,—J. Goforth and Dr. Menzies, ministers, and Hamilton Cassels, George Rutherford and W. R. Leckie, elders.

Rev. R. R. Mackay, D.D., was nominated as Moderator of Assembly.

Dr. Leslie was appointed to lecture on hygiene for a few weeks at the Union Medical College in Pekin. Thus the different missions unite in training medical men for China.

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The eleventh sederunt has eleven different matters of business, chiefly referring to various developments of work in the field, and decisions on each, for example,—“Resolved, that the Roll-book Committee be instructed to prepare forms for a Communion Roll, Catechumen Roll and Baptism Roll, for submission to next meeting of Presbytery.”—

Resolved, that the Reports Committee be instructed to incorporate in the next Annual Report, statistics regarding book sales and Chinese contributions, etc., etc.

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Then came the twelfth and last regular sederunt, being two sessions per day for six days, besides the two sessions of the first day's conference. The minutes of this session cover four and a half pages of close, typewritten foolscap.

The first page is the finding of presbytery on the important subject of the organization of the native church, in its relation to the Presbyterian Church of China.

Then follows a list of the Chinese Agents, over thirty of them, evangelists and medical helpers, and their salaries as fixed by the Presbytery, with their years of service. Two men in the long list, one evangelist and one skilled medical assistant, both helpers of ten years' standing, receive 6,000 cash, about three dollars and sixty cents, per month. The others get smaller sums down to half that amount.

The committee on language study reported the passing of several of the younger members of the mission in the examinations of the third, second and first year.

The committee on missionary outfit-list reported, submitting one which they had prepared. Resolved, that the Committee be continued and that the provisional list be sent home for the guidance of new missionaries.

The Hymnal Committee reported, submitting a list of new tunes which had been selected for use in the church services. The

report was received and adopted, and Messrs. Grant, Scott and Eadie appointed a committee further to revise the proposed list.

The Statistical Report of the Educational Committee was received and engrossed in the minutes.

It gave in detail the cost of all the Boys' and Girls' Boarding Schools at the three stations. The total cost, including food, teachers, books, heat and light, etc., for the three schools was very little over one thousand dollars. The receipts, including fees and gifts, were over five hundred dollars, or about half the total cost.

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The Training Class Committee submitted two courses of study for catechumens, a course for the uneducated, for recording, and for baptism; and a course for the educated, for recording, and for baptism. The recommendations were adopted.

It was agreed that a Conference be held in the Autumn at Changtefu, and a committee was appointed to arrange for it. These conferences are of great value to the native workers who gather from the different stations.

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On the evening of January 20th, when, after seven busy days, its work had been completed, the Presbytery met in special session. The minutes of the first day's conference, and of the twelve regular sederunts of Presbytery, were read and confirmed, for transmission to the Foreign Mission Committee, and the Presbytery adjourned with the benediction.

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There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires and ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.—Landor.

“Maybe I can't tell you exactly what I mean by courtesy,” said one to a friend. “But it isn't just politeness. It is politeness that comes from the heart, and that's shown every day to everybody, not only sometimes to some folks.”

They, who are unable to govern themselves are always desirous of governing others.



**LETTER FROM MISS EDITH MCGILL.**

Taok'ow, Honan, Feb. 26, 1909.

DEAR RECORD:—

The great Hsun Hsien fair, which, like Christmas, comes but once a year, has again come and gone. Each year better work is done by the Chinese preachers, and more heathen hear the old Gospel story; and we hope that the time may soon come when this great idolatrous fair will cease for lack of worshippers.

This year, during the ten busiest days of the fair, we had about eight missionaries, the ladies living in one place and the men in another, but all came to our house for meals. We had rented a Chinese compound with a little new two story building at the back. The lower story, which only had an earthen floor, was our dining and living room, the table and stove taking up most of the space.

We reached our bed room by means of an arrangement which was neither ladder or stairs, but for courtesy's sake we named it a stair. Our bedding was all spread out on the floor on top of a layer of straw; and as there were five of us at times, all sleeping in that one room, the space left for dressing or exercise was, to say the least, rather limited.

After we were all in bed at night we used to hold a prayer meeting. It may seem a rather unusual, and perhaps not quite the orthodox way to hold a meeting, but the room could hardly have been called warm, and we had no chairs, not a bit of furniture, but one wooden box to set the wash basin on. We remembered in prayer the night meetings for men, which were being held in different parts of the city, where thousands were hearing the Word of Life. The preaching there continued every evening until nearly mid-night, and on one occasion did not cease until morning.

One day, as we were walking through the crowds, one woman shouted to her friends "See! See!", I said to her, "yes, take a look," and she replied "You are very strange and rare."

The people on the street always dropped their eyes when they saw us, but it was not from modesty. Oh no, they wanted to see our big feet. It is not a very pleasant sen-

sation to have hundreds of people staring in wonder at the size of one's feet, and they do more than merely stare, they point and pass remarks.

We had a gatekeeper at the door of our preaching places to invite the people in, and many of the women who came seemed to think this was some kind of side show in connection with the fair. The gatekeeper had to keep assuring them that it was free. I heard one crowd remarking, "It is very cheap." The attraction was not a three legged calf, or an allegator from the Nile, but more wonderful still, a real live "foreign devil," with big feet and no ear-rings, and in some cases yellow hair and blue eyes.

One of our audience, after examining me for some time, seemed to want more excitement, and asked the Bible woman, who was preaching, if I could do acrobatic tricks.

There was an old beggar woman with a baby, who stayed in our yard most of the day. She told me, "I am a beggar, but only go out long enough to get food for the baby, and the rest of the time I listen to the Doctrine." Then pointing to a highly painted and rather well dressed woman, she said, "She is a beggar too, we are one family, but she can sing and makes plenty of money." The other woman smiled and shewed me that she had some kind of wooden instrument up her sleeve, I suppose she used it to play upon when singing.

Many of the women were very much afraid of us, and if we made any movement that they did not understand, the yard would be cleared in a moment. Some came who had been coming for years, and understood something of the Gospel; some came day after day and learned the main points in the plan of Salvation, and a little prayer. One, who had learned to repeat the prayer, said, "I am troubled with severe pain in my stomach, and every time the pain comes on, I say that little prayer." She asked whether if she studied the Doctrine more thoroughly, would she be completely cured.

Very many of these poor women are blindly seeking the light. It is this that brings them long, weary miles on their little bound feet to worship the idols in Hsun Hsien. We know that the promise is to them, "He that seeketh, findeth."

**DISTRICT WORK IN INDIA.**

LETTER FROM MRS. JEAN SINCLAIR MACKAY,  
NEEMUCH.

Dear Dr. Scott,

A short account of this year's district work may be of interest to your readers. The cold season began unusually early, and we were able to get out on Nov. 1st.

Our first halt was at an out station where we spent five days in a tiny rest house, consisting of one room twelve feet square and a verandah, all beautifully clean, for the Dewali festival was not long past and India had had its annual clean-up.

Thence we went to Nimbahera, the town where the people showed such remarkable interest last year, and which had been repeatedly visited during the intervening months. As there is no shade there, and the sun at mid-day was still too hot to risk living in tent, we stayed at an old rest house. The place was infested with bats and the smell of them was most sickening.

We found the people still friendly, but also found that on account of the distance they would not come to the rest house as they had come to the tent the previous year. We have abundantly proved that if we want to really touch the life of the people we must be within easy reach of them, and so, although shade trees and comparatively pure air can usually be found at some little distance from a town, yet we have made it a rule to encamp amid the smells and dirt, if by any means we might win some. This is possible for the few short months of the cold season, but not in the great heat or in the rainy season.

Mandesaur was the next place visited. It is a town of 26,000 inhabitants, and we scarcely touched the life of the place, although we were occupying, not by choice, but of necessity, a native rest house close to the city. We had expected to occupy the rest house for Europeans, which is centrally situated, but not being able to secure it, and being determined not to turn our backs on the town, we searched out this native rest house, and not having taken our usual camp furniture with us, we were forced to live "The Simple Life," with a mud wash basin, costing half a cent, a rough door taken out of its socket and used as a table, and other things to match.

In small villages, I just sit down on a verandah or in a quiet corner and talk to all the women who will listen, but in these large towns where quite different conditions obtain, one can do very little street preaching to women. But I was called to several houses and had a busy time.

In one house there were two very intelligent women, whose husbands are brothers, and both lawyers. They themselves had been taught years ago by Zenana ladies in Agra and Delhi, and they told me several very interesting things as to how the teaching of Christ is permeating their whole caste throughout all North India. The huge mountain of Hinduism is being honey-combed by Christian teaching and it may even be permitted to us who live and labor here now, to behold it crumble into dust before the all-conquering Prince of Peace.

On December 1st, we set out again with tents and full camping outfit, our first halting place being at Mulhargarh, where we found some evil-disposed people had again stirred up the people with stories of our having come to disseminate plague. We came nearer than we knew at the time to having a mob attack us to drive us out.

But the chief official of the place, hearing that the people were gathering with their lathis (heavy sticks used in fighting) dealt firmly with them and threatened to put in jail anyone who repeated these silly stories. He himself came repeatedly to the tent to talk with my husband and I went almost daily to his house to teach his wife, a handsome, intelligent, but quite illiterate woman. The storm, of course, died down, and there was no further trouble.

In only one village in that district would they have none of us nor of our message. Last year the women treated me to a volley of abusive language and this year I fared but little better. They are a bad lot and even the men cannot get a hearing there.

In another village, near by, we were kindly remembered and greeted heartily, because last year Mr. Mackay helped the men to twist a huge rope, which is attached to the heavy leather water bag pulled by oxen out of the well, and they marvelled at the strength of the white man.

Next, we went to Autri, a remote town that we visited last year (for a day only) and we and our message were so well re-



ceived that we determined to have a camp there this year. The road was long and rough and at the end of it there was a river to ford, deeper than it looked. The water came up into the cart and our first work when we reached the other side was to spread out our belongings, in view of the gathering crowd, to dry. Anxiously, we awaited the arrival of the carts, wondering if they could reach us at all, and late it was before we had a tent over us, and a cold bite to eat. But hunger sauce is most appetizing!

At Autri there is one of the very few temples to be found in this part of India, dedicated to the service of Kali, the goddess of blood. We were camped close to the temple and from our tent door could see the heads struck off the goats offered to the goddess. Sometimes a sheep, or even a water buffalo, is offered if the worshipper has a special gift to crave or an extra sin to expiate.

Strangely enough, the usual day for sacrificing is the Sabbath. Both Sabbaths, when we were there, we saw a little group of men and women from adjacent villages, trudging along the road, leading the goat for sacrifice. The animal was carried up the flight of stone steps to the stone platform on which the temple proper stood, and there, at the top of the steps, the head was struck off with a sword, by a man whose business it is to do this work. The head of the goat was quickly seized by the officiating priest and laid dripping before the goddess, which can only be appeased with blood.

The image is a huge, rudely shaped stone, smeared with the sacred red paint, dressed in tawdry tinsel, and with two glittering glass eyes staring out of the darkness of the inner shrine. The temple-priest complained that the people do not offer nearly so many sacrifices as formerly, nor do they pay him so well for his services and incantations.

We spent twelve days there, visiting adjacent villages in the forenoons, in one of which we were twice listened to with great eagerness by practically the whole population—the men gathering on the threshing-floor, just on the outskirts of the village, and the women meeting with me in the courtyard of the chief official or head man.

On our second visit to another place, the

head man made us a feast. He wondered much at my preference for dry boiled rice, rather than the rich, greasy condiments that should have been eaten with it!

Every evening during our stay at Autri from seventy to one hundred people came to the tent and listened very attentively to the straight, simple Gospel preaching.

We have a helper this year who is a real joy to us. He is capable and kindly and always has a fresh message, growing out of a daily, personal, spiritual experience. He plays the violin and I the little organ. No doubt the singing does prove an attraction to the people for they love the lyrics. I shall not soon forget Abraham's solemn appeal to the people, that last night at Autri, as the darkness gathered about us.

We returned to Neemuch and spent the Christmas season with our people here, going out again immediately after the New Year. January was spent at three centres.

Near our first camping place there is a village that had belonged to a young Rajput chief, who, while attending the Chiefs' College, at Indore, was bitten last September by a snake and died a few hours later. The body was brought to his village for the funeral ceremonies, and great lamentation was made for the young man. He had been married in July to the daughter of a Teypore Sirdar, and returned to Indore eight days after bringing his young bride to his mother's house.

I twice visited the sorrow stricken old mother and the hopeless young bride. The girl is less than sixteen, tall, fair and beautiful. She can read Hindi and knows enough English to sign her name to documents, etc., having been taught by a lady missionary at Teypore.

The old mother sat huddled on the floor, shrouded in a dark colored garment. No one has seen her uncovered face since the news came of her son's sudden death, and she told me that because the light had gone out in her heart, the sun's light should never again strike her uncovered face. For a whole year the old mother and the young widow will not leave the small room in which they now spend the long, sad, hopeless days. They were so pathetically sad. We wept together and I gave them what comfort I could.

But what can one say to those who are without God and without hope, to whom death is but the beginning of endless births, with possible liberation at the end of countless ages? It is all so dark and uncertain,—this doctrine of transmigration. Truly, we Christians sorrow not as do those who have no sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

At Rampura we had a most encouraging twelve days' camp. One old Brahmin, near the grave, seemed near the Kingdom too. He came day after day to the tent, and finally disappeared with two Gospels and we saw him no more. I spent two days among the Brahmin women and tried to make the Way of Life very plain to them.

Our next camp was at a small town full of temples and religious mendicants, who did not seek to hide their hatred of us. We can almost always count on the opposition of the professional religious class. When India comes under the sway of the King of Righteousness what is to become of the five (or as some say, seven) millions of religious mendicants, who live a lazy life and fatten on the offerings of the poor, ignorant classes?

After three days at home, settling the month's accounts, laying in supplies, etc., we set out again, spending ten days at the first camping place.

The doctor there I knew years ago, as a student at our Indore College. He was very friendly and on two occasions seemed much moved by the preaching. I visited his wife, and that set the fashion, and I was called to other places.

It was in this town that, some months ago, we came across a seditious pamphlet that had been circulated wholesale among the people by a wealthy shopkeeper. It was written in Hindi and set forth with quotations from English scientific books and reports, the manner of manufacturing and purifying sugar. It appealed to the people of India to shed their blood, if need be, in defence of country and caste, but to refrain from destroying their souls by using sugar refined with the blood and bones of the sacred cow.

In this town where we are presently camped, by order of the ruler, His Highness the Maharaja of Udaipur, descendant of the

sun, no foreign sugar is allowed to be imported. The Benares sugar is more than twice the price of the foreign article. It is the same with cloth and many other things which they seek nowadays to boycott. The people must pay for their patriotic sentiments, which have their root, not so much in love of country as in the now all too openly expressed hatred of the British.

Next, we went to Jiran, and nowhere are the people more friendly, both in the town itself and the surrounding villages. It is a great opium growing centre, but there is much less this year, owing to the scarcity of water. The great tank is absolutely dry, and six hundred acres of the bed of it sown with wheat, barley and melons.

The buniyas, to whom the greatest of all sins is,—not to lie or cheat or give light weight ("for how can we live," say they "if we do not lie and cheat?") but to take animal life,—have collected, in a well, a lot of the tank fish, some of them very large, and there they will die, and rot one by one. We were sorry to leave the people but glad to get away from the vile air and viler water of the place.

Arriving here after a tiresome drive over rocky roads, we spent an hour hunting for a place to pitch our tent, for a big fair is in progress and our usual place is pre-empted. Finally, a friendly Sadhu (holy man), invited us to pitch near his place of abode and we accepted his invitation. It is a very public place, close to the city gate. There is a well and a few good shade trees, under which cattle have been tethered. We had the ground swept, but could not escape an evil greater than barn-yard refuse, for the ground is alive with a huge kind of lice, that bite viciously, and each bite becomes a small boil. I have some marks yet, to remind me of bites that I got at another place fully a year ago.

But we can afford to forget the small discomforts as we recount God's great goodness to us. We have camped from five to twelve days each, in the ten different centres of five different native States.

During the four months, six hundred and sixty-five books were sold, of which fully six hundred were Gospels; and with the written Word in the hands of so many, you will join with us in continual intercession that the Living Word may be revealed to the people by the mighty power of God's enlightening Spirit.



# Young People's Societies

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## TOPICS FOR 1909.

Jan.—Strangers Within Our Gates.  
Feb.—Educating Prospective Citizens.  
Mar.—Home Mission Hospitals.  
Apr.—On the Trail.  
May.—In the Camp.  
June.—Sharing the Burden.  
July.—Pte. Aux Trembles Schools.  
Aug.—French Evangelization.  
Sep.—Our San Fernando College.  
Oct.—Rev. Andrew Gayadeen.  
Nov.—Yamot.  
Dec.—Awakening in Korea.  
Convener, Rev. Dr. McTavish, Kingston.

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## TOPIC FOR MAY.

### IN THE CAMP.

#### Missions to Miners and Lumberman.

BY REV. W. J. KIDD, B.A., B.D.,  
PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

Having worked as a Home Missionary, exclusively on the Pacific Coast, or at points very near the sea, I will try and give a short survey of the Missions from Atlin to Union Bay. Atlin is in Northern B.C., almost in Yukon, while Union Bay is on the mainland about opposite the centre of Vancouver Island.

Atlin is a gold miners town. It began at the time of the Klondyke rush. Men were then pouring in by thousands. Dr. Robertson pumped in the missionaries. Rev. John Pringle went in to Atlin over the Teslin trail.

Many a time in the camps of the Coast I have heard, from old Klondyke men, of Pringle. I will give one instance. Once, when we were anchored in a little bay on the mainland shore of the Gulf of Georgia, we were working at the little engine of the mission boat, making some repairs, when a couple of engineers came aboard from a neighbouring tug. One of them began to speak of Pringle. He told of himself and his companions finding shelter and food in

the missionary's shack in Atlin when they sorely needed it.

When I was in Atlin in 1905, there were two institutions, founded in the early days, which were still doing splendid work. These were the church and the hospital. Mr. Turkington was in command at the church, and Miss K. McTavish at the hospital.

It is said that working men always kick about the treatment they receive in hospitals, but one would travel far in the Atlin district, before hearing anything but the highest praise for that hospital. The character of its self-sacrificing matron makes it what it is, one of the most powerful influences for good in the North.

The Church and Sabbath School proved the high character of the missionary and his workers. Mr. Turkington now at Whitehorse, is a true follower of the Master, and Mr. William's Sunday School class is worth all the money that has ever been sent by our Church into the Yukon.

The next station of our church is at Telegraph Creek on the great Stikine River. Dr. Inglis and his devoted wife have been doing good work on this lonely, outpost since the Spring of 1905. As the town is far from the main lines of communication I had never the opportunity to visit the mission, but it is a hard place, and from what I have known I can safely say that it is in such hard places that the church is doing her best work.

The next station is Prince Rupert, the western terminus of what will perhaps be the greatest transcontinental line in America. The grades of this line are the easiest of any that cross the Rockies, and as the western terminus is some four hundred miles nearer Japan than is Vancouver it can easily be seen that this will be the short route around the world.

Prince Rupert is yet very much in the camp stage. We have many hotels and places of business, a good weekly newspaper, and four churches, but the lots are

not for sale as yet and all buildings are necessarily rather temporary.

Services have been held in nearby camps at different times also in a sawmill in the vicinity, but as we have morning and evening service and Sabbath School, only one camp can now be attended to. We have a congregation with thirty-nine members, fifteen of whom joined on profession of faith during the past year.

The first Presbyterian service in Prince Rupert was held in July, 1907, in the only restaurant in town. The G. T. P. Company would not give permission to build a church, so that restaurant did duty for many months. Finally the Company offered us a room in one of their hotels, and last August allowed us to build a tent church. The tent was later replaced by a roof and we have one hundred and eighteen chairs, which are nearly all occupied on Sunday evenings. The building will be enlarged within a few weeks to accommodate the increasing congregations.

We have no idea when we will be able to get a lot on which to erect a good church building, but the managers have already started a building fund and are meeting with success.

The next missionary to the South is Rev. A. McAulay of Rock Bay. Mr. McAulay is captain of the mission boat, Naiad, and has perhaps the largest field to cover of any home missionary. There are hundreds of miles of Coast line with many a camp and settlement where we have no settled missionary, but Mr. McAulay with his powerful motor boat goes from camp to camp, holding services whenever there are gatherings of men.

The writer knows that field very well, having opened the loggers' mission in a little dug out camp in the year 1903. There were then about fifty camps of men engaged in lumbering, or logging as it is called here. These camps are only reached by water as they are scattered along the coast, or on the Islands lying off the coast.

The first boat was a five dollar canoe. This was replaced by a good row boat, which did good service for two Summers. The plan of operations was to try and reach a different camp every night, and with a valise full of songs and solos, have a service in the camp in the quiet of the even-

ing. Magazines were supplied by the good people of Vancouver and these were left in the camps to be enjoyed by the men.

The Logger's Mission illustrates very well conditions in the Pacific Province. Before the Mission was opened in 1903 about three thousand men were working in camps along the coast between Vancouver and Alert Bay. For about thirty years logging had been going on in this district. I know men who were logging near Rock Bay in '78. They thus have spent the best part of their lives in camps. During that time there were years and years that no missionary of any kind was ever seen. I heard of one occasion on which a missionary to the Indians visited a camp and shouted so loudly at the men that one by one they got up and went out leaving the foreman alone with the preacher. There was also one camp near Cape Mudge to which a nearby missionary to the Indians made regular visits.

Such was the situation. There were Roman Catholic, Episcopal, and Methodist missionaries to the Indians all through the district, but no man to speak a word to the men of our own race.

These men are very near to those who dwell in the East. I met several who were from near my own Ontario home. One man of seventy years was born within three miles of home. Young men come West. They come to places like these where there are no churches, no homes, where they hear every day the name of their Saviour profaned, where in almost every camp there is at least one loud exponent of the cheapest kind of unbelief.

These things have their influence even on the missionary, who sees the best. What about the men who live among such surroundings for years? Do not mistake me, there are many good Christian men in the logging camps, many camps which are a very high character and I have many good friends among the camps, men who for real genuine goodness can go in any company. I simply want to direct attention to the conditions. The best the missionary can do is to visit every camp once in from two to three months and there are settlements besides.

The work is so different from that of a congregation. There is no church building to give "visibility," no board of managers



or aid of any kind. The men come in tired and perhaps thoroughly wet. There is only time for a few words with some of them before the service, and next morning the missionary must start for the next camp.

All the camps are not visited, as a rule as many as can be overtaken in a month are taken, so that many camps never see the missionary at all. However, there is a good man in charge with a good boat. Just last week I was speaking to a man from Cortez Island, who gave me the best of news of Mr. McAuley. He said there was "no man he would rather see come to the Island. He knew just how to deal with the men."

The next and last Mission I will mention is the Institutional Church at Union Bay. Rev. C. W. Gordon was the founder of the Institutional feature of the church, and Rev. C. E. Kidd, B.D., is in charge.

Union Bay is a coal port situated near the Cumberland Coal Mines. Here great steamers come to load bunker coal. They come from all quarters of the globe. The Institutional Church is there to welcome the officer and crews. Within the last ten days an officer of a tug told me of a splendid time they had in the Union Bay Institutional Church. The captains and officers of different boats got together and gave a social in the church in aid of some church work.

Thus here and there, sometimes hundreds of miles apart along the coast, our church has home missionaries doing their best to keep the people for God. If we fail we fail tragically. Many have been lost, perhaps through our failure, many more have been lost through the failure of the church to provide them with the Gospel. They are our own people too, for the most part sons of Christian parents.

Does not the Master's last great command include, "every creature," that works in forest or mine on our own mighty frontiers.

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"Let the evolutionist remember two things: first, that evolution cannot have evolved itself; second, that unlike brutes, humanity advances and we cannot tell what the end will be; whether it may not be the final ascendancy of the spiritual over the material in man. Man, let the evolutionists remember, advances and rises. The beast does not."—Goldwin Smith.

## HOW TO GET "SALVATION."

The Michigan Presbyterian, published in Detroit, has the following,—

On Sunday evening, after service at the Central church, a band of workers proceeded to Monroe avenue and opened a meeting in front of one of the cheap theaters where throngs of people were passing. The singing soon attracted a crowd of respectful hearers.

A young man mounted on a chair was the first speaker. He held up a bible which he declared to be the word of God with its free offer of salvation.

He then took a quarter from his pocket and offered it to anyone who would accept it.

No one responded. A number of well-dressed people, mostly young men, stood near, but none of them seemed inclined to accept a free gift.

Finally a newsboy in shirt sleeves and soiled skull cap, pressed his way through the crowd and took the quarter. If he had any pride, he did not allow that to keep him back. If he had any doubts about the sincerity of the offer, he was willing at least to make the venture; by his humble faith he secured the coin.

"That," said the speaker, "is the way and the only way to secure God's free gift of eternal life." "Whosoever will let him take the water of life freely."

What a blessed work, to proclaim on the very streets to every passerby that the boundless grace of God may be had "without money and without price"!

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## GROVER CLEVELAND ON THE BIBLE.

It is reported from a reliable source that a short time before his death, ex-President Grover Cleveland gave his estimate of the Bible in terms which indicated his solicitude for its wide-spread and deeper study, as follows:—

"I very much hope that in sending out this book you will do something to invite more attention among the masses of our people to the study of the New Testament and Bible as a whole. It seems to me that in these days there is an unhappy falling off in our appreciation of the importance of this study.

"I do not believe, as a people, that we can afford to allow our interests in and veneration for the Bible to abate. I look upon it as the source from which those who study it in spirit and truth will derive strength of character, a realization of the duty of citizenship and a true apprehension of the power and wisdom and mercy of God."—The Christian Intelligencer.

# Pulpit and Pew.

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## SERMONS IN STONES.

Did you ever hear one? Here is a stone, picked up at random. As one turns it over, a very distinct and perfect impression of a small shell is seen upon it, a reminder of the times, ages ago, when this stone, now so firm and unyielding, was in a plastic condition. Near it, in that long past, lived the small mollusk, the impress of whose shell is seen upon the stone. A very humble member of the animal kingdom we would have considered it, yet here to-day, after the lapse of centuries and milleniums, we see in the solid rock a record of its life.

The sermon which this stone preaches is too plain to be misunderstood. Though we but little realize it, our lives are leaving an impress on the lives of those with whom we come in contact; our deeds and words, even though they seem to us trivial and unimportant, help to beautify or mar other lives. When we think it the least, we may be making a lasting impression for good or evil on some one with whom we are associated.

Even though your hair be silvered, can you not recall some deeds or words of those with whom you were associated in your childhood? Can you not recall the disagreeable impression of some harsh or unpleasant word, or the gracious influence of some kindly deed or word. Can you not recall instances of some who had stood high in your esteem, who were lowered in your opinion by some thoughtless, careless remark, and perhaps they never quite regained the place which they lost?

The silent, but unmistakable message of this stone is, "Be careful of your deeds and words, unimportant though they seem; and have them always such that their impress will beautify, not mar, the lives of others."

Here is a stone, picked up from among a number of stones, rough and irregular in shape; but this one is smooth and symmetrical. We know at once that it owes its shape to the action of wind and wave and friction with other stones, by which all its rough edges and sharp angles have been smoothed away. And so it is in our lives. The winds and waves of sorrow, the friction of difficulties, and hard and disagreeable duties, all tend to wear away the rough edges and sharp angles of our characters, and make them smooth and symmetrical.

Here is a solid mass of rock which seems to be made up of small, separate stones, almost like grains of sand. Each one of

these small bits would be but a trifle by itself; but firmly welded together, they make a rock, which presents a barrier by no means inconsiderable.

This stone reminds us of our separate individual efforts at some of the many reforms which are needed in the world; how trifling, taken by itself, is the little that each one can do, yet what a mighty force for good can be exerted just by each individual faithfully doing his part. We are often tempted to do nothing, because we can do so little, forgetting the mighty power which there may be in an aggregation of little things.

Here is a large flat rock, and growing in a small cleft of it is a tiny tree, so small that with a grasp of the hand we could uproot and destroy it. Near this rock is another, which has been rent in twain by a large sturdy tree, which began its work just as the small one near it is now doing.

The time was when there was but a small cleft in this rock, in which a seed found lodgment. The tiny tree could at that time have been easily uprooted. But it was allowed to remain, and as it grew, the cleft became larger and larger, until the rock was rent apart, solid and firm though it was.

And this rent and broken rock preaches its silent sermon on the beginnings of evil in the character. It seems like a very small thing, the seed of evil which finds a lodgment in our lives, and it could be easily uprooted; but allowed to remain and grow, it at length becomes so strong and so firmly rooted, that it resists all efforts to dislodge it, and finally wrecks the character which gave it lodgment. "Beware of the small beginnings of evil," is this rock's message.—Sel.

## A FALLACY IN LIFE.

Lord, I do discover a fallacy, whereby I have long deceived myself. It is this: I have desired to begin my amendment from my birthday, or from the first day of the year, or from some eminent festival, that so my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come, I had adjourned my amendment to some other time. Thus, whilst I could not agree with myself when to start, I have almost lost the running of the race. I am resolved thus to befool myself no longer. I see no day equal to to-day; the instant time is always the fittest time.—Thomas Fuller.



## THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE HOME.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

A family of our acquaintance has been plunged into the depths of grief by the death of a beloved daughter. Her fatal sickness was produced by the poisonous air engendered by an ill-constructed pipe in the dwelling. A few years ago, a score of students in one of our most celebrated colleges, were all prostrated at the same time by the same cause; bad sewerage had poisoned the air, and they unwittingly drew in the subtle infection at every breath.

But physical health is not more susceptible to atmospheric influences than is the spiritual health of a household. It is the home atmosphere which usually determines the character of the family. Some homes are sweetened and purified by a family altar, and the cheerful affection and the pervading influence of God's Word; and the children inhale religion at every breath.

This subtle atmosphere of the household, which is apt either to convert to Christ, or to pervert to fashion, worldliness, or open impiety, is usually created by the parents. They are chiefly responsible. It is their province either to poison or to purify. If the whole trend of the household thought and talk runs toward money-worship, or toward fashion-worship, or toward social convivialities, or in any other similar direction, it is the father and mother who

It is exceedingly difficult to make the best preaching or Sabbath-school teaching effective on character, amid such a domestic miasma. Almost as soon attempt to grow pineapples in Greenland, as to rear the plants of grace amid such godless surroundings. The parental influence goes through the house like the poison-gas from the sewer-pipe.

Dr. Horace Bushnell, in his unrivaled volume on "Christian Nurture," has pithily said that "whatever fire the parents kindle, the children are found gathering the wood. They help either as apprentices or accessories. If the mother is a scandal-monger, she will make her children tattlers and gossips and eavesdroppers. If she directs her servants to say at the door that she is 'not at home,' the children will learn to be polite liars." If the father begins the Lord's day with his huge, Sabbath-desecrating, secular newspaper, it will go through the family.

If he puts a decanter on his table, the boys will be apt to hold out their glasses for a taste. That millionaire who in one part of his will bequeathed his costly wine-cellar to his heirs, and in another clause disinherited one poor dissipated son for his drunkenness, revealed the secret of the poison gas which he had let in from that cellar.

Parental ill temper often sours the atmosphere of a home, so that both children and servants can hardly escape being snappish and irritable. How can cheerful healthy piety breathe in the malarious air of a home saturated with irreligion? It was the wretched air of Eli's house which ruined Hophni and Phineas; it was the godly atmosphere of Hannah's home which produced a Samuel.

Not only is a family influenced by the pervading moral atmosphere, but the school and the college are to a great degree subject to the like influence. Williams College in its early days had the missionary spirit in its very walls. Dr. Arnold created an atmosphere at Rugby which bred a high sense of manliness and honor in nearly all his pupils. The breath of Mary Lyon still permeates and sweetens, yes, and sanctifies, the halls of Mount Holyoke Seminary. It is fatal to fashion and frivolity, and nourishes the unselfish consecration of womanhood to life's holiest aims.

In some schools nearly every pupil has been converted to Christ during the course of study, if he had not been a Christian when he came there. An influence was in the air, molded the teachings and penetrated like oxygen into what may be styled the lungs of the soul.

Churches do not differ so much from each other in written confessions and creeds, as in their spiritual atmosphere. It is said that nearly all who go into the ministry from Mr. Spurgeon's church and theological training-school, carry with them the *animus*, which under God that mighty apostle of evangelical truth has diffused around him. In short, the chief influence of Christianity is in purifying the sin-tainted atmosphere of human society. The Lord Jesus Christ never intended to take his disciples out of the world, but to keep them from being poisoned by making them purifiers.—Sel.

## FILL WITH THE BEST.

If the windows of your mind are thrown wide to the sunlight there is no place for the darkness.

If they are thrown wide to good cheer there is no room for sadness.

If they are opened to sweet thoughts there is no quarter for the bitter.

If they are bright with hope, there is no lurking spot for despair; if they are bright with courage, there is no harborage for fear.

If they are filled with tranquillity and peace, there is no room for discontent.

If they are filled with sweet temper, there is no place for anger; if they are filled with tenderness and sympathy, there is no shelter for "sweet revenge."—Church Woman's Magazine.

### THE TRAINING OF A BOY.

The boy should be held to the same state of virtue as the girl is held. To admit for a moment that the boy must have a season of sowing wild oats is to unfit any parent to bring up boys. There is no reason in the world why the life of the boy should not be just as free from taint or irregularity as that of the girl. Rude language or vulgar behaviour of any sort is just as inexcusable in the boy as in the girl. He should not be allowed for one moment to think that things are decent for the boy to do that are indecent for the girl.

Of course, it is very easy to fall into the habit of establishing a double standard of morals for the boys and girls. We have become so accustomed in this generation to see boys do things every day, and hear boys say things which no self-respecting girl would do or say, that we have unconsciously become reconciled to the idea that purity in the case of a girl should be higher than in boys.

But there is no real foundation for such an idea. There is every reason why the boy should be as neat, as polite, as modest as the girl. Boys should never be allowed to think that they are excusable in doing things or saying things that would be unfit for their sisters to participate in. Boys reared with this idea in their minds are much more apt to make good men, successful business men, healthy men, than the boys that are allowed to indulge in coarse conversation or questionable recreations.

The boy should be on good terms with his mother. He should be a chum with his mother, if possible. Her sensitiveness, and feelings concerning questions of morality should be imparted to him as much as possible. Then when the boy comes in contact with rude boys, who have not been so reared, he will be able to see for himself the folly and degradation of immorality.

We are aware that this is ideal, but this is the standard that should constantly be kept before the parent. Make the boys as clean, and modest, and respectable, and obedient as the girls are. There is no reason in the world why they should not be. There is every reason in the world why they should be.

But it is upon the father mainly that the rearing of the boy depends. If the father be a good man, a gentleman, a man who likes life and makes the best use of life, a man who has not forgotten how to be a boy, and how to play with boys, a man that likes fun, but takes a serious view of life in general, the boy will scarcely need any other instruction than association with his father. The boy naturally emulates the father. The masculine qualities of the boy begun to develop early, and even during infancy he sees in the masculine portion of

the family traits that attract him more than feminine traits.

There are some things the boy can tell his mother easier than he can tell his father. There are other things that the boy can tell his father better than he can tell his mother. Blessed is the boy who has both father and mother who are approachable, who are sympathetic with his phases of growth, who are ready to forgive, and patient to begin over again. If the boy has not found these things in his father and mother, it will be very doubtful indeed if the Sabbath-school or church, the day-school or teacher, will be able to supply his loss.—Ex.

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### "KEEP ME COMPANY."

When our little two-year-old is put to bed at night, she has the habit of saying, "Mamma, keep me company."

And in the lone hours of the night, when all is dark and still, if she awakens she will put her little hand through the bars of her crib and say, "Mamma, hold my hand."

Oh, if we of larger growth would but look up to the Divine Parent and say, "Keep me company!" Not only through the still watches of the night, but also through the busy hours of the day.

"Keep me company, when success is nigh, lest I forget and follow after false gods.

"Keep me company" in the hour of trials and temptations, lest I forget from whence cometh the divine strength and stumble and fall.

If, when all is dark and uncertain, when we can not see where to take the next step—if then we would but say, "Saviour, hold my hand!" When riding on the high waves of prosperity and happiness, when submerged in the low tide of despair, yea, when crossing the dark valley of death, "Hold thou my hand."—Ex.

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### HINDRANCES ARE WITHIN.

If we could but see it, believe it, act upon it, the worries, the petty annoyances, the gains, the pleasures, the things that we count hindrances, the wrongs and disappointments—these are all helps, the hands that shape us, if we will, in God's own image. These are our opportunities for courage, trust, endurance; for hope, for love which makes us like God. There are no hindrances to holiness outside us, they are all within; and if Christ dwells within us, reigning there, then all things outside are helps and cannot be otherwise.—Mark Guy Pearse.



**OVERDONE PREACHING.**

A minister is quoted in the newspapers as saying that henceforth the evening service of his church is to be given to art, music and literature, that he will preach much less than he has hitherto done, and that preaching in general is much overdone.

It seems, upon reflection, that the brother may be right, at least with regard to some kinds of preaching. But there would also seem to be danger that his own preaching of art, music and literature might continue to be overdone. In fact, it is that sort that is overdone. It may be judged that this preacher has already overdone it, and that he has too abundant company.

It can hardly be said that the right kind of preaching is overdone. On the contrary, there is too little of it. The preaching of which the people are so weary and which they will not take the trouble to hear, in the midst of their art, music and literature, is not the right kind. It is true that people do not always want to hear the best preaching. But it is also true that those who do listen have too often to hear what is not the best.

There are two or three kinds of preaching which may easily be overdone. Perhaps they are the kinds that the brother has in mind. If so, and if he is the one who has been overdoing it, surely he has opportunity now to try the right kind.

There has been some overdoing of what may be called semi-scientific preaching. Good men have talked more than was meet about science which they did not sufficiently understand, to people who cared less.

A few of the brethren have overdone what they have considered modern preaching. They have proceeded on the assumption that human nature and divine grace are something different from what they were in Scripture times, and so their preaching has lost its aim.

A few more have made the mistake of preaching art, music and literature, professing at the same time a dread of preaching politics or other purely secular matters, until they have overdone both their preaching and their refraining.

But the kind of preaching for which a good many hearers are hungry just now can never be overdone. Preaching which applies the infinite variety of God's truth to present human nature, or to the life of the regenerated spirit; preaching which makes the Lord's word ring true and clear in all the labyrinthine recesses of a man's heart; preaching which calls men to believe that they are sinners and need the Saviour whom God's love has given; for such preaching there is demand just now. Perhaps if the brother alluded to will try that sort, he will find it is not overdone, even with his own people.—Ex.

**IRRITABILITY THE WASTER.**

Those who are easily irritated lose an enormous amount of precious time and costly energy. In physiology, irritability is the property of responding to a stimulus. In botany, plants endowed with irritable organs, when they touch any object, clasp it.

This is all right in soulless plants or muscles or nerves; but it is all wrong in men and women who are supposed to decide for themselves what to respond to, or grapple with, and what to leave alone. He is the most miserable of all men who must respond to everything that touches him. He is the happiest of men who can quietly ignore much that invites him.

How often we have spoiled an entire day, which seemed to be bright with promise, simply by letting ourselves become overwrought and upset, early in the day, by an unpleasant word or annoying action of another!

How often, again, have we been saved from the loss of time and temper that seemed imminent in this way, simply because something else "happened" to divert our attention and cause us to forget for a few minutes the irritation to which we were valiantly responding, and which was threatening our peace and usefulness!

Then we were ashamed of ourselves for having to be saved in that indirect way, when a little resolute will-power would have put the irritation to rout. An instant's irritation is often beyond the control of any one; but to allow that irritation to remain and dominate and destroy is to get down to the level of plants and animals.—*Sunday School Times*.

**WHEN THE PRESSURE IS OFF.**

It is always harder to work hard when the pressure is off than when it is on. Any man can throw himself into his work with intensity when he is under special obligation to do so. If he must get ready to take a trip abroad at a week's notice, it is remarkable how many things he can do in a week. Or if he is way behind with his work, and knows that by a certain date he must have it all caught up, there is a certain exhilaration in driving ahead to meet every requirement of that schedule. It is after he is caught up that the real test comes. *Then* the only pressure upon him may be the ordinary duty of working up to his limit at all times; and it takes exceptional character to do this when there is no reason for doing so except duty. At such a time the real workers of the world show what they are made of. There is a sharp dividing line between the average class of those who work hard because they have to, and the front rank class of those who work hard because they will to.

### A RESOLVE FOR EACH NEW DAY.

To be joyous in my work, moderate in my pleasures, chary in my confidences, faithful in my friendships, to be energetic but not excitable, enthusiastic but not fanatical; loyal to the truth as I see it, but ever open-minded to the newer light; to abhor gush as I would profanity, and hate cant as I would a lie; to be careful in my promises, punctual in my engagements, candid with myself and frank with others; to discourage shams and rejoice in all that is beautiful and true; to do my work and live my life so that neither shall require defense or apology; to honor no one simply because rich or famous and despise no one because humble or poor; to be gentle and considerate toward the weak, respectful yet self-respecting toward the great, courteous to all, obsequious to none; to seek wisdom from great books and inspiration from good men; to invigorate my mind with noble thoughts as I do my body with sunshine and fresh air; to prize all sweet human friendships and seek to make at least one home happy; to have charity for the erring, sympathy for the sorrowing, cheer for the despondent; to leave the world a little better off because of me; and to leave it, when I must, bravely and cheerfully, with faith in God and goodwill to all my fellowmen: this shall be my endeavor during the coming year.—Tewkesbury.

### FATHER'S TELEGRAM.

It happened some years ago that a most urgent and unusual invitation came to me to visit a military academy, in which the students had mutinied, in the hope that possibly I might be of service in the situation. . . . The students had struck in everything: lessons, study hours, drill—everything except meals, to the bugle call for which they responded like all healthy boys, in their usual military fashion.

My first suggestion was that order might be restored by shutting up the commissary department for a day or so, but this suggestion didn't seem to be altogether wise. The principal handed to me to read a large number of telegrams which had come from the parents who had been wired regarding the situation. These messages were telescopes through which one could look into the various kinds of boys' homes, and the parental relationships connected with them.

One father wired his son, "I expect you to obey." Another said, "If you are expelled from school, you needn't come home." Still another, "I'll send you to an insane asylum if you are sent home." Another said, "I'll cut you off without a shilling if you disgrace the family." But the best message was couched in these laconic words: "Steady, my boy, steady! Father."

There was a man who believed in his boy, and probably there is no greater influence upon a boy when he is passing from the veal to the beef in the career of his life, than a father who respects the spirit of his boy and treats him like a man.—Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, in *Young People's Weekly*.

### LEAVING OUT GOD.

All Christian workers may find food for thought in the following letter written by Mr. J. McGaughey to the Philadelphia "Presbyterian":—

"As evidence of the great need of an awakening in the direction indicated, I will give you a little account of a typical case in our Middle West.

"In a town of some five thousand people, with about ten churches, the six leading and strongest united for a series of evangelistic meetings. A hall was rented and fitted up at considerable expense, and arrangements made for the opening of the meetings on a certain Wednesday.

"On the Sabbath preceding, the pastor of the Presbyterian church preached a sermon for the purpose, as he stated, of preparing his people for this special evangelistic effort. His text was from Joshua 23:10—"One man of you shall chase a thousand." His theme, as announced, was "The power in man for good or evil of a definite, determined purpose."

"Then for fully thirty minutes he gave illustrations from history bearing on the theme. And not a single reference was made to the conditions of the promised victories so fully set forth in the context. Not a reference was made to the fact that when the people obeyed God, He it was that gave them this power, in fact, fought their battles for them.

"Well, as to results. About four weeks of meetings every night, and frequently afternoons, with no visible results. Can we wonder! God was left out. So it seemed at least. I have written the facts as seen on the surface, though a painful duty."

### BUSINESS SUCCESS.

The shrewdest thing a young man can do—to say nothing of the influence upon his character—is to determine to put the greatest possible originality and the highest possible excellence into everything he does, to make a resolution, at the very outset of his career, to stamp his individuality upon everything that goes out of his hands, and to determine that everything he does shall have the imprint of his character upon it, as a trade mark of the highest and best that is in him. This is his patent of nobility. If he does this, he will not require a large amount of capital to start a business and to advertise it. His greatest resources will be in himself.—*Success Magazine*.



**WHAT A WISE MOTHER SAYS.**

That we should keep up a standard of principles, for our children are watchful judges.

That what are trifles to us are often mountains to our children; and that we should respect their feelings.

That we should bear in mind that we are largely responsible for our children's faults, and be patient with them.

That if you say "no," you should mean "no." Unless you have a good reason for changing a command, hold to it.

That we should take an interest in our children's amusements, for mother's share in what pleases them is a great delight.

That we should be honest with the children in small things as well as great, and if we cannot tell them what they wish to know, we should say so, rather than deceive them.

That we should interest our boys and girls in physiology, and when they are sick, try to make them comprehend how the complaint arose, and how it may be avoided in the future.

That many a child goes astray not because there is want of care and training at home, but simply because the home lacks sunshine; that a child needs smiles as much as flowers need the sunbeams.

That as long as it is possible we should kiss the children good-night after they are in bed. They will enjoy it, even after they profess to having outgrown it, and it will keep them close and loving.

That children look little beyond the present moment. That if a thing pleases they are quick to see it; that if home is a place where faces are sour, the words are harsh and fault-finding, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.—Philadelphia Record.

**SAYING "NO" WITHOUT HURTING.**

To decline an offer that is made in good faith calls for all the love and tact that any man can muster. Such declining is a common duty in the life of most persons, yet very few stop to think of the need of studying how to say "no" without hurting. If all would do so, there would be more sunshine in the world.

Whether one is an editor returning a manuscript that represents the labor and longing of an earnest soul, or is a hurried pedestrian declining the noisy insistence of a grimy newsboy who thinks that his living depends on his importunity, one can say "no" in such a way that the life of the other is burdened and harder to live, or is fairly lifted up into brightness.

A smile with the spoken "no" will do it, if it is a hearty, loving smile. A tactful

recognition of every good point of the offer which we must decline will take all the sting out of the declination. And no matter how "impossible" the offer, there is always plenty of merit to recognize, in what is offered or in the spirit of the person who offers it, if we are willing to look for this.

It is a costly thing to say "no" without hurting; it takes time and energy and character to do so. But it is not hard to appreciate the gain of the effort when some one else is saying "no" to us.—Sunday School Times.

**FAILURE THAT CANNOT DEFEAT.**

Failure is a sickening thing, but we have no right to let it be a signal for giving up. The man who fails because of his failures has surrendered in a fight that God meant to have him win.

"There is no man who has won a perfect victory," says Speer. "Men are not divided into two classes—the men who fail and the men who succeed.

*"Every man is in the failing class. Men are simply divided into different groups according to the attitude they take toward their failures."*

The men who fail and conquer are they who refuse to let their failures speak the last word. The men who fail and go to pieces are they who think that failure cannot be overcome. God is close to the man who has just failed. If ever Christ offers his human-divine sympathy, and fellowship, and forgiveness, and power to try again, it is at the moment when one has seemingly lost everything.—Sunday School Times.

**THE SIN OF POSTPONED DUTIES.**

Deferred duties usually mean neglected duties. In this field, accumulation is the enemy of accomplishment. Accumulated dividends may be a very good thing, but they are never earned by allowing unfinished tasks to pile up on us.

When we have to admit that there are a score of duties that have been awaiting our attention for days or weeks or months, and that ought to have had our attention long ago, we may at the same time safely admit that something is wrong with our plan of life.

The whole trouble probably lies in our not doing to-day what we ought to do to-day; and that results from two sins: misusing some of our time, and wasting some of our time. The right selection of our tasks, and then intense concentration on our tasks, will put a stop to the fatal accumulation. No one has any right to stagger along under the burden of unfinished tasks that ought long ago to have been put out of the way.—Sunday School Times.

**EARLY BURDENS ARE HELPFUL.**

In nine cases out of ten a man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of the father or mother has kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if, instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he stowed away all the time—in short, if what was light fell to him, and what was heavy about the work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk until shirking has become a habit, unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents.

On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk responsibility, or to dodge work, whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens has become a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, his parents, as they bid him good-by, may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.—*Christian Advocate*.

**AGE NOT WITHOUT PLEASURE.**

That every age of woman has its own pleasures and privileges is a truth recognized most by those who have attained the respective ages. As one woman who had passed the three-score and ten mark put it in a "heart to heart" talk with a young relative:

A merciful providence has scattered the different sorts of joy along the way. What you think is a good time at twenty will seem to you a bore at forty. The strenuous work of forty, which just suits that time of life, begins to seem rather too much at sixty. And so on.

The young cannot realize the satisfactions that belong to age, but they are there just the same. The friendship which are keen and new in youth grow mellow and rich and old with the years. The joy of the gratified parent who sees the success of good children is far, far beyond any pleasure of earlier years.

And there is always the increasing power of discriminating between the true and the false and the trivial and the worth while, and all that sort of thing, which is called "the deepening of one's philosophy."

Sorrow comes, it is true, but that, too, brings its compensations, in strengthening one's hopes of the future and clearing one's religious backgrounds, and making one more sympathetic in this life.

As for the physical infirmities supposed to be inseparable from age, if one obeys the laws of health in youth and all along, and lives aright, it is possible to be well and happy at sixty and seventy, as at twenty-five.—*Ex*.

**THE REMEDY FOR A DISEASE.**

Outreach is the remedy for self-centredness. Most lives are too greatly concerned with the petty interests that begin and end in themselves. This breeds worry and narrowness. The smallness of some spirits is due to their failure to apprehend life's largeness. From any station or sphere anybody can reach out and touch, helpfully, the big world's need. It is to-day possible for the remotest rural dweller in the most secluded part of the land to have a point of missionary contact with the most antipodal of nations. Thus in helping to serve others he will in highest ways serve himself.—*Phil. Westminster*.

**A LOOK AT THE CROSS.**

A young man was undergoing an examination before an ecclesiastical body preparatory to his entering upon missionary work in Central Africa.

One of the examining board said to him in the course of the examination, "Suppose, young man, that when you get to Africa, some high business concern should offer you a salary ten or twenty times larger than we are able to pay you. Suppose because of your superior advantages and your college education, you should be tendered a high position under some foreign government, what would you do?"

"Well," said the young man in a clear, resonant voice, "I should take one more look at the cross and say no."

This is thorough consecration. This is the sacrifice upon which the Church of Christ is built, and upon which she is going forth conquering and to conquer. The cross of Christ, the emblem of the greatest sacrifice ever made for humanity, will ever have its right of way in the heart of man. The story of sacrificing love is the story that melts hearts and wins souls.

God's great love story which had its center in Calvary's cross, will ever have the greatest charm for men. When we look at the cross the best that is in us rises to the surface. The glitter and fascination of the world vanish in the vision of Calvary's sacrifice.

When you are deciding your life's work you will not go far astray if you keep your eyes fixed on the grand old cross. In your weak hours, when assailed by hot passion and overwhelming temptations, you will find strength and help in a look at the cross.—*Ex*.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them. Silently and imperceptibly we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak; and at last some crisis shows what we have become.—*Canon Westcott*.



**REST FROM DAILY IRRITATIONS.**

The real wear and tear of life is due to the petty irritations of the day. They find us from many sources. They drive up to our door at unexpected moments, and in our care for other interests we are unprepared to exclude them. They enter our life ere we realize it, and begin to disturb our poise.

We are each differently affected by these annoyances. What harms one has little power over another. The same person is differently influenced by these irritations at different times. The mastery of soul poise is a great triumph. To be superior to the vexatious things of the day is a great achievement. To be able to say, "None of these things move me," is the evidence of a victorious mind.

Each may have this power. The Christian religion teaches the secret. David said, "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."

The Christian's establishment is in God. His expectation is from him. Upon him he waits all the day long, and his waiting is rewarded by the gift of peace and spiritual resistance to the irritation of the moments. As one has said, "It is only as we look below and around that we are depressed. When we look up, we are strong." The soul's determination must be, "I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from God, which made heaven and earth."

The days are not the same in what they bring or in the manner they affect us. The effect is conditioned upon the character of our faith. Our spiritual attitude and vision have to do with our power of resistance. The grace of God and your will have much to do with the disposal of daily irritations. Do not suffer your mind to dwell upon them. You can magnify any evil until it becomes a mountain.

Never provide quarters within your heart for these harbingers of ill. It is an easy thing to become constitutionally a fretter. The vexatious things of life are after all only the dust of travel. Keep a mind proof against their entrance. The cause of the trouble is within yourself or the thoughtless persons with whom you journey. Vehicles are provided with cups on the bearings, so as to exclude the dust and grit.

The Christian who would be unmoved by the small vexations of daily life must make provision to exclude them, and God's help in the gift of a mind set upon the essential things of life, will exclude those anxieties which needlessly vex the spirit. Give your mind to the bright and hopeful things of life. Rule out in the beginning whatever is bane. Pray to possess Christ's mind and

perspective. Will out, while they are on the threshold, all which would needlessly trouble and unsettle your peace if permitted to enter. Live with God, and let his love garrison you. There is enough that is good and bright and sweet and wholesome to engage your thought. Think on these things. Learn to serve and live for these, and irritations will then find no avenue of entrance.

This is the only philosophy of peace. Make God your daily refuge and fortress. Do your duty and be true to conscience. Do not discuss nor dwell upon your failures. Exile your moods. Count your blessings, and yearn only to be a blessing for your Master's sake. Trust God and adhere to those ideals which are righteous in their inception, and which, when realized, crown life with glory.

There is no friction in the orbits of the stars. They quietly obey the laws of God. There is no higher law for man than daily endeavoring in all places and situations to do the will of God. In proportion as we do this, nothing can mar our peace or unsettle our soul. "He that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me, and he shall be loved of my Father, and we will come and make our abode with him." In this household there shall be fraternity and peace, and in his power to keep, trust will bolt the door to the irritations which otherwise would enter, and disturb the soul's poise.—Selected.

**DR. ARNOLD'S DAILY PRAYER.**

Dr. Arnold, late Headmaster of Rugby School, England, was one of the greatest scholars of his day (fifty years ago). He was also a devout Christian. The following is said to have been his daily prayer:—

"O Lord, I have a busy world around me. Eye, ear, and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in this busy world. Now ere I enter on it, I would commit eye and ear and thought to Thee. Do Thou bless them and keep their work Thine, that, as through Thy natural laws my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at these times when I cannot commit each particular thought to Thy service. Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake! Amen."

When alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our temper; in society, our tongues. We should endeavor to illustrate our devotions in the morning, by our conduct through the day.—Hannah More.

He cannot control the output of his life who does not guard its inlets.

# Youth's Record

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## NEW BRUNSWICK TO ALBERTA.

[A true story].

By STELLA T. PAYSON, ST. JOHN, N.B.

"The bed is so hard, muvver," sighed Dannie, for the twentieth time that day, as mother sat down beside his bunk for a few minutes' chat.

"Mother knows, darling; and she is so sorry, but you must be a brave boy. Your leg will soon be well, and then you can run about again."

"I want to go into the kitchen wiv you," wailed Dannie, "I'm tired, an' my back hurts, an' my leg hurts, an',"—the further list of Dannie's hurts was lost in sobs, and Mrs. Dillon sighed wearily, as she tried to make him a little more comfortable. But a board bunk, and a straw "tick" are not very restful for a broken leg, and poor little Dannie ached in all his bones.

"I don't know what to do with him," said the tired mother to her husband, as they ate their supper, "He gets so tired, and frets to be out here with me. I stay with him all I can, but he gets so lonely."

"Well now, I met the minister," said Mr. Dillon, "an' it's himself is the kind man. 'Dillon,' sez 'e, 'I'm glad to see you doin' so well. The first years in the West is alwiz harrd,' sez 'e, 'but you'll find it a fine country if yer willin' to work.' An' he asked about you and the bye, and whin I tould about Dannie's leg, he was that sorry, an' he says they're after sendin' him a big box from a church away back in New Brunswick. 'An' mebbe,' sez 'e, 'there'll be something in it for Dannie—a picture book or the like.' So just tell him that—they'll find him somethin' sure."

"It won't be much of a Christmas he'll have, poor child," said Dannie's mother. "I'll be glad if they find him something, for it's little we can get him now, with doctor's bills to pay."

"That's so, indeed," agreed Mr. Dillon.

Dannie was greatly excited at the thought of the minister's box, and anxiously asked his father every day for news of it. At last, about a week before Christmas, Mr. Dillon came home with the news that the box had arrived, and that he was to go to the minister's that night, to help unpack it. Wasn't Dannie excited?

"Do you think there'd may be a book,—or two books, muvver?" he questioned eagerly.

But mother's wishes were of a more practical sort. "I wish there'd be a big soft quilt that I could fold up under you to make your bed more comfortable," she answered.

"I'd raver a picture book," said Dannie wistfully, "even if I do ache."

It was hard work waiting for his father's return, but in about an hour there was a sound of sleigh bells, and the minister drove up to the door with Mr. Dillon, and a load that occasioned the greatest surprise and delight to Mrs. Dillon and Dannie.

"We just left Mrs. Davis and the children to finish unpacking, while we drove over with this. We were so delighted we couldn't wait," he said, and with that they brought in a glittering article, which, when four legs had been unfolded, and a head-board raised, proved to be a little bed with a wire spring. It was about four feet long. From the sleigh they brought a lovely little mattress, which just fitted it, and a big, firm pillow.

"There," laughed Mr. Davis, rubbing his hands. "If that isn't the strangest thing to come in a mission box."

"Sure that was never in the box," exclaimed Mrs. Dillon, "How could that big bed be in a box?"

"That's just where it was thin," said her husband, "My that's the foine big box. The bid stood on ind in it, and you couldn't 've got a sheet apaper between it an' the cover. An' there's two foine books here for Dannie, besides."

Dannie was wild with excitement over his wonderful bed, and when it was thoroughly warmed, father and mother put blankets on it, and carefully moved him to it. Then appeared the beauty of that dear bed, for father and mother lifted it up with Dannie on it, and carried it right out into the kitchen.

"Oh muvver it's just fine," cried the happy little boy, "when I move it just comes too, an' its so smoov."

"It was a strange thing to come in a mission box," declared Mr. Dillon. "But sure I am that it's the makin' of us to have it."

It certainly was strange about that little bed, and those who unpacked it thought it no stranger than the ladies who packed it up.

When the box was to be packed at the church in New Brunswick, it was decided to send all articles for it to the caretaker of the church. A very busy man was Mr. Barker, as he had the care of a number of public buildings, but he was always ready to help in mission work, and so gladly un-



dertook to take care of the contributions for the box.

One evening, late in October, a busy party gathered in the vestry, and the great packing case was dragged in to be filled.

"I've had some pretty funny things sent for the Northwest box," said Mr. Barker, "but nothing funnier than this," and from the library he brought out that very little bed.

No clue could be found as to who had sent it, and it was finally decided that someone whose child had outgrown the crib, must have had it repaired, and sent to go in the box.

"The very day after the notice was given out in the church, it came," explained Mr. Barker. "The varnish was wet and sticky on it, so whoever sent it wanted it to go in good condition."

It was found, on examination, that the bed could be stood on end in the box, though, as Mr. Dillon had declared, when he unpacked it, "there wasn't room for a sheet of paper over it," and away it went to the West, to be just the very article to bring comfort to little Dannie Dillon in Alberta.

It was two weeks after the box had started on its long westward journey, that Mr. Barker met a teacher of one of the schools under his care.

"It's a strange thing, Mr. Barker," she said, "that Roberts & Company never sent that little bed."

"What little bed?" asked Mr. Barker, with a startled look.

"Why the little bed I ordered for the class in nursing," she answered. "It's fully three weeks since I ordered it to be sent to your house."

"Well you'll never see it, Miss Brown," said Mr. Barker. "Your little bed is two weeks on its way to Alberta," and then he told about the wonder caused by the sending of such an unusual contribution for missions.

"You never mentioned it to me, Miss Brown," he concluded, "and it came the very day after the notice was read in the church, so what was I to think?"

Miss Brown felt a little troubled about it, not knowing how the superintendent of her school might regard the loss, but he laughed very heartily about it, and asked her teasingly if she wished the board to continue contributing to Northwest missions.

Dannie had a beautiful Christmas stocking, and some books, and a warm overcoat to wear when he got well, but he and his mother agreed that his best gift was the little bed.—"The King's Own."

The strength which comes through sorrow and failure nobly borne is in itself a high form of success.

## "AT HIS BECK AND CALL."

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

"Lloyd, mother wants you to take the washerwoman's money to her this afternoon, before five o'clock."

Lloyd Stuart threw up his head impatiently: "I wish I could have one afternoon without trifling interruptions like this," he said complainingly. "Maggie, please ask mother if to-morrow won't do as well."

"I can't ask her, because she has gone out: she left the money with me. 'Couldn't you take it, Sis?' Maggie shook her head: 'I am staying in with Leonard; you know he is croupy to-day.'"

"Why was she so particular about my going before five o'clock?" asked Lloyd. "Mother didn't have the money when the wash came home," explained Maggie, "but she 'phoned to father to send it up to her, because the child who brought the clothes said his mother needed it to-day."

"I really don't see why Mrs. Lumley's convenience should be considered before mine—" said Lloyd testily; "suppose she does need the money. I also need time to get up my program for our Brotherhood meeting. I say, let Mrs. Lumley wait till to-morrow."

Lloyd again bent his eyes to the pad on his knee, and held his pencil poised above it; but he was conscious that Maggie still stood beside him.

"Well?" he asked presently, without looking up; but the girl did not speak for a moment: this big brother was her doting piece; to have him "chum" with her was great joy to Maggie, and she was finding it hard to say anything that might annoy him; and yet—

"Well?" said Lloyd again, looking up at his sister this time.

"I just thought I'd remind you," she said timidly, "of what Dr. Crowe said about holding ourselves at His beck and call." And then, without waiting to see how the President of the Junior Brotherhood would take her hint, Maggie vanished from his side, and the turpentine nursery, and the croupy Leonard, claimed her.

If she had waited for results, she would have seen Lloyd flush angrily at first; and then take on a sober, considering look, while rolling his pencil idly on the arm of the chair. As a matter of fact, he was recalling impressions that were only a few days old, when a certain speaker, at the organization of a young people's movement in the church, had said that his idea of the proper attitude for a young people's society was that "it should keep itself alertly at God's beck and call, to do His errands." The expression had struck him forcibly at the time, and it drew him up from his chair now, sending him to the outskirts of the town, to pay for the week's washing.

There was somebody there before him, a strange boy about his own age; this seemed to be Mrs. Lumly's reception day! While waiting for the stranger to finish his business with Mrs. Lumly, Lloyd tried to look as if he were deaf, but of course it was impossible not to hear the strange contract that was being made between the two: the boy was agreeing to come Monday afternoon to cut and stack the woman's weekly supply of wood, in payment for his wash and mending.

"And this young gentleman can tell you more about a livin' place than I can, sir," said Mrs. Lumly, transferring the stranger to Lloyd's shoulders, as he was transferring her wages from his pocket to her hand. "An' begging your pardon, young gentlemen, I smell my bread aburnin'."

With that the boys found themselves alone, and they left Mrs. Lumly's door together. "My name is Edward Geary," explained the stranger, and I've just come in from the country, to go to the Business College. I shall have to bring my provisions in from the farm, but I am looking for a room of some sort, it will have to be a cheap one, where I can keep house."

Instantly the words Maggie had brought to his remembrance flashed into Lloyd's mind; was this the errand God had sent him on? Wasn't this Brotherhood work at first hand?

"Come home to supper with me," he said, "and we'll ask father's advice."

Edward declined the invitation at first, showing a very proper independence and unwillingness to push himself upon a stranger; but yielded to his new friend's urgency.

Eager plans were surging through Lloyd's heart and brain as he reached his own doorstep, for he had taken a liking to this stranger; but all he said to his mother was he would like to ask his new acquaintance to stay a day or two with him, until he got settled. And, although surprised at the unusual request, Mrs. Stuart consented.

As a matter of fact, Lloyd had not quite made up his own mind about the plan that had suggested itself to him, as he and Edward walked away from Mrs. Lumly's cottage. It seemed that he ought to be willing to share his room with a fellow that was making a fight to get on in the world; but, of course it meant more sacrifice than appeared on the surface, and as the days went by, Lloyd appreciated this more and more.

The Junior Brotherhood proved an interesting affair: it had been started on pretty wide lines, and many a young fellow who had gone into it reluctantly, found just what he liked; along with some other things that he had not cared for, but yet came to feel that he perhaps needed. For the Brotherhood "did the social act," as the boys put it, and had athletics as a special feature, and a Book Club annex, while keeping, as

the heart and core of the organization, the religious meeting, every Sunday afternoon, which was intended to develop the best that was in each life.

At one of these meetings a little less than a year after its organization, on a hot August afternoon, the Helpful Committee brought in a somewhat unusual report. It was to the effect that there was a clerk from Bramwell's department store who had been very sick at his lodgings and was not getting well satisfactorily: the Helpful Committee had been doing what they could for him. "But Dr. Whisnant says the chap needs fresh air, needs to go to the country," continued the Committee's chairman, "and I knew our treasury couldn't stand for that, fellows."

A very short silence followed, for, before the President could call for the adoption of the report, or ask for suggestions, one of the members rose to make a proposal. Edward Geary had never done any talking of this kind in his life; but when one has something definite to say, and is very much in earnest about saying it, he forgets to be embarrassed.

"Mr. President," said Edward, eagerly, "I think I see my innings at last! Many of you know that when I came to town to get by business training, expecting an awfully hard struggle, because I didn't have any money at all, a member of the Brotherhood took me by the hand, shared his room with me—"

"Get out, Ed!" interrupted Lloyd "you know you pay your board in good country produce."

"That's all right, but please, Mr. President, fine the next fellow that interrupts me! I was given a happy and wonderful home, right away, and every day I have said to myself, 'Just let me get a chance to help another fellow, and watch me jump at it!' Now, Mr. President, here's my chance: I haven't any money to put up, but I have a good country home, and my mother and father will be delighted—but the rest of the sentence was lost in the sound of hearty applause; and when that died away, the details of this plan for getting the sick man to the country were promptly worked out.

And before the meeting closed, Lloyd had told the boys the story of that trip to the washerwoman's cottage, for he felt that it had a solemn message for the Brotherhood; and at the next meeting there was a new decoration on the walls of their place of meeting, a motto which they had just adopted, and which shone down upon them in the radiance of gilt lettering,

At His Beck and Call.

—"East and West."

Character is a bundle of habits. Habits originate in the mind and are registered on the body.—Geo. D. Trip.



**THE FOLLY OF BEING SHODDY.**

"What do you mean by 'shoddy?'" asked a young girl who overheard a group of women discussing a neighbor.

"Deliberately trying to appear what one is not," was one reply.

"Trying to deceive others and being woefully deceived oneself," came next.

"Wearing a picture hat and shoes all down at the heels," added a third.

Rather drastic definitions, aren't they? Yet few indeed will say they are too severe. The truth of the matter is that the great majority of civilized men and women instinctively resent pretense in others. In the eyes of well-trained, experienced people a plain garment of honesty and simplicity becomes every one far better than the most showy pretense he can put on. The garment of pretense is always transparent to every one save the wearer; yes, worse than that, for it has a peculiar way of magnifying the very imperfections it is supposed to conceal.

An incident taken from the ordinary avenues of life may serve to illustrate: A young man and his wife went into a small town not long ago, he to be head of the public school. They made considerable to-do about their learning, their scholastic degrees, their culture, their importance in the school and social world, and insisted on taking the leadership in most public affairs.

They lived at home, it was soon discovered, in a state of crudeness and disorder and penuriousness, that gave many signs of lack of refinement "from 'way back." People began, to watch their scholarship and found it very imperfect, superficial; their "degrees" proved to be no higher than those of several college graduates in the place. Sharp eyes caught one or the other "making breaks" against social good form.

In all too short a time they were the laughing-stock of the community, and were glad to go to a new field.

Had they said nothing of themselves, made no pretenses and lived in a state suitable to their station, they might have made many mistakes and have been forgiven therefor.

Shoddiness is a foolish effort to impose upon others, for indeed "others see us" in our real characters, no matter what we pretend to be. "Be what you would seem to be" is a wisdom gem that has crystallized out of human experiences. —Well-spring.

"Only what we have wrought into our character during life, can we take away with us."

**THE GRASSHOPPER'S MISTAKE.**

"Take care, there! I'm afraid you don't see where you are going. You'll get caught in that spider's web the next you know."

But he kept on jumping as carelessly as ever a grasshopper could, and never minded a word I said. Up he would go, without any thought as to how or where he would come down. There was a spider's web in the tall grass just before him.

"Take care," said I, "or you will get into trouble. Don't you see that spider's web?"

He winked at me saucily, and said: "You just attend to your books!" (for I was getting a lesson in geometry). "I guess I know how to keep out of a spider's web!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when up he went again as heedlessly as ever. A shiver in the web and a bending of the grass told the story. One of his hind feet had caught, and with an awkward curve he had come around to hang with his head downward and his back to the web.

"There!" said I; "didn't I tell you?"

But the grasshopper's pertness was not diminished. "There's only one foot caught," said he; "there are five feet yet. I'll show you. Just see here!" and he turned half-way over and gave a push with his free hind foot, but instead of pushing his other foot free, the one he pushed with was caught, and he was worse off than ever.

"There!" said I again. But he interrupted me, and said, in the midst of another convulsive struggle. Wait a minute; I have four free feet yet."

But the only effect of his efforts was to get all his limbs entangled in the deceptive snare.

And now was the spider's opportunity. Out he came from his hiding-place and ran backward and forward over the body of his victim, spinning each time a thread that made more fruitless the desperate struggles of the grasshopper. It was but the work of a moment, and every limb of the headstrong, silly grasshopper was bound fast, and a web had been spread so thick over his head that I could not see it at all.

This is a true story, children. I saw it with my own eyes. I did all the speaking, but the grasshopper and the spider did just what I have told you. I am older now than I was then; that was a great many years ago. Since then I have seen children as reckless and foolish as this grasshopper, and have seen their parents and teachers waste their advice, and to as little purpose as I did then.—Well-Spring.

"A widow has secured a \$2,500 verdict against a Howell saloonkeeper who sold liquor to her husband, whereby he became intoxicated and was killed by a train."

## THE DOG THAT PREACHED A SERMON.

Although he had lived with those men for a long time, he had never had a name. The reason for this was because he was made of iron and not of flesh and hair. Iron dogs do not need names, do they? His home had always been on a shelf behind the same American store window.

This was where he was when a kindfaced teacher stopped one day and looked in at the window. "I wish he was mine," she said to a gentleman who was walking beside her.

"What would you do with him?" he asked. "You would have to have a very large doghouse to keep him in."

"Oh, I would not keep him in a house," said the teacher, smiling; "he should live on my lawn in Burma. How much he could say to the people there!"

One day, not very long after this, that same gentleman came down the street and walked into the store. He stepped up to the storekeeper and asked the price of the big bronze dog in the window. When he knew how much he cost, he bought him and had him fastened up tight in a box and sent way over to Burma on a big ship.

How surprised that dog would have been if he had been alive! How wide he would have opened his eyes at the strange things he saw! But he would have seen one face which he knew. The kind teacher who had looked at him through the window in America was there in Burma, smiling at him.

Sure enough the teacher did have him put out onto her lawn. He had not been there any time at all before all the space in front of the teacher's lawn was covered with the people of the village. They looked and asked questions of each other about the teacher's queer dog. Everything about him was so very strange that they were afraid to go near him.

When the teacher saw how curious they were, she came out onto the porch to talk with them.

"Come in" she said, "and feel of my watch-dog. He will not hurt you."

One by one they did come in and felt of him. Then they looked at the teacher and smiled.

"Why, he cannot take care of you, they said, "he is only iron."

"Don't you think he can?" asked the teacher. "What makes you think he is not a good watch-dog?"

"Why, he cannot bark and frighten any one," they said. "He cannot bite, either. We would not want to take care of us."

"Then why do you trust in your gods of wood and stone to take care of you?" asked the teacher. "They are just like him, and yet you say they can watch over you. So many times I have told you that the true

God is the only one who cares for you, and you will not trust Him. Come to Him now and let Him help you to be good and do the right things."

So the dog preached a missionary sermon every day as he stood there on the teacher's lawn. Every time that a Burmese boy walked along the road he thought of what the teacher had said. When the little girls of the village passed that way they looked at the dog. They remembered, too, that he was only iron. So the dog said to them, "Love God." Many of them answered, "We will." To-day in Burma some of the boys can still tell you about the kind teacher and her dog.

## WINGS OR NO WINGS.

One morning, when I went to my bath I found someone in it already.

Not a big person, nor had I ever seen him before, but I liked not his look, and not till I had hurled him into the garden did I get in myself. Lying in water up to my chin I thought about him, and asked myself exactly why I disliked him.

He was dark and shiny, but so are some dogs, and I like all dogs. He was a slow, steady swimmer, but so are pigs, and I rather like pigs. He was full of life, and neatly tucked against his sides he had wings, but so have birds. Ah! Then I saw why I did not like him; he was like a bird and yet never took the trouble to fly.

It is an evil thing to dislike any creature which the Good Creator has made, but I could not get to like him even in my thoughts as I lay in my bath. He was what people call an earwig, though his proper name is earwing, because beneath the two glossy brown sheaths on his back two wings are tucked away which when spread out are like the fairy shapes of beautiful pink ears.

And although he might fly in the blue paths of the sky and live among tree tops beneath the white stars, he lazily wriggles along the dirty soil and creeps up brick walls and goes prying along pipes and tumbling into other people's baths.

I have been thinking about him since, and I am certain now that if I could have learnt to know him and talk with him, I should have liked him. Perhaps he was lazy, but it may only have been ignorance. Perhaps he did not know that he had wings at all, he may have thought he was only a creepy-crawly thing and could never be anything better. At any rate he never tried to spread out his wings between the window and the ground; he just behaved like a stiff animal or an india-rubber swan. But there is no excuse for you, my children, crawling in the dust of life, you know you have got wings to rise to better things, you confess it every time you pray to God.—J. M. Blake.



### THE SNOW-MAN'S SECRET.

"Walter Willis has stolen my bat," declared Hugh. "I'm sure of it. He always has wanted it, and tried to trade with me several times, and now it's gone. I can't find it anywhere!"

"Do not speak in such a positive way, Hugh," remonstrated his mother. "You should be very slow to accuse another of theft. Think what an injury you might do to the reputation of an innocent person."

"But Walter isn't innocent. He has taken my bat, and I shall not have anything more to do with him!"

Days and weeks passed. Walter Willis wondered what had come over Hugh, his friend and nearest neighbor. He nodded, and spoke as usual across the fence, but received no answering smile. Hugh remained as cold as the big snow man they had made the first snowy days. It was quite as bad at school, where they were in the same grade. Hugh was unapproachable, and several times Walter caught his playmate frowning angrily in his direction. At last, one day at recess he strolled near a group of which Hugh was the center, and heard the whisper, with meaning glances in his direction, "Thief!"

Walter understood at once. Hugh was accusing him of stealing something, and evidently the rest believed the story. He clinched his fists for a minute, and came near striking Hugh, without waiting for an explanation. Then, for he was a self-controlled little gentleman, he swallowed his wrath and turned away.

From that day he did not try to make peace with Hugh, and the misunderstanding became a silent misery to both. Walter did not know what the trouble was, and pride forbade him to try to find out. Hugh began to fear that he had been hasty, and that may be his playmate had not taken the bat, after all, but pride was too strong for him, too, and he had not the courage to take back the accusation.

The winter passed, and the icy grip of the frost king began to loosen a little. The pond at the foot of the garden thawed first; then the huge icicles fell from the eaves, one by one. Finally, one morning Hugh, looking from the window, exclaimed, "Mother, the snow man's melting!"

Sure enough he was, and the old stove-pipe hat had slipped from his head.

"What's that I see sticking up through his neck?" questioned his mother. "A stick?"

Hugh grew pale, and his blue eyes widened.

"O mother," he cried remorsefully, "that is my bat! Walter and I put it in there when we made him! Oh, why didn't I ask Walter if he knew where it was when I first missed it? He never will forgive me!"

"Well, you have learned two lessons," said his mother. "One is that it is a great mistake to accuse another of a crime without proof. The other is that half our quarrels would be made up at once, if we sought an explanation from the other party right away. Now go and make your apologies to Walter."

"Yonder he is, now," exclaimed Hugh, and sped away to make up with his playmate.

The latter received his shamefaced apology readily.

"But O Hugh," he said reproachfully, "if you only had come and asked me about it in the first place, what a lot of trouble it would have saved us both!"—Exchange.

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### MISSIONARY WRAPPING PAPER.

A Bible colporteur in Spain one day entered a village and offered his Bibles for sale. Among others, he sold a large Bible intended for family use.

The village priest heard of his presence and ran to the colporteur. He tore the book out of the buyer's hand, and angrily exclaimed. "These books shall never enter my parish." He roused the people, and especially the pious women, to anger, and they took up stones and cast them at the man.

Six weeks later he was again on the road leading to the self-same village. Gladly would he have avoided it had he been able to find a roundabout way. Approaching the village at dusk, he hoped the inhabitants would fail to recognize him. To his astonishment, the very first man he met at the city gate detained him with the question:

"Are you not the man who sold the Bible?"

"Yes, I am the man."

"Then welcome to our village; every one of us desires to purchase your book," was the amazing reply. In his utmost astonishment, the man inquired:

"Are you not the people who a few weeks ago cast stones at me?"

"Most certainly," answered the man, "but a great change has come over us, so that every one desires one of your books."

How had this great change come about. A merchant of the village had picked up the book in the market place, concluding that the paper might be used. Leaf after leaf was torn out to serve as wrappers for salt, sugar, rice, or other groceries, thus entering every hut in the village.

Through this means the people became acquainted with the Gospel and were burning to learn more of the wondrous message which had been conveyed to them by a leaf of the Bible, which the priest thought he had destroyed. The village became a center of Christian activity.—Selected.

**"THE WAIT-A-MINUTE BUSINESS."**

"Marguerite, will you be kind enough to bring papa's slippers down-stairs "

"Wait a minute, papa; I'm just putting my dolly to sleep."

"Marguerite, will you put your playthings in their place; they are in my way," as kindly asked mamma from the dining-room a few minutes later.

"Wait a minute, mamma, I must run up-stairs for papa's slippers."

"Marguerite, will you help hunt my ball among these weeds?" called brother Thomas from the back yard.

"Wait a minute, Thomas, I must put my playthings out of the way; mamma said so."

"Supper, children!" called papa.

"Wait a minute," called Marguerite, "until we find the ball."

Marguerite was the sweetest, daintiest little lady imaginable. An erect, well-poised, supple, active little body surmounted by a haughty little head, with a dimpled kindly face framed in a mass of golden fluffy curls were her physical charms.

Her mental charms, too, were equal to those of the little body. Her cards came home from school each month with good marks, and were signed by both devoted parents with as much pride as they took in keeping the little body in good health.

During the last two months a little fault had begun to grow upon the happy little lady which threatened to interfere with the good marks on the cards, as well as the happiness of the family and of Marguerite herself, if not interfered with. A triumvirate was formed that evening in the home, composed of father, mother and Thomas. Their object was to make the beloved little daughter and sister see the evil of this constant putting off of disagreeable tasks.

"Mamma, I tore a snag in my dress while on my way from school; will you please darn it, at once, so that I can go to follow the organ-grinder with the girls?"

"Wait a minute, dear," calmly responded mamma, as she quietly stitched away at her mending.

"But, mamma, I can't wait; if I do, the organ-grinder and the monkey will be gone."

When the mending was finished, mamma folded it quietly and carefully, and then as deliberately and carefully mended the "barn door" in the red cashmere dress of the impatient Marguerite.

In a few minutes, the little maid returned with tears of disappointment streaming from her eyes. "I was too late; the little monkey with the crimson cap, the organ-grinder and the children had gone when I got out, and

all because I had to wait until my dress was mended."

"I fell over some playthings last evening, too, my dear, because some one was not ready to put them away when I requested it."

"Thomas! Thomas!" called Marguerite half an hour later from the wood-pile, "come and help lift this board over the fence, so we can make a see-saw."

"Just wait a minute, sister, I'm mending my foot-ball," called Thomas, as he quietly pasted the patches on the weak places in his football. Ten minutes later, Thomas gallantly obeying the summons from the wood-pile, dragged the heavy board over the fence, and was as gallantly teetering on the short end of the see-saw when mother called, "Supper, children." Thomas promptly alighting, obeyed the summons from within, but Marguerite followed afar, reluctant to go at the first call.

"There, Thomas Holt, you spoiled the whole thing just because you fixed that old football before you made the see-saw."

"And I," replied Thomas, "had to leave my best baseball out in the rain last night because you were not ready to help hunt it when I asked you."

"Papa, will you hear me read my lesson for to-morrow, now?" asked Marguerite after supper.

"Wait a minute, daughter, until I finish my paper." When at last the paper was finished, the little head rested quietly on the snowy pillow of her cot, and the little mind was free from the cares of the day.

Next evening, Marguerite came home in a flood of tears. "I was kept in, and all because papa would not hear me read when I asked him."

"And papa was compelled to walk up-stairs last evening for his slippers after his long walk home, because his little daughter was not ready to go for them when he asked her," replied mamma.

Marguerite threw herself for a minute on the couch, and then brushing away the tears, walked sturdily to the sitting-room, to her mother.

"Say, mamma, let's give up this 'wait-a-minute business.' I don't like it; do you?"

"No, indeed, I do not dear; and I am glad to give it up; when shall we begin?"

"Now," said Marguerite.

Papa and Thomas also were willing to abandon the "wait-a-minute business;" and from that day to this, "wait-a-minute" has never been said by the members of the Holt household; and were the humblest stranger to request a glass of water at the wayside home, the little golden-haired daughter would be the first and most gracious in serving it.—Selected.



**HIS LETTER OF REFERENCE.**

"There is no doubt of it, he was anything but a promising subject," said the chief of a gigantic corporation, speaking of his confidential clerk.

"When he first came to me to apply for a position in the office, I smiled, for he seemed so incongruous a figure in any place I had to offer. Of course, I turned him down promptly, although as gently as I could, but the matter did not end there. He was persistent, and as regularly as once a month he appeared at my door to ask if there was yet any opening for him.

Now, I like persistence if exercised along proper lines, and, the more I saw of him, the more I liked the boy. But what to do with him was the question. He was too big for an errand boy, and too green looking for any of the departments, and yet I had not the heart to discourage him entirely.

"At length, a vacancy occurred in the general office; the boy who looked after the letter files and attended to the copying left us; and, just as I was casting about for a suitable successor, John arrived again.

"When I asked him for references, however, he looked dazed, and I was forced to explain that he must have some one vouch for his business ability, punctuality, and conscientiousness, when he smilingly assured me that he could give me such a letter, and went out with flying feet. The next day he handed me this remarkable epistle, and on the strength of it I hired him:—

"Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I never have to call my son John but once in the morning. He does his chores around the house and farm exactly when they should be done, and without having to be told more than once how to do them. He knows when not to talk, and that there is time for work as well as play. He has also learned the meaning of 'mine and thine.' I can conscientiously recommend him to any position within the scope of his intelligence to fill.

"(Signed) John Mortimer's Father.

"I figured that any father who had thus made sure of the foundation of his boy's character would look after his further training, and I should be safe in hiring the boy with such a backing. I did, and have had no cause to regret it; for his career has more than justified his unusual recommendation. He has risen rapidly from his former position, and, as he is still young, there is every opportunity for him to go still higher."—Maude E. S. Hymers, in *Spare Moments*.

A true gentleman is true everywhere. He who has courtesies for those only who are of equal or superior station is lacking in the graces of genuine nobility.

**WHAT DO STRAWS SHOW?**

"No, I can't like her after she could say such a thing at that," declared a frank young college girl, speaking of a teacher who had made a strangely indifferent reply to one of her questions.

"But she looks so tired," suggested another.

"Tired or not, she might have been more considerate," said the first girl. "Straws show which way the wind blows," she added, brightly.

The other caught her up, quick as a flash. "Do they? Then by the same sort of straw, I can see pretty plainly what an obstinate, uncharitable, disagreeable creature you must be, my dear!"

The trouble about straws is that they are always blowing some way or another, and we haven't time to watch them. Sometimes the straw is not blown by the real wind at all, but by a draft from some opposite direction.

There are often trials, crisis, physical weaknesses and discouragements in our lives that act on our smaller deeds and words like that draft of air on the straw. Then is when we need friends who will appreciate the draft, who will take the straw of our irritability, or apparent indifference, as an indication of trouble, and will even arise and bar the door for us against cold and chill.

But do we do that ourselves for other people? If a straw shows "unkindness," do we close that door on the icy air ourselves, and show sympathy and tact till the place warms up again? It is no use to watch for "straws" unless we mean to act helpfully upon the hints they give us.—Herald and Presbyterian.

**THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET.**

There are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who live in the shadow and gloom and those who live on the sunny side of the street. These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists; sometimes, people of melancholy temperament; sometimes they are called disagreeable people; but wherever they go, their characteristic is this: their shadow always travels on before them . . . .

These people never bear their own burden, but expose all their wounds to others. They are all so busy looking down for pitfalls and sharp stones and thorns on which to step that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky. These folks live on the wrong side of the street. And yet it is only twenty feet across to the other sidewalk, where sunshine always lies.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

# World Wide Work.

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## AN ONLOOKER'S IMPRESSIONS IN CHINA.

BY MRS. J. W. BASHFORD.

A year of absorbing interest had been spent in journeys to and fro among the missions of China, when a round-the-world traveler, who was introduced to me on going aboard a coast steamer, inquired abruptly: "Are the missionaries really doing anything?" The form and tone of the question indicated that a negative reply was confidently expected.

"The missionaries are doing an amazing work," I answered. "Have you visited any of their stations?"

"No, she had seen none of them. She had been four months in China, but not even from a city wall had she viewed a mission compound, nor had she talked with a missionary. She had just spent ten days in Peking, where she might have visited any of a half dozen Christian centers, but her time had all been passed among street scenes, temples and curio shops.

She had heard nothing of the wonderful educational changes going on all over the empire, had been told that the missionaries were not accomplishing anything, that the country was hopelessly decadent and would be divided among the Great Powers. Where should one begin to tell what the missionaries were doing?

Fortunately an interruption came at this point and further effort was spared, for at tiffin it chanced that there sat beside me a charming young Chinese lady, who spoke English well. She was the daughter of a Chinese pastor, had been educated in a mission school and was the wife of a Christian man, educated in another mission, who was holding a responsible position under the government. She was making a long journey alone to visit her husband's mother and give her needed care.

The meal over, it was with great satisfaction that I sought out the skeptical American lady and presented to her this fine product of missions, for here was one who would grace the best circles of society in any land, with a light in her eyes that revealed the Spirit's indwelling and a face that seemed to say to all: "What can I do for you?"

Her personality proved an effective answer to the other's query. In the conversation that ensued between the two ladies the

stranger from across the sea got her first view of new China.

I was glad to be able to add that I had seen some thousands of Chinese Christians; many of them men and women of genuine devotion, was familiar with scores of shining faces and transformed lives and had visited not a few homes which were centers of light and joy.

Nothing is plainer than that men and women of a new type are coming out of the missions; especially are the women changed from head to foot, for they now appear with unbound feet and unbound minds.

The genesis of these new lives is not far to seek. Some of them trace their family lineage back in unbroken lines for a thousand years, but the Christ-likeness has been stamped upon them in two or three generations at the most, and wherever one shows rare strength and purity the hall-mark is evident. The impress has been made by some noble, self-sacrificing teacher or preacher who has poured his or her life into the upbuilding of character. Here is apostolic succession in its original simplicity—a joy to witness, a power to covet.

The new type of home gives assurance that the Christian stamp will stick. Consul-General Denby has well said: "The most optimistic imagination cannot take too favorable a view of the future of China when a Christian wife shall be the center of even a small proportion of its homes."

In a home where the wife is respected and her welfare regarded, where the family eat together and ask a blessing on the meal, where prayer and song replace bitterness and reviling, there is a "psychical climate" in which growing youth thrives.

A separate house for each family is an ideal encouraged wherever practicable. Only under such conditions can a Christian family set up its own standards and avoid the contaminating influences of great households, with their polygamy, slavery, infanticide and numberless idolatrous practices.

A Chinese scholar was returning from a visit to America. He had seen farms and factories, railroads and machinery, schools, churches, hospitals, public institutions, and had marveled at the general intelligence and prosperity of the people. Where was the key to such widespread success? He would not admit that his own people were in any way inferior in native ability, industry, or aptitude for the highest arts.

On the homeward voyage he made the ac-



quaintance of a family of missionaries who could speak his language. Noting day after day the mother's watchful care and training of her children, he said: "I have found the key to Western civilization. The mothers of China cannot train our children as you train yours. This is our need."

It is the great national need that is being patiently ministered to in every mission home and through every mission agency. No wonder the people say in such an atmosphere of love and purity: "This is just like Heaven," or that the sympathetic Bible-woman who carries peace and good-will into cheerless homes is thought to be "some relative of God." No wonder the foreign visitor, after weary days among squalid villages, and more weary nights in wretched inns, says on reaching a mission station: "This is Paradise Regained."

When a missionary years ago talked to a group of women about the bliss of heaven one of her auditors said. "It would be heaven enough for me to have my husband walk beside me on the street as yours does with you." This new fashion is coming into vogue. It is now no uncommon thing to see husband and wife calling together on their friends; a bride smiles, even talks and sings at her wedding; the family go to church together and the father carries the baby.

It may yet be long before a brutal husband will cease to exclaim in amazement, when a woman physician protests against his cruelty: "Isn't she my wife? Can't I do what I please with her?" But there is great encouragement in the numberless instances in which husbands now provide instruction for their ignorant wives, neglected in childhood, and take no small pride in their ability to read, to keep accounts, and to order their households aright.

Christianity is not only demonstrating anew on the vastest scale ever witnessed, its power to satisfy the deepest human needs, but its leavening and inspiring influence is creating new and ever higher needs.

The educational awakening of China is the marvel of the age, and of the many marvelous phases of this awakening the most surprising of all is the widespread demand for the education of women. No better proof could be desired of the effectiveness of missions on a national scale. They have created a demand beyond the present possibility of supply.

When a Chinese reformer visited a mission school and heard that the gate-keeper's daughter was a teacher and that the sewing woman's sons were in college, he said to the lady in charge. "You are indeed turning the world upside down."

It can no longer be taken for granted that the "study-book child" is a boy. The girl is having a chance.

There was no more dramatic moment in the great Centenary Conference of Missions in Shanghai than that in which Mrs. Tseng Lai-sun was presented to the body as a pupil in the first girls' school ever known in China. It thrilled all hearts to look into the bright face of the eldest of the new women of China and to think of the significance for the most populous people of the earth of the new movement started by Miss Aldersey in Ningpo in 1843. Before the mind's eye there quickly passed in review the happy thousands of girls who have since enjoyed the privilege of mission schools and are now a mighty uplifting influence in numberless communities.

It is an added joy to reflect that missionary initiative and missionary success have prepared the way for the opening in this first decade of the new century of many schools for girls under private and government direction. The young women trained in the missions are coveted as teachers, and the results there achieved are everywhere desired, though the Christian principles and methods involved may not be acceptable or realized as essential. The nation has yet to see that only the learning that is coupled with sound character will exalt a people.

Educated women are certain to exert great influence in China, because of the universal reverence for learning. Multitudes have not yet seen this new wonder of the age—a woman who can read—but all are prepared to honor her as a superior being. In the popular thought she is set on a pedestal and men and women alike look up to her.

That an educated woman should be made a secondary wife is not to be thought of. This splendid new public opinion will deal a death blow to polygamy. The glory of the red bridal chair, the tyranny of the mother-in-law and the posthumous honor of the widow's arch are not now all that life holds for women.

The missions, through the introduction of true standards of living, of teaching, of healing, have set a new pace for the nation, and multitudes are trying to keep step. Mission schools of all grades, from the kindergarten to the normal school and college, form "the pattern shown in the mount," after which the new Western learning, now required by the government, is being fashioned.

Schools for the blind, the deaf, the orphaned and destitute with training in books, and in varied industries; schools of high grade for nurses and physicians, all have found a place in mission enterprise and are receiving the public favor that promises the early adoption of their aims and methods in government institutions for the defective classes, in addition to a system of general public instruction. There is



every reason for strengthening the missions at this time when their utmost output will be utilized as teachers and leaders of the race.

"How can we be sure of the will of God?" "How can we know that the Holy Spirit is in our hearts?" "How can we make our lives count for the most for China?" These are some of the searching questions that show the lofty purpose stirring the hearts of thousands of Chinese youth. Of many it is true, as one wrote to his teacher, "I am reading God's holy book every day and believing it."

This estimate of real values and this atmosphere of spiritual success appear in every mission. They make of every genuine missionary an optimist as he looks out upon the future of China. His is not the optimism of the idler who assumes that everything will somehow come out right in the end, but the well-grounded assurance of one who sees to it that life plans and purposes are right in the beginning and confidently builds on the sure foundation that no flood can sweep away. He holds the key to the solution alike of personal and of national problems. "To lend a hand" in such an enterprise is to share in the greatest of world movements and to see the kingdom of heaven visibly appearing upon the earth.—Chinese Recorder.

### REPUTATION BUILDING.

No man can permanently seem to be, in the eyes of the world, a different man from what he actually is when alone with himself and God. Most of us try to accomplish this, and many of us think that we succeed, while we are really about as successful as the ostrich with his head in the sand.

The housekeeper whose store-room is a den of confusion cannot establish a reputation for orderliness and neatness by tidying up the library and the parlor every little while.

The business man in whose desk drawers are masses of confusion never succeeds in becoming generally known as a model of business system, no matter how clean is the top of that desk which is in conspicuous sight.

Our reputation, in the long run,—and there is no other real reputation,—rests upon our constitutional habits. Our characters, not our affectations, determine the public opinion of us. If we would be thought well of by men, let us give our chief attention to that which men do not see.—Ex.

"Here's to the man who plans things—  
Builds things—makes things—  
Who prates not of wonders of old;  
Nor gloats upon ancestral gold.  
But takes off his coat and takes hold,  
And does things."

### THE MISSIONARIES.

There had been a missionary to tea last Sunday, and another one was coming this week. Nancy and Lydia, therefore, were very much excited.

Ever since the first one had been there they had talked of nothing but being missionaries, and of going to Japan or China, where people gave you beautiful kimonos, embroideries, or dainty cups and saucers, and where everything, so they thought, was all bright sunshine, flowers and happiness.

They had played missionaries to their dolls, and to all the children who could be induced to join with them.

"We are going to be missionaries, too," announced Lydia to the second missionary, who had arrived earlier than was expected, and was being entertained by Lydia and Nancy in the absence of their mother.

"Are you, indeed?" gravely replied the missionary. "And may I ask to what field you intend to go?"

"Oh, I think we shall go to Japan!"

"No, China!" corrected Nancy.

"Well, you may go to China, but I shall go to Japan," Lydia answered.

"Are you not afraid that you may get lonesome, so far away from home and friends, and where so few people can talk English?"

"Maybe we would. I had not thought about that. But can one stay at home and be a missionary? I thought a missionary meant 'one sent,' " and Lydia opened her eyes in surprise.

"So it does, my dear; but one is not necessarily sent to the ends of the world in order to be a missionary. One can stay right at home, and even when a little girl can preach the gospel by showing to others the example of a Christian life. I am a missionary, you know, and yet I never go out of the state."

"Don't you? Well, does that kind of missionary ever have 'thrilling experiences'?" inquired Nancy, repeating words she had heard the other missionary use.

"Yes, indeed, plenty of them. I know of a missionary who once lost his way in a snowstorm. For many hours he wandered round trying to guide his horse until at last he lost consciousness. When the horse was left to himself he finally found his way home, but the missionary was lifted from his sleigh nearly frozen to death. "Don't you think that was a 'thrilling experience'?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed both children, while Lydia added as she touched his empty coat sleeve, "Would you mind telling us how you lost your arm?"

"I was that missionary, and my arm was frozen," was the solemn but modest answer.

"Oh!" was all they said, but it made them think that while they would work, give and pray for missions, they would be contented to be what the missionary said little girls could be, at least until they were older.—The Sunbeam.



**DON'TS FOR CHRISTIANS.**

Don't talk too much, a very common sin among even good people. Some one has said that spirituality will leak out through the tongue quicker than any other way. "Be not rash with thy mouth." He that keepeth his mouth and tongue, keepeth his soul from trouble, says Solomon.

Don't be discouraged. "The eternal God is thy refuge." We have the promise that all things—even strange, hard, unaccountable things—are working together for our good. Many of God's brightest saints, once as weak as you are, have passed through the darkest tunnels and the hottest fires, yet their lives were enriched by their experiences, and the world blessed by their lives.

Don't look at other people's failures too much. We shall likely see plenty of them in most people, but that does not help us any. And if we do not watch, we will look at the difficulties till we, like Peter, ourselves will begin to sink.

Don't fail to contribute. "He that soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly." Many a man's nose has been kept on the grindstone because he has been "robbing God." A tenth of our income justly belongs to God, and we impoverish ourselves by withholding what is not our own. Many have tried to their loss. Our feelings are not the guide in the matter.

Don't seek worldly applause. Try to please God. Even the world will think more of you in the end. Trying to be popular will ruin any Christian.

Don't think strange if the world misunderstand and misjudges you. That is a part of the heritage of the people of God. Job's friends thought his trouble and affliction due to his great sin, and told him so. Jeremiah was put in a dungeon because of his faithfulness to God. Other examples could be given. You need make no explanations. Your friends do not need any, and your enemies wouldn't believe you; so just go on and be true to God.

Don't fail to testify. Do so every opportunity. It may seem like a small thing to confess Jesus before men, but he says to such he "will confess them before his Father and the holy angels." Tell clearly and humbly what the Lord has done for your soul; oftentimes this will help others.

Don't neglect church services. "Forsake not the assembling yourselves together." We do not think of staying away from our work when we feel a little bad, or because the weather is threatening. If we did, the most of us would soon find ourselves in debt and out of a job.

Don't neglect to read the Word every day. Pray for enlightenment. Mark the passages which most interest you. Memorize them if

you can. If we prefer to read newspapers instead of the Bible, there is a wrong somewhere; and if we will read prayerfully, we will find out what the wrong is. Job said he esteemed the word of the Lord "more than his necessary food." Jeremiah says: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them," and he says they rejoiced his heart. David says: "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I may not sin against thee." So we see that the Word will rejoice our hearts, and keep us from sinning against God—two good reasons for reading it.

Don't neglect prayer. Form a habit of prayer; talk to the Lord about everything. No matter how we may be pressed for time, we can do more work, and do it much easier, if we take time to pray. No Christian, no matter how gifted he may be, will ever amount to very much without continued prayer. We meet many who are willing to testify, sing, shout or preach, but few—very few—who are willing to pray much, and everything will be a failure without it. It is the praying people who bring things to pass. Our lives will be joyless, fruitless and powerless, if we undertake to live without it. That accounts for much of the deadness and powerlessness that we see among professed Christians.—Selected.

**HOW CHARACTER IS FORMED.**

Have you ever noticed how an icicle is formed? If you have, you noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot or more long. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled almost as brightly as diamonds in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming—one little thought or feeling at a time. If each thought be pure and bright, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be deformity and wretchedness.—The Young Evangelist.

The suggestion is sometimes made that it would seem better to leave the order of a religious service to the Spirit's guidance, without any plan; but it is just as easy for God to guide in the arrangement of a plan as in the impromptu direction of a meeting. The very chapters in the New Testament which describe the highest and most supernatural gifts of the Holy Ghost insist the most emphatically upon order and edification. The minister of Christ is under Divine command to "commit these things to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also."

## TWO TYPES OF CITIZEN.

An Irish teamster in a certain New England town hires a man to drive for him whenever the license question is put to vote. He takes the whole day off. He votes no license himself. He gets as many others as he can to vote the same way. A gentleman asked him one day why he took so much trouble. He answered, "Me boy died of rum an' I do what I can to keep other folks' boys from dying the same way." This ignorant teamster is a citizen of the highest type.

A gentleman of high standing in the same community boasted that he never voted at local elections. He said: "Why should I go through the farce of casting my ballot? This town is run by a lot of low and corrupt politicians. My vote doesn't count. I've no time for sentimental shams." This scholarly gentleman is a citizen of the lowest type. He is stupidly selfish. Were he intelligently selfish, he would protect his interests as a citizen just as he protects his professional interests.—Michigan Presbyterian.

## AS OTHERS HEARD HIM.

"There goes a young man whom I saved from going to the dogs through drink," remarked a court stenographer, according to an exchange. "He is a tip-top fellow, and has plenty of ability, but two or three years ago he began to let liquor get the better of him.

"I was sitting in an up-town restaurant one evening, when he came in with some fellows and took a seat without seeing me. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs, and on the impulse of the moment, I pulled out my notebook and took a full report of every word he said. It was the usual maudlin talk of a boozy man, and included numerous candid details of the speaker's daily life.

"Next morning I copied the whole thing neatly on the typewriter and sent it to his office. In less than an hour, he came tearing to me with his eyes fairly hanging out of their sockets.

"'Oh, Jack!' he gasped, 'what is this, anyhow?'

"'It is a stenographic report of your monologue at —'s last evening,' I replied, and gave him a brief explanation.

"'Did I really talk like that?' he asked faintly.

"'I assure you it is an absolute verbatim report,' said I.

"He turned pale and walked out, and from that day to this he has not taken a drink. His prospects at present are splendid. All he needed was to hear himself as others heard him."

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**THE KOOTENAY CAMPAIGN.**

The evangelistic campaign is being successfully carried on in the Kootenays. One in close touch with the work writes:—

The first campaign, including from Nelson and Nakusp, on the west, to Pincher Creek and Taber, in Alberta, on the east, is now in its last week. It includes eleven places, the largest being Nelson, with 8,000, some of the smaller places having only a few hundreds. I would mention the following interesting and cheering facts.

1. With hardly an exception, the missionaries have proven the right men in the right place, strong in the strength of God, strong in human resourcefulness and in devotion to duty, as well as in intellectual and other equipments.

2. In most of the places, the preparation work was well and faithfully done, and I have had many testimonies from the local missionaries that if, at the last moment, the whole campaign had been cut off, they had already experienced a spiritual awakening as a result of the preparatory effort. If they do the follow-up work as faithfully as they have done the preparatory work, there can be no question whatever about the extent and permanency of the results.

3. You will remember that our plan was to follow the two successive, simultaneous, evangelistic campaigns with a campaign for organization for effort along moral reform lines. I am glad to be able to tell that while this is still in prospect, the preparation and the announcement of the great evangelistic campaign have brought a number of moral reform results that were not expected.

For instance the saloons of Cranbrook, which is one of the most important cities in the entire district, began Sunday closing the week before the beginning of the mission. The same is true in Slocan City, Phoenix and some other places. In Slocan, also, the houses of ill fame have received their orders to leave the place. The Board of Trade at Hosmer, the new C. P. R. coal mining and coke making town, has decided upon similar action there. "If they have done this in the green tree, what may we not expect in the dry"?

4. The attendance has been unexpectedly large in practically all of the places.

Strangers in Nelson are asking whether the people attend to anything else than religious services. The local missionaries at almost all of the places have never seen anything like it and didn't expect to. I had fairly large hopes, but the attendance has gone far beyond my expectations.

5. I am sure you will consider us wise in determining not to make too much of the statistical results, and certainly not to attempt any announcement of counted heads. Enough to say that many hundreds have already made some kind of a profession, and very many of these are most hopeful and inspiring cases. Quite a number are cases of restored backsliders, who, being church members or church workers in the east or in the old land, came out here and had not the courage to fly the flag in an atmosphere that they felt so uncongenial to religious life and service. Many others are men who have, for long years, been thoroughly irreligious and some of them the slaves of sinful habits.

6. One of the most remarkable meetings that I attended was in the Provincial gaol at Nelson, where there are about fifty prisoners. Many of them came into the corridor with a sneer on their countenances, but when plain, burly, large hearted, earnest John A. Thompson got well on through his wonderful Gospel address, the sneer disappeared and there came the moist eye; and when his appeal was made, about half of these poor fellows had the courage boldly to raise up their hands in the face of their fellows, declaring their earnest desire to accept Christ as their Saviour and to enjoy the liberty, light, love and joy of His redeemed servants. I shall not soon forget that service.

7. I shall not attempt, at this stage, any report upon each individual mission, but I want to speak of one field, a place of a few hundreds, where religion has never had a fair chance and where irreligion has been all but universal, with much infidelity and a great deal more vice, of every variety. One man had to be sent there alone. He found very poor preparation. He had to do practically all his own advertising and announcing, and dissipate the general and strong prejudice against the "parson," painting his first bulletin with his shoe

blackening for lack of any better material. He personally visited every man in the entire community, the little village and for miles out.

He met all kinds of rebuffs, took them good-naturedly, turning them to the best account, at length got permission to have services in hotel bars and dining rooms as well as on the streets.

The attendance at first was extremely small, but last Thursday night, the attendance and interest having been growing for the week preceding, the hall was packed. Eighty per cent. of all present were men,

including the best and the worst in the community. Several public and tearful confessions and professions were made, one by an American old-timer, who said that he had not been in a church of any kind for forty-seven years.

The result has been to kindle a flame that will undoubtedly transform conditions in that entire place, and I have no doubt that this is only the break-up, and that the last days of the mission will see far greater results than all the days that have gone before.

### OBITUARIES.

REV. E. D. MILLAR, D.D. died at Amherst, N.S., on the 31st of March, ult., aged sixty-five years. He was born at Roger's Hill, Pictou Co., N.S., in one of the good homes of a county which has given so many men to our church. He studied at Dalhousie University and at the Presbyterian College, Halifax, graduating in 1872. In 1873 he was called to Shelburne, later to Yarmouth, and a little over two years ago to Chalmer's Church, Halifax, and about the same time received the degree of D.D. from the Presbyterian College, Halifax. He has been for three or four years convener of the F. M. Com. E. D. As a life-long and well-beloved friend, we would like to pay tribute to his worth, but these notices are all, of necessity, patterned alike.

REV. JAMES W. ORR, died at Dorchester, Ont., 13th April. He was a graduate of Knox, was ordained twenty years ago, and had been for the past four years pastor of Dorchester and Crumlin, Ont. No further particulars available at this writing.

The Bible is the most important document in the world's history. No man can be wholly uneducated who really knows the Bible, nor can any one be considered a truly educated man who is ignorant of it. All knowledge is good, but the knowledge of the Christian Bible is essential. It is still necessary, as it has always been, to seek first the Kingdom of God.—President Schurman.

### CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.

#### Calls from

Rocanville, to Mr. W. H. Black of White-wood.  
Huron Church, Ripley, to Mr. D. A. McLean of Tara.  
Underwood & Centre Bruce, to Mr. And. MacNab of Walton.  
Sherbrooke, to Mr. A. H. McGillivray of Chatham.  
Alvinston & Euphemia, to Mr. Robt. McDerment of Duart.  
Brockville, to Mr. A. G. Cameron of Merivale Ch., near Ottawa.  
Knox Ch., Paisley, to Mr. A. W. McIntosh of Belwood.

#### Inductions into

First Ch., Walkerville, Mar. 16th, Mr. P. Taylor.  
Howick and Riverfield, Mar. 19th, Mr. R. T. Ballantyne.  
Knox Ch., Lancaster, Mar. 9th, Mr. Pate.  
Huntingdon, Que., Mar. 5th, Mr. J. B. MacLean.  
Wick and Greenbank, Mar. 3rd, Mr. W. A. Mackay.  
Baldur, etc., Mar. 8th, Mr. Arch. McLean.  
St. Andrews Church, Campbellford, April 29th, Mr. Geo. A. Brown.  
Melville Ch., Westmount, Apr. 22nd, Mr. John Lohead.  
Montrose, etc., Mar. 25th, Mr. J. H. MacHattie.

#### Resignations of

Pine River, Mr. Jno. McFarlane.  
Dunleath, Mr. A. Murray.  
Elgin and Athelstane Mr. A. Rowat.  
Victoria Ch., Montreal, Mr. J. M. Crombie.

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it.—Phillips Brooks.



### **DATES AND PLACES OF MEETING OF THE SYNODS AND PRESBYTERIES OF THE CHURCH.**

*Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given here it is because they are not received.*

#### **Synod of the Maritime Provinces.**

##### **St. John, 1st Tues. Oct., '09.**

1. Sydney, Sydney, 25 May, 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Port Hastings, 11 May, 9.30.
3. Pictou.
4. Wallace, Amherst, 11 May, 2.30 p.m.
5. Truro.
6. Halifax, Wolfville, 6 July, 10.30 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, Riversdale, 5 July, 7.30 p.m.
8. St. John, St. John, 6 July, 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Campbellton, 22 June, 10 a.m.
10. P. E. I., Charlottetown, 11 May, 10 a.m.

#### **Synod of Montreal and Ottawa,**

##### **Cornwall, 2nd Tues. May, '10.**

11. Quebec, Quebec, 7 Sept., 4 p.m.
12. Montreal, last Tues. June, 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Alexandria, 6 July.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 4 May, 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Renfrew, 24 May, 11 a.m.
16. Brockville, Hallville, 6 July, 12.30 noon.

#### **Synod of Toronto and Kingston,**

##### **Toronto, 2nd Tues. May, '09.**

17. Kingston, Belleville, July, 11 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 13 July.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 18 May, 11 a.m.
20. Whitby.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 4 May, 10.30.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 11 May, 10.30 a.m.
24. North Bay, North Bay.
25. Algoma, Manitowaning, 6 July, 8 p.m.
26. Owen Sound, Owen Sd., 6 July, 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Holstein, 6 July, 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 18 May, 10.30 a.m.

#### **Synod of Hamilton and London,**

##### **Stratford, last Monday of April, 1910.**

29. Hamilton, St. Catharines, 4 May, 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Ingersoll, 11 May, 11 a.m.
31. London, St. Thomas, 4 May, 10 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 13 July, 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 7 July, 11 a.m.

34. Stratford, Stratford, 18 May, 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Clinton, 11 May, 10.30 a.m.
36. Maitland, Brussels, 18 May, 11.30 a.m.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 6 July, 10.30 a.m.

#### **Synod of Manitoba,**

##### **Winnipeg, 2nd. Tues. Nov., '09.**

38. Superior, Fort Frances, Sept., 10 a.m.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake, Darlingford, 4 May, 2 p.m.
41. Glenboro, Treherne, May.
42. Portage La Pra., Neepawa, 7 Sep., 2 p.m.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, 21 Sept., 4 p.m.
44. Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, July.
45. Brandon, Brandon, 10 May, 7.30 p.m.

#### **Synod of Saskatchewan,**

##### **Saskatoon, 1st. Tues. Nov., '09.**

46. Yorkton.
47. Arcola.
48. Alameda, Estevan, 6 July, 9.30 a.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, South Qu'Appelle, May.
50. Abernethy, Cupar., Sask., 13 July, 9 a.m.
51. Regina, Lumsden, 14 Sept., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 15 Sept., 3 p.m.
53. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, Sept.
54. Battleford.

#### **Synod of Alberta,**

##### **Calgary, last Wed. April, '09.**

55. Vermilion, Vermilion, 15 June, 9.30 a.m.
56. Edmonton.
57. Lacombe, Morningside, Sept.
58. Red Deer, Red Deer, Sept., 2 p.m.
59. Calgary.
60. High River.
61. McLeod.

#### **Synod of British Columbia,**

##### **Victoria, 1st Wed. May, '09.**

62. Kootenay, Nelson, September.
63. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
64. Westminster.
65. Victoria, Nanaimo, at call of Mod'r.

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Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them. Silently and imperceptibly we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak; and at last some crisis shows what we have become.—Canon Westcott.

# The Church Funds, West.

Received during Mar. Rec. Mar. 1st to Mar. 31.

Home Missions....  
Augmentation.....  
Foreign Missions...  
Widows' & Orphans'  
Aged Ministers....  
Assembly Fund....  
French Evangelists  
Pt-aux-Trembles...  
Tem. Moral Reform  
Knox College.....  
Queen's College....  
Montreal College...  
Manitoba College...  
Westminster Hall..

**Received during March.**  
At the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,  
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the donors.

## Newfoundland.

Rev. F. S. Coffin..... 7 15  
Harbor Grace..... 2

## Nova Scotia.

Per Agent, Halifax..... 134 5  
Rv. M. A. McKinnon... 7 15  
Bass River..... 58  
Marble Mt. c. e. .... 2  
Gertrude Smith..... 9  
Truro, 1st c. e. .... 1  
Hx, Chal c. e. .... 1 2  
Rv. W. A. Ross..... 7 15

## P. E. Island.

Rev. D. B. McLeod.... 14

## New Brunswick.

Rv. T. H. Boyd..... 20  
Campbelltn, St. A. s.s. 7 50

## Quebec.

Mont., Taylor..... 25  
pr Rv. J. Menancon... 50  
Rv. D. J. Craig..... 20  
Mont., St. Gabriel s.s. 122  
Sherbrooke, St. A. c. e. 4  
Rv. W. R. Cruikshank 22 25  
pr Rv. E. H. Brandt... 141 75  
Old and new pupils at  
Pte-aux-Trembles... 190  
Grand Metis..... 10  
Lachine, St. A. c. e. .... 2 45  
Montreal, Knox s.s. .... 105  
pr Rv. J. Menancon... 5 0  
Lachine, ladies b. c. .... 18  
Rv. T. A. Mitchell.... 25  
Cote de Liesse, s.s. .... 2  
Mont. Friend..... 5,000  
pr Rv. J. Menancon... 27 47  
Grandmere..... 11  
Sawyer ville..... 10  
Bathurst, S. Shbk, Que 19

## Ontario.

Bethel..... 4 85  
Stirling, St. And..... 17 6  
E. Toronto..... 18 86  
Alliston..... 10  
Brucefield, Un..... 38  
Woodville..... 25 2  
Woodstock, Chal..... 81  
Bethel..... 5  
New Glasgow..... 25 25  
Rodney..... 23 11  
Tor, St. Enoch s. .... 40  
Stratford, St. And... 60  
Ottawa, Knox..... 290  
Woodstock, Knox..... 200

Annan..... 4  
Vyner..... 1 53  
Ashburn, Burns..... 13  
Prescott..... 49 82  
Sutton West..... 25 65  
Mosa, Burns..... 28 16  
Oil City..... 6 20  
Rylstone s.s. .... 5  
Dunchurch..... 8  
Tor, St. Giles y.p.s. .... 3 50  
Barrie..... 50 80  
Bluevale c. e. .... 1 25  
Rev. D. O. McArthur... 15 30  
Rev. D. Perrie..... 15 30  
Tor., Dovercourt..... 100  
Keldon, Gandier..... 9  
Rev. S. W. Fisher..... 6 95  
Tor., Dovercourt..... 163 20  
Stirling, St. And..... 13 15  
Maple Valley c. e. .... 25  
Rev. J. R. S. Burnett... 50  
Rev. James Argo..... 6 67  
Rev. J. A. Forbes..... 70  
Lancaster, Kx c. e. .... 1 60  
Hills Green, s.s. .... 8  
Aberarder..... 16  
Thorndale Friend..... 40  
Temple Hill..... 57 15  
Utica, Breadalbn..... 27  
Glendale..... 8 50  
Lindsay, St. And..... 8  
Clarksburg..... 6 23  
Aberdeen..... 1 57  
Gordon Lake..... 96  
McDowell's..... 60  
Tor., R. A. Nisbet..... 250  
Brucefield, Un..... 17  
Everett..... 7 65  
Simcoe, St. Pa., ss. .... 21  
Commanda..... 32 65  
Rv. David Perrie..... 30  
Rv. Walter Moffat..... 25 22  
Paris Pres. Guild..... 50  
Torbolton..... 21  
Belleville, St. And... 100  
Rosedale s.s. .... 25  
Rv. F. W. Anderson... 8  
Cruikshanks..... 35  
Blyth, St. And, ss..... 32 73  
Holland, Knox..... 29 55  
Holland, Knox s.s. .... 8  
Cresswell..... 3 10  
W. Adelaide..... 6  
Rousseau, St. Ann..... 1  
Oro, Esson..... 14  
ev. D. Tait..... 30  
Tor., Immanuel..... 29 90  
London, Knox..... 41 50  
Vernonville..... 7  
Poole Sale of prop..... 21 57  
Meldrum Bay..... 8  
Bar River..... 5

Crysler, Knox..... 23 54  
Waterloo ss..... 7 71  
N. Easthope, St. A..... 19  
N. Easthope, St. A. ss. 6  
Rev. S. W. Fisher..... 30  
Maple Valley..... 6  
Fraserburg..... 4 37  
Oakley..... 2 71  
Chester ville..... 50  
Tor., Chinese..... 61 25  
Fairbairn..... 19  
Kingston, Cook's s.s. .... 2  
Caledon E, Kx, s.s. .... 11  
Peterboro, Kx c. e. .... 3 60  
per Mrs. Goforth..... 75  
A. George Rose..... 5  
Rev. R. MacNabb..... 30  
Lobo, Melville..... 101 75  
Berlin, St. And..... 23 19  
Dorchester..... 11  
Dorchester y.p. guild... 25  
Dryden..... 41  
Dryden ss..... 20  
Powassan, Knox..... 22 50  
Kells..... 17  
Ottawa, St. A. ss..... 102 81  
St. Thomas, Kx. Chin. 14  
Elmvale..... 30  
Owen Sd, Kx s.s. .... 32 35  
Barton..... 25  
Bishopgate..... 27  
Port Credit b. c. .... 5  
Shelburne, Kx..... 154 4  
Seymour, St. And..... 2  
Cedarvil, Morris..... 5 15  
Springfield, Ont..... 29 80  
Showers Cors, c. e. .... 10  
Ham., Erskine s.s. .... 5  
Rocky Saugeen, Burns 33 03  
Dobbinson..... 8 49  
Hastings..... 2 50  
Ham., Erskine s.s. .... 164  
Sturgeon Falls..... 86  
Bethel..... 4 50  
Tor., West m. b. .... 5  
Tilbury E., Rosedale... 2  
N. Bay, St. And..... 12  
Dixie..... 17 94  
Rev. T. O. Miller..... 9  
Soo Ste. Marie, St. A. 24 35  
Stirling c. e. .... 4 50  
Camilla..... 10  
Bethesda y.p.s. .... 20  
Mrs. Patterson, Mrs.  
McEwen..... 150  
Garafraxa St. Ino..... 27  
Strang Memorial..... 250  
Dunwich, Duff's..... 10 56  
Kirkwall..... 70  
Doon..... 5  
Metz..... 5  
Perth, Knox ss..... 25  
Toronto, Merton..... 18  
Farran's Point, &c.... 3  
Claude..... 65  
Dorchester..... 11  
Ayr, Knox..... 4 75  
Thornbury, St. Pa. ss. 3 96  
Salisbury, Salem..... 6  
Mrs. R. Dowd..... 5  
Winthrop ss..... 18  
Kippen ss..... 9 16  
Harrowsmith..... 3  
Woodstock, Chal..... 50  
Mayfield..... 213 26  
Spencerville y.p.s. .... 2  
Toronto, College..... 500  
Dunwich, Chal..... 9 01  
F. W. Moffatt..... 75  
Arkona..... 2 50  
"Hamilton"..... 5  
Hamilton, Ersk. c. e. .... 19  
Miss McIntosh & cl.... 6  
Everett..... 1 7  
Pakenham, St. And..... 20 5  
Malton..... 10  
Hon. S. H. Blake..... 25  
Toronto, Emmanuel... 18 35  
Atwood..... 7 77  
Metz..... 3 25  
Brooksedale..... 26 8  
Margaret Craig..... 30  
N. Ekfrid..... 1 10  
Nassagaweya..... 68  
Carlton Pl., Zion..... 127  
Camlachie, Knox..... 26 15  
Brucefield, Union..... 28

Spanish..... 8 30  
Massey..... 30  
Utterson..... 2 45  
Port Sidney..... 3 25  
Raymond..... 3 55  
Toronto, Central..... 20  
Varna ss..... 1 45  
Wingham, St. And..... 101 79  
Toronto, St. And. ss... 95 08  
Elsinore..... 7 40  
Edmondville..... 52  
Scaforth, 1st..... 86  
Mt. Forest, Wmstr... 106 12

## Manitoba.

Clanwilliam..... 49 75  
Jameron..... 62 6  
Fairmount..... 76 50  
Pilot Mound..... 102  
Mokiwin..... 23 25  
Hartney..... 41 50  
Pr. Rv. S. E. Beckett... 75  
Winnipeg, Home St.... 16  
Humesville y.p.s. .... 25  
Arthur Bryant..... 1  
Stonewall..... 24 61  
Brant, Argyle..... 13 23  
Rv. G. E. Loughheed... 25  
Dalesboro'..... 12 40  
Bradwardine..... 10  
Chater..... 100  
Friend, Killarney..... 5  
Marham ss..... 2  
Clearview ss. int. cl... 3  
Oak Lake..... 159 40  
Golden Stream..... 6  
Rev. G. A. Edmison... 49  
W. Bollington..... 10

## Saskatchewan.

Carnduff..... 30  
File Hills y.p.s. .... 3 15  
Weyburn..... 123  
Dubuc..... 15  
Mr., Mrs. N. Matheson 50  
A. M. Anderson..... 1  
Windhorst..... 10  
Carlyle..... 9  
Rv. John Bendelow... 5  
Orangeville..... 13 65  
Wapella..... 33

## Alberta.

Rv. Donald MacVicar.. 30  
Cochrane..... 25  
Faber..... 2 30  
Richardson..... 10 4  
Calgary, Hillhurst c. e. 1 25  
Warwick y.l. guild... 7  
Red Deer..... 5  
Lacombe, St. And..... 20  
Lille ss..... 5

## British Columbia.

Victoria, St. And..... 130  
Peachland..... 18  
"ss..... 42  
New Wmstr., Kx. y.p.s 1 35  
Trail, Knox ss..... 4 15  
Briscoe, Galena..... 10 70  
Field, St. Step. ss..... 20  
Victoria, St. Paul..... 38 50  
Vancr., St. And, c. e. .... 6  
Summerland..... 18 50  
"ss..... 11 80  
Rv. R. W. Ross..... 6 65

## Miscellaneous.

Est, Ann McDonald,  
Kewanee, Ill..... 999 80  
Dr. C. A. Webster,  
Beirut..... 8 21  
Friend..... 9 50  
Friend, per Rev. J. S.  
Dobbin..... 100  
Honan miss. rates... 246 25  
Rev. M. Jack, Formosa 14 35  
Miss M. I. McIntosh.  
Honan..... 50  
Winona C. Baird, Union  
town, Pa..... 25  
Rev. J. A. Sharrard.  
Indore..... 29 30  
Rev. A. Dunn, Indore.. 16



The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Mar.	Rec'd Mar 1 to Mar. 31.
Foreign Missions..	\$1,364.24	\$1,364.24
Home Missions.....	174.75	174.75
Augmentation.....	230.90	230.90
College.....	557.00	557.00
A. and I. Ministers..	37.50	37.50
French Evangelizatr	2.00	2.00
Pt-aux-Trembles....	84.00	84.00
For North West.....	90.00	90.00
Children's Day Col..	102.78	102.78
Assembly Fund.....	2.00	2.00
Bursary Fund.....	46.00	46.00
Widows' & Orphans..	6.00	6.00
Temp., Moral Reform	25.20	25.20
Unallocated.....	52.75	52.75
Total.....	\$2,775.12	\$2,775.12

Received during March  
at the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,  
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,

and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the Donors.

J. & M Murray. ....	10	Refund .....	70 90
Tabusintac, B. Ch.....	5	Gairlock .....	1 5
Kempt, Walton.....	10	P.E.I. Presby. ....	480
Dr. C. J. Miller.....	40	Strathlorne w.f m.s...	3 25
Janet Forbes .....	4	Interest .....	6 16
Westville, Carmel.....	2	Dorchester, Sackville..	25
Thomas Cantley. ....	100	Nine Mile Riv.....	15
Per Agent, Toronto....	155	Mont. jr, miss. assoc..	60
A. B. Philips .....	10	Interest.....	13 47
St. John, St. And .....	52 75	Georgetown.....	45
Montrose, Elmsdale...	9	West Bay .....	27 50
Rv. J. S. Carruthers ..	10	M. E. Maloan.....	2
Springhill ss.....	40	Strathlorne.....	3 20
Waterville, Lakeville..	20	Springhill, St. A. lad..	150
Wm. Haggart.....	75	W. M. Sedgwick.....	25
St. John's, Nfid.....	99	C. H. Bain.....	50
Norman McDonald ..	10	Edward Stairs.....	25
Harbor Grace.....	24 40	Portaupique.....	28
Summerfield.....	97 20	Mid. Musqdbt.....	35 50
Riv. Herbert Maccan..	30	Mont., Ersk. jr. m. soc	25
Boulardarie c.e.....	5	Refund.....	80
Ft. Massey, mem.....	1	Barrington ss.....	6
Berachah m.c.....	100	Charlottetown, St. Jas.	100
Glace Bay, Kx. c.e ..	50	Port Hood.....	10
W. D. Charters.....	5	A. Stirling McKay.....	25
Harbor Grace.....	13	Truro. St. Pa. ladies..	54 50
Elmsdale .....	30 85	Per Agent, Toronto....	248 98
Thomas G. McKay.....	5	J. C. Gass.....	10
Rev. Jacob Layton....	5	Pugwash.....	7
Misses McCulloch.. ..	10		
Refunds .....	174	Total.....	\$2,775 12
Interest .....	19 16		

The Presbyterian Record

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Edited by E. Scott, M.A., D D.

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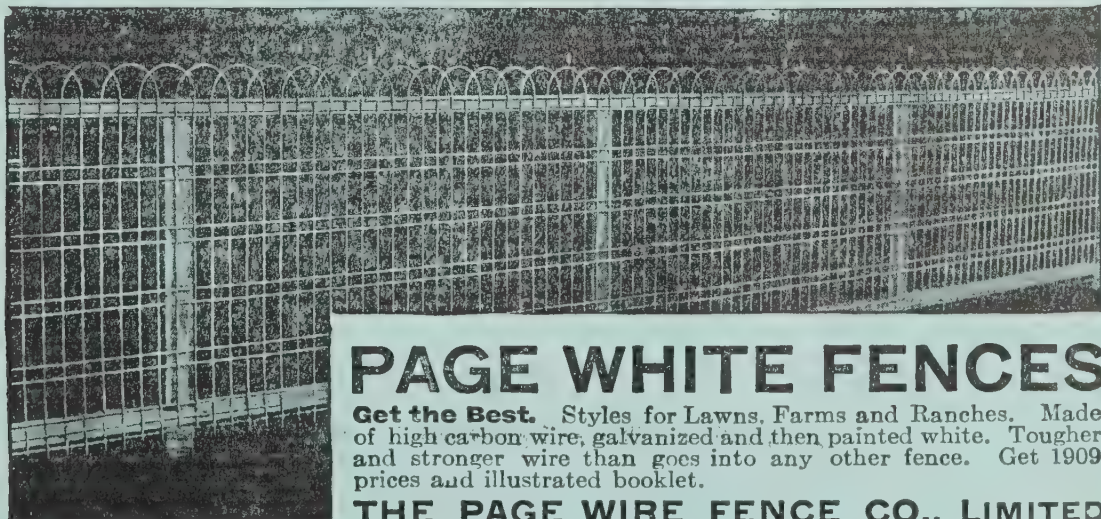
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"Heaven is direction, not distance."

"Wild oats grow best in the shade."

"Conviction is never the discovery of another's sin."

"First cast out the beam that is in thine own eye."

"Character we make ourselves, reputation others make for us."

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

The kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing.

A man is really measured by what he is, and not by what he has.—J. R. Miller.

I have so ruled my life that when death comes, I might face it without fear.—Henry Havelock.

The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew it would never be found out.

Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct.—Carlyle.

There is no way of keeping the heart clean save by aiming at positive virtues.—Rev. Trevor H. Davies.

Genuine saints do not invent nor display their own aureoles. Even Moses wist not that his face shone.

"Strength of character depends largely upon the use of past mistakes. Nothing teaches like experience."

To be cross-grained by nature is a misfortune; to refuse the straightening and polishing of grace is a sin.

The world has many people who want to have the Lord on their side, without the trouble of going over to His side.

"The crosses which we make for ourselves by a restless anxiety as to the future, are not crosses which come from God."

"Much wisdom has accrued from the observation of mistakes. It is a great thing to know in advance how not to do it."

"Happy those whose jewels neither tempt thieves nor can be reached by them," says "Satyarth Patrika," published by our India Mission Press at Rutlam, after advertising the theft of a dressing bag containing valuable jewelry.

The man who is afraid to submit a question to the test of free discussion is more in love with his own opinion than with the truth.

There is no thought that more transforms a man's life than the thought that he can tie his life up to the doing of the will of God.—Speer.

It is the one who does not expect it, and who wonders why it should come to him, who will hear first and most clearly his Master's "Well done."

"Your invention may improve upon the other man's mistake; but it is hardly worth while to brag about it; some other may improve upon you."

A little man who knows his limitations and makes the most of what he has by nature, will distance a greater one who thinks he has it all in himself.

"The difference between men appears in the way they deal with their mistakes; a weak man stumbles further over them; a strong one makes them stepping-stones."

"Only a little over a year ago Michigan had only one dry county; now she has thirty. Surely the world is moving, even if it is going the wrong way for the brewer."

"It's good to have money, and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while, and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—Lorimer.

"Don't be too hard on the other man's mistake; it is possible you might make one yourself. It took fifty years to perfect the locomotive, and a good many mistakes were made in the process."

"A great many people are like the aged woman who when dying, called her relatives about her and said: 'I have lived a long time, my dears, and I have had a lot of trouble, but most of it never happened.'"

They who live for eternity should live as immortals. The prince may not demean himself as does the beggar. "Noblesse oblige." A heavenly crown calls for heavenly conduct. The glory of the life eternal and supernal should be brought down to irradiate earth by all who possess it.

"No one should ever be judged by a single act. We are all at times better or worse than ourselves. The trend of a life is the only reliable evidence as to the character of the one who lives it. Saul is liable to get among the prophets, but he won't stay there. He belongs outside."



GO YE INTO  
PREACH THE GOSPEL  
ALL THE WORLD AND  
TO EVERY CREATURE

# The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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# Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIV.

JUNE, 1909.

No. 6

"What makes life, best worth living" is a far more reasonable, sensible, practical question than the sometimes quoted one "Is life worth living." The latter is in reality a very foolish question. Scarcely any one who asks it has any doubt on the matter. Almost the only ones who can be supposed to have any doubt as to whether it is worth living are those who throw life away. Most people cling to it. "Skin for skin, yea all that a man hath, will he give for his life."

The other question "what makes life best worth living," is a very sane, wholesome one, and its answer is not far to seek. But though most people know the answer, many do not really believe it and live up to it, and consequently they miss the best in life.

That which makes life best worth living, and really worth living, is to have all the channels of life open outwards. Where they open inwards, and the aim of life is the pleasing, the comfort, the gain, the satisfaction, the gratification, of self, there is never true happiness. Where the avenues of life open outwards, where the aim is to do all the good one can, to make the other fellow happy, this very attitude is one of moral and spiritual health and peace and rest.

Dr. Grenfell of Labrador, when addressing a men's meeting recently in Montreal, said in substance,—“Life is a beautiful thing because of the opportunity it gives for service. That is the only thing really worth living for. All the suicides, weary of life, are those who have sought to use their life for self pleasing or gratification or gain. And often they are to be found among those who are able to gratify every desire, only to find that it can not bring peace or rest.”

Governor Hughes of New York well says “In these days, I think, we are taking a truer view of life. It is a splendid sight to see the young man of to-day going forth to make the most of himself, not for himself alone, but for the benefit of his fellow men. There never was a time in our history when mere wealth gave its possessor so few advantages as it does to-day, in the opinion of his fellows.

## Church Union and Civil Law.

When the U. P. and the Free Churches united in Scotland a few years ago, it was thought that all possible precautions had been taken to insure that the property of each of the churches would be carried with it-into the Union. Suit was taken by a few who opposed Union and the result was that many churches were handed over to a few dissentients, in some cases to remain closed, while the body of the congregation had to provide another place of worship. Further, hundreds of thousands of dollars of the vested Funds of the Church, were handed over to a small minority.

Two or three years ago a similar union took place in the U. S. A., where two branches of the Presbyterian Church, which had parted from each other many years ago, agreed to unite. Profiting by the experience of the Scottish churches, they thought they had made everything secure beyond peradventure. One illustration of the result appears in the Chicago “Interior.”—“The handsome new Russell St. Church in Nashville has by a special court order been put into possession of fifty anti-unionists who invested about \$800 in it, and the three hundred unionists who put into it something like \$25,000 are homeless.”

## Our Sabbath School Publications.

These publications have just issued their tenth Annual Report under the present management. There has been a steady increase in the circulation of all ten of the publications. This combined circulation now numbers 253,352. A few years ago our church was largely dependent on outside sources for both Lesson Helps and papers for the young. Now in both of these departments there is a complete series, of a quality second to none, and for Canadian children, far better than any other. It is a satisfaction to note that the Sabbath Schools all over the Church are in steadily increasing number adopting these Helps.



A few days ago, Rev. S. J. Taylor received from Mrs. Dr. McClure, Honan, the following note:—"The children of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission to Honan, China, take great pleasure in sending a mite to help in the school at Pointe-aux-Trembles. Please receive an order for \$5.18 in the name of our King for the glory of God."

On Sunday, 16 May, and the following days, St Andrew's Church, St. John N. B., celebrated the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization. It was founded by loyalists, sterling men and women, to whom principles were more than possessions. Dr. Robert Johnson, of Montreal, was with the pastor, Mr. Lang, at these special services. A century and a quarter seems venerable in our young country and church. Our making of history is all the more important in that it is foundation work.

In 1900 there was a World's Missionary Conference in New York. Two thousand missionaries were present some of whom had spent half a century on the mission field. They were there from all parts of the world, from the plains of China and India, from the fever-haunted jungles of Africa, from the islands of the sea, to tell and learn what was doing among the heathen and how to do it. Ten years later, for the ten days, June 14-24, 1910, another similar World's Missionary Conference is to be held in Edinburgh.

Concerning these two conferences, the C. E. World says:—

"The years separating the two meetings have been marked by marvellous events having a very direct bearing on the missionary enterprise. Striking changes have been taking place in the Orient. The new conditions and the awakening of national spirit call for more strenuous effort on the part of the church in pressing to the front the thought of the unity of mankind to be attained through Jesus Christ. The purpose will be to face the present problems, to examine thoroughly the means now in use, and to seek to enlist the present agencies in a more systematic and united movement in view of the growing sense of the church's obligation to the non-Christian world."

## OUR JEWISH MISSION.

The first Annual Report of our Jewish Mission has been received. The General Assembly of 1907 authorized the F. M. Committee to begin mission work among the Jews in Toronto, and to extend to other centres as need might require or contributions warrant.

A sub committee of the F. M. C., with Rev. J. M. P. Scott, of Toronto, as Convener, was appointed to initiate the work. A missionary was sought and found, Rev. S. B. Rohold, a Christian Jew, who had experience of similar work in Glasgow, Scotland. A converted Jew who has been a voluntary worker for the past year has been engaged as an assistant. Besides a salaried lady helper, and another for part of the time, there is a large amount of volunteer service, two ladies, one of them a nurse, giving freely the whole of their time.

The following are features of the work:—A reading room open every evening of the week except two, a night-school and reading room exclusively for women, in charge of one of the lady missionaries;—a general night-school open four nights in the week, with an average for the year of forty-two;—A Bible class each evening after the night school, with the same attendance;—every Sunday afternoon a class for seekers after truth, in which during the year two hundred and eight persons have been enrolled;—Gospel services on Saturday and Sunday evening, with an average attendance for the year of sixty-two;—a Sunday-school, with an average of twenty-five;—a girls' sewing class with an average of twenty-nine, a boys' club, a mother's meeting;—a free dispensary, open four days of the week, with a brief Gospel service every day to those who are waiting their turn with the doctor;—family visitation;—tract distribution;—open-air services; personal dealing with inquirers;—poor relief, etc.

"In addition to secret believers not a few, six publicly confessed their faith and were baptized."

"The Jews in Toronto number more than 15,000. Conditions that appear among the Jews in the larger American cities are beginning to appear. Features of their social, business and religious life, Eastern and un-Canadian, are manifesting themselves."

There is need of increased help both for premises, and for carrying on the work.

### THE CALVIN MEMORIAL.

This summer, all over the Christian world, there are celebrations, more or less marked, of the four hundredth anniversary of Calvin's birth. The General Assembly, at Winnipeg, last Summer, authorized the Board of French Evangelization to commemorate the occasion in a way that may seem in the best interests of French work.

The French Board recommends that memorial services be held on Sabbath, July 11, with fitting reference to his life and work, and appeal for prayerful interest and aid in the work of French Evangelization,

The General Assembly may take further and more definite action in the matter.

Rev. Charles Merle D'Aubigne, of Paris, a son of the historian of the Reformation, is to address meetings in Montreal, in this connection, on Sabbath, 13th June.

---

A brief summary of his career, given in the Philadelphia Westminster, is, with slight adaptation, as follows:—

"John Calvin was born at Noyon, France, in 1509, where his father was a notary. The state of the Church at that time may be judged from the fact that at the age of twelve years, young Calvin was endowed with a benefice in the cathedral of Noyon. Six years afterwards he was appointed to Montville, and thus before he was twenty years of age, and even before he had been admitted to 'minor orders,' he had both a cure and a salary.

"By this time he had got hold of the Scriptures. It was at this time, agreeable to a change in his father's mind, who wished him to turn aside to the study of law, he went to Orleans and Bruges, where he read law, and from the Reformer Wolmar he acquired Greek; and having been confirmed in the doctrines of the Reformers, he forthwith began to preach.

---

"About 1533, at Angoulme, where he was engaged to teach Greek, he commenced his great work on 'The Institutes of the Christian Religion,' which was completed at Basle and published in 1536.

"The 'Institutes' at once made the name of John Calvin famous over all Europe, and the work is recognized as one of those great agencies which had to do with changing the

condition of society, both in Church and State. Its main value consisted in the fact that it presented in a condensed form a systematic view of the tenets of Protestantism, exhibiting their character, their connection with each other, their consistency with Scripture, which was demonstrated to be condemnatory of the superstitions and erroneous doctrines of the theology of the Church of Rome.

"These 'Institutes' have been translated in English and other languages and edition after edition has been published down even to the present year. The permanent value of this great work, now nearly 400 years old, may therefore be inferred.

---

"In August, 1536, Calvin came to Geneva where the Reformed religion prevailed, where he began to preach and to lecture on theology. His companions were Farel, Viret and others. With these men he labored for the consolidation of the Reformation cause, and for the application of the Reformed doctrines to the purification of the State and the uplifting of the moral tone of society.

"The youth of the city, given to lax moral living, rose in opposition to the strict discipline which Calvin aimed at enforcing, and as a consequence Calvin and his associates were expelled from the city. He went to Berne and then to Strasburg, where he lectured, and became the preacher in a church which accepted of his system of doctrine and order.

"In 1541 he was recalled to Geneva by the best citizens, and his system of government was at once adopted and duly carried out, and Calvin became supreme in Geneva. Under Calvin Geneva became the centre of literary influence over Switzerland and even to Italy.

---

"He died in the month of May, 1564, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, having accomplished more work than any man since the days of the Apostle Paul, preaching every day, lecturing three times a week, carrying on an extensive correspondence, which alone would have exhausted most men. He left upwards of 2000 sermons in manuscript behind him. His great work, however, is the 'Institutes' to which reference is made above.



"John Calvin, by his doctrinal system and his ideas of church government and state government, not only systematized the doctrines of the Reformation, laid the foundation of organized Presbyterianism, but prepared the way for the essential features of representative national government, which secures to men the largest measure of true human liberty. Modern civilization owes a large debt to John Calvin. He was a great power because he was a man of great faith, who consecrated his great and varied talents and opportunities to the service of Christ."

### CANADA'S NATIONAL MISSIONARY POLICY.

The following statement was adopted by the Canadian Congress of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, which met at Toronto, March 31 to April 4, 1909. Over four thousand Commissioners attended the Congress, representing all sections and all the Protestant Churches of the Dominion.

In view of the universality and finality of the gospel of Christ, and in view of the spiritual needs of mankind, we believe that the Church of our generation should undertake to obey literally the command of Christ to preach the gospel to every creature.

According to their several ability and opportunity, we believe that the laymen of the Churches are equally responsible with the ordained ministers to pray and to work for the coming of the Kingdom of God upon earth.

We believe that every Christian should recognize the world as his field, and to the full measure of his ability, work for its evangelization.

We recognize the clear duty of the Churches of Canada to evangelize all those in the Dominion, or who come to our shores, who have not been led into the Christian life, and also to provide for the adequate preaching of the Gospel to forty millions of souls in the non-Christian world.

We accept the estimates of our missionary leaders, that at least \$1,300,000 annually should be contributed towards our home mission work, and \$3,200,000 annually to foreign mission work, by the Churches re-

presented in this Congress, aggregating a communicant membership of about nine hundred thousand.

We confidently believe that the spirit of unity and co-operation so manifested in this movement will find expression in practical methods of co-operation in both the home and foreign field, so that unnecessary duplication of work may be avoided.

We believe that the call to make dominant and regnant in all human relationships, personal, national and racial, the principles and spirit of Jesus Christ, presents to every man his supreme opportunity of development, usefulness and satisfaction, and we appeal to men everywhere to invest their intelligence, their influence, their energy and their possessions in the effort of combined Christianity to redeem the world.

Remembering that the promises of blessing are conditional upon obedience to the will of God, and recognizing the deep spiritual quickening which has already come to our Churches through the awakening of the missionary spirit, we call upon the whole membership of the Churches here represented to unite with us in discharging our personal and national missionary obligations.

Assembled in the first National Missionary Congress of modern times, and deeply persuaded of the power of combined and co-operative Christianity to solve all the problems of human society, we desire to unite with the Churches of our sister countries throughout Christendom, as loyal servants of the King of Kings, in a comprehensive and adequate crusade for the winning of mankind to Jesus Christ, who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life," "the Desire of the nations" and "the Light of the world."

One of the finest fruits of the Spirit is the vision of the world's need, looming up and centering its every ray of light upon a man's soul until he is ready to exclaim, "Here am I, send me."

"I tell you what, Frank," said Eddie, "when we find ourselves getting angry, let's run out and use the saw uncle brought me, and then we won't find time for the saw of contention."—Christian Age.

**DATES AND PLACES OF MEETING  
OF THE SYNODS AND PRESBYTERIES  
OF THE CHURCH.**

*Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given here it is because they are not received.*

**Synod of the Maritime Provinces.**

**St. John, 1st Tues. Oct., '09.**

1. Sydney.
2. Inverness.
3. Pictou.
4. Wallace.
5. Truro, Truro, 20 July, 9.30 a.m.
6. Halifax, Wolfville, 6 July, 10.30 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, Riversdale, 5 July, 7.30 p.m.
8. St. John, St John, 6 July, 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Campbellton, 22 June, 10 a.m.
10. P. E. I. Charlottetown, 3 Aug., 10 a.m.

**Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.**

**Cornwall, 2nd Tues. May, '10.**

11. Quebec, Quebec, 7 Sept., 4 p.m.
12. Montreal, last Tues. June, 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Alexandria, 6 July.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 6 July, 10 a.m.
15. Lanark.
16. Brockville, Hallville, 6 July, 12.30 noon.

**Synod of Toronto and Kingston.**

**Toronto, 2nd Tues. May, '10.**

17. Kingston, Belleville, July, 11 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 13 July.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 21 Sep., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Bowmanville, 20 July, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 13 July, 10.30 a.m.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 13 July, 10.30 a.m.
24. North Bay, North Bay.
25. Algoma, Manitowaning, 6 July, 8 p.m.
26. Owen Sound, Owen Sound, 6 July, 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Holstein, 6 July, 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 21 Sept., 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Hamilton and London.**

**Stratford, last Monday of April, 1910.**

29. Hamilton, Hamilton, 6 July, 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Paris, 13 July, 10.30 a.m.

31. London, London, 6 July, 10.30 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 13 July, 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 7 July, 11 a.m.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 14 Sept., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Clinton, 7 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
36. Maitland.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 6 July, 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Manitoba.**

**Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov., '09.**

38. Superior, Fort Frances, Sept., 10 a.m.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake, Miami, 14 Sept, 2 p.m.
41. Glenboro, Glenboro, Sept.
42. Portage La Pra., Neepawa, 7 Sept., 2 p.m.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, 21 Sept., 4 p.m.
44. Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, July.
45. Brandon, Brandon, 13 Sept., 7.30 p.m.

**Synod of Saskatchewan,**

**Saskatoon, 1st. Tues. Nov., '09.**

46. Yorkton.
47. Arcalo, Arcalo, 24 Aug., 8 p.m.
48. Alameda, Estevan, 6 July, 9.30 a.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Whitewood, 27 July 1 p.m.
50. Albernethy, Cupar., Sask., 13 July, 9 a.m.
51. Regina, Lumsden, 14 Sept., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 15 Sept., 3 p.m.
53. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, Sept.
54. Battleford, Battleford, 7 Sep. 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Alberta,**

**last Wed. April, '10.**

55. Vermilion, Vermilion, 15 June, 9.30 a.m.
56. Edmonton.
57. Lacombe, Morningside, Sept.
58. Red Deer, Red Deer, Sept., 2 p.m.
59. Calgary.
60. High River.
61. McLeod.

**Synod of British Columbia,**

**1st. Wed May, '10.**

62. Kootenay, Nelson, September.
63. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
64. Westminster.
65. Victoria, Nanaimo, at call of Mod'r.

"There is a great deal of railing against Christians for inconsistency and hypocrisy. But a man whose temper is sweet and whose life is helpful to others is seldom one of the cawing chorus. He knows that the vast majority of Christian people are worthy of confidence."



## CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS, OBITUARIES.

### Calls from

Redvers, Sask., to Mr. Thos. Corbett, of Elm Creek.  
 South Mountain, to Mr. W. A. Morrison. Dalhousie Mills.  
 St. Matthew's Ch., Halifax, to Mr. J. W. Macmillan. Accepted.  
 West Lorne and Argyle, to Mr. A. McD. Haig, of Oro.  
 Omemee, to Mr. G. I. Craw, of Thornton.  
 Chester, to Mr. P. F. Sinclair.  
 Sombra, to Mr. P. F. Sinclair. Toronto.  
 Beverley Church, Hamilton Pres., to Mr. Neil Leckie, of Londesboro.  
 Chalmers and Barton, Hamilton Pres., to Mr. F. W. K. Harris.  
 Sherbrooke, to Mr. J. C. Nicholson of Chateaugay. Accepted.

### Inductions into

Holland and Camilla, Glenboro Pres., May 4. Mr. A. W. Churchill, of Grandview.  
 Knox Ch., Kincardine, April 15, Mr. J. H. Edmison.  
 South Mountain, June 1, Mr. A. W. Morrison.  
 Lindwood and Hawkesville, April 27, Mr. Leslie W. Thom.  
 St. Andrews Ch., Campbellford, April 29, Mr. Geo. A. Brown.  
 St. Columba Ch., Lochiel, April 30, Mr. D. N. McPhail.  
 Antigonish, N.S., 29 April, Mr. A. H. Dunoon.  
 Union Centre and Lochaber, N. S., 10 May, Mr. C. A. McLeod.  
 Saltsprings and W. River, N. S., 20 May, Mr. W. F. Burns.  
 St. Matthew's Ch., Halifax, 13 May, Mr. J. W. McMillan.  
 Laurencetown, etc., N.S., 18 May, Mr. D. C. Stevens.

### Resignations of

Erskine Ch., Killarney, Mr. M. P. Floyd.  
 Lachine, Mr. C. B. Ros.  
 Avonmore, Rev Dr. McLean.

### Obituaries.

**Rev. William Gregg, D.D.**, died at his home in Toronto, 26 May, at the great age of ninety-two years. He was born at Kil-

vereen, Donegal, Ireland, 5 July, 1817. He studied in the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, receiving his degree of B. A., from the former and M. A. from the latter. His theological course was taken in the Free College, Edinburgh. In Feb., 1846, he came to Canada and on June 22 of the same year, was ordained minister of St. John's church, Belleville. In 1864 he was appointed lecturer in Apologetics in Knox College, Toronto, and for forty-five years "Prof. Gregg" has been growing more familiar in the Presbyterian Church in Canada and beyond. The three works by which he is most widely known are his "Book of Prayers for Family Worship"—"History of the Presbyterian Church in Canada"—and "The Presbyterian Book of Praise" in use in nearly all our churches, for he had a large part in bringing it into being and has been Convener of the Assembly's Hymnal Committee from its first appointment.

**Rev. G. A. Leck**, died at his home, Central Economy, N.S., 13 May, in the forty-eighth year of his age. He was born in Gays River congregation, N. S., and received his collegiate education in Dalhousie University and the Presbyterian College, Halifax. He was ordained, June 29, 1889, at La Have, N. S., where he labored for fourteen years. He was called thence to Dalhousie, N.B., and later to Economy and Five Islands. He preached on Sabbath, May 9th, on the brevity of life, from Ps. 39; 12, 13, and four days later was called suddenly to his rest.

Word has come of the death of Dr. Isabella Little, Mrs. Mitchell. Dr. Little and Miss Agnes Dickson were the two first unmarried women to be sent out to our Macao Mission, some five years ago. They were designated in Erskine Church, Montreal and supported by the Woman's Missionary Society (Province of Quebec), which has undertaken the support of the unmarried women in the Macao Mission. A year or two after her arrival in China she was married to Dr. T. E. Mitchell, of one of the other missionary societies, and terminated her connection with our church, but not with China.

"Every life is designed to be, not a reservoir for receiving and hoarding, but a channel for conveying blessings to others."

# Our Foreign Missions

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## NOTES FROM HONAN.

The following extracts of private letters from Dr. W. J. Scott were not written nor intended for publication but such letters sometimes give sidelights on the work of the missionary.

Huaikingfu, April 3, 1909.

"Some interesting cases to-day;—two old men, brothers, with cataracts in both eyes. Dr. Menzies had removed one cataract a year ago, and I did the other one this morning. His brother's eyes were very far advanced and I hardly hoped to do him much good by operating and told him so. It turned out pretty well, however, and it was good to hear the delighted exclamations as the cataract slid out and he could see.

"Another case was a young fellow who had his leg broken by a stone six months ago. He came to-day with two inches of tibia sticking out of a hole in the middle of his leg, and as black as ebony. It is wonderful he did not die long ago; he can even walk on the leg, even after I pulled out the decayed lower half of the tibia with bone forceps. I should think that sort of thing would discourage the most ambitious microbe. The Chinese seem to have great powers of resistance when it comes to germs.

"Our daily routine for the week is, breakfast at seven o'clock. At eight o'clock I have prayers, i.e., a class, with the medical assistants, and patients who are well enough to be up, perhaps forty in all. For the rest of the forenoon I have the in-patients and operations in the hospital, with, if possible, an hour or two with the teacher.

In the afternoon from two o'clock to six, or half past six, we see the out patients, while the evenings are usually fully occupied in preparing for next morning's class.

"About seventy patients a day, not as many as at Changte and Weihwei, but enough to keep one out of mischief.

This is Saturday evening, the end of a busy week. Each week passes so quickly that one is surprised when Sunday comes.

It is not a day of rest, however, as there is no time during the week to get up the Sabbath School lesson. I have about thirty in my Sabbath School class and have charge of the Sabbath School, with eighty to ninety pupils. Then come the dressings in the hospital until six o'clock and we take the evening service in turn.

Mrs. Mowatt is working very hard at her industrial work, has sixty to seventy women every day, teaching them to sew, and to read and study as well. It is very hard work and I am afraid she will have to slacken the pace a little, or she can't stand it.

San Fernando field in our Trinidad mission is once more fully manned. Rev R. B. Layton, of Nova Scotia, who went out under appointment of the F. M. Committee, E. D., was inducted by the Presbytery of Trinidad on the fifteenth of April, ult. This is the field where Rev. Dr. K. J. Grant, now retired, labored for thirty-seven years, seeing a congregation of his own Indian converts growing up around him, which has for many years contributed the entire support of the central congregation, including the salary of the missionary. Here too Mr Firth, who went out to succeed Dr. Grant, was suddenly out off by yellow fever, less than three weeks after his arrival. It is hoped that Mr. Layton's work may be a long and successful one.

Korea is the Cobalt, the Klondyke, the Kimberly, of missionary effort. There is scarcely any other field in the world that equals it in richness of return, both in the readiness of the people to receive the Gospel, and their diligence in spreading it. Our Maritime Synod had its earlier missionary inspiration from the wonders wrought in the New Hebrides, where the Gospel on island after island transformed naked savage cannibals into Christians, clothed and in their right mind. It has its latest inspiration in the triumphs of the Cross in Korea. A work so signally successful should stimulate all to more earnest effort to overtake what yet remains.



### THE MOST URGENT WORK.

Dr. S. O. McMurtry, in a paper read before the Honan Presbytery at its last meeting, said in part:—

What is the most urgent work in Honan? It is the careful training of leaders from among the young men and women and children to do the work better than we can do it, and to take up that work when we are gone, which constitutes the most urgent work in Honan to-day; the quiet teaching influence of life on life that shone out so clearly at the beginning of Christ's activity when He said to a few of His chosen friends, "Come ye after me and I will make you to become fishers of men."

The names of two veterans of medical missions are familiar to us. Dr. Otte, of Amoy, when asked what his best work had been throughout the years of service in China, said it had unquestionably been the training and sending forth of Christian doctors into the heathen cities round about to do each one of them a bigger work than he himself would ever be able to do in these communities.

Dr. Gillison, of Hankow, recently celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary of work in China, and this year, in January, has turned out, after a five years' course in his medical school, his first four graduates. He is one of the most enthusiastic of missionaries, and yet not happy in his years of medical work until he could choose these young men and send them out to quadruple himself in the work. I need hardly add that both these men emphasized in the strongest possible way the Christian character of the training.

"Our position in this regard is one of great urgency. The Christian societies can now in a measure set the pace for the reform of the institutions of the country. In medicine, for example, the missionary societies have it in their power at present largely to control the medical training in China. By so doing they would be able to confer on the four hundred millions of this land, and that through the channel of Christian colleges, one of God's greatest gifts to men, namely, a well trained, well qualified and devoted body of doctors." (Gillison, Hankow)

What about the rest of our work? We need evangelists both foreign and native, and the more the better, but is it enough? Is there not just here the danger of trying to attempt too much, that of missing the distinguishing feature of quality, by which test, more than by any other, our work here will stand or fall.

The late Principal MacVicar, of Montreal, when, in the formative period of the growth of the Canadian Church, he was "called to give up a large congregation and found a training school, realized that in the greatest of pulpits a preacher can do only one man's work, but in the teacher's chair can develop many who will stand for his principles in every corner of the land." At this period in our history can we not realize the same truth and act upon it.

One is struck with the abundance of fine material waiting to be attracted to us. The success which has attended some of the experiments of other missions along these lines, and the very hopeful atmosphere of our own Training School after the first short year of interrupted work, proves that there is all around us material which will respond to all the best that we can give.

Our situation here has been well set forth by Dr. Mackay in the following words: "If we could only seize the opportunity and pour the Gospel into every village, establish Christian schools, prepare teachers and preachers by the thousand, it might mean more than tongue can tell for the future of the world."

"Pour the Gospel into the villages" is the problem. How many villages are there? Where will the men come from to do this? How can we hope to get enough help from home to do this while the present critical period of opportunity lasts? It is obvious that this is the best chance any church has had of evangelizing an empire; but how long will the door of opportunity stand open. It is pretty well agreed that it is a case of "Now or never." In one decade more our greatest opportunity may be gone. It may therefore be our duty to strive at this time not only to affect the masses of the people in our field, but to take time to indelibly, for now and always, impress on a chosen few all that is best in us that we can give them, and thrust them forth into the harvest.

**ERROMANGA, NEW HEBRIDES.  
FOR 1908.**

**Thirty-seventh Annual Report of Rev.  
H. A. Robertson, D.D.**

We have been kept hard at work during the entire year, pretty much on the usual lines, and the teachers, as a whole, have been faithful and helpful, some of them doing remarkably well, several fairly well, and one or two about as badly as they were able without getting into positive sin.

In July the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed in the Martyrs' Memorial Church. We had a very large gathering. A number of adults and children were baptized. One elder was ordained and one restored to the eldership.

In August and September, accompanied by one of my daughters and a large number of the people, men, women and children, also several elders and teachers, I visited right around the whole island, examining schools, getting the names of the people, helping by counsel when asked to do so, gathering facts about the work, talking with the leading men and chiefs generally, with splendid results to the mission cause in uniting in cordial, and I trust, lasting friendship those who were cold, if not angry with each other; visiting the sick and ministering to their comfort, baptizing, marrying, and in every way within our power advancing and brightening the social, moral and spiritual life of the people.

In all this I was ably helped by the excellent elders and teachers and chiefs who went with me, and as my daughter who accompanied me, knows and talks the language as well as any native of Erromanga, and is much attached to the women and girls, crowds of them joined her little party of Dillon's Bay girls, and kept with us, and thus they came more and more friendly and interested and joined heartily in all our services of song, and grew less and less shy. Hence, apart from the comfort and pleasure of my daughter's company, I was delighted with this splendid help she had rendered and that she was brave enough to face the weary, and at times, difficult and dangerous journey over mountains, through valleys and streams and

tangle a distance of 175 miles, on foot, every step of the way, except when sometimes carried shoulder high over rushing streams.

We were exactly thirty days on this journey—a most interesting and profitable one indeed it proved. We got a Roman welcome at all the districts, save at two where the teachers, already referred to, did their best, or worst, to spoil our missionary journey. But “the exception proves the rule;” and I believe God will bring good out of this seeming evil and will make the wrath of man to praise Him. Those two elders and teachers were brought before the other elders, and though they—native-like—tried to put the blame on others they did not succeed. They are not any longer teachers, but are members of the church, and are perfectly friendly and I trust will continue now to do good themselves and not again influence weaklings to do evil.

With these few exceptions, all the Erromangans have helped heartily and splendidly this year. Wherever my duties as their missionary took me I had always plenty of willing and bright helpers with me.

All the people have been kind in their own way to my family, and when my wife met with a serious accident at Tanna in August (her left arm was broken and the joint at the elbow dislocated by a heavy fall on the deck of the steamer) they were in great distress, and manifested warm and ready sympathy for her and for us all, and when my daughter and I returned from Tanna, whither we had gone in H. M. S. “Prometheus,” by the great kindness of Captain Glossop, to see our suffering dear one, they were rejoiced to hear from us that she was fairly well, and that the broken bone was uniting, and that Dr. Nicholson and Mr. Macmillan (Tanna missionaries) were able to do so much for her.

We shall never forget Captain Glossop's kindness and thoughtfulness in calling at Dillon's Bay for us, taking my daughter and myself to Tanna and bringing us home again, and allowing us three days at Mr. Macmillan's station, Tanna, where our suffering one was lying. Nor can we forget the kindness, politeness and sympathy of all the officers on the “Prometheus.”



We have prepared a new and enlarged edition of our Catechism and Hymnal which we hope to get printed in Sydney, shortly. In this work I have been greatly helped by my wife and daughters, and also by several of the more intelligent of our natives.

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My own health is excellent, after now, forty-five years in the New Hebrides—longer by several years than that of any other white man who is now in the group, or who has ever been in it. My daughters also are well, but though Mrs. Robertson keeps up nobly and fights against sickness, she is not well and not strong, and need it be wondered at after thirty-seven years' of strenuous life in a trying climate and field with such dull and depressing surroundings wherein about all the variety we have is that "The sun do rise and the sun do go down."

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The present year has been a good one for Mr. Schmitz, a German trader, who has been at East Erromanga now for fifteen years, and Messrs. Grear and Martin are doing well with their sheep near Dillon's Bay. They have now over 800 and we are glad this new venture is succeeding so well. It is the very first attempt in the New Hebrides of sheep grazing and sheep breeding and Dillon's Bay district, on the table land 1,000 feet above sea-level, is the only suitable country in all the New Hebrides for sheep, as it is the only clear open country in all the group and the coolest spot and healthiest.

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The statistics of the Island may be summed up as follows,—population, adults and children, about 800; attending Sunday services and Sunday School, about 600. attending day-schools, about 400; able to read and write Erromangan, about 500; members in full communion, 340; baptized during the year, 65, of whom 25 were adults. Besides the schools and classes at Dillon's Bay there are seventeen district schools scattered all over the Island, with a total of eighteen teachers. The arrowroot contributed during the year, was in value about thirty pounds sterling. They paid the British and Foreign Bible Society in the New Testament Fund, forty pounds sterling.

## THE FEDERATION OF CHURCHES IN INDIA.

BY REV. WM. WILSON, D.D.

Indore, April 22, 1909.

Dear Record,—

At Jabalpur, an important city near the centre of India, on the ninth of April, an epoch-marking meeting in the interests of church union was held. It was the first meeting of a joint-committee on union, made up of small committees representing different churches and societies throughout almost the whole of India.

The organizations sending delegates were, the Presbyterian Church of India, the South India United Church (comprising four recently united missions), the Methodist Church, the Friends' Mission, the Christian Mission, the American Marathi Mission, and the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

Besides the eighteen delegates there were seven others, not delegates, some from other branches of the Church who deeply sympathized with the object. Letters from officials of some bodies that had not appointed committees expressed interest in the movement and sympathy with it.

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The meeting was held in the spacious comfortably furnished hall of the Y. W. C. A. It was most delightful in its tone and the proceedings were characterized by the most brotherly feeling and perfect harmony.

The question first raised was not, "are we prepared to move towards union" that was taken for granted, but "what kind of union shall we endeavour to accomplish." Shall it be an organic union, or one of co-operation, or a federation?

The discussion indicated that in the opinion of the committee the time for organic union had not yet come. It appeared that some were not "fully persuaded that the amalgamation of a number of religious bodies in one great organization is likely to issue in the increased spirituality of the Body of Christ." The Methodist Episcopal Church had put itself on record in the address of the Bishops at the Central Conference last year as holding that "Each Church has its peculiarities of doctrinal belief and of organization which it honestly believes enables it to do its God-appointed work more effectively."

Realizing that a number of Churches were not likely to join in a union that contemplated mutual recognition of ministerial orders and ordinances, it was suggested, though barely more than suggested, that by limiting our aim to "co-operation in practical work" we should find a larger number willing to join.

It was felt, however, that the gain in one direction would be a loss in another, and it was resolved to propose to the churches concerned, the closer union within reach of the bodies represented in the committee, viz., a federation on the basis of recognizing the validity of each other's ministry, ordinances, membership and discipline.

This was in harmony with the resolution of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of India at its last meeting, in which it empowered its union committee to "meet with similar committees of other churches for the purpose of drawing up a statement of fundamental doctrines and basal principles of polity, to be submitted to the Assembly, and to other churches willing to negotiate towards union, as a basis of federal union, or of such a union as will permit the missions, and their foreign members, to retain their connection, where desired, with their home churches, and to carry on their work in their own way, and to follow the modes of worship to which they are attached, and at the same time permit the Indian Christians to join in an organization that would tend to give expression to a common spiritual life, to afford opportunities for mutual counsel and fellowship, and to develop a spirit of self-government and independence, through its being in harmony with the genius, character and social conditions of the people."

Having determined the nature of the union that seemed desirable and practicable, the joint-committee proceeded to consider the Constitution or Articles of Federation. The result was the adoption of a series of resolutions setting forth the name of the organization, its basis, its object, and the means fitted to realize its purpose.

The name chosen for the union was, "The Federation of the Christian Churches in India."

There was no attempt to draw up a

fresh creed or doctrinal statement, inasmuch as each church was to be left free to maintain its own doctrinal standards, form of polity and administration. It was considered sufficient for the purposes of federation, to embody in a general statement the attitude of the churches to what is most fundamental in the Christian faith.

This was done in the following terms:—

"All churches and societies that believe in God through Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord and Saviour, and that accept the Word of God as contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the Supreme rule of faith and practice, and whose teaching in regard to God, sin and salvation is in general agreement with the great body of Christian truth and fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith, shall be eligible for fellowship in the Federation."

The attitude of the Federation to the diverse forms of Church government, and existing methods and practices was formulated as follows:—

"The Federation shall not interfere with the existing creed of any church and society entering into its fellowship, or with its internal order or external relations. But in accepting the principle that the Church of God is one, and that believers are the body of Christ and severally members thereof, the federating Churches agree to recognize the validity of each other's ordinances, ministry, membership and discipline without thereby committing themselves to approval of particular methods or practices."

This would seem to provide for a very full manifestation of Christian unity. When the denominations cordially recognize each other as branches of Christ's Church, and each other's ministry, sacraments, membership and discipline as legitimate and valid, a great reproach will have been rolled away. It is in the failure to do this that the worst evils of sectarianism have their root. Denominational differences may be unavoidable, but where there is not merely individual appreciation of the Christian character and work of brethren in other folds, but a hearty recognition by churches of their standing as belonging to branches of Christ's Church, and entitled to exercise in a church capacity all its functions, the evils of separation will be greatly minimized.



It is a disappointment to not a few that organic union was not found to be practicable in the meantime, but the hope is that federal union will prepare the way for it.

Thus the movement towards union of the churches in India has taken definite shape, and if the tone and spirit of the meeting at which it had its inception is an augury of the future, we have reason to thank the great Head of the Church for what promises to be a great enlargement of the opportunities and facilities for the development of an independent and united Indian Church.

### SOME FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

LETTER FROM DR. A. G. MCPHEDRAN.

Ujjain, Central India, March 23, 1909.

Dear Mr. Munro:—

For the past few days, we have been visiting the other stations of our Central India Mission field. This is the last one we shall see at present, for we go from here by way of Mhow back to Dhar in a few days more. We shall have been away from Dhar just three weeks and in that time have seen most of the work in Mhow, Rasalpara, Rutlam, Neemuch and Ujjain. We saw a little of Indore when we first came: and Amkhut is therefore the only station we have not seen. It is a very out-of-the-way district; away to the southwest: being about one hundred miles from Dhar, and about forty from its nearest railway station, with very poor roads to reach it.

We have seen a great many things in these weeks of travelling and in the time we spent in Dhar previously. The many-sidedness of Christian activity is almost bewildering at first: later, one begins to see how very inadequate are our resources for reaching all of the people in our district.

A few days ago, one of the men, in telling me of his field, mentioned two or three centres where there are Christians who ought each to have a missionary to teach and preach, but there is not even a qualified native available to send to them. These scattered Christians had been reached by evangelistic touring in the cold season, and this method seems to be the most satisfactory evangelistic agency.

"Touring" is on this wise.—The mission-

aries in a station go out in one or more companies with their families, in October. Not more than three missionaries go together and usually not more than two, with their families. The Christian workers accompany them and they camp in the neighbourhood of some large village in a group of villages. From this centre they go out morning and evening into all the villages within reach—sometimes they may touch places fifteen miles from headquarters. They return at noon for shelter from the heat and so really the morning and evening hours are the hours of their work. Medical work is done on such tours as occasion presents itself.

When a district is covered, the camp is moved to a new centre: and so on throughout the winter until March, when most missionaries have to return to their stations on account of the heat. It is so hot now that doors have to be closed most of the day in order to keep the bungalows cool. The light also at midday is so bright that it is very hard on the eyes. I have once or twice gone out without my dark glasses and paid the penalty of my forgetfulness by severe headache afterwards.

The other methods of work—by school and industrial and medical means—all have their place. Industrial and medical work have suffered very severely by lack of equipment. The ladies have been able—under the W. F. M. S.—to do very effective medical work because they are comparatively well equipped. Not yet has there been a hospital under the control of the men.

One finds that every member of the staff is in dead earnest about his work. Of course, we have a right to expect that, but yet missionaries are human like other people and it would not be surprising in a large staff to find an occasional exception.

### CHANGES IN CHINA.

LETTER FROM REV. MURDOCK MACKENZIE,  
D.D., CHANGTEHO, HONAN.

DEAR DR. SCOTT:—

The twentieth century is yet young, but it has already witnessed many important changes. Dwellers in these Eastern lands are constantly hearing about the rapid way in which changes are being brought about in Western nations. Many Canadians are

deeply interested in what they read about the changing order in China. This Empire can no longer be called "the changeless China." Even some of your Canadian Presbyterian missionaries wondered years ago whether they might live to see many changes worth noting in the Province of Honan. They can do so no longer. Here, also, it is true that "the old order changeth giving place to the new."

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The ancient school system of China, is now passing away. It stood for many long centuries. Some of China's greatest scholars, ablest statesmen and influential thinkers were products of that rapidly vanishing system. Even those who welcome and long for change are surprised as they think of this system as superseded. Unfortunately no other system for the whole Empire has taken its place. The old is gone. The new has not yet come. It is coming gradually. Certain grades of public schools are being established. Edicts have been issued commanding officials to open schools, and some wide awake men have done so. Much yet remains to be done. An up-to-date national school system is one of the needs here.

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Hundreds of Chinese students are going abroad. Many thousands went to Japan a few years ago. They spent large sums of money, learned Japanese ways, imbibed radically revolutionary ideas, got little worthy of the name of real education, and came back poorer, but not much wiser. Now many are going to Europe and America. They attend educational institutions having a world-wide reputation, are studying with some of the keenest and clearest minded Western students, are being instructed by teachers of the first rank, and in due time they will return to this land well equipped for taking their part in new China. How many of them will come back as Christians? Will they learn abroad at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth and come back resolved to work for that righteousness which alone can exalt China?

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An active Chinese anti-foot binding movement now exists. Opposition to this cruel practice is not confined to missionaries and their converts. The Chinese themselves are heartily supporting it. The highest author-

ities in the Empire are in favour of discontinuing the universally prevalent and hitherto popular system. Few feel disposed to champion it. It stands without one redeeming feature and must perish. As Christian schools, Christian churches, Christian homes and Christian parents increase foot binding will become an anachronism.

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A conviction adverse to the growth, sale, and use of opium is steadily growing. Many high officials have taken up a courageous stand in favour of delivering their country from this deadly drug. Britain and other nations have declared their readiness to forego certain financial advantages, provided they see evidence of a genuine desire on China's part to banish opium. An International Commission has met in Shanghai lately to deal with this important question. The evil results of the use of opium are everywhere apparent. Its advantages are few and far between. With the growth of intelligent, patriotic, humane and Christian sentiment, public opinion will be crystallized on this question, and there is much to encourage the hope that from opium China will yet be free.

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Railways are being laid in many parts of the Chinese Empire. Ere long a trunk line will extend from Peking in the far North to Canton in the South. Branch lines are increasing year by year. At no distant date the whole country will have a net work of railways. Whether constructed by Chinese or foreign funds, the railway track will be laid. The Chinese are a shrewdly practical people in certain matters. With such obvious advantages as the railway train possesses the man with a brief for less convenient and slow method of travel is not to be envied with his audience.

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Foreigners are constantly travelling in the interior provinces of China. We see them in Changte frequently. They are not confined to one class or country. The globe trotter is along to-day, the leisurely and comfort loving traveller comes to-morrow; on this train you meet an insurance agent, the next will bring along an open eyed genial consul; the military man makes himself pleasantly at home with the soldier of the cross in one house, while occasionally no less distinguished a personage than the cor-



respondent of the "London Times" can be met at another. The Protestant missionary and the Roman Catholic priest often travel by the same route.

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Christian sheet tracts may not be seen at many railway stations, nor on the walls of houses in interior cities, but all the latest brands of cigars are advertized from Peking to Hankow. One may travel and not hear much about the heavenly country, but the languages of different nations can be heard by many Chinese daily. With the foreigner comes many things that are peculiar to him, and, it must in candour be said, but few that point to him as a traveller heavenwards. Christian workers have visits from friends on tour through China, and, in increasing numbers, we are certain to be favoured with those who believe religion to be both portable and practicable, provided for man's benefit, and blessing every sincere recipient.

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The Chinese are adopting and adapting many foreign ways for use in China. The daily and weekly newspaper is now established, and its influence is felt in all directions. Public meetings are of frequent occurrence in coast cities, and not entirely unknown far inland. Indignation meetings promise to become acclimatized easily in not a few centres. The boycott has already been resorted to with marked success in South and Central China. Something not unlike the strike system with which westerners are so familiar is growing in favour among Chinese workmen. The cry of China for the Chinese is heard in some form all over the Empire. Commissions of inquiry are often appointed and even a form of Parliamentary government may soon be sanctioned. It is with mingled feelings that many true well-wishers of the Chinese view some items in this list. They must be confronted with the best things known to the Christian civilization of the West. The Chinese should see and know the many and varied fruits of the beneficent Gospel of the crucified Nazarene.

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Death has lately removed the Emperor Kuang Hsu, and his aunt the Empress Dowager, Tzu Hsi. The removal of two such noted personalities is destined to have far-reaching results. It has been followed by

the degradation of Yuan Shih Kai one of the China's great viceroys. The Prince Regent seems determined on scrutinizing closely all appointments to high offices, and several men of note desire to be allowed to retire before they may be asked, as Yuan was, to do so. It is intended to take steps for the organizing of local councils with a view to prepare for something in the form of recognized Parliamentary government within the next few years. Large questions, on which hang weighty issues, are now up for decision, and on the conclusions arrived at concerning these very much will depend in China. God reigns. He is "a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is He." With the country's pressing need His men for the time and work will surely be discovered.

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What about the Christian Church in China at this time? God is blessing the labours of His servants in connection with every branch of his church. Times of refreshing have been granted in several provinces. The Presbyterian bodies have united to form one church for the whole Empire. The movement for federation of the various Christian churches is spreading into all the widely scattered provinces of broad China. The outlook everywhere for aggressive evangelical Christianity is hopeful in the extreme.

Christianity is becoming naturalized in China. The Boxer upheaval has proved to friends and foes its power to sustain in tribulation. At no distant date a Christian Chinese Church will draw to itself multitudes of men and women who will see in Christ God's Saviour for China's teeming millions. China now needs the daily prayer of God's believing people in every land. No truer service can at present be rendered by all well wishers of this ancient Empire than by the prayer of faith constantly offered in the all-prevailing Name of Jesus Christ. The workers are increasing in number week by week. Money to advance the Kingdom of God will be forthcoming. Is the Christian Church of Canada prepared to pray for China as never before? If it is, we are on the eve of changes as great as have been seen in any one nation since Rome's power fell before the early Christian Church.

## THE DOCTOR VISITS HIS OUT-PATIENTS.

LETTER FROM DR. P. C. LESLIE, HONAN.

Our ordinary patients insist on giving us somewhat of a holiday at the time of the Chinese New Year, so we took advantage of the lull in the hospital and went to see patients some fifty miles north of Changte, at the city of Wu An, the centre of Mr. Bruce's pastoral work.

My youngest assistant and myself accompanied Mr. Bruce and his three preachers. We left on the morning train, and at the first stop two strapping big Scotchmen by the name of Steele and Sly, boarded the train. They had been out for two days shooting but had found one day enough variety from their ordinary routine in Tientsin. Their bag was not very big but they proudly declared they gave the geese many a bad scare the day before. One night in company with several Chinese on the family brick bed had taken the enthusiasm for shooting quite away from them.

Two hours and we left the train and found mules and donkeys waiting our arrival. Another hour was spent dividing up our load of provisions, books, medicines, bedding and general luggage. It was very much "off again, on again, off again," till at last all were loaded and Mr. Bruce and I perched up on top of an animal and its load. We started slowly on our twenty mile journey.

We soon got into the hills, and this put life into me. How friendly they looked after living on the plain, every turn bringing some new view and relieving the monotony. We reached Wu An before dark and found a group of Christians on the steps of our rented chapel, waiting to welcome us.

Water for the outer man, and food for the inner man made us look and feel better; then a call came and I went and saw my first patient, a young woman of good family who had swallowed her gold-plated earring with a view to suicide, just to get even with her mother-in-law. Emetics failed to reveal the precious ornament but succeeded in making the patient feel sorry that she had tried to poison herself. I left medicine, but for two days the anxious family were left in uncertainty. At last the earring appeared and relief came, and incidentally my reputation went up several points.

The next day gave us an opportunity to look around our premises, a compound owned by an old and respectable family, hard up as a result of opium and other causes, who have mortgaged their old home to our mission. An excellent preaching Hall, formerly the guest room, faces the front gate, two other yards behind this, with rooms on three sides all helping to keep light and life from the other rooms. No wonder China has such a lot of sick people, huddled together in dark and damp court yards, as nearly all their homes are.

The question was, where to treat the patients, and we decided our living room, in which was a stove, would be the best place. It served very well, and when we could not get enough light on the subject—or victim, we just marched him into the yard and borrowed light from the heavens. A door taken off the hinges from an unused room, gave us a counter, another door provided an excellent and novel operating table.

This room was our dining room as well, and many and thick were the smells that enveloped us as we ate. I could not but admire the forbearance of Mr. Bruce in accepting the inevitable, and taking the odour of iodoform and unwashed Chinese with such cheerfulness and matter-of-factness.

We decided on one o'clock as the hour for opening up for daily treatments.

It was not many days ere it became evident that we would not lack for patients. Our arrival had been looked forward to as we had posted big red notices in city and town, and as soon as people found out it was no hoax they flocked in. What did become evident very soon was, that we would certainly run short of supplies. I at once sent back for a parcel to come by mail, of essentials, in small compass.

Starting with thirty on the first day, we soon had a daily attendance of more than one hundred, treating in all nearly five hundred patients in the ten days; blind eyes, deaf ears, stricture of the gullet, tuberculosis of the lungs and everywhere else, epileptic fits, ulcers and cancer. It was a sad sight, sad because many of them needed prolonged treatment and were unable to go to the hospital of Chante. A leper came among the others, the only one I have seen to recognize in Honan.



We did a few simple operations in the early days of our visit, and as usual the knife was the wonder of wonders; the opening of a large abscess in a poor woman gave her instant relief and opened the eyes of a native doctor who was present.

This was a pitiful case, a widow doing needle work for a bare living, unable to pay a doctor even if competent ones had been available, she was carried to us daily in a big basket intended primarily for feeding horses from. She insisted on paying her little fee, which goes to the Mission to help pay for the medicine, and I insisted on returning it as she was so poor. One day her attendant woman friend thrust the "one cent" fee into my hand and would not take it back, Joseph like I slipped it under her pillow, unknown to any of them. It was amusing, the next day, to see their delight at my little trick; they saw they might as well let this stubborn man have his way.

We hear so much of the greed of the Chinese, well earned in many cases, that this commendable pride, not to receive free what others paid a little for, was very refreshing. Indeed, all my patients at Wu An gave me much pleasure to treat, and the people there seem to be superior in many ways to our Changte folk.

One gentleman, our landlord he was, at last screwed his courage up to the sticking point, and consented to have a tooth drawn. At the last moment his brother, who showed some misgivings as to this operation, asked anxiously if I would bring the tooth out through the cheek or the mouth. I pulled it through the mouth and all were happy.

I got desperate toward the close; the post office had brought medicines but they were rapidly used up. Our cough pills were done, our stomachic-cure-all pills were done, and worst of all our castor oil; oh, what can a doctor do in China without castor oil?

At last a happy thought struck me. I had brought some little packets of sulphur for skin diseases (which, strange to say, were not prevalent) and our mothers used to give us sulphur and treacle in the Spring, and was this not Spring? So I dispensed our sulphur, with directions to mix with thick syrup and to be sure that it would do them good.

But this supply soon gave out, and what next? I had a few powders of emetics which I had brought to treat suicidal cases, which happily were few in number. It would be a pity to take anything home, and the Chinese have a great deal in their stomachs which gives them trouble, especially at the New Year; so I explained the process of action of this drug and offered it to a patient. "Yes," he said "Doctor, anything you say." He was prepared for anything, even a volcano.

Another patient, hearing the treatment explained, begged me for a dose of the emetic; so both went away delighted with their success in getting something that promised relief.

Our last patient was a woman far advanced in consumption, which decimates these people with its ravages. Little could be done for her, but I recommended good feeding and advised milk as nourishing.

She listened carefully, lamenting that I was going the next day, then she asked: "Doctor, if I take milk will I reach the Heavenly Kingdom." Her idea of heaven was health and happiness. Not so far astray was she, for what is heaven but health and happiness, both now and for always? And the milk? Well, we had been here for ten days, just trying to convey to these people some of the "milk of human kindness" and if this would only put some on the track of heaven we would rejoice, and so would they.

Yes, and we believe we did. Only yesterday, a man and his son who had followed us from Wu An for further treatment, left us for home again, and they stated they wanted to join the church now and I truly believe they are in earnest about the Kingdom. Others at Wu An showed great interest, as the Gospel was preached for hours every day, as they waited patiently their turn for treatment.

It was a good ten days' work and we are only anxious to try again, at this and other large centres, and to spend at least a month at each. The importunity of the people was touching, and their confidence was appalling. I trembled at the way they thrust themselves upon me, and if I had suggested removing their heads they would hardly have made objection, so implicit was their trust. Oh this ministry is a great privilege!

**LETTER FROM REV. GEO. M. ROSS.**

Hwai King Fu, Honan.

March 10th, 1909.

Dear Record,

A fierce storm of dust has been blowing here for the past few days, and the sky does not show any signs of rain. There must be three months or more gone by since it has rained, so the ground is becoming very dry. We shall soon be hearing the temple gongs and bells clanging, for when the rain is late in coming, the temples are always resorted to. And what if the rain does not come? Well, an awful famine, for even during the best years there are multitudes of these people who find it very, very hard to eke out an existence.

I have been more impressed with the awful misery and poverty of these people during the past ten days, than at any other time since coming to China. I have been on a tour about fifteen miles to the north and north-west of here and saw some phases of Chinese life that I have not seen hitherto. As far as natural resources are concerned, the region is probably one of the wealthiest in the whole of China, but the people are still miserably poor. With enterprise and enlightenment what a magnificent place this might become.

Let me say just a word about its resources. To the immediate north is a range of mountains, rich in coal of a very fine quality. This is a part of the great coal belt of Shansi, where a famous foreign scientist has said there is enough coal to last the entire world for two thousand years. Yet this great fountain of wealth has scarcely as yet been tapped. The Chinese have no roads or machinery or anything that is modern or labor saving. Everything is old and crude—and the result is that this great treasure house is largely untouched.

And then again just below the mountains, there are the famous groves of bamboo. My helper and I spent a whole day among them, visiting the different villages which thickly dot the whole plain. Talk about your parks and public gardens—you ought to have been with me last week and you would henceforth have “a new song in your mouth.” And the abundance of everything! Bamboo, bamboo everywhere—some of the

stems three or four inches in diameter and sixty or seventy feet high—acres and acres of them, with shady walks and irrigating canals of sparkling water everywhere. I kept saying to the people “Isn’t this beautiful!” but they didn’t seem to be very much impressed by it.

You would imagine that the people living in this vicinity would have comfortable homes to live in. Such, however, is not the case—it is the old, dirty, dingy, mud huts which one meets with everywhere. For example, the room I lived, slept and ate in, had no window, the walls and floor were all mud and it was so small that by standing on the middle of the floor I could touch the walls on each side. To add to the other discomforts, it proved at night to be a rendezvous for rats. I had quite a row with them before “the rosy dawn appeared. Furthermore, there was no bed in the room, but happily I had my camp-bed with me and so I fared better than my helpers, who in another room had to sleep on the ground. During the ten days that I was out, I didn’t see a single bed in any inn where I lodged.

The soil, too, in this region, is remarkably fertile—a rich black loam with no stones to be seen anywhere. Two crops are raised in the year—the wheat and barley, etc., in June, and the millet and corn etc., in October. Streams from the mountains water the whole plain so that there is never any drought to be feared. The crops are uniformly good, and still the people are poor and beggars are numerous. I met a whole group of them one day going from house to house, demanding food.

Why is this? How is it that when every prospect pleases, man, only man, is vile? The truth is that these people are still without God or hope, in the world. Temples and idols abound, but the people are still living in darkness and in the shadow of death—and this partially accounts for their poverty and unprogressiveness. Their hearts are dark and unclean and all connected with them partakes of the same character and their minds are dark almost beyond comprehension.

And then again the density of the population partially accounts for their poverty. Villages and towns abound everywhere, some of them quite large. “How many families are in this village,” I often asked,



and was sometimes answered "Oh, two thousand families or so," sometimes "one thousand" and generally never less than "several hundred." Reckoning five persons to a family, you can easily understand how it is that North Honan, with a surface area about the same as Nova Scotia, has a population at least as large as the whole of Canada. With the resources of their soil and mines largely undeveloped how can so many people avoid being poor!

And then again the opium habit has been and still is the deadly enemy of these poor, ignorant people. Every time I addressed the multitude I saw the opium smoker before me and I always felt for him and sought to have a message for him. The glazed eye, the hollow, sunken cheek, and the general look of fiendish hauntedness would never be mistaken.

How came this opium to China? What caused the Opium War? When I think of these things, I sometimes feel ashamed that I am a Briton. I am glad, however, that now at last the British Government is seeking to undo some of the evil of the past by co-operating with the Chinese Government in its efforts to stamp out this deadly, blighting curse.

During my last tour (or during every tour) I was continually coming in contact with these poor slaves of the opium habit. They talked to me on the street, they followed me to the inn, wanting help—Oh how I longed to be able to help and save them. In different parts of this wide field there are now many who are praying earnestly for the victory, and some of them, I hear, are beginning to overcome. Many of these people have been cured at our hospitals, and ever afterwards prove themselves to be burning and shining lights.

I never found the people so attentive to our preaching as during this last tour. They also purchased books and tracts very freely. Every night, too, my little "shack" was packed full with inquirers until ten o'clock or later. It is an unspeakable privilege to be here among these people. It is good to be able to make an opium smoker smile as you tell him that there is still hope for him, that the kind Saviour can cleanse his heart and make him a new creature—happy and victorious.

## LETTER FROM MRS. A. W. LOCHEAD.

Weihweifu, Honan.

March 21st, 1909.

Dear Dr. Scott.—

On March first, Mr. Lochead and I went out to a county town, twenty-five miles south-east of Weihwei, to spend a fortnight, preaching to the men and women of that city. Before we went, one of the Chinese evangelists had rented rooms for us for a month. We were delayed in starting, so our visit was shorter than we had intended. We found the little compound very convenient for our work. There were two entrances, one for the men and one for the women. The women came into the back courtyard and the men into a nice large room, opening off the street.

The room in which we lived was very comfortable, but too small for receiving many women, so my two Bible women and I, when the days were fine, spoke to the women in the yard. The crowds of women were full of curiosity to see the foreign lady, but were also willing to listen to the message we had to give them. The last week we were there, the weather was very bad, cold and stormy, so we were not very well able to follow up the women, whom we felt had been really interested during the earlier part of our stay. But we hope the seed sown will spring up and bring forth fruit.

Many of the women we got to know are very zealous worshippers in their own way. They are seeking to acquire merit by good works and by the constant repeating of the Scriptures. They eagerly learned some simple prayers and some of the most familiar hymns. We do not know whether these just seemed to them like their classics and no more, but we hope, that through these hymns and prayers they will come to know the Saviour. We do not know when we can again go back to visit this place, for we have a parish of four and a half counties, and so cannot afford to spend too much time in one place.

Our landlady lived in one of the houses, in the same courtyard as we did, and very kindly offered to take the Bible women into her room to sleep. The women didn't seem altogether pleased with the arrangement, so I went to see what was the matter. When

I opened the door of the room, right in front of my eyes was a large coffin, resting on two benches, and containing the remains of the landlady's husband, who had died some eight or nine years ago.

A Chinese coffin is an immense box, made of wood, about five or six inches thick, in order to resist decay. As a funeral is a very expensive thing, the body is often kept in the home till the family has enough money to have an elaborate burial. Judging from the landlady's present poverty, her husband's body may rest cheerfully before her eyes, day after day, till she herself goes, and then the family can get them both buried with the expense of only one funeral.

While we were there, the landlady's son was at home. He was a well-dressed, nice-looking, young man, about twenty-four years of age. He had had seven or eight years of schooling in the Chinese classics, so was well educated and very gentlemanly in his manner. Despite all this, the lad, we learned, had since his father's death, been very wild, and had gambled away about two hundred and fifty Chinese acres of land, as well as some property in the city.

The second morning after we arrived, we were startled at breakfast by hearing two people in a violent quarrel, not far away. The voices got louder and louder and then we heard the sound of blows. It turned out to be the landlady beating her son. At first, it seemed as if the mother was quite right in using her authority over the wayward boy, but as the days passed we found the mother to be a perfect virago. Whenever the boy came near her, she got angry and told him she never wished to see his face again.

After we had been a week there, one afternoon the son went into the kitchen and very soon he and his mother were in a passion. He ran out of the kitchen in a fearful rage, into his mother's room, saying he was going to kill himself. He locked the door from the inside, and his mother, who followed close on his heels, locked it from the outside.

We were all afraid he would hang himself, and my Bible woman, who had left a rope in the room, was very anxious; she

felt it was too near to a man in a passion, for you know that in China there is no way in which you can so well get the better of another in an argument, as by hanging yourself. We spoke to him through the window and asked him for the rope, which he handed out, saying not to fear, he wasn't going to hang himself. The next day the boy disappeared and had not returned up till the time we left.

I asked if the young man didn't have a wife, and was told that he had had one, who died. His mother, however, had bought him another, but she had sold her again for thirty thousand cash (fifteen dollars), because she fought so hard with her mother-in-law. The daughter-in-law, it seems, was not the least afraid of the older woman's tongue, and gave her mother-in-law back one better than she got. The quarrels were so lively that the yard wasn't big enough,—they had to take to the street.

It seems to me as if it would be impossible to live long with this woman. She never stopped talking all day long. If she hadn't a stray dog to yell at, she went for the chickens, or just talked for the sake of talking. She said that she wouldn't be lonely after we left, for she would just talk to herself.

Our landlady listened to us preaching day after day, and as a result she decided to take her idols down. After doing that she thought she was very good indeed, and told us that she didn't have any sins at all.

This is a rather dark picture of Chinese domestic life and we must not imagine that all homes are like the one I have described. But "home" as we know it, can scarcely be said to exist in China.

From this city we went to a village in the next county and spent three very happy days, in a most delightful Christian family. The contrast in these two "homes" shows the great transformation that Christianity is making in the home life of China.

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Beyond all wealth, honor, or even health is the attachment we form to noble souls, because to become one with the good, generous, and true is to become in a measure good, generous, and true ourselves.—Thomas Arnold.



# Statement of Polity

AGREED UPON BY THE JOINT COMMITTEE.

Of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches. To be  
Submitted to Next General Assembly.

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In the April RECORD was given the "Statement of Doctrine" agreed upon by the Joint Committee on Union. Following that comes the Statement of Polity, or Church Government agreed upon by said Joint Committee, which is as follows:—

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The Sub-Committee on Polity, after an examination of the forms of church government of the negotiating Churches and the practical working thereof, is greatly gratified to find:

1. That while the officers and courts of the negotiating Churches may bear different names, there is a substantial degree of similarity in the duties and functions of these officers and courts.

2. That, engaged in the same work, with the same object in view, and earnestly endeavoring to meet the conditions confronting the churches in Canada, the negotiating churches have been steadily approximating more nearly to each other, both in their forms of church government and methods of administration.

3. That there are distinctive elements in each which would add to the efficiency of a united Church, and which can be preserved with great advantage in the form of polity to be adopted for the united Church.

4. That in this view it is possible to provide for substantial congregational freedom, and at the same time secure the benefits of a strong connexional tie and co-operative efficiency.

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To this end the following recommendations are submitted as setting forth the polity proposed for the united Church:

## I. THE CHURCH.

1. The members of the united Church shall be the members of the uniting Churches, and such others as may hereafter become members.

2. The unit of organization for the unit-

ed Church shall be the pastoral charge. A pastoral charge may consist of more than one congregation; a congregation is a body of persons meeting for public worship in one place.

3. The governing bodies or courts of the Church, higher than the pastoral charge, shall be:

(a) The Presbytery (District Meeting or Association).

(b) The Annual Conference (Synod or Union).

(c) The General Council (Conference or Assembly).

In our judgment the first name in each group is the most suitable.

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## II. THE PASTORAL CHARGE OR CIRCUIT OR CONGREGATION.

### A. CHARGES EXISTING PREVIOUS TO THE UNION.

4. In the management of their local affairs the various charges, circuits or congregations of the united denominations shall be entitled to continue the organization and practices (including those practices relating to membership, church ordinances, Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies) enjoyed by them at the time of union, subject in general affairs to the legislation, principles and discipline of the united Church. Their representatives in the next higher governing body or court shall be chosen as at present.

5. The plan of organization prescribed for charges to be formed subsequent to the union may at any time be adopted by any charge, circuit or congregation existing at the time of union.

6. Any property or funds owned by an individual church, charge, circuit or congregation at the time of the union, and vested in trustees for the benefit of that charge, and not for the denomination of which that charge formed a part, shall not be affected by any legislation giving effect to

the union, or by any legislation of the united Church, without the consent of the charge for which such property is held in trust.

#### B. CHARGES TO BE FORMED SUBSEQUENT TO THE UNION.

7. The liberty of the individual charge shall be recognized to the fullest extent compatible with:

(a) The oversight of the spiritual interests of the charge by the minister (or ministers), and a body of men specially chosen and set apart or ordained for that work;

(b) The efficient co-operation of the representatives of the various departments of the work of the charge by means of a meeting to be held at least quarterly;

(c) The hearty co-operation of the various individual charges, circuits or congregations in the general work of the united Church, and

(d) The exercise, by the higher governing bodies or courts, of their powers and functions, hereinafter set forth.

8. New charges shall be formed with the consent of the Presbytery (District Meeting or Association) by persons residing within its bounds, who declare their adherence to the principles of the united Church, and their desire for the formation of such charge. Missions may be organized as charges by Presbytery (District Meeting or Association) of its own motion, or on the suggestion of the Missionary Superintendent or Pastor, under such regulations as the General Council (Conference or Assembly) may pass.

Before sanctioning the formation of a new charge, the Presbytery (District Meeting or Association) is required to hear and consider the representations of any charge that may be affected by the proposed action.

9. Congregations received, subsequent to the union, into the united Church, with the approval of Presbyteries (District Meetings or Associations) shall be entitled, if they so desire, to the privileges of sections 4, 5 and 6.

10. (a) The members of the Church entitled to all church privileges are those

who, on a profession of their faith in Jesus Christ and obedience to Him, have been received into full membership. The children of such persons and all baptized children are members of the Church, and it is their duty and privilege, when they reach the age of discretion, to enter into full membership. Admission to full membership shall be by the action of the minister and elders, or leaders, or deacons, and, where desired, by the action of those in full membership also.

(b) The members of a charge who are entitled to vote at all meetings are persons in full membership of the Church, whose names are on the roll of the charge. With the consent of these, adherents who contribute regularly to the support of the charge may vote on temporal matters.

11. The members of a pastoral charge shall meet annually, or more frequently if they deem it advisable.

12. The minister (or ministers) and elders, or deacons, or leaders and local preachers shall have oversight of the spiritual interest of the charge or congregation. The management of its temporal and financial affairs shall be entrusted to a committee of stewards or managers. A joint committee or board, consisting of the foregoing and representatives, in full membership, of such other departments of congregational work as may be agreed upon, shall meet quarterly, or as often as they deem advisable, for the consideration of matters of joint interest.

13. The elders, or deacons, or leaders and local preachers shall be chosen by those in full membership, and shall hold office under regulations to be passed by the General Council (Conference or Assembly).

14. It shall be the duty of the minister and elders, deacons or leaders and local preachers, to have the oversight of:

(1) The admission into full membership.  
(2) The conduct of members, with power to exercise discipline.

(3) The administration of the Sacraments.

(4) The religious training of the young, and the organization of meetings for Christian fellowship, instruction and work.

(5) The order of public worship, includ-



ing the service of praise and the use of the church edifice.

(6) The care of the poor, and the visiting of the sick.

It shall also be their duty:

(7) To receive and judge petitions, etc., from members.

(8) To transmit petitions, appeals, etc., to Presbytery (District Meeting or Association).

(9) To recommend suitable laymen to Presbyteries (District Meetings or Associations) for license to preach.

(10) To recommend suitable candidates for the ministry.

15. The stewards or managers shall be chosen by the charge or congregation, and wherever practicable, should be persons in full membership. It shall be their duty to secure contributions for congregational purposes, and to disburse the moneys received for these purposes.

16. It shall be the duty of the joint committee or board:

(1) To secure contributions for missionary and other general objects of the Church.

(2) To select representatives, in full membership, of the charge to the Presbytery (District Meeting or Association).

(3) To submit to the charge or congregation for their consideration reports on the life and work of the charge, including a full statement of receipts and expenditures and of indebtedness and estimates for the ensuing year.

(4) To transmit from the charge to the Settlement Committee representations concerning the pastoral relation.

(5) To attend to matters affecting the charge not assigned to any of the other bodies.

17. Subject to the provisions of the next succeeding paragraph hereof, all property, real and personal, under the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Canada held in trust for or to the use of the church, charge, circuit or congregation, of any of the negotiating churches shall be held by trustees appointed by or on behalf of such church charge, circuit or congregation, upon trusts set forth and declared in a Model Trust Deed. This Model Trust Deed should be a schedule to the Act, and should contain, among others,

a provision to the following effect:—That the property is held for the congregation as a congregation of the united Church, and that no property so held shall be sold, exchanged, or in any manner encumbered, unless the Presbytery (District Meeting or Association) shall, at the instance of the congregation, have given its sanction, subject to an appeal, if desired, to the Annual Conference (Union or Synod).

### III. THE PRESBYTERY (DISTRICT MEETING OR ASSOCIATION).

18. The Presbytery (District Meeting or Association) shall consist of:

(1) All ordained ministers within the bounds—

(a) Who are engaged in some department of church work,—and

(b) Who have been placed on the roll by special enactment of the Annual Conference (Synod or Union), in accordance with regulations to be made hereafter by the General Council (Conference or Assembly) of the United Church.

(The rights to membership in Presbyteries (District Meetings or Associations), enjoyed by ministers at the time of union, shall be conserved).

(2) And elders, deacons, leaders or non-ministerial representatives of pastoral charges, within the bounds, equal in number to the number of ministers. They are to be chosen in accordance with regulations to be made hereafter by the General Council (Conference or Assembly) of the united Church.

19. It shall be the duty of the Presbytery (District, Meeting or Association),

(1) To have the oversight of the charges within its bounds, and review their records, and to form new charges.

(2) To receive and dispose of petitions and appeals from the lower governing bodies or courts.

(3) To transmit petitions and appeals to the higher governing bodies or courts.

(4) To license as preachers laymen who are duly recommended, and who after examination are approved.

(5) To superintend the education of students looking forward to the ministry, and to certify students to theological halls.

(6) To inquire, each year, into the personal character, doctrinal beliefs and general fitness of candidates for the ministry recommended by sessions, quarterly boards or local churches; and, when they have fulfilled the prescribed requirements, to license them to preach and to recommend them for ordination by the Annual Conference (Synod or Union).

(7) To induct or install pastors.

(8) To deal with matters sent down by the higher governing bodies or courts.

(9) To adopt measures for promoting the religious life of the charges within its bounds.

(10) To select non-ministerial representatives to the Annual Conference (Synod or Union), of whom at least a majority shall have been previously chosen by pastoral charges to represent them in Presbyteries (District Meetings or Associations).

(11) To have the oversight of the conduct of ministers within its bounds.

#### IV. THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE (SYNOD OR UNION).

20. The Annual Conference (Synod or Union) shall consist of the ministers on the rolls of the Presbyteries (District Meetings or Associations) within its bounds, and an equal number of non-ministerial representatives of pastoral charges chosen as provided for in Subsection 19 (10).

21. It shall be the duty of the Annual Conference (Synod or Union):

(1) To meet every year.

(2) To determine the number and boundaries of the Presbyteries (District Meetings or Associations) within its bounds, to have oversight of them, and to review their records.

(3) To receive and dispose of appeals and petitions, subject to the usual right of appeal.

(4) To see that as far as possible every charge within its bounds shall have a pastorate without interruption, and that every effective minister shall have a charge, and to effect this through a Settlement Committee which it shall appoint annually.

(5) To examine and ordain candidates for the ministry who have fulfilled the prescribed requirements, and have been re-

commended by Presbyteries (District Meetings or Associations).

(6) To receive ministers from other Churches subject to the regulations of the General Council (Conference or Assembly).

(7) To deal with matters referred to it by the General Council (Conference or Assembly).

(8) To select an equal number of ministerial and non-ministerial representatives to the General Council (Conference or Assembly).

(9) To have oversight of the religious life of the Church within its bounds, and to adopt such measures as may be judged necessary for its promotion.

#### V. THE GENERAL COUNCIL (CONFERENCE OR ASSEMBLY).

22. The General Council (Conference or Assembly), shall consist of an equal number of ministers and non-ministerial representatives chosen by the Annual Conferences (Synods or Unions). Its regular meeting shall be held every second year. Its presiding officer shall be the chief executive officer of the united Church, and during his term of office he may be relieved of his pastoral or other duties.

23. The General Council (Conference or Assembly) shall have full power:

(1) To determine the number and boundaries of the Annual Conferences (Synods or Unions). have oversight of them, and review their records.

(2) (a) To legislate on matters respecting the doctrine, worship, membership, and government of the Church, subject to the conditions: First, that before any rule or law relative to these matters can become a permanent law, it must receive the approval of a majority of the Presbyteries (District Meetings or Associations), or if advisable, of pastoral charges; and, Second, that no terms of admission to full membership shall be prescribed other than those laid down in the New Testament, and that the freedom of worship at present enjoyed in the negotiating Churches shall not be interfered with in the united Church.

(b) To legislate on all matters respecting property, subject to the limitations elsewhere provided in this report, and subject



also to the approval of the Annual Conference (Synod or Union) in which the property is situated.

(3) To prescribe and regulate the course of study of candidates for the ministry, and to regulate the admission of ministers from other Churches.

(4) To receive and dispose of petitions, memorials, etc.

(5) To dispose of appeals.

(6) To determine the missionary policy of the Church, and to provide for the conduct of its missions.

(7) To have charge of the colleges of the

Church, and to take what measures are deemed advisable for the promotion of Christian education.

(8) To appoint committees or boards and officers for the different departments of church work, and to receive their reports and give them instructions and authority.

(9) To correspond with other Churches.

(10) And in general to enact such legislation and adopt such measures as may tend to promote true godliness, repress immorality, preserve the unity and well-being of the Church, and advance the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world.

### INTERCESSORY FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

An intercessory foreign missionary is a laborer who cannot go in person to the foreign field, but who has set himself apart to pray for the definite details of the foreign missionary work. He alone is entitled to the name who enters upon an engagement to work for definite fields, an engagement as real as an appointment by a foreign mission board.

His striking peculiarities are that he is working in the realm of "the heavenlies" instead of among visible men, and that there are no restrictions as to the number who can be intercessors, to the place of their residence, or to the variety, sweep, and completeness of the results accomplished.

In an article on the need of medical missionaries, in the foreign field, Miss Minerva Guthapfel, a missionary from Korea, now on furlough, writes:

"In some of our city hospitals a bell is rung each time that an ambulance case arrives. Listen! there is a bell ringing at this moment. One bell—an emergency case. But this bell has a distant sound—it is ringing in China. A man has fallen from a tree; there he lies, mangled and suffering. Why does not some one hear his groans? Where is the needed help, the physician, the ambulance? Ah! we are in China now; there is no physician here. Many look at him and pass on, leaving him to die. They do not know what to do and they do not care. The knowledge and the sympathy are in another land.

Clang! The bell rings once more, but in our own city. Ten minutes pass by; the man has been carefully carried into our city hospital. An anæsthetic is given, the X-ray is used, and the patient wakes to find a limb gone, but his life is saved and there is prospect of a speedy recovery. Why the difference in these two cases? The last bell rang in a Christian land, the first in a for-

eign country, and nearly all the physicians are here.

But hark! Two bells are ringing—a surgical call. A hurried operation, to save a life! Yes, but the operation will not be performed, the life will not be saved. That summons came from Siam, and there is no medical missionary at hand. What is the answer to the two bells? "Enough to do at home."

Three bells—how they startle! A medical case. Yes, a child in convulsions, but do not hurry. The sound of the three bells comes from Africa. A witch doctor prescribes for her, a red-hot probe is pressed through the top of her head to let the demons out. Well, they are gone, but the soul went with them. The child is at least free from suffering.

But I hear three bells ringing in the homeland. It is a child in America that is ill—one of our own darlings. Soon the doctor comes. There is the quiet footfall of the nurse, the shaded lamp, and all that skill can do to relieve the little sufferer. One hour passes, two—yes, she will live! But this is America. Why this difference? Does God love American children best?

But four bells are ringing now—ringing in the homeland. Quick, doctor! Hurry, nurse! Two lives depend upon your skill. It is a charity case, yet how careful the treatment bestowed on mother and child.

But listen! Four bells ringing out loud and clear from the zenanas of India. O women doctors! Can you not see the agony, the foul treatment, the needed help? But there is no one to help. The child lives, but it is only a girl; the girl-mother, too, but to a life of misery, pain, and contempt, with no one to comfort and no one to care.

O the ringing bells! It seems as if they will madden the brain and break the heart with their unanswered appeals. "Lord of harvest, send forth laborers!" But how vain our prayers unless with them goes the answering cry, "Here am I, Lord; send me."—Woman's Missionary Friend.

# Young Peoples Societies.

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## TOPICS FOR 1909.

- Jan.—Strangers Within Our Gates.  
Feb.—Educating Prospective Citizens.  
Mar.—Home Mission Hospitals.  
Apr.—On the Trail.  
May.—In the Camp.  
June.—Sharing the Burden.  
July.—Pte. Aux Trembles Schools.  
Aug.—French Evangelization.  
Sep.—Our San Fernando College.  
Oct.—Rev. Andrew Gayadeen.  
Nov.—Yamot.  
Dec.—Awakening in Korea.  
Convener, Rev. Dr. McTavish, Kingston.

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## TOPIC FOR JUNE.

### SHARING THE BURDEN.

BY REV. JAS. WALLACE, M.A., B.D., LINDSAY,  
ONT.

Through the wisdom of our church leaders and the liberality of our church members, it has been made possible for many congregations, which are as yet too weak financially to become self-sustaining, to exercise the rights and privileges of regular self-sustaining charges, such for example as the choosing and settling of a minister of their own choice. Such fields are said to be "augmented," and the Fund from which they received a grant sufficient to enable them to pay the minimum stipend, is called the Augmentation Fund. The augmented field is thus an intermediate stage between the ordinary mission field and a self-sustaining charge.

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Augmented charges may be divided roughly into three classes:—

(1) Those once self-sustaining, but now so depleted through removals and changes, that they are no longer able to raise the full amount required to pay the minimum stipend.

(2) Those in some of the older settlements that have reached their limit and know little change, whose possibilities are already fairly definitely fixed and which through paucity of numbers and slenderness of

means cannot of themselves support a minister.

(3) Those that have advanced from the home mission status and will in all probability soon become self-sustaining congregations. We are glad to say that this last class constitutes the great majority of our augmented fields.

Home Missions and Augmentation are simply two stages of the same work and are in reality one. The distinction in status having been made simply to further more rapidly and make more effective and permanent our Home Mission work. Could the Home Mission Committee not from year to year hand over a number of its fields to the care of the Augmentation Committee they would not be in a position to adopt and care for new fields that yearly are being born by the score, and are crying for infant nurture.

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But if they are in the last analysis one, why make a distinction! The answer is,

(1) That thereby, as many fields as possible may be efficiently manned, thus enabling them to initiate and continue a definite policy of aggressive Christian work. On mission fields, even where ordained men are stationed, the relation between minister and people in most cases is regarded as only temporary, and plans are not likely to be laid nor carried out with that view to permanency and gradual development that are essential to the ultimate success of a field. The augmented field is likely to have a much more complete organization.

(2) Changes in mission fields are so frequent that the line of continuity is periodically being broken. Conditions change so rapidly that the Committee may regard a certain minister's presence at a particular point as imperative, or the minister may himself seek a change, and there being no definite tie binding him to any particular congregation, the removal is made easy. If it be said that under our present calling system the same thing may happen in any congregation, we must bear in mind that in



a regularly settled charge, organization will be much more complete, so that a change of minister will not affect it so materially.

(3) Congregations that have chosen their own minister cannot but feel that they have assumed a definite responsibility, a feeling not shared in the same degree by charges to which a missionary has been assigned, by no matter how wise and discriminating a Committee. Besides, the augmented charge shares in that natural feeling of pride that every one experiences who has entered into his full rights and privileges; and anyone who is conscious of privilege unless devoid of all moral worth cannot but in some measure respond to the added responsibility.

So much for principles, but what of results? Have the hopes of those men of the last generation who launched and championed the scheme been realized? What do the assembly reports show? Take for example the three last reports to hand. There we find in the Western section of the church alone, fields advancing from the augmented to the self-sustaining status, at the following rate, twenty-three in 1905-06, twenty-seven in 1906-07, and twenty-four in 1907-08, seventy-four fields in three years; while to replace them, ninety-seven Home Mission charges became moved forward to the augmented stage. If nothing succeeds like success, then those who fathered and fostered the scheme have great reason to be glad. Hard work had to be done for it and men like the late D. J. Macdonald, Dr. Warden, Dr. Robertson and others, who have passed away, as also men who are yet at work west, are deserving the deepest gratitude from the entire Presbyterian church of Canada.

Strange as it may seem until quite recently a prejudice prevailed in many quarters against Augmentation. Some seemed to think assistance from the Fund made it easy for congregations to shirk their duty in giving up to the limit of their ability. This suspicion has been proven to be unfounded, and so far from the truth, that it has actually been demonstrated, that man for man augmented charges give at a higher rate for support of ordinances than do self-sustaining congregations. It is safe to say further that within the last few years in connection

with no other class of field, has the church taken the same pains to see that the church supporters were giving up to the full extent of their ability.

Why should we interest ourselves in and support this important and growing work?

Every argument used for Home Mission work applies to this department with equal force and cogency. As Christian people, we not only should but must share the burden with our weaker brethren, that the light of the Gospel may shine in their midst, as well as in our own.

One of the signs Jesus gave that He was the One long looked for was, that with His coming the poor had the Gospel preached to them. Are we proving that the Christ has come by our fidelity in this respect? We have a special responsibility for those at our very door, for locality is one of the determining elements in responsibility. While our services must know no limits of distance, the weaker communities in our own country have a special claim upon us.

Further, the augmented charge seems to be the nearest approximation to the Christian ideal of service that we can render to our brethren, because it puts them on a footing with ourselves, in giving them the full privileges of the ministry of the church. Nothing short of this should be our aim. To give occasional supply, may be well enough when nothing better can be done, but we are coming short of the Christian ideal and the Golden Rule until we endeavor to give them like privileges with ourselves. It is by bearing one another's burdens that we fulfil the law of Christ.

Beyond the claims of equality and brotherhood, as a mere matter of self-protection the strong should assist the weak. Changes in congregations are continually taking place, old members move out and new ones move in. From the outlying districts people gravitate toward the town while the townspeople migrate to the cities. We must have the outposts manned and the people trained in systematic methods or the influx will decrease the average of excellence at the centres.

"Thus far" says John R. Mott in his book—"the future leadership of the church" "the

country and the small towns have been the springs of all that is freshest, most vigorous and best in city life," and we must labour to keep them so, or it will be bad for the country and bad for the city. If the smaller charges are neglected or improperly manned, the stream that once cleansed will begin to pollute.

The reason why some fields in the West require larger grants than others is not always to be explained by difference in numbers, wealth, etc., but often by differences in training of the members in their former homes, so that it has been proven that the expenditure of money on a field in the East, that it might be properly manned, has actually meant the saving of money in new fields to which the members from that field have gone.

"Contrary to the popular idea," to quote from Mr. Mott again, "many of the best qualified men are needed and required for the more scattered country fields;" and may we not add that many of them are found there. The labourers are worthy of their hire, whether in the large centres or "remote from town's they run their godly race," and our duty is to see that those who can gather little shall have no lack (see 2 Cor. 8.15).

The men on augmented charges are giving the best possible service at the lowest cost to the church, and it is time the church saw that they not only receive grants sufficient to make up the present minimum stipend, but that in view of the increased cost of living a very decided increase in stipend be made. Only then can we be said to be dealing with them in an honorable, not to say a brotherly manner. Men such as these have been practicing self-denial long enough, it is time that the whole church assumed a share of it, that her people may know something of the spiritual effect of fulfilling the law of Christ by bearing one another's burdens.

As an illustration of the rapidity with which an investment in this splendid work yields returns, take Grand Coulee, Sask. Dr. Carmichael, the Superintendent for missions in that district, informs me that three years ago Grand Coulee was a mission station, with a communion roll of about fourteen members, together with a number of people in the vicinity loosely connected with

the church. The field at that time owned a manse with a heavy burden of debt, but no church building. The people, however, wished to have definite and permanent organization for their field and succeeded in raising sufficient to qualify for the Augmentation Fund with a grant of \$300. Last year a church costing \$4,000 was built, \$3,800 of which was paid; the debt on the manse has been reduced to \$1,000, and this year the charge becomes self-sustaining. Three short years have witnessed that remarkable advance.

It might be added that when it was known at Condie, a neighboring field, what Grand Coulee had done, the people of Condie, who had been on the Augmentation Fund for five years, determined to go off it, and did.

Surely in this age when business men say they are content with small profits if they can only obtain quick returns, opportunities for investment such as this, where no moth nor rust corrupts nor thieves break through and steal, where the investor has both large profits and quick returns, must make a forcible appeal to us? This is the kind of investment that enables us to render to our Lord His own with usury.

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### A COUNTRY WITHOUT PAUPERS.

Belgium, according to an article in "The World's Work," is a country without paupers, and from which people do not emigrate. This reputation, which every other country would earnestly covet, exists not because of old age pensions or public charity, for Belgium has neither, but because the government has made systematic effort long continued, to encourage thrift among its people.

The means used most effectively is the postal savings banks, through which deposits may be made at any post office in the kingdom, and in amounts of one franc and over. Deposits are recorded by special adhesive postage stamps, which are pasted in the bank book furnished to each depositor free of charge, and bearing each an official number.

After the book is issued money may be deposited at any post office in the kingdom, and depositors may correspond with the bank free of postal charges. Through the instrumentality of these banks, the writer believes that the idea of thrift has been ingrained in the national character. Children are impressed with the necessity of saving from their school days up, and the result is found in a people who live within their incomes.—S. S. Visitor.



# Pulpit and Pew

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## A MINISTER'S WORK.

BY PROF. D. J. FRASER, B.D., MONTREAL.

In the charge to the minister at the recent induction of Rev. John Lohead, M. A., into the pastorate of Melville Church, Westmount, Montreal, Dr. Fraser, after a fitting introduction, with local references, spoke as follows,—

So many things that might fitly be said on an occasion like this crowd in upon one's mind that it is not easy to discriminate in favour of what is most important. What I have decided to say to you is very simple, and, at first sight, very commonplace, but in view of recent occurrences in the religious history of Canada, it seems to me to be timely. In any case it is, in my judgment, absolutely fundamental; and, sad to say, it is sometimes forgotten; but never save to the disaster of ministerial efficiency. In this, one of the most solemn moments of your life, I am going to warn you against certain temptations that are peculiar to the ministry, by simply reminding you of the essentially *spiritual* nature of your functions as a Christian minister.

Christianity is essentially a spiritual religion. We need, ever and anon, to come back to this elementary truth. It is not a religion of forms and ceremonies, although these may be needed in the sphere of worship. It is not a religion of rules and regulations, although these may be useful in the department of conduct. It is not a religion of creeds and dogmas, although these may be inevitable in the realm of thought. Christianity is a spirit, the spirit of Christ, trust in the Heavenly Father and love toward all men as our brothers.,

The work of the Christian Church, therefore, is essentially spiritual, to realize the Kingdom of God which was inaugurated by Jesus, the rule of God in the hearts and lives of men. The work of the church is not primarily that of the Divinity School, to teach theology. Nor is it that of countless social organizations, to revolutionize our industrial and political institutions.

Nor is it that of the theatre and concert hall, to entertain people. The supreme office of the church is spiritual, to bring God near to men, and to make the realities of the Kingdom of God a living experience and a practical force in society—to make as broad as humanity the community which Jesus founded in Palestine—of God's children living together in common trust and mutual love.

Your function then, as a Christian minister, is essentially spiritual. You are not primarily a theologian, a social reformer, an entertainer. You may, if you wish, carry on a propaganda in favour of the Old Theology or of the New Theology. You may join the trades unions and seek to change the industrial order. You may provide programmes for your people that will rival those of the concert-hall. As a citizen and as a member of the church, this is your right, if you wish to exercise it, but it is not your work as a Christian minister. You are Christ's servant—His helper, to establish the Kingdom of God, the rule of love and trust, of righteousness and truth, in every human heart. You are also the servant of your people for Christ's sake, the helper of all those who would live in the spirit. That is your distinctive mission as a Christian minister.

The fundamental qualification, therefore, for your work is that you be spiritual yourself, that you take a spiritual view of life and especially a spiritual view of your ministry. The ruling ideal in your ministry must be spiritual, not fame or popularity or social prestige, but to be a guide and friend to those who would live in the spirit.

Your standard of success in the ministry must be, not a statistical one which men may turn up in the Assembly's Blue Book, but usefulness in leading men into the Kingdom of God and guiding them to a vital, spiritual experience. The methods of your ministry must be spiritual, not rhetoric or sensation or any artificial device whatsoever, but the presentation of spiritual

truth that will make its instinctive appeal to the heart and conscience of your people.

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Does this seem a narrow conception of the Christian ministry? On the contrary, my brother, this alone will make the results of your ministry eternal and the scope of your ministry universal. This is what constituted the ministry of Jesus eternal and universal. He was not a social reformer. His chief aim was not to give people health or happiness or improved external conditions. His purpose was not to give people correct ideas concerning science or philosophy or theology or Biblical criticism. His aim was to bring into human life the experience of God as Father, and to bind men everywhere together in the bond of brotherly love. The Kingdom He sought was not of this world, and He would win His Kingdom not by the methods of this world but by the power of love and the force of truth.

In fact Jesus went to the cross because He made a sharp distinction between the literal and the spiritual, between the local and the universal, between the temporal and the eternal, in the religion of His time; and because He took His stand uncompromisingly for the essentially spiritual.

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Just because His ministry was spiritual, He touched at every point the life of His day, He touches at every point the life of our day, and He will touch at every point the life of the days to come; and at every point His touch was, is, and shall be, redemptive.

He was not an agitator for human rights, but His Gospel abolished slavery. He was not a social reformer, but His spirit introduced the best elements of our Western civilization and to-day sweetens the relations between employer and employed. He was not a scientific teacher but His ministry results in the quickening of the desire to find truth in every realm. You can only save your ministry here in Westmount from becoming ephemeral and local by keeping it essentially spiritual in its ideals and in its methods. Be a Christian minister—a minister after the pattern of Christ—and you will touch the life of your people at every point; and wherever you touch you will redeem.

You will readily see how this principle applies to all your relations, as minister to your people. I should like to refer to several of them, e.g., your relation to the *property* of your people, and your relation to the *conscience* of your people. But I shall take time to allude to only one application, the least obvious perhaps, and yet the most difficult. I refer to your relation, as minister, to the *intelligence* of your people.

It is true that you are to be among your people as an expert in spiritual things, a specialist who knows more about religious truth than they do; but this does not mean that they are to take your message, simply on your authority. The idea of infallibility is always in danger of encouraging literalism, and the letter killeth. It is the spirit that giveth life. Your function is to awaken the spiritual activity of your people—to give them insight into the unseen and eternal—to arouse within them a desire to know with regard to the highest things.

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The most discouraging thing to the man with a spiritual mission to his fellows is not their ignorance but their indifference. They are so engrossed in the affairs of this life that the vast region beyond has little or no reality to them. Your calling is to awaken their spiritual sensibilities—to come to this place Sunday after Sunday with such vision, such divine insight, as will help them to see with their own eyes the realities of the Kingdom of Heaven. The chief office of the pulpit, perhaps, is just to arouse the spiritual sense—to make men care for the eternal verities—to create in them the longing for some sort of entrance into the Ideal Kingdom.

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By thus administering to the spiritual intelligence of your people, you will help them to distinguish between the temporal form and the eternal truth of Christian doctrines. Few greater services can you render in this age of transition in religious thought. Amid the theological controversies of our day, it is most important that we should have some test by which to decide between the essential articles of the Christian faith and the passing forms in which they have found expression.



Every now and then some new discovery of science or theory of philosophy or result of criticism is advanced as being antagonistic to the traditional teaching of Christianity, and many pious souls become perplexed and alarmed. They are afraid that fundamental Christianity is being threatened. The reason they are anxious is that they have not learned to distinguish between the spiritual truths of Christianity and the local and temporal forms of their expression. It is your duty to lead your people out of such bondage to the letter into the freedom of the spirit. The literalist cannot fail to be disturbed by the newer knowledge, but he to whom Christianity is a spiritual religion whose foundations cannot be shaken, because they are laid in a vital religious experience, will not be moved by any apparent conflict between science and religion.

Many changes are taking place in the realm of religious thought, and these changes are inevitable, changes in our very method of approach to the great questions of theology, changes in our thought of inspiration and in our modes of Bible study, changes in our attitude to the non-Christian religions, changes in our conception of the Divine decree regarding the destiny of the race. These changes are causing alarm and sorrow and uncertainty to many earnest people. You will best minister to their comfort and stability by making the heart of your message Him who changes not—Who is the same yesterday, to-day, yea and forever—the Changeless and Unchangeable Christ who is the supreme certainty of religion; and by emphasizing in your preaching spiritual discipleship to the Personal Christ as essential Christianity. That is the secret, and that is the only secret, of religious assurance in this restless, doubting age.

“While the sea of doubt  
Is raging wildly roundabout,  
Questioning of life and death and sin,  
Let me but creep within  
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet  
Take but the lowest seat,  
And hear Thine awful voice repeat,  
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet,  
‘Come unto me and rest,  
Believe me and be blest.’”

Our hope and prayer, my brother, is that you in your ministry in Melville Church may be useful in leading many weary, anxious, sin sick souls to that unfailing source of pardon and joy and peace.

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### THE PREACHER A PROPHET.

BY THE REV. PROF. J. F. McFADYAN, INDIA

“But wherefore went ye out? to see a prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet.”

The highest secret of John's power lay in the fact that he was a prophet, with a message that came straight from the heart of God, and went straight to the heart of the people. His preaching was an appeal to the conscience—“Repent, turn from your sin: God's judgment is at hand”—and a call to keep the commandments.

Sometimes we seem to have learned almost too well the lesson of Christ's charity—so well that we are almost afraid to suggest that anything done by a “Christian” brother may possibly be unchristian. We remind ourselves that there may be explanations which do not appear on the surface, and that to know all is to forgive all.

But to become so very charitable that we can not tell a man he is doing wrong is the first step to treating our own shortcomings with an equal toleration. This is no plea for harshness. Let us make all due allowances for the temptations and weaknesses of the erring. Let us be very sure of our facts before we judge them. But we must never by our speech or by our silence leave them with the impression that sin is not a serious thing, the most serious thing in life. While not abating one jot of Christ's presentation of the Gospel of forgiveness, neither must we narrow by a hair's breadth the great gulf that is fixt between good and evil.

The preacher must be a man of unshaken conviction, ready for sacrifice and suffering, and able to appeal to the conscience, as a true prophet of God.

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A young man who combines personal agreeableness with the ability to do things is apt to find that things come his way.—  
W. J. Beecher.

### CONCERNING THE CHURCH.

As Christians we do well to give the church the highest place in our affectionate regard. The church stands for something in the community. It stands for the highest things of God, and it stands for the highest good of man. Paul speaks of the church as the medium or channel through which the manifold wisdom of God is made known to the world. He speaks of it as the household of faith. He speaks of it as the pillar and ground of the truth. He speaks of it as the bride of Christ. He bankrupts rhetoric in the use of similes and symbols to figure forth the power and splendor of the church that culminates as the church of the first born who are enrolled in Heaven.

No organization can come within astronomical distance of the church in beneficent service to society. There is no organization that believes so intelligently in the Fatherhood of God, and so practically in the brotherhood of man, as the church of Christ.

The church plants itself on the oneness of humanity the world over. It over-rides all racial differences, ignores all social differences, and binds in one divine fraternity all people that on earth do dwell. It refuses to call any man, or any race of men, unworthy the redeeming grace of the gospel of God. At its communion table all differences of class, clime, color, creed vanish, and mankind meet on the broad basis that all are equal in their need, and equal in access to the impartial grace of God's salvation.

There is no organization on the face of the earth, there never has been any, that gives such practical expression to the oneness and divineness of humanity as the church of Christ. It sends its ministers and missionaries to the darkest corners of creation, and bids them bend in loving service to the mental and moral enlightenment of all classes and conditions of men.

To establish a church in a community is to plant an oasis of palms in an arid desert; it is to erect a life-saving station on some dangerous coast; it is to turn an irrigating stream into a dry and thirsty land, it is to bring the saving health of God to the sin-sick children of earth.

The best love and service we can render our fellowmen is to help make the church a centre of all that will illumine and elevate and gladden the lives of men, women and children. The best investment a man can make of his life and money and energy is to invest it in the church that Jesus loved and gave Himself so that He might make it a glorious church, beautiful as a bride adorned for her husband.

He who helps to strengthen his own local church thereby helps to strengthen the church of Christ throughout the world.

Next to the honor of having one's name written in the Lamb's Book of Life above is the honor of having it written in the church of God on earth. The culminating blessedness of salvation is to be enrolled as a member of the church of the first-born written in Heaven.—"The Canadian Congregationalist."

### "PASS IT ON."

Suppose a case. It was at the Lord's Supper, there was a good churchful of disciples, and the deacons came along with the cup. The rule was for the man at the end of the pew to partake himself, and then pass it along to the next and he to the next, and so on till the last one was reached.

One man, right in the middle of the pew, got hold of it and partook and then held on to the cup.

"Pass it on," said the man next to him, who had it, but he would not do it.

"Pass it no," said the man beyond, who wanted it, but he would not do it.

"Pass it on," said the deacon in a low but earnest voice, but he would not do it.

The pastor saw there was some trouble in that pew. He slipped down on tiptoe, and, seeing how it stood, he said, "Pass it on; the cup is intended for all; 'drink ye all of it.' It is not intended for you alone. Don't stop it; pass it along." But the man clutched all the harder and would not pass it on. He wanted to keep it for himself.

There is the Cup of Salvation. Christ filled it with His own hands. He gave it to His disciples to drink. Drink and pass it along. "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." "Go ye, therefore."

So the apostles partook and then passed it on. They of Jerusalem passed it on to Antioch; and they of Antioch passed it on to Ephesus and Corinth and Philippi; and they of Ephesus, Corinth and Philippi passed it on to Britain, and they of Britain passed it on to us in America; and we of America are to pass it on to Japan and China and India and to the isles of the sea which have it not.

But now some there are who have got the Cup and hold on to it, and will not pass it on. There is more salvation in the Cup than they can ever use themselves, but they will not pass any of it along. When the brethren in other places conclude they must do something to hold forth the word and spread the blessing and come and ask them to join, saying, "We have found it so good ourselves, let us pass it over to those millions of poor Chinamen," they say "No." We do not believe in passing the cup along." So they never give anything to save the other people. Is that all right?—Baptist Missionary Union.



## THE VICTORIOUS LIFE.

BY REV. J. B. SILCOX.

One of the cheap, smart sayings of men is, "You cannot live on faith." My answer to that shallow sneer is you cannot live a true life in this world without faith. As Carlyle said, "For man's well-being faith is the one thing needful." When Paul said "I live by the faith of the Son of God" he revealed the secret of his strong, noble life. Man cannot live by bread alone, because he is not body alone. Man has a spiritual nature as truly as he has a physical nature.

The great forces of the universe,—heat, gravitation, electricity, chemical affinity—are invisible. It should be easy, therefore, for us to believe in the existence of an unseen spiritual world. There are realities beyond the range of our physical senses. I as firmly believe that I have an immortal soul as I have a perishable body. My physical nature allies me to this material world. My spiritual nature allies me to God and to the invisible spiritual realities of God's universe.

The reality of faith as a transforming force on character no one can deny when he sees the results, the changed lives of men. The men who have faced and fought gigantic wrongs, who have tunneled the Alps of difficulty and achieved great reforms have been inspired and sustained by a mighty faith. Faith is ever and always the prime element of heroism. It is impossible to be a hero in anything great and good unless you are first a hero in faith. Every good man, like Paul, has lived his life by the faith of the Son of God.

There is a real antagonism between the life of faith and the worldly life. Demas became an apostle because he loved the present world. The worldly man makes much of the life that now is and little or nothing of the life to come. His hopes reach to the grave only. Reason as well as religion declares that it is not wise to permit the present to shut out the future. It's a mistake and a blunder to barter one's heavenly birthright for a mess of earthly pottage.

This is the temptation that assails us all. We are so concerned with the affairs of this life that we have scarce a moment for serious thought and wise preparation for the life that awaits us beyond the grave. It is by a living faith that we overcome this temptation. Faith assures us that this life is only the vestibule of a nobler life in another sphere. To die is gain, because death is but a covered way that opens into life and light and love.—"The Canadian Congregationalist."

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"We walk by faith, not by light."

## THE COLONEL AT CHURCH.

A military officer, writing in the "Atlantic," of a sermon that he had recently heard, speaks of it in the terms of his profession, as follows:—

"I went to church yesterday and witnessed a series of operations that filled me with dismay. The minister began by seizing a text as a base of operations. I observed that the base was not secure, but this made less difference, as he was evidently prepared to change his base if the exigencies of the engagement demanded it.

His first mistake was one of over-caution. In order to defend himself from an attack from the Higher Critics, he had strengthened his front by barbed wire entanglements in the way of exegesis.

"This was an error of judgment, as the Higher Critics were not on the field, at least in sufficient force to take the offensive. The entanglements intended to keep a hypothetical foe from getting at him prevented him from getting at once at the real enemy. He thus lost the psychological moment for attack.

While he was endeavoring to extricate himself from his own defenses I trembled for the issue of the affair. Having finally emerged into the open, he was apparently prepared for vigorous operations. I watched intently for the development of his plan. I was bewildered by the rapidity of his evolutions. With a sudden access of courage he would make a wild charge against an ancient line of breastworks which had long been evacuated. Then he would sweep across the whole field of thought, under cover of his artillery, which was evidently not furnished with accurate range-finders. The next minute he would be engaged in a frontal attack on the entrenched position of Modern Science. Just as his forces approached the critical point, he halted and retreated to his textual base. Reforming his shattered forces, he would sally forth in a new direction.

"At first I attributed to him a masterly strategy in so long concealing his true object. He was, I thought, only reconnoitering in force before calling up his reserves and delivering a decisive blow at an unexpected point.

"At last the suspicion came that he had no objective, and that he didn't even know that he should have one. He had never pondered the text about the futility of fighting as 'one that beateth the air.'

"As we came away a parishioner remarked, 'That was a fine effort this morning.'

"'An effort at what?' I inquired."

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"I press toward the mark."

### HOW TO INCREASE.

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Scatter in order to increase. That is one of the great laws of life. That sounds paradoxical. We should be disposed to say, hold on to what you have got and get more. But the only way to get more is to do some scattering of what you have. It is so in the world of nature. Sow seed in the spring time; it looks like throwing it away, but it is not thrown away; it sprouts, it grows, it multiplies thirty fold, sixty fold, an hundred fold. Plant a bushel of potatoes and you gather a field of them in return. Scatter a package of flower seeds and you have a whole parterre of beauty.

It is so in the physical world. The man who uses his muscles gets more. It looks as if he was throwing it away. The blacksmith pounding away on his anvil looks as though he were throwing away his vitality, but every stroke on the red-hot or cooling iron is adding some little increment to the bundle of muscles in his upper arm and all the way down. Let him try the other thing, tie his arm to a pillow or hang it in a sling to save the muscle, and before long he will find his arm limp and flaccid and useless.

It is so in the realm of mind. You spend your mind on anything—language, history, mathematics, and every spending brings its own return of quickened thinking power and greater mastery and stronger memory.

It is so in business. Dollars have got to be put into circulation to make more dollars. Money does not grow from more to more by being kept in vaults. Counting it over won't make it more. It must be invested. It is scattered in a hundred directions. It builds steamships and constructs bridges and erects houses and runs railroads. The only way in which the rich man can get richer is by scattering his money and helping others while he is enriching himself. He cannot earn more dollars without giving somebody else a chance at the same time.

It is a law of the spiritual life. Religion that scatters itself is like a river. It shines and smiles and babbles just as long as, and because, it flows, just as long as it gives itself away.

The religion that has scattered itself farthest and widest is the strongest, most vital, in the world. The churches that have exported most religion have had most left.

The great Eastern Church, the Greek Church, the direct successor of the great Councils of the early Church, is moribund, formal. It has become a religion of steeples

and towers and bells and altars and vestments and processions, splendid and brilliant as an ice palace, and as cold and as dead. Why is it? Because through all these long centuries it has lived in the main to itself. It might have sent the Gospel over the deserts and mountains of Asia and conquered that vast continent for Christ. It stayed at home to see the moss and mould gather on it and almost cover and kill it.

When the American Board of Foreign Missions was started in the year 1810, and tried to get a charter from the Massachusetts State Legislature, one of the members got up and said, "We cannot afford to encourage an organization for the export of religion. We need all the religion we have got right here." And someone else rose and replied, "You are entirely mistaken. Religion is such a commodity that the more of it you give away, the more of it you have left."

That is literally true in the life of the individual and in the life of the Church. The people that have imparted most of their religion have got the most left. People that never pass on or share their religion with anyone have got a very poor uninteresting, attenuated specimen of it. It keeps shriveling on their hands until at last it dies out. In the estimate of Jesus Christ, who said, "freely ye receive, freely give" they have no real religion—only the ghost or semblance of it.

We are not only fulfilling a great commandment; we are not only contributing to the enlightenment of others, and happiness of others when we share the religion we have with them, but this is one of the surest ways of making *ourselves* not only more useful and Godlike, but happier. Man is the only creature that can be really happy. Happiness cannot be bought. It was never put on the bargain counter. It is the undetachable accompaniment of unselfish living. Dr. Samuel R. Brown, one of our great minded and great souled missionaries of Japan, once said, "the largest hearted people are the happiest people because they are most like God." Let us put these noble words to the test and we shall find them true.

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth only to poverty."—The Mission Field.

What makes a real home is the unnecessary thoughtfulness, the surprises of kindness over and above what could have been expected, the uncalled-for presents brought home from the city; it is the more than needful that makes a home. . . . It is the surplus tenderness that makes a home. It is the spirit of the second mile."—"East and West."



**GOD'S UNFAILING WORD.**

Some few years ago, a Christian lady, having decided that she ought to try and put into practice her faith in the efficacy of God's Word to bring souls into the true light, brought some marked New Testaments to circulate among some of the Jewish ladies in her town.

Several of these little books had gone out with kind personal notes inside them, and one day the last of the series was ready. The lady started on her errand. The walk lengthened beyond her strength; so, bidding her friend "good-bye," she sat down in a shelter on the sea-front to rest awhile. Only one other person sat there with her, and that one was sitting white and still with closed eyes. A few moments passed, then the tired lady timidly inquired: "Are you ill? Can I do anything for you?"

The eyes opened; they were dark and despairing; the lips moved, and a voice, hollow and sad, said: "Yes, I am ill—I am ill—I am dying, but no one can help that."

Swift as thought came the gentle answer, "Christ only; but what a comfort that He can!"

Suddenly new life seemed to vibrate through the frail form. Anger, that almost paralyzed her hearer, rang in the scornful tones of the stranger; the dark eyes blazed with brilliancy. "Do not mention that name to me! The impostor! The enemy of our race! The accursed one!"

With each nerve throbbing with anxiety to help, the Christian woman paused, uncertain how to answer.

Faltering, she began: "Have you ever read the New Testament?"

"Never!" came the sharp response in the same scathing accents.

"Is that quite fair? To us who know the Book and love it, your conduct seems like condemning a person unheard. You are dying, you say—the New Testament tells of a beautiful life beyond this. Oh, do read it!"—holding it out to her.

"Oh, do read about Him!" And again she held out the small parcel.

A weird smile lighted up the sad, thin face. "Well, nothing can hurt me now. At any rate you mean well." And the Jewess took the packet, slipping it into a bag by her side.

A year went by, and again the Christian lady was on the seafront. As she walked along, someone eyed her curiously, but with an unfriendly gaze which made her feel uncomfortable, though she knew not why. Turning to retrace her steps, they met again, and this time the other paused, asking abruptly: "Are you Miss——?"

"Yes."

"Then I have a message to give you. Do you remember giving a New Testament to a sick lady in a shelter here a year ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, she is dead. As she was dying, I promised her if I ever met you I would tell you that she died in peace, trusting in your Jesus Christ. I was a fool to promise her, but I did it, and I have kept my word; but I curse you for giving the Book to her; you have destroyed her soul."

She was turning to go, when the Christian lady stopped her. "The Testament—where is that?"

"I have it. I promised her to keep it; but no one shall ever see it—it shall do no more harm."

Quickly she walked away, leaving no chance of an answer; and her hearer went home, so shadowed by the terrible looks and words of hatred, that for days she could hardly give thanks for the precious soul that had been redeemed and was in glory.

Many months sped on their way, marked only by the silent prayer for that Jewish sister still in darkness. Then, one morning, a letter arrived in a strange handwriting, with a strange post-mark. It was brief and unsigned. It said, "Your Jewish sister thanks and blesses you. I, too, have read that New Testament, and found the true Messiah. Pray that I may be faithful; all here are against me, especially my husband. He has taken the Book from me—pray for him also.—Yours in the love of Christ."

More months sped away—then another missive came. "When this reaches you, I shall be with my sister before the Throne. I am dying, as she did, of consumption, but I want you to know that I have been kept true, and that I have my dear copy of the New Testament again. Last week my husband gave it to me. He has said no word, but he is all kindness and love. I asked him if he had read it; he only said, 'Ask no questions,' so I am praying on in hope. Continue your prayers for him."

Day by day that request was complied with, though the petitioner knew neither the name nor the abode of the one for whom she prayed. But the Hearer of prayer knew and sent one more answer. Two texts of Scripture written on a card came in a foreign envelope. One of them was: "My Word shall not return unto Me void," a text which speaks convincingly of the hidden power which lives in the inspired Word of Divine Truth.

This story is published to cheer the hearts of those who are lovingly "sowing the seed beside all waters."—The Christian.

**GOD'S POCKETBOOK AND MINE.**

*What relationship do I sustain to God?*

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."—1 Cor. 6, 19-20.

*How did I become His property?*

"Ye were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ."—I. Peter 1, 18-19.

*What interest has He in my possession?*

"Behold, the Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens is the Lord's thy God, the earth also, with all that therein is."—Deut. 10, 14.

*Do not my wages belong to me?*

"Say not in thy heart, my power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth, but thou shalt remember the Lord thy God; for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth."—Deut. 8, 17-18.

*By what right then do I hold property?*

"As the steward of God."—Titus 1, 7.

*What does God require of me as His steward?*

"It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."—1. Cor. 4, 2.

*Shall I have to give an account of my stewardship to God?*

"Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."—Rom. 14, 12.

*Is there any danger of me losing my stewardship?*

"What is this I hear of thee? Render the account of thy stewardship; for thou canst be no longer steward."—Luke 16, 2 (R. V.).

*What returns ought I to make to God for the use of what He entrusts to me?*

"Of all that Thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee."—Gen. 28, 22.

*What portion of my increase shall I tithe?*

"Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first-fruits of all thine increase."—Prov. 3, 9.

*May I not look after my own wants first?*

"The first of the first-fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God."—Ex. 23, 19.

*Does He expect this from me and does He lay any claim to it?*

"All the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's; it is holy unto the Lord."—Lev. 27, 30.

*Would it be honest to withhold any part of this from Him?*

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me. But ye say, wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings."—Mal. 3, 8.

*Can I afford to give so much?*

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more

than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."—Prov. 11, 24.

*Will not poverty excuse me?*

"They shall not appear before the Lord empty. Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God, which He hath given thee."—Deut. 16, 16-17.

*How shall I give?*

"Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."—II. Cor., 9, 7.

*How often shall I settle my account with God?*

"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him."—I. Cor. 16, 2.—In The Mission Herald.

**WHAT MISSIONARIES HAVE DONE**

Missionaries have translated the Bible into about seven-tenths of the world's speech.

Missionaries have done more than any one class to bring peace among savage tribes.

All the museums of the world have been enriched by the examples of the plants, animals, and products of distant countries collected by missionaries.

The export trade of the United States to Asiatic countries jumped from about \$58,000,000 in 1903 to about \$127,000,000 in 1905, which was due chiefly to missionary influence.

Missionaries were the first to give any information about the far interior of Africa. They have given the world more accurate geographical knowledge of that land than all other classes combined.

It is to missionary efforts that all South Sea literature is due; there is not a single case on record of the reduction to writing of a Polynesian language by another than a Christian worker.

The missionaries have expanded the world's commerce. The trade with the Fiji Islands in one year is more than the entire amount spent in fifty years in Christianizing them. A great English statesman estimated that when a missionary had been twenty years on the field, he was worth in his indirect expansion of trade and commerce ten thousand pounds per year to British commerce.—Ex.

He is able to do all that we ask, all that we ask or think,—above all that we ask or think,—abundantly above all that we ask or think,—exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.



# The Children's Pages.

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## THE STORY OF WANG.

BY REV. JOHN GRIFFITH, HONAN, CHINA.

Dear Young Friends,—

The trip to my mountain parish was a sad one. It was necessitated by the sudden death of Mr. Wang, one of our very best Chinese preachers, a man of most lovable disposition and sterling character. He had walked over here (40 miles) for our communion season only two weeks before his death, and returned full of hope and plans. Working so hard in preaching at various town fairs, he paid too little attention to a cold contracted through getting wet, and within a very few days pneumonia had carried him off.

Our hearts will be sore for many a day over the great loss we have sustained. From man's point of view, some of us foreign missionaries could much more easily have been spared than Mr. Wang. I feel this to be true of myself at least. Though only thirty-eight years of age, he had been zealously preaching the Gospel for ten years, and was growing all the time in strength and influence. I never saw our preachers and church members so bowed in general grief. Mr. Ho, especially, who was Mr. Wang's first fruits in Christ and his close friend and companion preacher ever since, was in tears for days. Any one who imagines the Chinese incapable of deep and tender emotion is greatly mistaken.

Mr. Wang's history is interesting as an illustration of the intense soul-hunger sometimes manifested by those who have never heard the Christian Gospel. His mother was troubled with sore eyes and his solicitude for her was very marked. Even as a youth of fifteen, he would voluntarily spend hours kneeling barefoot in the yard in winter before the sticks of slow-burning incense, in the hope of moving the gods in her behalf. He entered a Buddhist "holiness" sect when about eighteen years of age, and lived on a vegetable diet for three or four years. Hoping further to refine his body he lived apart from his wife, a fine

girl to whom he had been married in his early teens.

His heart-longing still unsatisfied by all that devotion at local shrines could yield, he determined upon a journey of over three hundred miles to a famous mountain monastery in the south. Joining himself to a party of travelling Buddhists, and subsisting partly on charity and partly by selling Chinese books, pens and ink, he tramped the whole distance there and back. I have heard him tell with what a thrill of joyful expectation his eyes first fell upon the lofty retreat within the walls of which his soul was to find peace. Alas for the reality. Drinking, gambling, opium-smoking—Buddhist priests filled his heart with disgust. Returning home, he began to read books of criticism on Buddhist doctrines and his faith in them was seriously shaken.

At twenty-six years of age he, one day, heard a strange doctrine preached on his village street, by Mr. Li, who, in those early days of our mission, had been borrowed from the Presbyterians in a neighboring province. He determined to go to Chu-Wang and see the foreigners with whom Mr. Li was connected, but, arriving there at the hour of evening exercise, found them playing tennis! Immediately concluding, from his Chinese point of view, that people who would jump around in such undignified fashion after a ball could never have very serious views of life, he returned home. But something drew him back, and the more he heard of the character of God, and of the revelation of His love in Jesus Christ, the more he felt it to be the very thing for which his soul had been longing.

It required courage in those days for a Honanese to express any sympathetic interest in the hated "foreign-devil" or his doctrines, but Mr. Wang openly confessed himself a Christian, and immediately fastened upon another young man, an idol-maker and temple-painter, to try and win him for Christ. As Mr. Ho said to me the other day, "Mr. Wang would constantly

come to my house and help me in the most menial tasks in order to have an opportunity to talk to me about Jesus. Really when I confessed myself a Christian it was not so much because I believed in Christ as because I believed in Mr. Wang." But Wang won his man, as he did many another afterward.

Another incident shows his spirit. The representatives of Rome never preach the Gospel openly to the heathen here, but they do make unceasing attempts to proselytise our Christians, offering free food and other inducements to those who will join them. Though converted through Protestant preaching some are won over by their specious arguments. Wang, Ho and others, through ignorance, fell into their trap shortly after becoming Christians. After a few months Wang told the others that he proposed to withdraw. Ho went to ask him if he had concluded that the Roman Catholic church was not good. "Well" answered Wang, "it all depends on what you are after. If it is rice you want you had better stay here, but I am going to leave." He would say no more, but it was enough, and the others left with him.

How fragrant is the memory of a good man! As many of the Chinese said at the funeral service, "To leave behind one an example like Mr. Wang's, nothing is important by comparison." Truly race and rank and color and all mere externals are forgotten when one meets a true man.

The brave little widow, though left with four children and less than fifty dollars' worth of property in the world, has surprised us all by her strong faith and confidence that the God who took her husband to Himself will not fail to provide for her needs. The two older boys (aged fifteen and thirteen years) have been in our Boys' Boarding School here for some years, and are such fine promising lads that we feel they ought to be given an opportunity. The other two children, boy and girl, have not yet reached school age.

Hoping you will not forget that the missionary, too, likes to hear occasionally from those who are interested in his work,

Yours in the Lord's service,

JOHN GRIFFITH.

### HIS OPPORTUNITY.

You might have seen by Timothy's expression that he was angry. His father had set him to work hoeing because farm-workers were scarce that year, and because his dollars were almost as scarce as the hands.

Timothy could see his father in the brook meadow, doing the work of two men; but this was not consolatory. Timothy had planned to spend the Saturday afternoon viewing a baseball game.

Every time a gust of the fresh wind brought him the bursts of cheering from the ball-field Timothy's anger grew. He kept regretting more and more that he had not spoken the word which would have permitted him to see the game. His father had not positively ordered him to work. He had said, "Just as you please, Tim. You have a choice of opportunities—one to see the game, and one to do a good turn to me." And somehow Timothy had made his choice.

When, however, a wagon dashed by, and a young man tossed the stump of his cigar at Timothy, crying, "One strike on you!" Timothy threw down his hoe and reversed his choice. Why should he not see the game and do the hoeing after supper? He climbed the fence, scurried down the road—and in two minutes came back again. After all, he had promised to do the hoeing. A faint crackle, an uplicking tongue of flame stopped Timothy as he was astride the fence.

The smouldering cigar stump thrown by the passing stranger had fallen at the edge of a huge rick near the barns and outbuildings of the farm. The dry rick had caught at once, the flames were spreading—and his father and the hired man were far away.

With a gasp of fear, Timothy jumped from the fence. His coat was lying on the ground. He caught it up and ran to the nest of fire. He was in time. He beat and stamped the fire out. Panting, he stood a moment, looking at the black patch. What if he had not come back? What if he were now cheering and shouting at the ball game?

Timothy picked up his hoe and returned to work. His face was no longer sullen; it was serious. Suddenly he looked up, and turned toward the distant, unconscious figure of his father.

"Dad," he said aloud, "I'll never think of breaking my word again!"—Selected.



## A SPRING CHORUS

Oh, such a commotion under the ground  
 When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"  
 Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,  
 Such whispering to and fro!  
 And "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,  
 "'Tis time to start, you know."  
 "Almost, my dear," the Willow replied,  
 "I'll follow as soon as you go."

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,  
 "When I hear the bluebirds sing,"  
 "And straight thereafter," Narcissus cried,  
 "My silver and gold I'll bring."  
 "And ere they are dulled," another spoke,  
 "My hyacinth bells shall ring,"  
 And the violet only murmured, "I'm here,"  
 And sweet grew the air of spring.  
 —Selected.

## "A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS."

(A TRUE STORY).

Lotta did not know what a pretty picture she made standing in the door of her father's flower shop, with the blossoms banked behind her, and the feathery palms framing her fresh young girlhood. Her face was bright with joyous hope, for her father had just consented to let her go on with her lessons in vocal music.

They were very expensive lessons, and it required some self-denial to meet the demand; but old man Craig had a long head, and he realized that this was the best provision he could make for his girl's future. He had no fortune to leave her; but experts in the musical line had assured him that Charlotte's voice, though not worth a fortune, would make her easily self-supporting, if properly trained.

It was not a great voice, not suited for opera, these musicians told him, and the old Scotchman promptly snubbed the suggestion; his daughter should never sing on a stage, he declared, no matter what sort of voice she had. But a concert was different, and as a teacher, he would gladly see her make an honest living. "But you maun be verra carefu', daughtie," the father had just said to her, as she was leaving his flower shop to go to her music teacher; "music is a bonny wark, but it's mony a temptation to be giddy ye'll find along wi' it; ye maun keep yoursel' wi' deegnty and no show any boldness or forwardness." And then to this lesson of high morality the old Scotchman added a shrewd caution: "Ye maun show yoursel' a leddy, gin ye wad hae leddies to trust you wi' their bits o' lasses."

"Yes, father," laughed pretty Lotta, "I'll keep a ramrod down my back, never fear!" Then she stepped out to the street and closed the shop door behind her.

A sound of discordant music made her wince; she would rather be slapped in the face than listen to discord. Searching for its source, her eyes fell upon a pathetic sight, a crippled veteran supporting himself on a crutch, was playing on a battered violin, much in need of tuning. Lotta stood waiting until he had finished "I'll Give a Penny for Your Thoughts," and then she stepped up to put a tiny bit of money in his cup. Lotta's money was only in small bits and not many of them; this nickel meant that she would walk several hurried miles, instead of taking a car. The nickel echoed in an empty cup. "You have not been lucky to-day, captain," she said in a gently sympathetic voice.

"No, lady," said the old soldier, in a discouraged tone; "I can't play anything but old fashioned tunes, and nobody cares to listen to me."

A sudden impulse was born in Lotta's tender heart. "I could gain him enough to let him take a day's holiday, perhaps;" her face flushed like the dawn, and paled again; would this act tell against her? Would it make her desired patrons think she was no "leddy"? The girl shrank back from her own impulse, and inherited caution pulled in the same direction. "Father might not like it," she said to herself, excusing her cowardliness; "it might cost me my chance to be a singer."

She started to walk on, but the sight of the faded uniform, the crippled leg, the sad old face held her. "This is my chance to sing in a great cause," she thought, and her heart leaped up. "What did God give me a voice for? I will use it for this poor child of his, and if I lose my career, I'll lose it."

"Here, Captain!" The old man was about to put his violin up and move on, but the fresh, hearty young voice arrested him. "Play that last thing again," said Lotta, "and we'll make people listen, and give, too."

The old man obeyed, he hardly knew why; he played the introductory bars, and a joyous surprise flooded his whole withered body, as a high, flute-like soprano arose and soared above the noise of the street, on the simple words of "I'll Give a Penny for Your Thoughts." He quite forgot that it was for money this beautiful young woman was singing, and that the money was for him; he simply rejoiced in his musical old soul at being a partner in this heavenly melody and he played worthily, with new skill and spirit.

Lotta herself felt the joy of creating such sweet sounds; she recognized the new throb in the battered old violin, the new skill in the battered old fingers, and threw her whole gift into the performance. She realized that she had never sung so well before.

When the song was ended, she and the

old street musician came back to earth with a slight jar. There was an enthusiastic crowd around them, applauding and pouring nickels and dimes into the old man's cup until it ran over. But the performance was not ended. "Let me have a try, father," said a deep, rich voice from the edge of the crowd. Lotta started violently, and turned as red as a rose with agitation. This—wonder of wonders—was the great Herr Mozel himself, her renowned master of vocal music! What was he thinking of her?

Not anything hard, evidently. The ever-increasing crowd gave way before him as he passed through and stood between the old musician and the radiant young singer. Taking the old violin in his fine, shapely hands, he bowed to Lotta: "Now, Miss Craig," he said, "we will give them an encore," and he played the prelude of "The Rosary," which the girl sang with tender pathos and feeling, and great richness of expression. The listeners fairly held their breath to catch every tone of the silvery, flute-like voice.

In the storm of applause that followed, Lotta slipped way, but not until she had seen the famous Herr passing bare-headed among the people, collecting, in his soft felt hat, what would seem like wealth and ease and comfort for the old street musician.

And yet another surprise marked the day for our young singer; for on the outskirts of the throng she ran aganst her father, stopped short, gasping. But instead of the reproof she looked for, "Eh, lass—" was all he said, "the good God has seen fit to gie thee a heart o' gold, to match the siller voice o' ye."—Elizabeth Preston Allan, in the Advance.

#### AN INDIAN FUNERAL.— THE CONTRAST.

"There's to be a pow wow among the Indians at the upper end of the valley to-night; let's go." So said one of a party of campers in the world-famed Yosemite Valley. As it was an unusual opportunity, we went.

It was the funeral rites over a young Indian brave, who had met a sudden death.

No more would he view those mighty masterpieces of God's handiwork! Never again would he ride his mustang through the dim aisles of the grand forests, or canter gaily over the green meadows, or splash through the sparkling waters of the Merced.

Dead! in the strength of his young manhood. Not even the roar of the mighty Yosemite, as it dashes and roars over the precipices, could wake him from that last long sleep. And there in the darkness of the moonless night, among the gloomy trees, with the little remnant of his immediate

friends and relatives to mourn his untimely end, the last sad rites were being held.

A crowd of unsympathetic tourists, sitting around on the rocks in the semi-darkness, looked on, and I wish I could make you see it as I saw it that night.

The old tent; the dogs roaming around, the group of Indians, young and old; the grim forest all around! In the background there looms up the mighty mountain wall of the valley. I can see it all yet, with the weird light of the camp-fire, now burning up brightly, and then dying down. And there, at one side, that always sad sign of death, the coffin; and in the foreground, the swaying figures of the Indian maidens as they stood chanting the death song.

Part of it we could not understand, but part they put into English, and that sad, weird, monotonous refrain repeats itself in my ears yet:

"He a-way!  
He a-way!  
He come no more!"  
"He a-way!  
He a-way!  
He come no more!"

And to heighten the weird and sad effect, some one near the coffin wailed continually. It seemed so typical, so appropriate and so sad. Death, darkness and despair. No word of comfort, no message of hope.

Now think of a Christian's funeral, as we have seen it. The daylight and sunshine, usually; the flowers, the songs of faith and hope; the words of comfort and sympathy from the pastor, and the blessed assurance from the Book of Books that Jesus has gone to prepare a beautiful home for all those who love him, where there will be no more sorrow nor sickness.

And that was only one! Think of the many that are dying without that blessed hope—that have gone out into the dark! And then we are glad to learn of the many self-sacrificing missionaries who are at work among them; and we are very glad to hear of the advance that is being made in helping them. But let us continue to pray and work whenever we can, that the day may soon dawn when our dark-skinned brothers and sisters of the forest will cease to chant:

"He a-way!  
He a-way!  
He come no more;"

but can sing with the spirit and understanding—

"Blessed assurance!  
Jesus is mine.  
Oh! what a foretaste  
Of glory divine.  
Heir of salvation,  
Purchase of God!  
Born of his spirit,  
Washed in his blood."

—Ex.



### A BOYS' PRAYER MEETING IN KOREA.

During one of a missionary's country trips in Korea he found some boys holding a prayer meeting between the Sunday school and church service. The boys had been in school and had taken back to their homes the lessons of prayer which they were carrying out in this meeting. The boys are from twelve to fourteen years old and took it turn about leading.

One little fellow, about eight years old, was a great chum of the missionary when the latter went to that place. Whenever the missionary went there the boy took up his abode with him and was a great teacher as well as a great pupil. He would tell the missionary all that had been done in the community since his last trip, and in turn would learn a great deal of the Gospel.

At the close of one of the boys' services the missionary said to the little fellow—

"And I suppose you will be leading when you get a little bigger."

The little fellow straightened up and said—"I led last Sunday."

The missionary, very much surprised, said—"You did? What did you talk about?"

"Well," said the boy, "I read that passage about straight is the gate and narrow is the way, and few there be that find it."

"And what did that mean?" asked the missionary.

The boy answered—"That bothered me just a little; I did not know just what it meant, but I told them that beyond the straight gate is heaven, and beyond the broad gate is hell, and we had better go the straight way."

The boys from the school had carried back the fire, and this incident was a little of the glow from it. May it light up all Korea.—Ex.

### WHERE AMBER COMES FROM.

Emperor William of Germany derives a large part of his income from the sale of amber. There is only one place in which amber is found in quantity; namely, on the coast of Samland on the Baltic. The German royal house owns a monopoly of the trade.

Amber, as it is found to-day, is the petrified resin of a very ancient forest. The layer of earth containing it runs fifteen or twenty thousand feet out under the sea. In ancient times, the inhabitants of the district used to gather seaweed thrown up on the beach by a storm, in the hope of finding pieces of amber attached to the weeds; nowadays, however, divers go down and search the sea bottom, while a mine has been sunk on the shore and tunnels have been run out under the bed of the ocean.

About \$12,500 worth of amber is taken

every day. Amber dust is sold to incense-makers. Small pieces with fine colors go to make ornaments that are much prized by the Persians and the tribes of India, while larger pieces are used to make pipestems.—Ex.

### MILEAGE OF THE HUMAN BLOOD.

The speed at which the blood circulates in the veins and arteries of a healthy man is something surprising. All day long, year in and year out, at night as well as through the day, the round trips continue from the heart to the extremities and back again. The red corpuscles travel like boats in a stream, going to this or that station for such service as they have to perform, and the white corpuscles dart hither and thither like patrol beats, ready to arrest any contraband cargo of disease germs.

The mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astounding facts in our personal history. Thus it has been calculated that, assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of two hundred and seven yards in the minute, or seven miles per hour, one hundred and sixty-eight miles per day and sixty-one thousand three hundred and twenty miles per year. If a man of eighty-four years of age could have one single corpuscle of blood floating in his body all his life, it would have traveled in that same time five million one hundred and fifty-thousand eight hundred and eighty miles.—The Boys' World.

### CHINESE BELIEF IN DEMONS.

The Chinese are very loath to travel after dark, not only because the roads are dangerous, but because of the greater danger of meeting with demons who have got loose from the "infernal regions," and are seeking to catch some one to send back as their substitute. Demons "fly in a straight line"; therefore walls are built crookedly to intercept them.

They may also be trapped like eels; so it is a common practice to hang an ordinary eel trap over the doorway of a house supposed to be visited by demons. These traps, made of bamboo, are of various lengths and sizes; but those used for demon-trapping are about a foot and a half long by six inches in diameter. They are conical in shape, and so plaited that an eel or demon, having once entered, is unable to come out again.

The trap is hung up by a piece of string immediately opposite the front door, and it is hoped that the demon, in his search for the door, will accidentally enter the mouth of the trap and find himself a prisoner.—Youth's World.

### FLOWERS OF HOPE.

It was two days before the family intended going to the new summer home, and Ruth had been standing at the sitting-room window, looking across the field to the wide avenue beyond. Mrs. Clarke, busy with thoughts of packing, did not realize that her daughter was so near, till Ruth turned to her and said, "Mother!"

"Yes, Ruth?"

"What shall we do with our flowers? Our yard is just full of them. They look so pretty! But I don't want to leave them there, do you?"

"Why not, dear?"

"Oh, well—because. You gave Mrs. Wilson a good many this morning, didn't you? I guess she will not want any more to-morrow. What shall we do with them, mother?"

"I don't know, Ruth, dear. Suppose we leave them where they are? We'll only be away for a few weeks."

"I want somebody to have them," the child insisted. "Somebody would love to have them, if we only knew who."

Mrs. Clarke busied herself with her work, but the child stood with her head in her arms, as if thinking seriously. On the avenue, just opposite the house, was the children's hospital, an immense red-brick building. One end was given up to day patients, and as the child absently gazed out of the window again she saw many children, some accompanied, others alone, enter the great door, which swung noiselessly behind them. As she stood there a sudden idea came to her mind, and she turned eagerly, but her mother had left the room. Callers came later, and Ruth forgot to speak of her plan.

Mrs. Clarke went shopping the next day, and did not reach home till quite late. Then she was met by her husband, who had just returned.

"Come into the sitting room, Nell," he said. "I have something to show you." She followed him. To her surprise he did not pause, but crossed the room and stood at the window. "Do you see over there, at the hospital door?" he asked, his voice trembling a little in spite of himself.

"Why, it looks—it looks like Ruth! But—why—Ted, is it? Yes, it is; but what is she doing?"

"Wait just a minute, and you'll see."

Even as he spoke a belated woman hurried along the street, holding by the hand a puny little cripple. They turned at the door where Ruth stood. Reaching forward, she pressed a flower into the child's hand, and her lips parted in a delighted smile as he grasped it eagerly.

"Bless her heart!" murmured Mrs. Clarke. "Her own idea, too! But, Ted, go over and

get her when she's through, and help her bring back that big basket; she must have carried it alone."

Mr. Clarke set out on his errand. His wife still stood at the window and watched the little figure, whose short skirts blew gayly in the wind, at the hospital door. "They say flowers carry cheer," she murmured. "In this case I am sure they will carry hope, too. She certainly has been a blessing to others to-day."—"The Sunbeam."

### ADVICE TO DAUGHTERS.

I once heard a bowed down father talking to a careless daughter whom he loved.

"'Lizzie,' he said, looking in her deep blue eyes and stroking her golden hair, 'Lizzie, I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a care worn look upon her face. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast. When your mother comes and begins to express surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"'Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath, and swollen face. You were not attractive then as you are now. Through years of childish sunshine, and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world.

"'And then the mid-night kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long years.

"'Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

"'Her face has more wrinkles than yours. And if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

"'She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, which have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips, which gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late.'"—Eli Perkins.



**"POURQUOI."**

Not long ago the following incident fell under my eye and made a deep impression upon my mind. It was in Switzerland; two bold, intrepid, Alpine climbers, after toil and effort, had succeeded in scaling the precipitous heights of one of the most rugged and dangerous mountain peaks for which that country is famed. They were slowly and carefully making the perilous descent into the valley when a severe storm broke over them and they came very near losing their lives. Finally they chanced upon a hut belonging to one of the shepherds who live among the foothills of the Alps, and there found shelter and food.

After they had been made comfortable by the good man and his wife, the adventurers related to them the story of the toils, sufferings, and dangers that they had passed through. A puzzled look had crept over the face of the old woman as the tale was being told, and at its close she turned to the travelers and with a deep, penetrating look, she said "Pourquoi?"—"Why?" This question set them to thinking, and the conversation ceased for the evening; but every time the travelers looked at one another, each saw in the other's face that burning question, "Why?" Why had they endured the sufferings, braved the dangers? Why? Merely for the sake of gaining a name and fame.

As I read the incident the thought came to me, how much toil, trouble and disappointment could be avoided if we would but force ourselves into a corner and ask that searching question, "Why?" before we attempt to ascend the peak of our ambition or to scale the lofty height of our desires, good though they may be. Why not ask the question at the outset, and not wait until the toil and suffering is over and then remorsefully look back over the trail and say, "Why?"—"Why did I do it?"

It is a good thing for us to stop once in a while and look back over the path that our feet have trod and apply that question, "Why?" An adequate answer has never yet been found to the question, "Why did Christ love and die for me?" But ask, "Why did He save me?" "What is His purpose for my life and service?" Peter tells us, "Ye are.....a people for God's own possession, that ye may show forth the excellencies of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light." As we look back over our pathway, does it show that His purpose for us has been realized in our actual experience? Or have we fallen so far short of His ideal that we have lost sight almost entirely of His high and holy calling?

Perhaps some can answer satisfactorily even the most searching of the above questions. But there is another line along which

The application of the question "Why?" could be made with profit, and that is as to the motive, both present and remote, for the activities of every day life, insignificant though they may often seem to be. The thought springing up in our minds regarding our brother or sister; the look of sympathy, or perhaps the frown, bestowed upon those whom we chance to meet; the passing word spoken to those with whom we come in contact; the little action, kind or otherwise, toward those who cross our path; what is the real motive underlying all these little things; why did we do it? "Why?"—Selected.

**WHAT SHE SAW.**

"I thought it was a pretty fair sort of telescope for one that wasn't very big," said Uncle Silas. "I rigged it up in the attic by the high north window and had it fixed so it would swing around easy. I took a deal of satisfaction in looking through it, the sky seemed so wide and full of wonders, so when Hester was here I thought I'd give her the pleasure too. She stayed a long time upstairs and seemed to be enjoying it. When she came down I asked her if she'd discovered anything new.

"Yes," she says, "why, it made everybody's house seem so near that I seemed to be right beside 'em, and I found out what John Pritchard's folks are doin' in their out-kitchen. I've wondered what they had a light there for night after night, and I just turned the glass on their windows. They are cuttin' apples to dry—folk as rich as them cuttin' apples!"

"And actually that was all the woman had seen. With the whole heavens before her to study, she had spent her time prying into the affairs of her neighbors! And there are lots more like her—with and without telescopes."

**GOLDEN GOSSIPS.**

"There are two kinds of gossips. One kind tell the ugly things about those they know; and the other kind—the golden gossips, some one has called them—tell all the nice things they can about people. If everybody would try to be a golden gossip, when speaking of others, what a pleasant world this would be. If only the nice things were told, everybody would soon be trying to have only nice things to tell about. Who knows, but perhaps in a little while there would not be anything but nice things to tell, and everybody would have to be a golden gossip."

Happiness, in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wildgoose chase, and is never attained.



# World Wide Work.

## THE GENESIS AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

BY J. CAMPBELL WHITE.

One hundred years ago, at the famous Haystack Prayer Meeting, the first organized foreign missionary work in North America was inaugurated. A small group of college students at Williamstown, Massachusetts, voiced the keynote of the new enterprise in the now historic phrase, "We can do it if we will."

During the last twenty years the missionary spirit has had a marvellous development among the colleges of the United States and Canada. The Student Volunteer Movement, born at Northfield in 1886, has swept through the colleges with its inspiring watch-cry, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," familiarizing students with world conditions and leading thousands of strong men and women to live with a dominating missionary life purpose.

As volunteers went into various mission fields they found very few, even among their fellow-workers, who were living in the hope of seeing the world evangelized in this generation. Largely under their influence this conception of the Church's present duty has taken hold of the missionaries abroad and the missionary leaders at home, until now it has become a part of the prayers and earnest hopes of nearly all the important missionary societies of Christendom.

Every four years there is a great convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, bringing together some thousands of the students of North America to consider the progress of the kingdom throughout the world. The last of these conventions was held at Nashville, in February-March, 1906.

It was at this convention that the seed-thought of the Laymen's Missionary Movement was planted by the Spirit in the mind of a young business man of the City of Washington. As he saw over three thousand students considering for several days their relation to the evangelization of the world, this thought came to him—if the laymen of North America could see the world as these students are seeing it, they would rise up in their strength and provide all the funds needed for the enterprise.

The providential opportunity for testing this idea came a few months later. The one hundredth anniversary of the Haystack Prayer Meeting was to be celebrated in New York City by a series of interdenominational missionary meetings. It was arranged that

one of these meetings should be for laymen and should take the form of a prayer meeting. This meeting was held on November 15, 1906, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

The afternoon was very stormy, and only about seventy-five laymen were present. Mr. Samuel B. Capen, of Boston, presided. It was really a prayer meeting, most of the time from 3 to 6 p.m. being spent in actual prayer. After an intermission of an hour for supper the meeting continued in the evening, consisting mainly of discussion as to what practical steps should be taken. Out of this discussion a series of resolutions was adopted calling into existence the Laymen's Missionary Movement.

From the first the whole idea of the movement has been to co-operate with the regular missionary agencies of the churches in the enlargement of their work. It does not divert any missionary offerings from congregational or denominational channels.

Nor does it promote the organization of separate Men's Missionary Societies within the congregations. All the organization asked for is a Missionary Committee of men in each congregation to work with the pastor in enlisting all members and adherents in the intelligent and adequate support and extension of missionary work.

The movement itself has no organization apart from a general committee, which meets twice a year, and an Executive Committee of twenty-one members, which meets every month. Three Secretaries give their whole time to the work of the general movement.

Quite a number of denominational Laymen's Missionary Movements have already been organized. As a rule, these follow the practice of the general movement and consist merely of a series of committees. Five Secretaries of denominational Movements have now been secured, and others are about to be appointed.

As the Movement is "an inspiration, not an administration," it has been chiefly occupied with the presentation of an adequate missionary policy to influential groups of men, and also with the exploitation of methods of missionary finance, which have produced the best results.

The Movement stands for investigation, agitation and organization; the investigation by laymen of missionary conditions; the agitation by laymen of an adequate missionary policy, and the organization of laymen to co-operate with the ministers and Missionary Boards in enlisting the whole



Church in its supreme work of saving the world.

It has been found of enormous advantage to present the missionary operations of the Church in the large, to men of all the churches together. Only in this way is it possible to secure the full inspiration from past success and to plan on a comprehensive basis for the completion of the work that has been so splendidly begun.

It is noteworthy that wherever the Movement has been presented, in scores of cities of the United States and Canada, it has received the enthusiastic commendation and co-operation of representative men. A commission of six laymen from the United States and Canada presented the Movement in Great Britain, where it was at once taken up and National Committees organized both in England and Scotland. It has since spread to Germany and to Australia. We are rapidly approaching the time when the Christian men of all nations will be federated for co-operative action in behalf of mankind.

While the movement has already resulted in enlisting large numbers of men in the active promotion of missionary interest and has been one of the main factors in adding hundreds of thousands of dollars to the receipts of Missionary Boards, it is not to be expected that the whole church can be aroused suddenly to its missionary responsibility. If during the next five or ten years the whole Church can be filled with the missionary spirit and fired with enthusiasm for world-evangelization, it will be a marvelous triumph of grace.

What explains the power of this Movement in the lives of men? What is its significance in the life of the Church? To these questions, at least partial answer is found in the following considerations:

1. The Movement presents to men **the greatest possible spiritual challenge**. The greatest thing in the world is the world. If the world's needs are not great enough to arrest a man's attention and command his help, he is incapable of being moved by the most imperative challenge with which God has confronted men. That man had the right conception of life who said, "I would rather save a million men than save a million dollars." Men are awakening to their opportunity to enter as influential constructive factors into the currents of human history and leave the whole world better because they lived.

2. This Movement makes **the largest possible demands** upon men. It strives simply to voice to them God's call for a life whose dominant purpose is to establish the reign of Christ in all human relationships. It reminds men that all life is a sacred trust, involving the stewardship of opportunity,

of influence, of time, and of treasure; that spiritual values are the only permanent values; that selfishness is suicidal, while service of others brings to the soul the supremest possible satisfaction.

It has been truly said that we must either ask more of men or less. They are not satisfied with what they have been doing. The Laymen's Movement believes that we can only be true to the call of the world and of Christ by asking of men all they have and are; that the Kingdom may come and God's will may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

3. The effort to evangelize the world presents to every man **the largest opportunity of service** which can come to him in this life. It includes the man nearest to us, and also the one farthest away. It asks for the best which any man has of intelligence and ability to help solve the supreme problem of the world.

This is an enterprise into which the most resourceful of men can put all they possess of life and possessions, and then wish that they had manifold more to invest. No man can live the large life which God has planned for him unless he enters with his whole soul into the program of Christ for the redemption of the race. Many of our best pastors and lay workers at home have been developed by the missionary spirit.

4. The life-purpose being emphasized by the Laymen's Movement, when followed, **satisfies the deepest spiritual ambitions** of men. Most men are not satisfied with the permanent output of their lives. Nothing can wholly satisfy the life of Christ within His followers except the adoption of Christ's purpose toward the world He came to redeem. Fame, pleasure and riches are but husks and ashes in contrast with the boundless and abiding joy of working with God for the fulfillment of His eternal plans. The men who are putting everything into Christ's undertaking are getting out of life its sweetest and most priceless rewards.

5. The effort to evangelize the world **presents the speediest and surest method of saving the Church**. Our material resources are so stupendous that we are in danger of coming to trust in riches rather than in God. "If a man is growing large in wealth, nothing but constant giving can keep him from growing small in soul." The evangelization of the world is the only enterprise large enough and important enough to provide an adequate outlet for the Church's wealth.

Another of the subtle modern foes of the Church is rationalism. The final answer to this dangerous enemy is the standing miracle of modern missions. In the aggressive missionary operations of the Church lies her fairest hope of salvation from formalism, from materialism, from rationalism, from selfishness and from indifference to the will of God.



As all branches of the Church co-operate to accomplish the evangelization of the world, there are multiplying evidences that **the unity of the Church** itself may be restored. In the mind of Christ, the union of His Church was associated with the salvation of mankind. He prayed "that they all may be one that the world may believe."

Men believe in the Laymen's Movement because it is actually associating men of all churches in co-operative work for the accomplishment of Christ's one great purpose through His Church.

Professor Bosworth says that there are four things that bind men together: 1. A common hope; 2. A common work; 3. Deliverance from a common peril; and 4. Loyalty to a common friend. On this quadrilateral men of all communions may unite to make Christ known and loved to earth's remotest bound.

### BUDDHA "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

Siddhatha Gotama was born about 557-558 B.C. under some lofty satin trees in a pleasant grove at Lumbini, at the foot of the snow-capped Himalayas in the present State of Nepal. His family was well connected and of good position, though it is now certain that his father was not a temporal monarch, as was once supposed.

Of Gotama's early life little is known, but legend comes to fill in the gaps and satisfy the craving for the marvellous. His birth is said to have been heralded by omens and portents, mighty earthquakes and miracles of healing took place, flowers bloomed out of due season, heavenly music was heard, and delicious perfumes filled the air, and even sea water lost its saltiness and became sweet and refreshing. The new born child proclaimed with loud voice his own greatness, and at the same moment his future wife was born.

On this same day the happy and delighted hosts of the Heaven of the Thirty-Three held a celebration, waving their cloaks and giving other signs of joy, because to King Siddhodano had been born a son who should sit at the foot of the Bo-tree and become a Buddha."

'At the age of 16 or 17 he was married; one record declares that he had 8,000 wives, and another credits him with 40,000. He had only one son, and the mother is really the only wife of Gotama we know of. Our hero is said to have won his bride by his skill in archery competitions, and we are solemnly told that he used a bow 1,000 men could not draw, and the twang of his bow-string was heard 7,000 miles away!

Having thus run the gauntlet of story mongers, we are able to discover more probable information. He was a thoughtful, studious lad, greatly impressed with the fact of human suffering. On every hand he saw

sickness, decay and death. His own heart, too, was unsatisfied, and he was painfully conscious of inward cravings for things in themselves perishable.

Four visions made a deep impression upon his mind—a tottering old man, a sick man, a decaying corpse, and a monk. He felt himself chained to a world of suffering, and sighed to be free from it.

When he was twenty-nine years of age his only son was born. Feeling that this new treasure would be another tie to the world he was anxious to shun, he resolved to leave all and become an ascetic. The story is told how he turned away from the door of his wife's chamber, denying himself even a parting caress of his new-born babe, lest, waking the sleeping mother, her entreaties should prove too strong for him.

Mounting his horse, he rode away into the darkness, accompanied only by a servant. After a long night ride he bade his attendant return with the horse and jewels to his father. Cutting off his long warrior hair, he exchanged his usual clothing for the rags of a beggar he chanced to meet, and went on alone.

Gotama now became a Wanderer, placing himself under the tuition of two famous teachers. He was soon convinced that their doctrines would not lead him to emancipation, so, with five disciples, he retired further into the jungle to seek peace by mortifying the body; in other words, he became a Hermit or Sadhu.

For more than six years he sought repose by these means, and then, worn to a skeleton, and convinced that his search had been futile, he discarded austerities and devoted himself to meditation. His companions "forsook him and went away, on the ground that he had given up the struggle and gone back to a life of abundance."

An old ballad tells how at this time Mara, the Evil One, tempted Gotama to give up his quest. The struggle was a severe one and left him utterly prostrate. Then came the victory. Sitting one night under a Bo-tree at Gaya, wrapt in meditation, he received what he believed to be enlightenment, and from that time he is known as The Buddha, or Enlightened One. He thus described the experience.

"My mind was released from the defilement of sensual desire,  
My mind was released from the defilement of earthly existence,  
My mind was released from the defilement of heresy,  
My mind was released from the defilement of ignorance.  
In the emancipated arose the knowledge,  
'I am emancipated,'  
Thus did I perceive in the last watch of the night.  
Ignorance was beaten down, insight arose, darkness was destroyed, the light came,  
Inasmuch as I was there strenuous, aglow, master of myself."



Shortly afterwards someone asked him, "Who is thy teacher? Whose doctrine dost thou profess? Buddha answered:

"I have overcome all foes; I am all wise; I am free from stains in every way; I have left everything, and have obtained emancipation by the destruction of desire. Having myself gained knowledge, whom should I call my master? I have no teacher; no one is equal to me; in the world of men and of gods no being is like me. I am the Holy One in this world; I am the highest teacher. I alone am the absolute omniscient one (Sambuddho); I have gained coolness by the extinction of all passion, and have obtained Nirvana. To found the Kingdom of the Law I go to Kasis (Benares)."

After his enlightenment Buddha spent "four times seven" days in meditation under various trees. He at first thought of ceasing to exist, and thus entering at once into the full blessings of the emancipation, but Brahma Sahampati, ruler of the highest of all the heavens, humbly knelt before him and begged him not to die, but rather to live and preach the doctrines he had discovered. This he consented to do, and at once set out to find his former teachers and five fellow-acetics. Finding the latter in the deer-park Isipatano at Benares, he delivered to them his first discourse. As this great speech was a survey of his teaching, we give several extracts.

"There are two extremes. O Mendicants, which he who has given up the world ought to avoid.

(1) A life given up to pleasures, devoted to pleasures and lusts: this is degrading, sensual, vulgar, ignorable, profitless; and

(2) a life given over to self-mortification: this is painful, ignorable, profitless. By avoiding these two extremes, O Mendicants, the 'Perfected One' (one of Buddha's titles) has gained the knowledge of the Middle Path, which leads to calm, to knowledge, to perfect Buddhahood, to extinction.

"Which, O Mendicants is this Middle Path . . . which leads to extinction. It is the Noble Eightfold Path, namely: perfect opinion, perfect resolve, perfect speech, perfect employment, perfect conduct, perfect exertion, perfect thought, perfect self-concentration. This O Mendicants, is the Middle Path, the knowledge of which the Perfect One has gained, which leads . . . to extinction."

The problem he set himself to understand was suffering, and he propounded "Four Noble Truths"—the Noble Truth of Suffering, the Noble Truth of the Cause of Suffering, the Noble Truth of the Cessation of Suffering, and the Noble Truth of the way which leads to the Cessation of Suffering.

"This, O Mendicants, is the Noble Truth of Suffering. Birth is suffering, decay is suffering, illness is suffering, death is suffering, the presence of hated objects is suffering, separation from loved objects is suffering, not to obtain what is desired is suffering. Briefly, the fivefold clinging to existence is suffering."

The pivot of all his teaching is this: so long as a man exists he will suffer, and the only way to escape from suffering is by ceasing to exist. This state of non-existence may be reached in *this life* by walking the Noble Eightfold Path. It is called Nirvana. (*Nir* is a negative term corresponding to the Latin *dis*; *va*, "to blow." Hence Nirvana means "the state of being blown out."

According to Buddha's gospel, man could only escape from suffering by being "blown out."

He recognized no God, no Creator, no Judge of men. He saw no beauty or purpose in life, and no lesson in sorrow. To him, this world was one vast prison-house, and man's supreme duty is to escape from it. But escape from this world does not mean happiness in another, but extinction, for Buddha distinctly taught that man has no spirit, no *ego*, and that at death he ceases to exist.

The principles of Buddhist morality are as the great teacher's views of life. Recognizing no God, Creator, or Judge, the follower of Gotama has no responsibility to higher powers. His only duty is to himself. Actions are good or bad as they help or hinder his attaining Nirvana.

Such was the wretched gospel Buddha offered India. With earnestness and tenacity of purpose he preached it far and wide for more than fifty years. In large numbers people turned from a decaying Brahmanism to the fresher views of life, and were admitted to the Order of Monks, or became lay-disciples. On donning the yellow robe the convert said thrice:

"I flee to Buddha as a refuge;

I flee to the Law (of Buddha) as a refuge;

I flee to the Order as a refuge."

At last, after many years of public teaching, Gotama began to realize that the end was near. In this last discourse he said:

"I am now decrepit, old, advanced in years. . . . My age is eighty years. Just as a broken-down waggon, so with difficulty is the body kept going. . . . Abide as your Lamp, abide ye as your own Refuge, recognizing no other Refuge."

Over and over again the phrase was repeated, "Abide as your own Refuge, recognizing no other Refuge." His last recorded words were, "Come now mendicants, I bid you farewell! Compounds are subject to decay. Prosper ye through diligence." Shortly after that the great master passed away.—Ill. Mis. News.

How few can earn, through years hard spent, this simple, homely compliment: "He helped his fellow man a lot; his heart was big; his head was not."



# The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Apl.	Rec. Mar. 1st to Apl. 30.
Home Missions....	\$ 2,873.88	\$ 5,268.39
Augmentation.....	368.61	725.36
Foreign Missions...	6,413.51	14,109.42
Widows' & Orphans'	56.40	412.95
Aged Ministers....	96.32	183.07
Assembly Fund....	71.74	106.29
French Evangeliztn	143.23	383.68
Pt-aux-Trembles...	375.35	733.03
Tem. Moral Reform.	31.86	182.54
Knox College.....	66.03	110.43
Queen's College....	32.50	49.12
Montreal College...	10.00	17.40
Manitoba College...	33.50	80.50
Westminster Hall..	1.00	1.00

Received during April,  
At the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,  
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the donors.

## Nova Scotia.

Milford Station c.e.	\$ 1 25	Hanover, "Anon"....	6 50
Rev. W. J. Fowler...	7 70	Est. Henrietta Hall...	75
Rev. David Wright...	7 70	Glencoe, "J. McA."...	1
Rev. Wm. Forbes.....	6 65	Woodstock Knox....	78
Stellrtn., Sharon c.e.	30	Rev. Robt. Hamilton.	20
Rev. A. McL. Sinclair.	9 60	Winchester, St Paul	100
		Stirling, St. And .....	9 95
		Tor., Dovercourt y.p.s.	2 7
		Moorefield .....	16

## P. E. Island.

Rev. D. B. McLeod....	35	Strathroy, St. And....	93 85
Rev. John Murray....	8	Kilsyth .....	22

## New Brunswick.

Rev. Frank Baird....	9 20	Tor., Erskine cl. boys..	6 25
		Carluke, St. Paul c.e.	8 56

## Quebec.

Mont., Chalmer's, ss...	18 39	Deer Park .....	200
Mont., Calvin c.e .....	8	Toronto, Friend.....	1
Mont., Chinese ss .....	22	Dracon .....	8
Rev. G. P. Tattie.....	9 60	Belleville, St. And .....	100
J. B. Ironside.....	200	Drumbo, Willis.....	33 16
Ste. Louise .....	11 50	Miss M. Lowry .....	5 50
New Carisle, Zion....	13	Peterboro', St. Pa. ss.	62 50
St. Andrew's, East....	20	Mrs. J. G. Murray....	5
Lost River .....	11	Winterburne .....	15
Mont., St. Gabriel's...	22 96	Riversdale .....	38
David Ogilvie.....	10	Paisley, Knox.....	57 80
Henry Birks .....	10	Holstein .....	62
Kingsbury, St. And...	28	Thamesford, St. And.	55 82
Shawville m b.....	25	East Oxford .....	14
Athelstan .....	22	Arthur, St. And....	13 50
Beauharnois .....	150	Wingham, St. And...	11 63

## Ontario.

Richmond Hill .....	22 25	Franktown .....	3
Thornhill .....	39 85	Port Albert, St. And	25
Gillies Hill .....	7 50	William Stephen .....	5
Parry Sd., St. And...	71 66	Galt, Central, cl. 27...	20
Maple Valley, St. And.	39	Tor., Dovercourt .....	165
Strasburg .....	35	Hawkesville, St. A. ss.	3
St. Catherine Ist....	150	Rev. Jas. Hamilton....	5
Preston .....	47 15	Douglas, Zion .....	19
Corunna .....	7	Scotch Bush, St. And.	12 23
Franktown .....	5	Dracon, Knox.....	1
Sonya, St. And .....	35	Melrose .....	15 46
" ss.....	10	Ottawa, Erskine ss .....	50
Peterboro', Friend...	75	English Settlement...	11 50
Hampstead .....	38 75	Toronto Emmanuel...	22 80
Hamilton, St. Giles ss.	10 92	London .....	67
Drummond Hill .....	6	Barrie, St. And. ss. ...	25
Motherwell y.p.s .....	1 50	N. Kinloss .....	1
Wallacetown y.p.h.m.s	10	Moore, Burns' .....	56 95
Miss J. Campbell .....	20	Stratford, Knox.....	300

Embros' .....	175	Metcalfe .....	4
Annan .....	40 85	Miss Armour.....	4 50
Comber, St. And....	36 75	Grand Bend.....	3
Rev. G. B. McLennan..	4	Hespeler, St. And....	100
Hamilton, W'minster..	15	St. Cath., Knox.....	135
Kenora, Knox ss.....	10	Louth .....	11 50
Berlin, St. And.....	40 40	Robert Taylor .....	5
Shakespeare.....	4		
Shannonville.....	6 69		
Clinton, Willis ss .....	19 77		
Rev. S. D. Jamieson...	9 20		
Barrie .....	153		
Hamilton, McNab St.	350		
Blake .....	33 35		
Oril (Mrs. Grant's cl.)..	5		
Drummond Hill ss. ...	10		
Warkworth .....	323 10		
Stratford, St. And....	58		
Little Rapids .....	10		
Tor., Bloor St. ss.....	613 86		
Beverly .....	63		
Sarnia, St. And .....	300		
Leaskdale .....	21 77		
Flesherton, Chal .....	27 75		
Ottawa, St. Paul's....	150		
Prescott y.p.s .....	18		
Aylmer, Knox.....	22		
S. Plympton .....	30		
Dover .....	24		
Calvin .....	27		
Glen Allan, Knox....	61 10		
Cobourg, St. And .....	22 05		
Belgrave, Knox.....	54		
Beihel, St. Pa., Ridge.	20		
Hampden .....	26		
Hollen .....	19 45		
Sudbury, St. And....	72 90		
Mrs. Mary A. Maxwell,			
Peterboro .....	5 00		
Waterdown Kx. lass'n	13		
Gordonville .....	8 50		
Kingston, Chal. ss. ...	10		
Mrs. Mary Robinson...	20		
Rev. Hugh McLean .....	10		
Tor., Old St. And .....	200		
Nelson, St. Paul's....	38		
Carlisle .....	75		
Ailsa Craig .....	175		
Mitchell, Knox .....	58 45		
Bal. sale E. Wms' prop.	16 14		
Dunwich, Duff's .....	5 50		
Monck .....	5 30		
Kew Beach .....	150		
Sault Ste. Marie c.e.	50		
Harriston, Guthrie...	8		
Ospringle .....	26 50		
Erin, Burns' .....	47 50		
Cedar Hill, Zion.....	10		
W. Bentinck .....	2 25		
Peterborough, St. Pa.	1,000		
Nottawa .....	3 26		
Sarnia, St. And. ss .....	62 50		
Woodstock, Chal. ss.	10		
Spanish .....	1 60		
Massey .....	4		
Mattawa .....	23 75		
Espanola .....	1		
Webbwood .....	10		
Mrs. Agnew.....	10		
Pt. Hope, St. Paul's..	72		
Wyoming .....	20 60		
Peterboro', Daughters			
of Erin .....	50		
Dr. J. T. Fothernghm.	10		
Wick .....	60 64		
Glenagary ss. assn....	50		
Caledon, Melville....	18		
Woodspeck, Chal .....	64		
Est. Samuel Smith,			
Beeton .....	14,000		
Tor., Cowan Ave. ss. ...	16 27		
Guelph T'ship ss, No. 5	4		
Brucefield, Union....	32		
Craighurst .....	8 50		
Lucknow ss .....	25		
Clinton, Willis c.e. ...	44		
Est. Joseph Young,			
Walkerton.....	6,175		
Metcalfe .....	1 75		
M. Weaver .....	17		
Mrs. Norman Hillary..	10		
Campbellvil, St. Dav.	20		
Sault Sts. Marie, St A.	22 53		

Creswell, St. John's...	4 70
Dundas, Knox .....	387 79
Beckwith, Knox.....	12
Tor., W'minster.....	12 15
Hanover.....	117 63

## Manitoba.

Shellmouth.....	12
Robert Monteith.....	5
Breadalbane.....	145
St. David's.....	34 65
Miniska ss .....	8
Miniska ss .....	6 70
Grassmere .....	2
Wpg., St. Giles .....	160
Rev. W. H. May. ....	7 70
Wpg., W'minster.....	598 83
Sanford, Oak Bluff...	6
Belmont, Knox mem.	2
Point Douglas c.e.....	100
Rosburn c.e.....	15
"Mrs. S. B. A.".....	3
Miami c.e.s .....	1 30
Pipestone ss. ....	9 45
Viola Dale ss .....	8 45
Roland c.e.s.....	25
Brandon, St. Paul's...	300
Dauphin.....	32
Marney.....	50

## Saskatchewan.

Ruddle .....	20
Rev. W. S. Moore .....	10
Carlyle ss .....	6 25
Condie.....	10
Joseph Sykacs.....	1
Mr. G. E. McCraney...	50 37
Yellow Grass ss .....	11 25
Balcarres, St. And. ss.	5
Perdue .....	11 25
Fleming, "Friend"...	20
Fleming.....	15
Rev. Alex. MacGregor.	10

## Alberta.

Wm. Robertson.....	250
Innisfail.....	51 75
" ss.....	5
Edmtn, Qu'ns Av. ss.	15
Raymond.....	5 50
May .....	3
Vermilion .....	8
Rev. C. O. Whiting....	20
Pincher Creek .....	13 15
Calgary, Grace.....	18
Mountain Mill .....	2 50
Strathcona, Knox....	50

## British Columbia.

Prince Rupert.....	1 50
Rev. R. J. Douglas....	7 75
Chilliwack.....	10
" ss.....	8
Rev. J. S. Henderson...	25
Langley .....	10 75
Victoria, St. And....	120
Vancouver, Chal .....	150
Weston and S. Arm.	32
Rev. Wm. Ross.....	40
Rev. P. Wright .....	23

## Miscellaneous.

Evangelism Com.....	100
Rev. John Mowat.....	15
W.F.M.S., per Mrs.	
Tibb .....	25,000
Rev. H. Grant, Honan.	49
Rev. G. Eadie, Honan.	20
Pr. Rv. A. D. Menzies.	225
"Anon" .....	50
Rv. J. T. Taylor, India.	10
W.F.M.S., per Miss	
George .....	25,000
"Detain'd Volunteer"...	100
Rev. F. L. Jobb .....	6 37
"Friend" .....	10
Per Rev. J. Menancon	200
Pr. Rv. A. D. Menzies.	176 33
Madill Estate .....	1,767 94
Pr. Rv. F. J. Anderson	49 14
Anon .....	10
Pr. Rv. G. Hamilton ..	2



# The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Apr.	Rec'd Mar. 1 to Apr. 30.
Foreign Missions..	\$1,822.46	\$3,186.70
Home Missions.....	255.33	430.08
Augmentation.....	396.35	627.25
College.....	827.78	1,384.78
A. and I. Ministers..	16.00	53.50
French Evangelizatr	104.88	106.88
Pt-aux-Trembles....	5.00	89.00
For North West.....	72.25	162.25
Children's Day Col...	—	102.78
Assembly Fund.....	11.10	13.10
Bursary Fund.....	250.00	296.00
Library.....	72.98	72.98
Widows' & Orphans..	5.00	11.00
Temp., Moral Reform	—	25.20
Unallocated.....	429.82	482.57
Total.....	\$4,268.95	\$7,044.07

Received during April  
at the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,  
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the Donors.

Reported, .....	\$2,775 12	Dartmouth .....	126 69
Pictou, Prince St..	40	Dartmouth .....	261 63

S. G. Smith .....	10	Senator McKeen .....	25
Alfred C. Foster.....	5	Bridgetown.....	6 53
Wallace Pres.....	25	Onslow.....	40
J. J. McKenzie.....	2	Amherst, St. Ste.....	80
John Munro .....	10	Hopewell, Un .....	31
Hx., Park.....	25	Mabou .....	8 10
Lakeville .....	5	Chatham, St. And.....	144
Refund .....	11 02	Windsor .....	75
"M" .....	250	Truro Pres.....	20
Mundleville, ce.....	5	Middleton .....	30
New Glasgow, 1st.....	233 59	Moncton, St. J. ladies	100
Presdt Falconer.....	23	Kentville .....	32 50
Truro Pres .....	50	Tatamagouche &c.....	31 25
Wm. Brown.....	5	Balfour.....	5 25
Dr. Jas Walker.....	25	Friend .....	5
J. R. Thomson.....	10	David McLure .....	10
C. F. Inches .....	5	Coll. Convocation.....	72 98
Dr. Murray McLaren	25	Milford & Gays River	111 47
J. P. McIntyre .....	25	Milford A. J. Reid.....	2
H. C. Page .....	2	Gabarus, Collected by	
Fredricton .....	22	Maggie McLean.....	5 75
Westville, Carmel.....	136	St. John, St. Davids	
New Glasgow, 1st.....	200	(additional to \$60 from	
John A. Matheson.....	75	Fireside Club).....	112
Rev. A. F. Robb.....	75	Lieu, Gov. Fraser.....	50
Grand River .....	11 50	Bay of Islands.....	14 38
Wolfville, St. A. ladies	75	Fisher Grant, ss.....	5
Truro Pres., Onslow...	50	Glace Bay, St. Pa. Chin	45
Whycocomagh.....	46 20	Brookfield, N. S.....	35 13
Waterville.....	10	Canard .....	50
Rev. Wm. McLeod.....	15	Hugh Grant.....	1 30
Refund.....	55	Mrs. McLaren .....	5
Riverside, Musq'dt.....	22 87	Whycocomagh.....	12 15
Hartsville, miss. soc...	68	"An Elder".....	20
Englishtn, S. Gut.....	21	"Dorcas".....	10
New London.....	22 70	"Xmas. Thank off'g."	5
Wallace Pres.....	50	Bass River.....	21 88
Antigonish.....	24 88	Kentville.....	53
St. John, St. Davids...	125	Hx, Park St. ....	65
Fredricton.....	100	"A Friend".....	40
Princetown.....	436 65	Mary Caldwell.....	1
C. M. Dawson.....	20	Springside .....	53
Black Riv. Bdg. wfms.	10		
Hx., Ft. Massey gld...	30		
		Total.....	\$7 044 07

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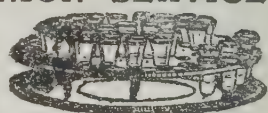


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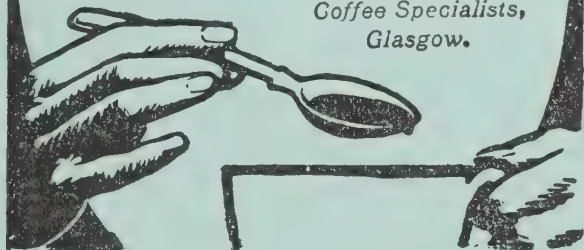
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A hedge between keeps friendship green.  
—German Proverb.

"Hurry" means worry, and haste is waste.  
Study to be habitually calm."

All who glory in the cross of salvation  
should glorify the cross by service.

The Christian life is not only knowing  
and hearing, but doing.—F. W. Robertson.

The highest ambition of love is to serve  
the one loved. It is the nature of love not  
to be waited on, but to wait on.

Better methods may simplify the social  
question, but it can be solved by nothing less  
than better men.—F. G. Peabody.

I find the great thing in this world is not  
so much where we stand as in what direc-  
tion we are going.—O. W. Holmes.

It is only by labor that thought can be  
made healthy and only by thought that  
labor can be made happy.—Ruskin.

I think we should cross no man's path  
without hailing him, and if he needs, giving  
him supplies.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Finances are the real test of honour. The  
man conscientious in monetary obligations  
in all probability will be equally so in other  
things.

Never esteem anything as of advantage  
to thee that shall make thee break thy  
word or lose thy self-respect.—Marcus Au-  
relius.

"During the years I was in Parliament, I  
came in contact with sixty master minds,  
and all but five of them were Christians."—  
Gladstone.

The true secret of happiness is not to es-  
cape toil and affliction, but to meet them  
with the faith that through them the destiny  
of man is fulfilled.

"Little words, not eloquent speeches; lit-  
tle deeds, not miracles or battles, nor one  
great heroic or mighty martyrdom, make  
up the Christian life."—Bonar.

No man can be wholly uneducated who  
really knows the Bible, nor can anyone be  
considered a truly educated man who is  
ignorant of it.—President Schurman.

The sacrifice of the cross is linked to self-  
surrender. Jesus voiced the two ideals  
when he explained his mission to his dis-  
ciples by saying, "The Son of man is come  
not to be ministered unto, but to minister,  
and to give his life a ransom for many."

I confess that my anxiety is not lest there  
be not a great awakening in the East, but  
lest there may not be a corresponding  
awakening of the church in the West.—

Jesus never sends a man ahead alone. He  
blazes a clear way through every thicket  
and woods, and then softly calls: "Follow  
Me. Let's go on together, you and I."—S.  
D. Gordon.

It is always easier to destroy than to cre-  
ate. More damage can be done in an hour  
by a tearer-down than can be repaired in a  
year by one who would build up.—Robert  
MacDonald, D.D.

To borrow with no intention of repaying  
adds hypocrisy to crime. The chief counts  
the cost and risks it, but the borrower first  
steals his victim's confidence and then makes  
away with his gain.

"Know the true value of time; snatch,  
seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No  
idleness, no laziness, no procrastination;  
never put off till to-morrow what you can  
do to-day."—Chesterfield.

Every cross is turned into a crown, every  
burden becomes a blessing, every sacrifice  
becomes sacred and sublime the moment  
that our Lord and Redeemer writes on it  
"For My Sake."—Cuyler.

"Only fixed convictions will produce per-  
manent Christian activity, and only those  
who are actively at work will maintain  
fixed convictions. The two may stand to-  
gether; either attempted alone will fail."

A trader passing a converted cannibal in  
Africa, asked him what he was doing. "Oh,  
I am reading the Bible," was the reply,  
"That book is out of date in my country,"  
said the foreigner. "If it had been out of  
date here," said the African to the Euro-  
pean, "you'd have been eaten long ago."—  
Baptist Commonwealth.

"It is better to live in obscurity than to  
be lifted into public notice by methods re-  
pugnant to moral sense. It is better to be  
poor, and filled with the consolations of  
Christ, than to be rich and empty hearted.  
It is better to be loved by a child than to be  
flattered by those whose only purpose is  
to serve personal ends."

We are tested by our duties. We do not  
begin to realize how much depends upon  
our faithfulness in the common days. To  
fail in our testing is to come unready to  
great crises. We say God does His own  
work in the world. Yes, but not without  
us. Our faithfulness is essential to the car-  
rying out of the Divine purpose.—J. R.  
Miller.



GO YE INTO  
PREACH THE GOSPEL  
ALL THE WORLD AND  
TO EVERY CREATURE

The  
**PRESBYTERIAN**  
**RECORD.**

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# Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIV.

JULY, 1909.

No. 7

## THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

### Letter I.

#### The Opening Night.

Hamilton, June 2, 1909

DEAR RECORD,

After ten years the Assembly is welcomed here once again, with sunshine and smiles—from the mountain in green behind, from the sky in blue above, from the bay that ripples and sparkles in front, and best of all, from the good people of this good city, making the guests feel that their lines have fallen in pleasant places and among kindly hearts.

And now as the sun sets and the shadows gather, commissioners and citizens fill this beautiful church, still called "Central" though moved towards the circumference of the city, while the gutted walls of the old "Central" down town, tell of the scourging by fire that drove the worshippers from their home.

But evening is not the only shadow under which the Assembly meets. Men too, pass through their fires. Only yesterday, word came from Winnipeg that the wife of Dr. Duval had been called away by death, and that our Moderator, well beloved, whom we had expected to preach to-night the opening sermon, is holding lonely vigil with the memory of the dear one who has been his companion and helpmeet through the burden and heat of life's day, and whose home going leaves him sad and heart-sore at evening time.

But he has sent his sermon. It is read by Principal Patrick, after opening services by Dr. Sedgwick. It is from the words of Christ in John 16: 12-13—"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now; howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth is come, He will guide you into all truth." Its theme is "The growing soul and the guiding spirit." Ere these lines are read it will be carried by the daily and weekly press all over the church, with its message of hope and promise, urging to

higher and better living and pointing the way.

After sermon the Assembly was constituted by the Senior Clerk, Dr. Robert Campbell, and proceeded at once to elect a moderator for the current year. The difficulty in getting ministers for churches and mission fields is lack of men. The only difficulty in getting one for moderator is making a choice. Two were nominated, Dr. R. P. Mackay, F. M. Secretary, West, and Dr. Lyle, senior pastor of the church in which we are now meeting. How happy with either were t'other away! But there's only room for one, and while both have large votes, the pastor of the church has the majority.

And now the preliminaries are ended. Arrangements are made for the hours of meeting—morning, afternoon and evening. Benediction follows. With many a hand-clasp old time comrades meet and greet as the throng grows slowly less, and this pencil must "your truly" and lay itself down for the night.

Requiescat in pace  
Yours, X.

### Letter II.

#### A Story Without Words.

Thursday, June 3, 1909.

Dear Record,—

The first business session of the Assembly opened this morning, and as is fitting, the first business hour of every Assembly is a prayer service. This is business of a very practical kind, for if men are to do aright the work of the church of God, it must be done in harmony with His will and by His guidance.

After the opening hour the whole of the session has been occupied with two Reports, which are akin in that both have to do with the spread of Christ's Kingdom, but which are widely different in that the very name of the one, the Report on Young People's



Societies is fragrant with the freshness of youth and hope, while the name of the other, the Report on Statistics, suggests the rime of age, the mustiness of an ancient office den.

The Y. P. S. Report tells of steady progress, with marked contrast to seven or eight years ago. Then no text-books covering the missions of our church, now three. Then not a mission study class, now ninety-four, with increase in membership, contributions, and effort to teach the young people systematic and proportionate giving.

While a few of our Y. P. Societies are organized under other names the most of them are either Christian Endeavor Societies or Presbyterian Guilds. Of the former there are now 308 and of the latter 213.

The young people are the hope of the church. What they are now the church will be a few years hence. The church that trains its young people and holds them and wins them for Christian service, will be the strong church of the future.

The other Report, Statistics, is the largest in the book. It fills one-third of the nearly five hundred pages that make up the stitched volume of about forty reports to come before the Assembly. It consists of page after page of columned figures, in serried ranks, like soldiers on parade; figures, figures, millions of them. The story of the church for the year. A story without words.

Here is to be found nearly everything regarding every congregation in the church, from Louisburg to Nanaimo, from Harbor Grace to White Horse. Does one want to know how many preaching places in a congregation, how many families, how many elders or communicants, how many joined by profession or certificate during the year, how many were removed, how many baptisms there were, how many are enrolled in the Sabbath School or Bible Class, he can find it all here.

Does one wish to learn the ability or liberality of a congregation, the value of their church property or the debt upon it; the stipend promised and how much that promise is in arrears; the amount given to the various funds of the Church, to College, Home Mission, Augmentation, French, Foreign and other Funds; how much is

contributed by the women's societies, young people, and Sabbath schools, an answer can here be found.

But how is all this mass of information obtained? Blank forms are sent to each minister or session and they are asked to fill up the various items for their own congregation and return them to the clerk of their Presbytery. These clerks, one for each of the sixty-six presbyteries, make up the returns each for his own presbytery, and forward them to the Agent of the Church in Toronto, who groups them in one whole, with totals of all kinds, and there you are.

There is just one drawback, and that is that the figures are not always as carefully given as they ought to be, and hence the value of the whole is not what it might be.

But it is a wonderful report. A history of the church and what it has done for the year, and if the minister and the elders in each congregation, who all get a copy of it, were to study it carefully, as to their own church and others, it would be profitable for themselves and the church.

Just one or two totals from the mountain of figures.

The total number of preaching places in our church from ocean to ocean is nearly four thousand; the total church membership about two hundred and seventy thousand; the enrollment in Sabbath schools and Bible classes, over two hundred thousand. The total received by the treasurers for the schemes of the church during the year is four hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Problem.—Find out how much that is per week, per communicant, for the year, and also how much would be given for the extension of Christ's Kingdom if each church member would give for that purpose at least ten cents per week or upwards.

Till further,

Yours, X.

### Letter III.

**The World's Longest H. M. Field.**

Thursday evening, June 3, 1909.

Dear Record,—

More than seven hundred Home Mission fields, nearly all of them with several

preaching stations, scattered along the vast sweep of over five thousand miles, from Labrador to Yukon, like sentinel outposts beyond the settled congregations, to win and hold our country for truth and righteousness, such was the survey this evening.

The cumulative effect of that survey was vastness; great reaches to guard and to win; great hindrances of various kinds, wordliness, indifference, atheism, error, vice, to oppose; great opportunity, great responsibility.

I wish I could pass on to the readers of the RECORD, as vividly as it was presented here to-night, the greatness and the needs of this work; the scattered frontier settlements which, left to themselves, without the home missionary and the Sabbath worship, soon lapse into irreligion and forgetfulness of God, and with that into lawlessness and vice; the older provinces by the Eastern sea, with their industrial centres and their fishing hamlets; the Province of Quebec with its little bands of English speaking Protestants gradually growing smaller and disappearing, as they move away, or intermarry and are absorbed; the large numbers of foreigners coming to our country, alien in speech and ideals, forming solid settlements in the West and congested districts in cities of the East, difficult to assimilate and a source of danger in the future; the growing Mormon population in Alberta, and the necessity, in view of their teaching and life and history, of earnestly prosecuting Home Mission work among the non-Mormon settlers in that region, where ours is the only Evangelical church; the mining camps among the western mountains, where thousands of our young men, from eastern homes are exposed to the worst temptations, where the Gospel, the home missionary and the place of worship is the only influence for good, the only reminder of any help between these young men and ruin; the fact that eighty-four new mission fields, each with its several preaching stations, was opened during the past year to meet the growing needs; the fact that although the scarcity of men limited the expenditure to \$170,713, the church did not give even that amount by fourteen thousand dollars; the imperative necessity, if we would meet the expanding settlement and save our country

to what is highest and best, of more of our young men for the ministry, and an increase of at least twenty-five per cent. this year in our givings for Home Missions.

To our church, with others, Christ has intrusted the holding of Canada for the things that are highest and best. If it were holding our land for earthly king and empire, what readiness, what diligence, what sacrifice there would be! When it is the holding for truth and purity, for safety to coming generations, will the soldiers of Christ be found wanting!

Good night,

Yours X,

---

#### Letter IV.

#### A Suit for Divorce.

Friday noon, June 4, 1909.

Dear Record,—

Let me mention a pretty incident of this morning. It was noted that Rev. Dr. War-drope, the "father" of the church was present and he was invited to a seat on the platform. His brief address of acknowledgement was entirely unpremeditated, but for felicity of thought and expression it was a gem of rare beauty, while the very presence of the ninety years and the saintly life gave his benediction an impressiveness which no mere official dignity could impart.

Two solid sessions, yesterday afternoon and this forenoon were taken up with Queen's University. There were speeches long and strong on both sides, by principals and professors, ministers and laymen.

But what's the matter with Queen's? What does she want and why can't she get it?

Put roughly it is as follows:—Queen's University was founded by the Presbyterian Church, Auld Kirk, by royal charter, more than sixty years ago, for the training of her ministry. There were then no State or endowed universities, and the churches had to provide secular as well as theological education for her young men. By her charter the members of the Presbyterian Church are her body corporate, her Board of Trustees have to be nearly all Presbyterians, and her Principal must be a minister of the Presbyterian Church; and that charter cannot be changed except by the



consent of the Church. The Church, however, is not responsible for her support, and the Assembly has no control.

Some of the Queen's teachers and trustees hold that if the Theological Faculty were taken over by the church, and the charter of the University were amended by taking the word Presbyterian out of it altogether, there would be more help received from other denominations and from the State, and that the professors would be eligible for the Carnegie Pension Fund. The University could thus do better work and retain all its good men, and both church and university would be gainers.

Others wish no change, holding that at least one university should have some connection with the church, both for its own sake and for the sake of the church, in case all other seats of learning should come under secular, materialistic or atheistic influence.

Some argue that it will make no real difference to the character of the University, while putting it on a much wider, a national basis; others that it will be slipping the cable that moors to safety and going adrift. The one side claim that the church should finance the university or allow her to do it in her own way, the other, that there need be no great difficulty in financing under the present charter. One party protests that the church should not hinder the development of the university by retaining nominal connection, the other, that there is no need to make of Queen's a great university, that she should be content to be that which her founders had in view, an invitation for literary training. One side predicts a coming far short of the best if the change is not made, the other sees possible disaster if it is made.

It was a great debate, worthy for the most part, of any court, forensic or ecclesiastical, in the world, and at length the cautious course was taken of appointing a commission to look into the matter during the year, and report to next Assembly.

Floreat Queens,  
Yours X.

## Letter V.

### The Key to the Situation.

Friday afternoon, June 4, 1909.

Dear Record,—

The "situation" is the whole work of the church, and the "key" to it is "Systematic Giving," which was the feature of this session.

Principal Gandier, in presenting the Report, gave as a goal,—“Our share of Canada and our share abroad” and the only way to attain that goal is by the simple, scriptural method of giving each week as the Lord hath prospered. The growth of this idea is seen in that two hundred and eighteen congregations report its use this year as against forty-seven last year. “We must lift weekly systematic giving out of the temporalities and make it an act of worship.

N. W. Rowell, K.C., chairman of the Canadian Council of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and Hon. Mr. Charlton, the chairman of the Ontario section of the same, addressed the Assembly, and the grandeur of the subject and the excellence of these addresses, and of others that followed, has given the afternoon an inspiration that made it “good to be here.”

This letter cannot convey the pleasure of the inspiration, but it can tell its readers how the great work may be done which the church has set before it, viz., by the weekly offering for missions, and this will yield a pleasure more lasting than any temporary enthusiasm wrought by the touch of a master hand. The solution of the problem of the world's evangelization is “weekly worship as the Lord hath prospered,” a simplex policy and the duplex envelope.

The other Report this afternoon was that on the Aged Ministers' Fund, by the Con- vener, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, who has given to it so much of time and care and expert knowledge of Life Insurance.

There were during the year, one hundred and twenty-four receiving annuity; ten were called home and eight others retire and are placed upon the Fund.

It is pleasing to tell of an increase in contributions. “The laborer is worthy of his hire.” He gives his life to the church,

doing her work, and the evening time, when unable to work, is a part of that life. The annuity is but a part of the hire for the laborer's life work.

Till life's gloamin'  
Yours X.,

---

### Letter VI.

#### Foreign Mission Night

Friday, June 4, 1909.

Dear Record,—

We meet to-night under a double shadow, the death of Dr. E. D. Millar, the Convener, East, and the illness of Rev. W. A. J. Martin, the Convener, West. Both are reminders that our working time is short.

After presentation of the Report, by Rev. A. E. Armstrong and Mr. T. C. James, there was a long array of speakers from the foreign field, Dr. and Mrs. Morton and Rev. S. A. Fraser, from Trinidad, Dr. Waters from India, and Mr. and Mrs. Goforth from China, while Mr. Rohold told of our latest mission, to the Jews.

It was an inspiration to see and hear our pioneer in Trinidad, home on brief furlough and going back again at three score and ten, after forty-one years of service there, with the energy and the optimism of youth, and his life long comrade in arms (no pun) going in the same spirit.

Mr. Goforth's story of God's wonderful work in China and Korea is familiar, but its interest does not wane. One statement that made a deep impression was that the Spirit of God did his wonderful work there, only when there was complete surrender and confession, and that same Spirit is able to do the same work here if we are willing to pay the price.

Foreign Mission night has often lifted the Assembly to a high level of enthusiasm and resolve, and never more so than to-night.

---

One point of special importance is the large adverse balance on the Fund, East, over nineteen thousand dollars, larger than ever before in its history, not because of lessened giving, but the commands of growing work. This deficit forbids advance in Korea where our work has been so remarkably owned and blessed. There is "Lord's money" in the East, that would easily pay

off this deficit if those who are holding that "Lord's money" would put it into His treasury.

Another point of importance is that the F. M. Committee, West, with the approval of Assembly, has decided to open that station in Northern Korea which the East finds itself unable to do. There is "Lord's money" in the West to do this and very much more, if it were only forthcoming. Thus will our whole church have a direct share in winning to Christianity that land which is so wonderfully open and receptive to the Gospel.

Yours till the day breaks  
and the shadows flee away,  
X.

---

### Letter VII.

#### Our Colleges.

Saturday, June 5, 1909.

Dear Record,—

Assembly Saturday has but a morning session. Many of the commissioners have to go out to places near or far to preach on Sunday and those who remain here have a half holiday which is very welcome.

The one session to-day, is, as usual with Saturday morning, given to our colleges. There are six of them, supply depots, or better, training stations, for the ministry, scattered, from ocean to ocean, from the oldest at Halifax, on the Atlantic, hailing its four-score and ten, to the youngest, Westminster Hall at Vancouver, on the Pacific, giving its first Annual Report. The chain of forts seems complete, but later the gap between Winnipeg, the central one, and Vancouver, farthest west, may be filled in by another at Edmonton, making seven in all, the perfect number.

Few who give the matter careful thought would make their number less. A theological college calls forth a large amount of local support that would otherwise not be given for any purpose and in this way does good. It gives a visible centre of church life that would not otherwise exist, while the work of the students is a valuable aid to the Home Mission stations within reach.

To give the briefest summary of six college Reports would make a letter long and tedious. Suffice it to say that the eldest of the college family, in Halifax, reports the



best session in the eighty-nine years of its history, thirty-five students, with twelve of them graduating; Montreal reports eleven graduates; Queen's twenty-nine and twelve of them graduating; Knox, now in its sixty-fifth year, fifty-nine, with twenty-one of them graduating; Manitoba, thirty, ten of them in the regular Theological course and ten in the Minister Evangelist course; while Westminster Hall records eighteen in this its beginning of Annual Reports.

Other points of interest in these College Reports, some cheering, some sad, were the resignation of Principal Magill at Halifax, and the choice of Rev. Clarence Mackinnon, D.D., as his successor; the death of Rev. Professor Mackenzie at Montreal, the appointment of Rev. C. Bieller as French Professor of Theology, the progress of the endowment campaign, and a deficit for the first time in a generation; the status of Queen's already mentioned, and its Endowment Fund; the call of Professor Kennedy from Knox to Edinburgh, the death of the venerable Professor Gregg, and the progress of the new building fund; the retirement of Professors Bryce and Hart, veterans of the old guard in pioneer days in Manitoba; the endowment of a chair in Westminster Hall by Captain J. J. Logan, the beginning of a year ago with the promise of \$1,000, the gathering since that time of \$77,000, and the appointment of Dr. George C. Pidgeon of Toronto, as a professor there.

Of deepest interest was the closing hour of this session as two pictures passed in review. There was the lifting of the curtain from the past as Dr. Bryce, in speaking to the retirement of himself and Professor Hart, recalled, simply and vividly, the early days and struggles of the work in Manitoba and the West, in which both have borne, along their different lines, so large a part, and the contrast of to-day when Winnipeg's three hundred has become one hundred and twenty thousand, and all nations are streaming through its gates to the fertile plains of the West.

Then followed the other picture, the lifting of the veil from the future, as Principal Mackay told of the progress of Westminster Hall, and the part it is destined to play in winning and holding for righteous-

ness the Canada that faces the Orient, and with western optimism and glowing enthusiasm pictured the coming time when Vancouver shall become the greatest of the college centres in Canada, and in the words of Earl Grey, "perhaps the first port in the world."

What flight of fancy can picture our church and country, and the world, when our youngest college reaches the present age of our oldest? But great as the change will be, it will not be more marked than the changes since our oldest college began its work in Nova Scotia near ninety years ago.

Yours for the good time coming,

X.

---

### Letter VIII.

#### Half Holiday, Whole Holy day.

Monday morning, June 7, 1909.

Dear Record,—

The above is a good combination. What a team it would make for the world's betterment! If the working and business world were as earnest in securing the Sunday rest and worship as it is in seeking the Saturday afternoon pleasure and recreation, what an uplift it would give; what good and true lives would follow; what happy homes; what model communities; what peace and prosperity!

Well the Assembly has had both the Saturday half holiday and the Sabbath of worship, though to many it was not a day of rest.

The Saturday afternoon was spent in various ways, according to taste or necessity. Some went to Niagara, a special train accommodating. Others visited the battle field of Stoney Creek, a few miles out of the city towards the Lake shore, where our militia drove back the invaders from the South, and turned the tide in the war of 1813. It is hard to realize that these peaceful fields were scenes of strife and blood. Our debt to the brave who risked and lay down their lives for their country and its freedom seems more real as we gather where they conquered and died.

On Sabbath, the pulpits of Hamilton, and many other places, near and far, were filled by commissioners to Assembly. Whether the filling was better or worse than

ordinary, it was at least a change. In the Assembly Church, Dr. Morton of Trinidad preached in the morning, and Rev. R. W. Ross, of Halifax, in the evening. Needless to say that both were good. Dr. Morton's sermon is given in this issue. It will richly repay careful reading.

The afternoon communion in the Assembly church is a very solemn service and seems to become more so with the passing years, as in larger numbers the men who once took part in it, are there no more.

When the evening service was ended and the congregation began to disperse, the organist lingered fondly over the keys as if petting the magnificent instrument that lent itself so sweetly to his will, and many kept their seats, lulled and soothed by the sweet harmonies, now near, now faint and far away.

Then as they listened, the lights died slowly out, as if night were coming on, until the church was in darkness. The music within seemed to merge imperceptibly into the rumbling and moaning of a faint and far off rising storm without. Nearer it came and louder it grew, until the lingerers in the pews were in the midst of a roar and crack and crash of thunder and a shriek and howl of tempest that seemed to make a night of terrors. And then it passed slowly away as it had come and the lights were turned on again and the wizard at the organ fondled lovingly once more the magic keys that had roused the storm king from his lair and laid him low again and the listeners groped dumbly for words to tell where they had been.

Yours for a half holiday  
And a whole holy day.

X.

#### Letter IX.

#### Considering Marriage Proposals.

Tuesday noon, June 8, 1909.

Dear Record,—

The discussion on church union, which has claimed perhaps one-sixth of the time of six consecutive Assemblies, has had the floor continuously for three sessions, yesterday afternoon and evening and this forenoon, and has once more come to an end.

It has been marked by debate of a high order. The leading part in the discussion has been taken by the West, by the heads of our two newest Colleges, Principal Patrick of Manitoba College, Winnipeg, Convener of the Assembly's Committee on Union, and Principal Mackay of Westminster Hall, Vancouver, for and against.

To give even a summary of what was said by A. B. C. and D would be impossible in a letter. Some of the reasons pro and con must suffice.

That it is the will of Christ that His people should be one in outward organization;

That union, organic union, is a duty binding upon Christian people;

That the burden of proof to the contrary lies with those who do not agree to this;

That denominational divisions prevent economical and effective mission work in the home field and are a stumbling block to the heathen in the foreign field;

That the influence of a great Protestant church, united as one organization, could make its influence felt with the civil power, and could meet and checkmate the vigilance and activity of the church of Rome in civil and national affairs;

That the rest of the Protestant Christian world is watching our progress and waiting for us to lead the way in this great advance, and our honor in leadership is at stake if we now halt;

These are some of the reasons advanced in favor of union;

That Christianity is a spiritual religion, and that unity of spirit and not necessarily of outward organization is Christ's command and prayer;

That the burden of proof does not lie with those who love their present church and wish her to continue, but with those who, much as they may love their present church, are pressing for a change;

That the power of the Christian church is spiritual and not material or physical, and that a great Protestant organization to influence governments or meet the church of Rome on political ground is not the ideal of the Church of Christ;

That such an organization, in the exer-



cise of its power, would tend to become unspiritual, oppressive, tyrannical;

That while there is room for improvement in the Home field, the overlapping is not nearly so great as is often represented, and that it could be remedied by conference and readjustment of fields by the different denominations, which is already being done in different places;

That in many places where is overlapping, even though there were union the same number of men would be required for the same extent of territory, while the careless and unattached are better looked after by the two covering the whole field, than by geographical division;

That different people are attracted by different types of church doctrine and polity and life and worship, and a larger number are gathered by the different denominations than there would be if all were one;

That in the foreign field even the appearance of rivalry is largely done away, for not only do the Protestant evangelical denominations work in helpful harmony, but under the system of missionary comity, nearly all the great missionary societies have practically divided up the whole of the heathen world into spheres of work, each leaving to the others the evangelization of their own territory;

That any ambition that appeals to selfish pride in the effort to be first, even in so worthy a cause as union, is an unworthy ideal;

That union would not lessen, but increase the number of denominations, for there would be some in each that would remain out, perpetuating the old denominations, while a new one would be formed;

That Anglicans and Baptists would at once establish churches at many points which they have not as yet entered because there are two denominations there already;

That if there were union, many Presbyterians, unwilling to be pressed into it, would join the Anglican Church;

That as in nature, the ideal is unity of genus with variety in species, so in the Church of Christ on earth the true ideal is unity of spirit in the bonds of peace, each doing the work of Christ along lines that may seem best adapted to the worker and the work.

That one large organization would not do as much or give as much for the evangelization of the world, as is now done by the separate branches of the one church of Christ;

That the unity commanded and prayed for by Christ is best seen in the Laymen's Missionary Movement, where not only three, but all the evangelical denominations meet with one heart and mind to plan for the extension of Christ's Kingdom, and then separate to carry out their plans each in his own way along his own lines.

Such were some of the reasons given against organic union.

If one were to judge of the feeling and opinion of the church, by the debates and votes in the Assembly, that feeling and opinion seems to be moving from organic union rather than towards it. But the church will be guided aright, whatever the result.

The present state of the question of union is on this wise. The committees of the three negotiating churches have practically agreed on a basis of union for submission to their respective churches. This basis must first be considered by the Supreme Courts of the three churches, and if approved, sent down to congregations for their decision. But the Methodist General Conference is quadrennial, and its next meeting is in 1910. As it was agreed that all the churches should vote upon it at the same time, it will not be sent to any for their decision till next summer. But it may be sent for their consideration, and that is just what our Assembly has decided to do, to send the basis of union down to congregations for their information and consideration, and next year they will be asked to vote upon it.

Yours for unity whether union comes or not,

X

Letter X.

The Greatest Session.

Wednesday evening, June 9, 1909.

Dear Record,—

The above heading is used advisedly, and refers not only to this Assembly, but to those of previous years. There was a note

Continued on page 329.

## THE SABBATH MORNING ASSEMBLY SERMON.

BY REV. JOHN MORTON, D.D., TRINIDAD.

Though I understand all mysteries and all knowledge and have not love, I am nothing, 1 Cor. XI: 2,

Paul, the apostle of faith, in this chapter commends love. More than all the languages, more than all the eloquence of men and of angels, he commends love. Above the gift of prophecy, which gave inspiration to a man and made him the messenger of the Lord of Hosts to His People, he sets love. Above the convictions of a faith which believes all things possible, and the works of a faith which removes mountains, he elevates love; and in our text he says:—

“Though I understand all mysteries and all knowledge and have not love, I am nothing.”

There is an apparent extravagance in this language, but the subject justifies it. God is love and the vision of God and of love had come to Paul, and after gazing on the sun all else seemed dark. He does not depreciate eloquence, and faith, and prophecy, and knowledge, in themselves. They are all good. But they have their limitations. “They shall cease;” “they shall vanish away.” “We know in part and we prophesy in part.” Faith and hope must for the present, abide, till faith becomes sight and hope fruition, but love is eternal. It is of God. “Love never faileth.” “The greatest of these is love.”

The knowledge of mysteries has a great attraction. It lures men into study, and research to explore new countries, to reach, if possible, the poles. And some vainly dream that all knowledge is attainable, that all mysteries can be resolved, and then shall come the millennium.

But the general increase of knowledge, makes the personal attainment of all knowledge more than ever hopelessly impossible. To master anything we are compelled to be specialists. To know a portion we must admit and accept the doctrine of limitation and ignorance. We will never be happy, and we will never be successful, till we feel that Paul here makes an impossible supposition. For we, at least, can only know in part. No memory, no reasoning, can retain and deal with all the facts already known, and all specialists come, sooner or

later, to the border land of mystery. We discover a new force, we learn how to use it and turn it to account in a thousand ways, yet cannot tell what it is beyond the name. This may be humbling but it is not humiliating. For we are made a little lower than the angels, and they too have their mysteries—things they “desire to look into.”

And the mysteries of science forms its fascination and creates its devotees. If in physics all were known, the study would be no more fascinating than ancient history, and all research, expectation and interest would be paralyzed. Thus the unknown and the mysterious serves its purpose in science.

It is the same in metaphysics. “We know in part.” There are mysteries in our own natures into which the wise seek to penetrate. They write books to show us how far they have reached and we try to follow them, but they cannot make us see all they profess to see. The mist they thought they had lifted for the world settles down again. The mystery is not resolved.

It was to be expected then that the Science of God would have its mysteries. The Trinity, Divine Providence, the Incarnation and Atonement, are these to be logically analyzed and excepted of mystery, when the chemist cannot find the principle of life in a tiny seed which has the “promise and potency” of a giant tree.

In our religion we must have a place for ignorance and for mystery for we are not gods. We are but men, children, learners, seekers, waiting for more light. We are worshippers and we want a shrine. We see the altar and the laver in the outer court, so to speak. We see more dimly the golden altar, the bread and the lamps, but we worship towards that which is within, the veil over the mercy seat.

“Holy, Holy, Holy, though the darkness hide Thee.”

Moses saw by his path the “bush that burned, but was not consumed”, and he turned aside to investigate this great sight. But he was not allowed to investigate. He was arrested by the voice of God. The place is holy. Come I will send thee to Egypt to deliver Israel.

When God is speaking, we must, like Moses, cover our faces and worship, and



hear and obey, not investigate. How little Moses seemed beneath the great mountain, as he stood with bowed head and face covered. But it was the true attitude for the man of God, awaiting the word and will of his Maker. It is the true attitude for us when God speaks, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us," and when we reply "Here am I send me."

Oh if we are to fulfil our mission we must let many investigations wait. We must accept the imputation of ignorance, and be fools for Christ's sake. But leave us, oh leave us, our miracles and mysteries. Leave us our Bethels and Peniels. Leave us Gethsemane and Calvary, and the empty grave, and the angels, and Jesus in the upper room, and by the lake, and ascending. Leave these to us as they are recorded in the Book. For we want to weep and worship, to rejoice and go and tell the world "The Lord is risen indeed."

"I am going to write a book that will resolve the mystery of the Incarnation and of Atonement" (I am quoting a college professor). I answered, "It is useless, for 'great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh,' and when all is reduced to logic there will be no worship."

To understand all mysteries and all knowledge is not only impossible, but unprofitable, and yet it is what many are seeking as "the one thing needful." To rend the veil of the temple and turn on their electric light. Now the apostle says even if one could do it, and could understand all mysteries and all knowledge, more is needed. There is something higher, better, holier, knowledge without love is only as light rays without heat rays, clear as crystal but cold as ice. Personified intelligence without love, has but this result, "I am nothing."

"Nothing"! Language so strong sets love in the highest place. It is the ripe fruit of regeneration and grace. It is the image of God in the soul. It is the crown of the Christian character. Faith saves, but it works by love, and love worketh more miracles and removes more mountains than either faith or force.

Power created the natural world; the new creation is the product of love. We love Him because He first loved us, and the love of Christ constraineth us—"constrain-

eth us" taketh hold of us, carryeth us along. Oh that is just what love does. The story of love toiling for others, of love risking, and even sacrificing its life for others lays hold of us all, both child and grandsire. We weep with grief for love that fails and we weep for joy when it triumphs. We cannot help it, for amid all the forces of human life, love is the strongest and yet most tender. Jonathan is willing to give his crown and kingdom to David. From love Ruth leaves her country and home, from love of Naomi, and Paul counted not his life dear unto him from love to Christ. We read all this with emotion. But we turn from it to the greater love which prayed in Gethsemane and bled on Calvary, and there we see love that passeth understanding. Jesus did not come to cause us to understand all mysteries and all knowledge. He brought us love and he causes us to know it, though the length and breadth and depth and height thereof passeth knowledge, and that is a new mystery.

The heat of the sun melts the snow and ice of winter and clothes the earth in verdure, flowers and fruit, and we bask in the sun's rays, leaving it to the learned few to search out the secrets of the sun. So babes and sucklings, and the weary and weak, and the sin-sick, find in the love of Christ their only sunshine and comfort in this cold world. And when we go forth to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken hearted, and to set at liberty them that are bruised, what is our message and medicine? What our balm for the broken-hearted? The goodness of God's love, of Christ, and of Calvary.

And what motive is to animate and sustain us? What motive animated and sustained Paul "in journeyings often, in perils of the heathen, in perils of the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," and in "care of all the churches"? Love, only love, carried him through, and only love can sustain us. No other motive is strong enough, no other is so imperishable, for "love is strong as death." "Many waters cannot quench love," neither can the floods drown it, and if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it

would be utterly contemned. There is no substitute for love in the Kingdom of God, or in the heart of the Christian.

And there is nothing like it elsewhere. I know no other religion that makes love the source of redemption in the heart of God, and the fruit of redemption in the heart of man. Mohammedanism makes God a sovereign, religion law, and missions force. It is the patron and propagator of slavery. It degrades woman. It refuses to teach its girls to read. It conquers only to make converts by force, or to crush with tribute. There is nothing in the Koran like the Lord's prayer, teaching us to speak to "Our Father in Heaven"; nothing to match the prodigal's return and reception; no hint of undying, unquenchable love as seen in Christ. It is the genius of Christianity that man is to become Godlike through the love and grace of God, and enjoy an "abundant entrance" into His Kingdom and fellowship. The Mohammedan must walk, at death, by a way narrow as the edge of a sword, to fall into the abyss or pass to paradise as his evil or good actions outweigh each other. And the worshippers reflect the image of the god they worship, and the genius of the religion they follow. They are forceful. They are brave. They are self righteous. But love is not of them. No Mohammedan could have written our text. Christians may fall below the ideal set before them in Christ as the Good Samaritan saving the wounded Jew, and the Good Shepherd giving his life for the sheep; but the Mohammedan has no such ideal. He glories in courage and strength, not in love.

And when we turn to the Hindu, before Christian influences invaded his country and breathed on his atmosphere we find love not at all the genius of his faith and life. Many of his gods were unloving and cruel. They were worshipped from fear, or to obtain temporal blessings, not from love. Kali is represented thirsting for blood and they gave it to her. The Ganges demanded a victim and they threw some of their sons to its waters and its alligators. The widow was burned upon the pyre of her husband. Metaphysics, art and poetry flourished, but not love. There was no personality, the world was an illusion, and the future, transmigration, with only a faint hope of ultimate absorption in the Supreme. The love of a personal God to us as persons is unknown to Hinduism.

Turning to other idolatries we find in-

fanticide, strangling of widows, burying alive of parents, cruelty and cannibalism.

We come back with relief to the New Testament, to a God who is love, who, much more than an earthly father, more than a mother to her nursing child, is true and tender. We come back to the love which abolished slavery, has built hospitals, which nurses the sick, even the lepers, cares for the fallen, and is sending the Gospel to the slums of the city and to the ends of the earth.

It is godlike to love and there is no influence so potent in our work. It is the story of love we tell; it is the life of love we lead that gives us power. Our force can be met with force, our logic with logic, eloquence with eloquence, but there is no law, no argument against love. It speaks where the lips are silent. It comforts with its tears where words fail. It is a strong weapon in the hands of the weak. It is heart riches amid poverty. Though it offer but two mites and give but a drink of cold water its gift is always accepted.

And even its rebukes lose their sting by reason of the love, and are accounted blessing. When our love is long-suffering and kind and without envy and pride, when it is patient and considerate, when it hopeth all things, endureth all things, then are we wise to win souls, and no man can take our crown. For love is its own reward. Hence amid seeming defect it "never faileth." It scattereth and yet increaseth. It casts its bread upon the waters and finds it after many days. It shares its morsel with the hungry and is more than satisfied itself.

Yet love of what is believed to be truth sometimes overrules love of persons. And this has led men to burn at the stake those who could not believe as they did. We profess to have left all that far behind. There are no fires of Smithfield now. Yet we need to guard cautiously against other fires which consume love or hide it in clouds of suspicion. If we are loyal to Christ we are fellow soldiers, and not only on parade, but in the barracks should remember that we are brethren.

Of all the sad things in war, the saddest is when one of the king's regiments, in the darkness or in a mist or through excitement, fires into another royal regiment; and equally sad it is when Christians fire through the fog into their fellow soldiers. Let faith keep us calm for "he that believeth shall not make haste." Let love teach us patience to wait till the day break and the shadows flee away."



# Committees of Assembly 1909=10

## I. SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

Dr. A. Gandier, *convener*; The Convener for the Maritime Synod, the Conveners of the General Assembly's Standing Committees on Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Augmentation, French Evangelization, Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, Widows' and Orphans' Funds, Moral and Social Reform, Sabbath Schools, Young People's Societies, the Principals of the Colleges, the Missionary Secretaries, the Treasurers of the Church, East and West, the Editor of the Presbyterian Record, and Editor of the Sabbath School Publications, and Messrs. George R. Crowe, W. A. Charlton, Frank Reid, F. W. Anderson, Judge Roger, John Paton, Robert Munro, J. D. Mackay.

## II. PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, HALIFAX.

### 1. Board of Management.

Dr. J. McMillan, *chairman*; Principal C. McKinnon, Dr. Pollok, Dr. T. Sedgwick, President Forrest, Prof. Stewart, Prof. Falconer, Dr. T. C. Jack, J. W. Crawford, J. R. Douglas, Geo. Millar, Dr. Magill, R. W. Ross, J. W. A. Nicholson, D. Lang, G. W. Miller, A. J. W. Myers, Dr. W. H. Smith, W. W. McNairn, *ministers*; Lieut.-Governor Fraser, Dr. John Stewart, Senator McGregor, Forrest Mackay, Dr. Jas. Walker, Dr. R. Murray, R. Baxter, Judge Forbes, Senator McKeen, Alex. McKenzie, Arthur Morris Wm. Currie, A. Matheson, R. B. Paterson, James Corston, Charles Hill, and the members of the Finance Committee.

### 2. Senate.

Principal C. McKinnon, *chairman*; Dr. Pollok, the professors of the College, President Forrest, Gordon Dickie, J. F. Dustan, Dr. J. W. McMillan, A. H. Denoon, W. P. Archibald, R. Johnston, Jas. Carruthers, J. S. Sutherland, M. A. McKinnon, Dr. P. A. McLeod, F. H. McIntosh, Jas. Ross, *ministers*; and Dr. Magill, Dr. A. H. McKay, Prof. A. H. McMechan.

## III. PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

### 1. Board of Management.

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Whillans, Dr. Morison, Dr. Herridge, Dr. Fleck, J. G. Inkster, R. Gamble, J. R. MacLeod, W. R. Cruikshank, D. Currie, W. J. Clark, *ministers*; Lord Strathcona, Judge Archibald, Prof. Bieler, Dr. Elder, Dr. Berwick, A. McFee, A. C. Hutchison, W. Yuile, R. Munro, C. J. Fleet, Walter Paul, Chas. Byrd, Wm. Drysdale, Geo. Hyde, Wellington Dixon, J. C. Holden, Jas. Tasker, Alex. Mitchell, Henry Birks, W. A. Kneeland, R. A. Dunton.

### 2 Senate.

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## IV. QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

### Bursary and Scholarship Committee.

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## V. KNOX COLLEGE.

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## 2 Senate.

Principal Gandier, *chairman*; the professors of the College, Dr. Wm. MacLaren, Dr. McMullen, Dr. Milligan, Dr. D. D. McLeod, Dr. R. P. McKay, Dr. J. F. McLaren, G. W. Arnold, Dr. Turnbull, Dr. McNair, T. H. Mitchell, J. H. Lemon, R. S. Laidlaw, J. D. Cunningham, Dr. H. Dickie, S. T. Martin, Dr. W. Farquharson, A. L. Geggie, C. Fletcher, Dr. T. R. Robinson, Dr. J. M. Duncan, Dr. J. H. Ratcliffe, R. Martin, J. Crawford, R. C. Tibb, A. McMillan, S. H. Gray, A. B. Winchester, J. C. Wilson, Wm. Beattie, Thos. Wilson, *ministers*; Sir W. Mortimer Clark, Hon. G. W. Ross, Dr. D. Bruce MacDonald, Dr. Merchant, J. A. Paterson, D. C. McGregor, E. Cockburn, L. E. Embree, J. W. Rogers, W. Houston, Prof. R. Davidson.

## VI. MANITOBA COLLEGE.

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## VII. WESTMINSTER HALL.

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McLennan, Robert McNair, Dr. A. P. Proctor, J. A. Thomson, T. G. McBride, James Menzies, S. DesBrisay, Dr. W. B. McKechie, Lemuel Robertson, Principal George Robinson, Principal William Burns, T. A. Brough, Justice Morrison, R. A. Mather, Thornton Fell, R. B. McMicking, Supdt. Robinsin, James Forman, J. D. Swanson, J. B. Kennedy, J. C. Brown, Judge Forin, Maxwell Smith, F. McCleery, John McKee, E. G. Taylor, J. J. MacKay, James Beveridge, Judge Grant, J. F. Langan, T. M. Henderson, M. J. Gaskell, C. L. Trotter, G. A. McBain and Geo. Hay.

## VIII. EWART MISSIONARY AND DEACONESS TRAINING HOME.

Rev. Dr. Wm. McLaren, *convener*; Dr. Somerville, Dr. R. P. MacKay, Dr. R. D. Fraser, Dr. Wallace, Dr. D. MacTavish, *ministers*; John Lowden, Hamilton Cassels, C. S. MacDonald, James Rodger, Dr. J. W. McIntosh, H. A. Fleming, together with the following ladies: Mrs. Shortreed, Mrs. W. Cochrane, Mrs. Dr. Somerville, Mrs. J. Bell, Mrs. G. H. Robinson, Mrs. D. B. Hanna, Mrs. A. D. MacKay, Winnipeg; Mrs. Dr. E. Scott, Montreal; Miss Carmichael, Nova Scotia.

## IX. OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE.

Dr. W. D. Armstrong, *president*; Dr. W. T. Herridge, Principal Scrimger, J. H. Turnbull, J. W. H. Milne, Dugald Currie, P. W. Anderson, *ministers*; Levi Crannell, Hon. F. G. Frost, B. M. Northrop, John Fraser, Geo. L. Orme, Walter Paul, J. M. Gill.

## X. MORRIN COLLEGE.

Governors appointed by the General Assembly, Dr. R. Campbell, Rev. Wylie C. Clark.

## XI. HOME MISSIONS.

## 1. Western Section.

Dr. E. D. McLaren, *convener*; Dr. Somerville, Dr. Lyle, Dr. Carmichael, Dr. Farquharson, Dr. McQueen, G. A. Wilson, S. Childerhose, H. C. Sutherland, W. R. Cruikshank, N. H. McGillivray, Dr. Armstrong, R. Young, C. E. A. Pocock, J. Binnie, S. S. Burns, J. Wallace, J. Hodges, Dr. Gilray, J. R. Bell, Dr. D. D. McLeod, J. D.



Byrnes, N. R. D. Sinclair, F. Matheson, Dr. W. Farquharson, R. J. M. Glassford, Dr. G. H. Smith, R. B. Cochrane, Dr. D. L. McCrae, R. J. Ross, J. R. Hall, R. Martin, C. Fletcher, W. J. West, R. Atkinson, Dr. Neil, Dr. Ratcliffe, J. Leishman, Dr. Robert Johnston *ministers*; Hon. E. Bronson, Lieut.-Col. McCrae, R. Kilgour, Geo. Rutherford, Alex. Neilson, W. A. Charlton, J. Penman, James Rodger, Sheriff Hall.

(When a change is made in the convenership of a Presbytery, the name of the new convener appointed shall be substituted.)

#### 2. Eastern Section.

Rev. J. S. Sutherland, *convener*; T. F. Fullerton, Dr. T. Stewart, J. A. Ramsay, Dr. E. A. McCurdy, R. G. Strathie, Dr. Andrew Robertson, R. L. Coffin, C. C. McIntosh, Dr. T. C. Jack, James Ross, J. M. McLean, H. R. Read, D. S. Fraser, Geo. McMillan, Gordon Dickie, A. L. McKay, *ministers*; John McDougall, J. K. Munnis, W. H. Studd, Wm. Sedgewick, R. Guildford and W. C. Whittaker.

### XII. AUGMENTATION.

#### 1. Western Section.

Dr. Lyle, *convener*; Dr. Somerville, Dr. E. D. McLaren, J. H. Edmison, Dr. J. A. Carmichael, G. A. Wilson, S. Childerhose, Dr. Wallace, Dr. James Farquharson, Dr. D. G. McQueen, Dr. D. M. Ramsay, J. C. Tolmie, J. Hay, R. Martin, Dr. W. J. Clark, Dr. Morison, T. C. Brown, Henry Gracey, Jas. Wallace, G. A. Woodside, *ministers*; T. Findlay, Sir Thomas W. Taylor, C. R. Somerville.

#### 2. Eastern Section.

W. H. Spencer, *convener*; M. A. McKinnon, A. J. McDonald, L. B. Gibson, Wm. Forbes, J. M. McLeod, Dr. E. Smith, E. S. Bayne, W. P. Archibald, G. E. Ross, F. Baird, D. A. Frame, L. H. Lean, J. W. McMillan, A. V. Morash, *ministers*; P. A. McGregor, Andrew Malcolm.

### XIII. FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

Dr. Mowatt, *chairman*; Principal Scrimger, Dr. R. Campbell, Dr. W. J. Clarke, Dr. E. Scott, Dr. Dewey, Dr. Amaron, Dr. Harkness, Dr. R. D. Fraser, Professor Bieler, E. H. Brandt, W. D. Reid, H. Joliat, S. Rondeau, Wylie C. Clark, J. R. MacLeod, W. Munro, Jas. Ross, A. D. Archibald, P. W. Ander-

son, D. N. Coburn, Stephen Childerhose, W. J. Dey, J. A. Anderson, R. W. Dickie, *ministers*; Prof. Morin, James Rodger, Dr. Kelley, Walter Paul, J. H. Cayford, J. B. Hawthorne, and A. M. Nairn, elders; together with the convener from every presbytery where French work is done and the following corresponding members:— Dr. Pidgeon, Rev. J. E. Duclos, W. Patterson, Thurlow Fraser, Alex. McGillivray.

### XIV. FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Rev. W. A. J. Martin and Rev. D. McOdrum, *joint conveners*.

#### 1 Western Division

Rev. W. A. J. Martin, *convener*; Dr. Wm. McLaren, Dr. R. P. MacKay, Dr. J. B. Fraser, Dr. E. Scott, Dr. J. Frazer Smith, Prof. Baird, Dr. D. McTavish, Principal Gandier, Principal McKay, J. McP. Scott, Dr. Duncan, J. H. Turnbull, D. R. Drummond, Dr. Dickson, Henry J. Keith, *ministers*; Thomas Findlay, Hamilton Cassels, J. McNeillie, Robert Munro.

#### 2. Eastern Division.

Dr. McOdrum, *convener*; Dr. A. Falconer, S. J. McArthur, Dr. E. Smith, Dr. E. A. McCurdy, F. W. Thompson, Anderson Rogers, J. A. McGlashen, G. A. Sutherland, A. B. McLeod, Dr. J. H. McVicar, *ministers*; T. C. James, J. D. McKay, Thos. H. Summerville.

### XV. PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

Dr. Fleck, *convener*; Dr. E. Scott, Dr. R. Campbell, Dr. Mowatt, Prof. Welsh, W. D. Reid, Geo. S. Carson, *ministers*; Dr. R. Murray, W. Paul, Geo. Hyde.

### XVI. SABBATH SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.

John Lowden, *convener*; Dr. Fletcher, Dr. D. McTavish, Dr. D. L. McCrae, Dr. Neil, Dr. R. D. Fraser, J. Murray, S. J. Taylor, A. Macgillivray, J. Crawford, W. A. McLean, *ministers*; A. W. Wright, Frank Yeigh, Dr. A. H. Mackay, with President Falconer and Dr. J. M. Duncan named by the S. S. Committee.

### XVII. SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Rev. A. MacGillivray, *convener*, the eight Synod conveners, viz.:—J. H. Anderson, Orr Bennett, Thomas H. Rodgers, J. W. McIntosh, J. W. Little, J. Russell, A. D. Archibald, R. J. Wilson (or their succes-

sors in office); Dr. Neil, President Falconer, D. N. McRae, J. W. H. Milne, Dr. R. D. Fraser, Dr. J. M. Duncan, J. C. Robertson, *ministers*; John Lowden, Dr. Kelley, A. S. MacGregor, the Home Mission Superintendents.

#### XVIII. YOUNG PEOPLES' SOCIETIES.

Dr. W. S. McTavish, *convener*, G. A. McLennan, R. G. McBeth, James G. Potter, W. A. McTaggart, Hugh Matheson, A. S. Kerr, W. D. Reid, J. B. McLeod, D. H. S. Urquhart, J. J. Monds, Alexander Shepherd, W. R. McIntosh, J. S. Muldrew, John McIntosh, *ministers*; Dr. M. Steele, F. Reid, C. S. McDonald, J. E. Millen, with T. A. Rodger, J. W. Woodside and A. E. Armstrong, as corresponding members.

#### XIX. CHURCH LIFE AND WORK.

Rev. A. E. Mitchell, *convener*: Conveners of Synods Committees, A. J. MacGillivray, S. H. Eastman, James Murray, Dr. John Mackie, R. L. Coffin, W. Patterson, J. T. Ferguson, J. M. Millar, T. H. Larkin, A. E. Camp, J. H. Kirk, E. E. Mowatt, D. J. Nicholson, J. A. Clark, W. G. Brown, W. W. Peck, Walter Beattie, W. M. Morris, Dr. Dewey, J. A. Ross, *ministers*; and T. J. Clark, J. M. Gill, Brockville; W. B. Wood, Brantford; Byron Smith, Hamilton; Alex. Watson, St. John; J. A. Lawson, and Judge Grant.

#### XX. EVANGELISM.

Dr. C. W. Gordon, *convener*, Dr. J. G. Shearer, secretary; John Penman, chairman of executive; Robert Kilgour, treasurer; Principal McKinnon, Principal Patrick, Prof. Pidgeon, Dr. D. McTavish, Dr. W. S. McTavish, Dr. D. M. Ramsay, Dr. Robert Johnson, Principal Gandier, Dr. T. C. Jack, Dr. W. T. Herridge, E. A. Henry, J. Murray, J. McP. Scott, A. E. Mitchell, W. D. Reid, R. Pogue, T. A. Rodger, G. A. Woodside, F. A. Robinson, F. J. Maxwell, M. A. McKinnon, S. J. McArthur, R. W. Ross, A. A. Graham, D. McOdum, R. G. Strathie, William McNally, D. C. McGregor, H. G. Crozier, J. T. Ferguson, H. R. Grant (Ferne) T. H. Mitchell, W. H. Sedgwick, D. Munro, *ministers*;—G. R. Crowe, Edward Brown, Arthur Stewart, J. M. Gill, Wm. Birks, R. Munro, Wm. Yuill, Walter Paul, Charles D. Gordon, J. C. Shook, Hon. E. H. Bronson, Dr. Wm. Nicol, C. S. Macdonald,

Thomas West, John Wanless, jr., John T. Ross, P. F. Moriarty, T. H. Somerville, J. D. McKay, W. S. Frost, W. R. Leckie, Judge Forin and the conveners of the Synodical committees on Evangelism.

#### XXI. BOARD OF MORAL AND SOCIAL REFORM.

Dr. G. C. Pidgeon, *chairman*; Dr. J. G. Shearer Secretary, Dr. A. S. Grant, Dr. John MacNair, Dr. Charles W. Gordon, Dr. John Pringle, W. M. Rochester, R. G. MacBeth, W. J. Knox, R. W. Dickie, W. D. Reid, A. A. Graham, H. R. Grant (N. Glasgow); E. A. Henry, E. B. Horne, J. M. Millar, G. A. Woodside, Andrew Russell, W. H. Sedgwick, W. G. Hanna, *ministers*; the Conveners of Synodical Committees, namely, Dr. W. H. Smith, J. U. Tanner, W. R. McIntosh, E. Leslie Pidgeon, Principal Patrick, Wm. Patterson, J. R. Munro and J. H. Henderson, or their successors in office; Hon. R. F. Sutherland, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Prof. Magill, J. A. Paterson, W. E. Raney, J. J. Kelso, G. M. Macdonnell, R. Haddow, John MacKay, T. C. James, Frederick Urry, John R. Reid, W. B. Findlay, S. T. Martin.

#### XXII. HYMNAL COMMITTEE.

Rev. W. J. Dey, *convener*; Dr. Somerville, Principal Scrimger, Prof. McFadyen, Dr. Herridge, Dr. C. W. Gordon, Dr. M. MacGillivray, A. W. Mahon, Jas. Anderson, J. Thompson, G. C. Heine, W. J. Knox, Alex. Henderson, J. G. Stuart, K. W. Barton, Dr. R. E. Welsh, J. W. McNamara, R. Haddow, Alex. Hamilton, P. M. McDonald, F. C. Simpson, A. MacMillan, *ministers*; Dr. R. Murray, Thos. Eakin, Wm. Drysdale, Dr. W. B. Geikie, Joseph Henderson, S. R. Hart, A. G. Blain, J. W. Elliott, R. A. Becket. The officers and the members in Toronto to be an Executive Committee.

#### XXIII. PUBLIC WORSHIP AND AIDS TO DEVOTION.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Farquharson, *convener*; Principal Gordon, Dr. Herridge, Professor Magill, Prof. D. Ross, Walter Moffat, Principal Scrimger, Dr. J. B. Fraser, Principal Patrick, Prof. Ballantyne, Dr. Barclay, Dr. J. Mackie, Prof. Kilpatrick, James Murray, Dr. S. C. Murray, Hector Currie, Hugh Matheson, Prof. Falconer, T. C. Brown, Professor Robertson, Dr. Jas. Ross, *ministers*; Prof. Sir Sandford Fleming, Prof. McFadyan, W. W. Miller, Dr. John Thorburn,



Sir W. M. Clark, Thornton Fell, Dr. R. Murray, Dr. Clark Murray.

The following to be the executive:—Dr. Wm. Farquharson, Prof. Kilpatrick, Prof. Ballantyne, Prof. Robertson, T. C. Brown, Hugh Matheson, President Falconer, Prof. McFadyan, Dr. J. B. Fraser.

#### XXIV. AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' FUND.

J. K. Macdonald, *convener*; Dr. Barclay, Dr. Herridge, Dr. McCurdy, Dr. Macgillivray, Dr. Neil, Dr. Wallace, John G. Inkster, Anderson Rogers, Dr. T. C. Jack, Dr. J. H. MacVicar, A. H. Scott, J. H. Turnbull, H. E. Abraham, D. R. Drummond, Lord Strathcona, Alexander Nairn, Thomas Bradshaw, Senator McGregor, George Rutherford.

#### XXV. MINISTERS' WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

##### 1. Western Section.

Mr. Joseph Henderson, *convener*; Dr. G. H. Smith, Prof. Balantyne, Alex. Macgillivray, J. G. Potter, Dr. Thomas Nixon, Jas. Rollins, J. W. Stephen, Jas. Murray, Hugh Munro, *ministers*; J. L. Blaikie, J. Harvie, R. C. Steele, R. McQueen, G. F. Burns, Jos. Norwich, John Armstrong, John Penman, Paris; P. H. Burton, John M. Gill, G. Tower Fergusson, J. McClelland, John R. Reid.

##### 2. Eastern Section.

Rev. R. Laing, *convener*; Dr. Sedgwick, A. McLean Sinclair; Jas. Carruthers, D. McDonald, Prof. J. W. Falconer, A. B. McLeod, *ministers*; G. MacGregor, Dr. A. H. McKay, Senator McGregor, R. Baxter, E. L. Thorne.

#### XXVI. CHURCH AND MANSE BUILDING FUND.

Judge Myers, *convener*; Dr. C. W. Gordon, Hon. C. H. Campbell, Prof. Baird, Dr. E. D. McLaren, W. M. Carmichael, Dr. McQueen, Mr. G. A. Wilson, Dr. Farquharson, John Fleming, Archibald McDonald, J. Balfour, J. B. McLaren, the Convener of the Home Mission Committee and a member appointed by the Home Mission Committee.

#### XXVII. STATISTICS.

Dr. Somerville, *convener*; W. T. Wilkins, D. R. Drummond, R. C. Tibb, R. Herbison, Dr. Ratcliffe, *ministers*; R. C. Jennings, and the Church treasurers.

#### XXVIII. FINANCE.

E. Kaulbach, *convener*; Dr. E. A. McCurdy, J. C. Mackintosh, H. A. Fleming, Halifax, W. H. Chase, Wolfville, A. D. Morris, Wm. Robertson.

#### XXIX. BOARD OF TRUSTEES, WEST.

Mr. Robert Kilgour, *chairman*; James Rodger, Sir W. M. Clark, H. Cassels, Dr. Somerville, J. K. MacDonald, Joseph Henderson.

#### XXX. PROTECTION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

Sir T. W. Taylor, *convener*; the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, Dr. R. Campbell, Prof. D. Ross, Dr. T. Wardlaw Taylor, Prof. Hart, Hon. Justice MacLennan, Hon. Justice Hutchison, Hon. Justice Archibald, Hon. R. F. Sutherland, Judge McTavish, Judge Forin, Judge McCrimmon, Hon. D. Laird, Col. Pontono, Wm. Nickle, Hamilton Cassels, A. MacMurchy, Thornton Fell, Hector McInnes, J. D. Swanson, Ross Sutherland, Geo. Keith, A. G. Browning, D. B. MacLennan, D. McCormick, A. R. Creelman, Judge Cumberland, C. H. Ferguson, H. W. C. Boak, M. B. Jackson, G. M. Macdonnell.

#### XXXI. COMMITTEE TO EXAMINE APPLICANTS FOR MISSION WORK.

Dr. G. B. Wilson, *convener*; President Forrest, Jas. Ross, Maritime Synod; A. A. Scott, W. D. Reid, Montreal and Ottawa; Dr. Somerville and D. A. Thomson, Toronto and Kingston; Dr. D. L. McCrae, T. J. Thompson, Hamilton and London; G. B. Wilson, R. F. Hunter, Manitoba; S. McLean, J. D. Leishman, Saskatchewan; Dr. McQueen, J. A. Clark, Alberta; A. J. McGillivray, Dr. T. Wardlaw Taylor, British Columbia.

#### XXXII. COMMITTEE ON EMERGENCIES.

The Moderator, *convener*; Clerks of Assembly, Dr. Duval, Dr. Armstrong, Dr. Wm. McLaren, Dr. Sedgwick, Dr. E. D. McLaren, Dr. Lyle, Principal Gordon, Dr. W. G. Wallace, Principal McKinnon, Dr. A. Falconer, *ministers*; Sir W. M. Clark, Judge Forbes, Geo. Rutherford, Geo. Keith, David Morrice, R. Kilgour, J. A. Macdonald, Sir T. W. Taylor, President Falconer.

#### XXXIII. COMMITTEE ON CORRESPONDENCE WITH OTHER CHURCHES.

Dr. R. Campbell, *convener*; President Forrest, Dr. A. Falconer, Dr. Milligan, Dr. Fletcher, Dr. Kilpatrick, Principal Scrimger, President Falconer, Professor E. F. Scott, Prof. Jordan, Prof. Gordon, Montreal, *ministers*; J. R. McNeillie, Capt. Buckman, J. A. Patterson.

# Our India Mission for 1908

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## INTRODUCTORY.

The year has been signalized by the organization of three congregations in Amkhut district where work was begun only eleven years before.

A new out-station has been opened at Sitamau and a building purchased there which when altered and repaired will provide accommodation for helpers' families and the visiting missionary, as well as a hall for meetings, etc.

A school building is being completed at Indore, and another at Rasalpura which is also to serve as a church.

At Ujjain a leper asylum is being built by the State (Gwalior) under the superintendence of our missionary, Dr. Nugent.

The Presbytery's class for training native helpers has developed into the Malwa Theological Seminary at Indore with a preparatory school at Rasalpura. In addition there is a special course for Bhils at Amkhut and Toranmal.

The Girls' Boarding School at Indore has now become a High School affiliated with the Allahabad University—the only High School for girls in Central India.

The starting or resuscitation of a paper, in Hindi and English, now called the Satyarth Patrika, is another advance.

For the last few years the plague has prevented our Annual Mela or Convention, but during the year under report such a gathering was held at Rasalpura, and we hope it will continue year by year.

The Statistical table shows 7 stations, 10 outstations, 9 organized congregations, 1 pastor, 24 elders (some of whom are also ordained missionaries), 4 deacons, 1,031 communicants, of whom 141 were added on profession during the year, 1,095 baptized members who are not communicants, 271 baptized during the year (137 profession and 134 as infants), 103 unbaptized adherents or a total Christian community of 2,229.

But that results are far greater than can be tabulated is generally recognized; and of this fact illustrations are afforded by the mention in individual reports of the im-

proved reception met with, and of movements Christward, in different parts of our field. The prospect is that ere long we shall have large numbers applying for baptism and needing an amount of instruction and pastoral care which we are entirely too undermanned to give.

Is not the Lord of the harvest answering the prayer for labourers by moving the hearts of His people in Canada to send us not merely twos and threes but numbers adequate for the whitening fields? And will His people now hearken?

In addition to Barwani and Sirdarpore, already sanctioned, several other places should at once be opened as stations. New men, for a year or two at least, cannot well take charge of such, and therefore as many as possible should come immediately to learn the language and the work.

## REV. W. A. WILSON, M.A., D.D., INDORE.

The work of the congregation has been continued quietly on the usual lines. Signs of life and progress have not been wanting. There have been discouraging things together with the encouragements. Attendance at religious services by those within near distance has been for the most part good. Out-door services have been regularly held among those living further away. The customs of the country are not favourable to travelling far to a place of worship.

Thirty-four have been received into full communion during the year. Some under discipline have been restored.

Notwithstanding the general unrest and alienation from Europeans and their ways, there has been no marked increase of opposition to the Gospel. Indeed, in the villages the interest seems rather greater, and the preachers are well received, but it is to be regretted that the staff is far from adequate to evangelize the villages even in the vicinity of Indore. Will not the Layman's Movement soon enable us to make more widespread efforts?

In the meantime we are devoting more attention to the training of young men for



the work. The first session of the Malwa Theological Seminary closed October 15th. Six months have been given to study, in which the Bible has had the most prominent place. The five books of Moses, and the Life of Christ to the last week of his ministry were covered in the class. The course of study in the four years comprises the entire Bible. Other studies embraced the Christian Ministry, outlines of Theology, Church History and Hinduism.

There were two terms, the first beginning the middle of February and continuing two and a half months. After an interval of two hot weather months, during which the students returned to their stations and engaged in such work as was practicable, the second term began in July and continued for three months.

#### REV. J. T. TAYLOR, B.A., MHOW

I returned to India in November and almost immediately began district work. It was found possible to combine forces, so Miss Weir accompanied Mrs. Taylor and myself with a small band of helpers. During the months from November to March we pitched camp at nine different centres and from these we were able to preach the Gospel more or less frequently in over seventy towns and villages. Scattered throughout this district are some thirty baptized Christians, old and young.

The reception we met with was uniformly friendly, some of the low castes being particularly responsive to Christian teaching. Many had heard before and wished to learn more. In almost every centre several came enquiring "the way" more fully.

One young man wished to remain with us; we advised him first to witness in his own village. Five others wished to come to Mhow and *there* be baptized. We advised them that public confession should be in their own town. Another was accepted for baptism and arrangements made for the rite in the evening but in the meantime he was induced to go away and has not yet openly confessed Christ. Two others came by night, wishing for baptism. But we feel we must not neutralize the blessing of such a confession by making it a *secret* rite.

These and other similar experiences con-

vince us that there are scores ready to confess Christ but the fear of persecution keeps them back. In one centre not only the native Christians but the missionaries were refused water from the wells, and when a false report was sent to the authorities about us, such a rebuke came back as will, we trust, prevent such persecution in future. The head men of the town lost their position over it.

A number of the older boys at Russellpoora gave valuable aid in the touring work.

From April to September it was not possible to re-visit the District. Congregational work in Mhow and teaching of classes claimed all our time. From April to June Bible Readers' classes were held when over fifty boys and young men followed the course of study laid down by the Presbytery. Four subjects, Gospel of Luke, Life of Christ, O. T. History, and Shorter Catechism, were taken up and satisfactory work done. The classes were taught by the mission staff in Mhow and Russellpoora. Next year we hope to finish the course with the present classes when those who may be approved will have the way opened to continue study in the Theological Seminary.

The chaplaincy has again been in the hands of the Mhow staff. Latterly Mr. Drew has been appointed and the work flourishes under his care. In addition to this he gives much time and energy to the Hindustani work. Manpur, as an outstation, has been under his care for the year, and he has through personal efforts raised and expended a considerable sum of money in overhauling the property there, and making the old bungalow into a comfortable dwelling.

In the native central congregation at Mhow it has been a year of quiet progress with its ordinary measure of change. For the greater part of the year the congregation supported three preachers in the villages. At the close of the year we have two preachers and one teacher so employed. This teacher was placed in the village of Umria in response to the appeal of the villagers to have one placed in their midst, they themselves promising substantial aid towards his support. A house is provided and part of the salary and we hope this is but the beginning of similar openings.

The Sacrament of The Lord's Supper is observed every second month. The members on the communicants' roll number 187, and the total Christian community is 419. The sum of Rs. 1,645 has been raised of which Rs. 397 is Church Building Fund, and Rs. 576 was spent on Home Missions. The balance was devoted to the maintenance of congregational work.

The most pressing need at present is a pastor for the Mhow section of the congregation. There are over 180 Christians old and young who are in various lines of service, chiefly in connection with the military. It is difficult to secure regular attendance at the meetings, and a great deal of pastoral work is essential. This can best be done, indeed can only be done effectively, by a Hindustani pastor.

### **RUSSELLPOORA ORPHANAGE.**

REV. D. G. COCK, B.A.

#### **(1) The Life and Growth of our Boys.**

This is the fifth report of Russellpoora in which I have had a part, but I have never before had such satisfaction as I have in writing this year of the life of our boys. I have never known that solidarity and loyalty to their Mission home, which are an essential in the life of any successful orphanage, so strongly marked among our boys. That is good, but there is better even than that.

Not a few of our larger boys have awakened to a sense of the greatness of their inheritance and opportunity, and they are leading out this solid front to see, as they see, the whitened fields.

One boy who had never given any indication of even a passing interest in the progress of the Kingdom asked leave to spend a few days in his own village among his own people and returned with a strange look of gladness that was new to him. It was the joy of his added heritage. He went out as any boy might go who wished to make search for his long lost relatives, and in telling the glad tidings of the Kingdom he found a new joy. He reports at least one old man in tears as he replied that he never thought he would hear such good news. One such—and we have many—

makes all our expenditure on orphanage work worth while.

Our boys have grown in many ways, as the month's accounts for food can testify, and the clean limbs and lithe, active forms of our boys makes me yearn at times to drop the drudgery of routine work and take a part in their games of foot-ball and cricket. Clean living and wholesome food are resulting in physique and bearing that are a contrast to the boys of the villages and towns about us.

The coming of the blind boys from Ujjain, while in their own best interest and increasing our responsibility and work, will prove helpful to all our boys in awakening a finer sense of personal interest in the less fortunate of their fellow men.

#### **(2) Educational.**

The Bible Readers' course claimed much of the time of Mr. Ledingham, Rev. J. T. Taylor, and the writer, for three months. It covers, in two years, the four Gospels and Acts, Genesis and Exodus, The Shorter Catechism, Life of Christ, and a fairly comprehensive history of the Old and New Testament, with kindred subjects.

This course is, however, only preparatory to a much more comprehensive course of study presided over by Dr. Wilson in Indore. The regular subjects of a first-class school course are not neglected and the progress in general has been satisfactory.

I would mention one special case. In September of 1907 one of our self-supporting boys brought in from a distant village a brother who wished to know more of the Christian religion. He was a young man in years and was given a position of night-watchman at the workshops while instruction was afforded him in the truth of Christ. After a few months he asked to be permitted to enter the school that he might learn to read. It seemed doubtful whether he would succeed but his request was granted and he has simply leaped ahead. He then asked to be allowed to learn tailoring. We looked at his fingers and hesitated, but again his earnestness carried the day and surprises have marked his progress there as great as his success in school.

We have many needs in our Orphanage



work, but one that was and is urgent seems in a fair way to be met—a Normal training department. The work on the building is being pushed on and we trust the great Master will himself provide the staff of men needed.

I cannot leave the Educational work without reference to a most encouraging work begun in a nearby village. Requests have long been heard from this and other villages for schools, and the thought was often uppermost in our minds, that the Home Church cannot be expected to pay the salaries of all our boys after we have trained them for village workers. To-day we have one school in which the people provide all school supplies, a school-room and one half the teacher's salary; and a second village is making overtures for a school on yet better terms. We must meet such needs without delay, and we must hasten our normal training work to prepare for such openings.

### (3) **Evangelistic.**

The great wonder is that we cannot report the down-fall of idolatry in surrounding villages. A man came in a few days ago and asked to be allowed to place his boy in school. He is a seller of sweetmeats who may be seen daily sitting in the shade of some tree. I asked what he knew of Christ and to my surprise he burst forth into a song, one of the hymns our boys love. Some one must have spent hours beside that tray of sweets for other reasons than to enjoy their seductive odors.

I was attracted by the kindly greeting of an old man and sat down to talk to him and soon found that he needed not to be told that One had lived who taught as never man taught and loved as never man had loved and I enquired where he had heard the truth. In reply he mentioned the names of all our missionaries and a great many of our honored Indian workers and then said that Dr. Campbell had given him a Bible over thirty years ago and he still read it at times. Ever the same readiness to hear, and courtesy and deference to the one who teaches, but yet a case of "thus far and no further."

A group of thirty boys have come in laden with ripe mangoes and I call the house father and send them off to the vil-

lage from whence they had come to enquire if the boys had been guilty of stealing. But, as though amazed at the suggestion of such a charge against our boys, the group of villagers to whom he spoke called out "No, we gave them to the boys. They come at times to sing hymns and read the Bible to us and we are pleased to have them come, and we gave them the mangoes."

On all sides the same apparent delight, and our boys and masters could relate many tales of this kind; and yet the Kingdom of Heaven does not seem to advance as we would like. It calls for a great deal of patience and perseverance to do battle against such a strange opponent. Like a mirage hope seems about to be realized here, there, and in every direction, and it ever vanishes as one would grasp it. One can come back and pray over hard problems and opposition but the worker hesitates to repeat for the twentieth time the conviction that such and such a village is ripe and ready to be gathered.

And yet our boys may be seen in groups or alone in some village home or beside some well, or sitting beneath some tree, and when you approach you find they have an open Bible in their hand and you know they are sewing the seed which surely some day must bear fruit that shall really abide and be gathered.

The boys and masters support one representative in a village half way to Indore and frequently go there to cheer up their worker and his associate who is supported by the congregation in Mhow.

### (4) **Industrial.**

At a time when the old India changes, and every province seeks to have an Industrial exhibition, we see our opportunity. Young India is measuring itself with commercial and manufacturing countries. The rapid strides of Japan has appealed as nothing else has yet appealed. What another Eastern nation has accomplished we can accomplish.

But leaders are lacking. Every man who knows how to carry to a successful issue any kind of industrial work will win the admiration of the people who know him, and that gives him his opportunity. Not finding the training or opportunity they

want in India, the young men of India are flocking to Japan to fit themselves for the openings that await the trained man in every industry in India.

When a boy has said, I made this coat I wear, or wove this turban on my head, or when he gets down and shows the village carpenter how to make a joint never before made in that village, every one will listen attentively to what he has to say. It matters tremendously whether the leaders are believers in the Carpenter of Nazareth or not? Surely an opening such as this is the very one to be entered by the Laymen of Christendom. A consecrated band of efficient business men could do very much to meet this awakening.

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**REV. J. FRASER CAMPBELL, D.D.,  
RUTLAM.**

Last report told of the granting by His Highness The Raja of Rutlam of a site for a church, of the Presbytery's approval, and the starting of the work. The building has been finished outside, and is in constant use. The steeple is ready for a bell; the floor is partly laid in stone, and the rest in concrete until there is money to get stone; on the platform is a communion table—the only furniture yet owned. Meanwhile, that debt may not be incurred, the congregation sits on the floor or on a few benches and chairs which are lent for the purpose, as are the vessels for the communion and for baptism.

The cost, so far, has been about \$2,000; and, except \$318.80 contributed in Canada in 1903, the money has been contributed by the members of the congregation, during several years, or by friends; and site and building belong to the congregation as part of the Presbyterian Church in India.

Among our ten Sabbath Schools are this year counted those gatherings, conducted by members of the C. E. Society, which partake partly of the nature of Sabbath Schools and partly of evangelistic meetings.

In the orphanage, Mrs. Campbell again expresses gratitude for the good health and good conduct of the girls. There has been no death and no serious illness, in spite of the outbreak of plague in the city. A young teacher, from Rajputana, a fine girl but of a consumptive family, developed

the disease early in the year and was sent to the Sanitarium in Rajputana, where she died a few months later. Happily none of our girls contracted the disease from her.

We began our year with fifty-one, besides one at the Boarding School at Indore, and ended with forty-eight; one had been married, another had gone to learn nursing at the Indore Mission Hospital, and a third had been sent to the Women's Home, Indore.

**The Printing Press.**

The Press has, as its two great objects, Evangelization and the mechanical training and employment of young Christians. To help pay its way it does suitable outside work also, and, in the thirty-one years of its history, it has cost the Mission very little—probably too little—beyond supervision, whereas the presses of other missions have been considerably aided.

At the close of the year under report eleven Christian boys and young men, besides the foreman, were employed in it; mostly the fruits of our orphanage. In their private time they do a little for the evangelization of others.

Among the pieces of work now in hand are new editions of the Hindi Translation of the Shorter Catechism and the Commentary on it, both by Rev. Dr. W. A. Wilson, and in English The Confession of Faith, Constitution, Canons, Rules and Forms of Procedure of the Presbyterian Church in India.

As anticipated in last Report, the first number was issued in September of a new paper, or a resuscitation of three—our Gyan Patrika which ceased appearing about six years ago, the Hityarth Patrika of the Rajputana Mission and the Masihi Kari-gar which had special reference to the C. E. Society. The Satyarth Patrika aims at meeting the need which was supplied by the three. It is chiefly in Hindi, but has two pages besides advertisements in English.

It would have been impossible for me to carry all this burden with my other work, without such efficient aid as has been afforded by my assistant, Mr. Roberts, who joined me in July. Mr. Roberts had latterly been in commercial life, but preferred to do mission work on a smaller income, as every one does who is fit for it. His



knowledge of the vernacular makes him especially helpful in translation work.

Besides the medical care of the orphanage, the medical catechist, Mr. S. Massey, reports 1,852 patients—749 men, 388 women, 715 children; and 10,251 treatments of these—4,270 of men, 2,312 of women, 3,669 of children—with 71 minor operations. He is an elder in the church, and exercises a good influence.

Results are even much greater than can be tabulated, but during the year twelve have been baptized on profession, and eleven as infants. The total number of baptized members who are not communicants is 128. The total number of communicants is 116. The total Christian Community thus numbers 250.

The contributions of the native church may be approximately estimated at Rs. 500 for support of the native pastor, church building, etc.

#### **REV. J. R. HARCOURT, B.A.,**

During the absence of Dr. and Mrs. Campbell at the hills, repairs on the hospital were made, and the new church nearly completed under Mr. Alexander's supervision.

The outstations were visited and the purchase of the new mission property in Sitamau was concluded besides the regular work of the station being supervised.

Early in October a tour was planned to the south of Rutlam, and with two new helpers and two boys sent from Rasalpura to aid us a good start was made to our cold season's tour among the villages. The district we had planned to visit happened to be that in which these two boys formerly lived—as a result many of their relatives were found, and great was the rejoicing. In one case a whole village proved to be relatives and we were made perfectly at home in their midst. Oh for these opportunities to be followed up! Where are the men and where are the means?

Another door was opened to us last summer when five men came into Rutlam from a place about forty miles northwest of the city. They had heard of Christianity and wished to know more about the doctrine and the people. These men have not been seen since, some day we hope to see them, but when?

Mrs. Harcourt and baby Helen have been a great power in camp, winning the hearts of the villagers and drawing crowds to the tents. The baby organ has also had its share in the work and honour.

#### **ALEX. NUGENT, B.A., M.D., C.M., UJJAIN.**

On our return to India from furlough last December we were pleased to learn of our re-appointment to our old station at Ujjain in Gwalior State. Like the majority of missionaries we were happy to get back to our people and work once more.

Having seen for ourselves the deep interest which the Home Church is taking in Foreign Missions we resumed our work with a stronger faith, and a greater courage to press the battle. How much more hopeful the outlook since realizing how many prayers are being offered up by our co-workers in the home-land in behalf of our work here.

For the six months during which I have been in charge of the evangelistic work, church services have been held every Sabbath evening in the hospital in the city. The removal of the blind boys to Rasalpura reduced our Christian attendance; but made room for larger numbers of outsiders, and as a rule all our sitting and standing space is occupied. Numbers crowd about the doors on the verandahs, and see and hear how Christian people worship a God who is not the work of men's hands.

As yet we have no church; but are beginning to feel the necessity of a separate building in which to worship.

After our regular Sabbath service a second service is held for any non-Christians who care to remain, and this service is usually continued until dark, and is as a rule well attended.

Prayer meeting is held weekly, and is well attended.

Sabbath Schools, three in number, are held every Sabbath morning, one for the blind girls, another for the Christian people, and a third for the lepers.

At mid-day Mrs. Nugent conducts a class for Christian women. Some heathen also attend. And all are most interested in the subjects taken up.

For evangelistic work we have been fortunate in obtaining the services of two well

qualified and experienced men. One of them is a convert from Mohammedanism, finds his special work among the large Mohammedan community, and is well received by their educated classes. The other, a convert from Brahmanism, is well fitted for work among the Hindus, having studied at Benares for a number of years, under the most learned pundits and priests. Doors are open for numbers of native evangelistic workers, and the need is urgent; but we are living up to our estimates, and the work must wait.

At the city market, which is held weekly, we meet thousands of people from adjacent towns and villages, and here they buy our books, hear the Gospel preached and, we trust, carry something of the Message to others.

To give contracts, and commence building operations on the leper asylum were among the first duties on my return. As the materials had to be manufactured or collected near the site, some four and a half miles from the city, much time and labor were required in the giving and superintending, of all the petty contracts necessary. Work has been slow; but several of the buildings are almost ready for occupation, and the remaining buildings will soon be completed.

Experiments are still being made with various new treatments for leprosy; but all with disappointing results. The latest remedy "nastin" has not yet been used; but we hope to soon give it a trial. Mr. Wellesley Bailey, the founder and superintendent of the "Mission to Lepers", paid our work a visit during the year, and encouraged our hearts in the work among these helpless, hopeless, needy outcasts.

Naturally the medical work is that to which much of our time and strength is given, and in it we find out best opportunities for reaching the hearts of the people, and understanding something of their inner life. Here we meet with the highest, and the lowest, the richest and the poorest, the educated and the ignorant, and here we have our opportunity of giving the helping sympathetic hand to all, and making them feel that we have a real interest in all that concerns them.

As we go in and out among them one is

left in no doubt as to their gratitude and appreciation for the help given, and whenever we meet old patients, or their friends, they are ready not only to listen to our message themselves; but use their influence to have others do likewise.

Our aim is to have every one who comes for treatment, or who accompanies a friend, receive the message of the Great Physician. In this way many from outside towns and villages hear the story of the cross, and in their turn carry something of what they have heard to others.

The waiting room has become known as the place where all are free to come and discuss religious questions, and many avail themselves of this privilege.

Three of our medical workers and their wives are from among our orphans of the famine of 1897; two of the wives are doing the work of Bible women. These young men are rendering good service in both medical and evangelistic work, and have the respect of the Christian and outside community.

#### REV. D. J. DAVIDSON, B.A., DHAR.

The special work of the congregation at Dhar is as follows:—Dewaji has been working away among his people and has received as usual his salary of ten rupees (a little over three dollars) per month from the Dhar Christians. There have been a number of baptisms this year among his people. It has been noticeable there how the waves of interest advance and recede, but the hopeful thing is that each new wave advances farther than the last one, and carries more people with it. This good man in his work there both needs and deserves all the help the prayers of God-fearing people can give him.

The congregation has this year begun to pay another Indian Christian, a trader, five rupees a month as a colporteur. He takes books all over the place with him, and does considerable Christian talking besides.

Our Dhar people were also pleased to be able to help a sister congregation to the extent of Rs. 100 (thirty-three dollars). Fifty rupees were sent to the Bible Society and twenty-five to the Tract Society. These last two amounts are much smaller than formerly. They were reduced because of



a growing idea that in comparison with what was being done locally too much was being sent away. The "beginning at Jerusalem" received a new emphasis. It was decided at the annual meeting that this should take the form of a Christian settlement in some village near. It remains to be seen how the enterprise will turn out.

At the time of Dhar Raja's installation the congregation felt it to be their duty, and a privilege not to be lost, to join in the universal expression of joy and good wishes over the happy and important event. So they got their good wishes transferred to parchment and enclosed in a silver casket which was presented to His Highness and received a most favourable reply.

Evangelistic work has been continued in both city and villages.

The school work has gone on throughout the year with an attendance of about sixty, about one quarter Christian, one quarter Mohammedan and half Hindu. Besides the Christian boys quite a number of non-Christians received certificates for passing the all-India Sunday School Examination. Nearly all the boys assemble on Sabbath for Sunday School.

The leper asylum work has had its ups and downs. A year ago we had eighteen inmates—the number was once up to about forty, and is now down to twenty-four. Margaret O'Hara has been untiring in looking after their medical needs, and the Indian in charge has surely done a lot of very unpleasant work in dressing these people's wounds and caring for them in every way.

It is hard to keep lepers in one place, as many of them are in the habit of going about begging. We cannot say much about cases being cured, but a few have so improved and their sores all healed up so that we were willing to let them go home. We are encouraged by a few who have been thus benefitted and who immediately return to the asylum if they see any indications of the disease breaking out again in sores. Three lepers have been baptized during the year.

### REV. J. BUCHANAN, B.A., M.D., AMKHUT.

I have been told that a short report is wanted. If there were but one department to report on, that would not be so difficult, but rightly or wrongly there are six.

1. Church and Evangelistic work.
2. Orphanage and General Educational work.
3. Agricultural and Industrial work.
4. Medical work.
5. Training of men for the Ministry.
6. Women's work.

However, I shall do my best to give a slight glimpse of the wonderful things God has been doing in the Bhil land along these several departments so imperfectly managed. We have had almost no help from outsiders, yet God delights to use the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, so we record with thanksgiving the way God has been using these simple Christians to save men.

First of all I wish to mention the kindness we have invariable received from the Raja Sahib, and of the Dewan Sahib, who was appointed just about a year ago as Dewan of the State. The enlightened and sympathetic policy which the Raja has been able to inaugurate under the new Dewan leads us to feel that God has been wonderfully guiding in this matter.

In response to the petitions of the previous March a Committee of Presbytery came out to this district in January, 1908, and organized three congregations, one at Amkhut, one at Sardi four miles from Amkhut, and one at Mendha about fifteen miles from Amkhut.

Mendha was opened because a few Christians, who had been baptized while we were building the Ambua Bhabra Road, and a few others from here, had settled there on farms. We felt that we must follow them up. Hence the selection of Mendha as a place for an out-station. Mr. H. H. Smith went there and superintended the erection of a bungalow and out-houses, and afterwards as the community enlarged he collected funds in India from a few missionaries and others for a small church, which has been built in connection with the house, using one wall of the house as the end of the Church.

Two workers are supported by Mendha funds. The work has grown out into surrounding villages so that the congregation of Mendha now numbers:—communicants thirty-five, a baptized roll of eighty-nine. This year thirty-eight were baptized, thirty-three from heathenism and five children of Christian parents.

Sardi on the other hand was begun by the Mission taking up the farm land there. And though the congregation is weak, still a beginning has been made with little expense to the Mission. If a little closer supervision could be given we feel that there is a fine prospect there of gathering in a good congregation. Naku, the elder, is a very reliable, developing, young Bhil Christian, who is taking the Theological work prescribed by the Presbytery for the Bhils and is supported locally.

The Christian Community is:—communicants twenty-five; baptized, not communicants, seventy-four; baptized during the year nineteen of whom twelve are from heathenism and seven children of Christian parents.

Amkhut, first begun, in the wildest, least densely populated part of the Bhil country. The situation was recommended to the Mission by that dearly beloved Political Agent, Capt. de Laessoe a man of faith and of the Holy Ghost who knew and loved the Bhils and who said he thought that with faithful work for a few years we should have a Christian nation in the Bhil country. Though the site has been difficult to get at, the wisdom of that selection is manifest to-day. "There," he said, "you get the real Bhil." He and his devoted Christian wife have since then both been called suddenly to their reward, as has our much missed, energetic and ever revered missionary brother, Norman Russell, who was one of the first of our number to set foot on this spot. The interest of that noble three has not grown less because they see more of the glory, and in some way I believe their presence there is a help to us here.

In Amkhut proper there is a Christian Community of 289 of whom 101 are communicants; 63 were baptized this year 41 from heathenism and 22 being the children of Christians.

In the three congregations comprising the Amkhut Mission Report there are now eighteen villages in which there are Christians; the baptized Christian Community is 512, of whom there are 161 communicants, 120 were baptized this year; of these 86 were from heathenism and 34 the children of Christian parents.

Locally, that is, not from Canadian funds, ten have been supported in the work of preaching and teaching. I should like to describe the work of each but then I should be transgressing on space. Remember them in prayer, for they are the weak ones God is using to take possession of this Bhil land.

Theological classes for the training of the Christian Bhils for the ministry are held every year. A course of study was definitely marked out and adopted by presbytery in March, 1908. The great stress of the course is laid on the study of the Bible, the whole Bible.

This year classes were held as usual at Toran Mal during the hot season, when Mrs. Buchanan and I had our hands very full. The holiday season was profitably spent. And we were much encouraged by the progress and faithful work done. A second session was held during the rains when Prof. Labhu Mall, of the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Punjab, gave up two months of his holiday time to teach two classes a day, viz., Theology and Pastoral Theology. He is a man of great mental and spiritual gifts, sought after in the big cities of India from Jubbulpore to Cashmere, yet God's wonderful grace sends him for two months in the year to the Bhil jungle. He has practically promised to come back again, if it is God's will, for the work during the rains of 1909. Our need was great for just such a man, and therefore under God our Mission owes much to him and to the U. P. Mission. His class was attended by twenty-four of our young men in training for Christian work.

During July and August, lectures were given by me on Pastoral Theology to the same class as recorded on previous page; no written examination was taken, but the students were catechised daily and from their answers and faces was manifested the



deep interest they took in the vital subject. During the time they showed such especial earnestness in this subject that they requested that they may be allowed even while studying to go out after the people for whom they feel a responsibility.

To teach the people how to read and write, day schools have been held regularly at Amkhut, somewhat irregularly at Mendha and Sardi. Only Christians are so taught. Our green young teachers, most of them trained here, two from Neemuch, have to be taught how to teach.

In addition to the day school there is the little Orphanage of twenty children. Just because we have not the help that we could wish, perhaps something more of self reliance is developed.

The box, the annual box from Toronto Junction, is more than a joy, it is a help. Its contents are given out as prizes for Scripture Knowledge. A Bhil woman may not dress in the latest style according to Western ideas, but a Christian Bhil woman will get up and grind at 3 a.m., in order to be free to study the Bible daily with Mrs. Buchanan, with a hope of a new skirt. If more of our home women who spend much time on their own dress could see the good a plain skirt does toward Bible study and therefore holiness in the Bhil land!

Young men's classes are also held for those who can find time in the morning or at noon to read. It is from these classes that we get our young men who are carrying the Gospel among their fellows. The bugbear is the first book. When once that is mastered, hope springs up, and, as the soul is moved to faith and love the Bible soon becomes the great text book, and when the Holy Ghost comes upon them the timid Bhil becomes a bold witness for the truth. Many Hindoos and Mohammedans have marvelled that Bhils could speak with such power.

Medical work is carried on by ourselves without any assistants; and medicines are given out at the close of all services and at the close of the school. At morning, noon and night there are always people coming to our verandah, where the medicine is kept. The Christian people run to Mrs. Buchanan and myself at once, and by God's blessing very few die. The heathen are apt to try their witch doctors, and of course many die.

Industrial farming work is still carried on with a measure of success. There is certainly a very wide field here for an energetic man who likes to use this as a mode of reaching the people. Amongst a people who have not been used to regular, hard, steady work, such effort is difficult, but its very difficulty is a recommendation for the need.

Woman's work has already been partly reported. If friends at home could see the verandah of our house with its classes filling three sides, and others in the fourth side on the shade, with the eager girls, boys and women studying the word of God, reading and writing, they would hardly know they were in Bhil land.

It is really wonderful how the Christian women come from their homes day by day, rising often before daylight to grind their grain so as to have time for the class. The box from Toronto junction, used entirely, is a great stimulus, the school on the verandah serves a double purpose, first to teach the youngsters and second to train young Bhil Christians how to teach. While not a model school it is doing some of that work.

#### REV. J. S. MACKAY, B.A., NEEMUCH.

We are deeply grateful that a steady interest has been maintained in the different departments of work among our little flock. The one hundred and eighty girls of the Orphanage with our teachers and helpers compose most of our congregation, but we are glad to report a few independent families who are bravely standing against the fearful forces of Hindoo and Mohammedan life. Here as at home there are those who cause sorrow of heart, but it is a growing joy to minister to them all.

Our itinerating was greater in time and territory than last year. We camped at seven large centres and with the assistance of the native helpers sought to give the Gospel to the people where we were camped and to the villages throughout the surrounding country. Every where people were ready and often eager to hear more of Jesus Christ.

The meetings at our tent in the evenings were especially encouraging. Mrs. Mackay had a small organ which was of great service to us in this part of our work;

large numbers were regularly in attendance and even the cold winds and darkness failed to drive them away in many instances. Gospels too were freely sold, and during the whole year probably some eight hundred were put into the hands of the people. Though many of these were purchased by small boys we have good reason to believe they are read by others as well, as we know of Scriptures sold by Dr. Wilson some ten years ago, still being read by the people.

The general attitude of the people toward Christianity is changing much. With a native worker I visited a city of upwards of twenty thousand people where ten years ago they were in direct opposition to the Gospel. Indeed Dr. Wilson at that time was in danger of being stoned in the streets. During part of a day on my first visit we sold over fifty Gospels and preached till we were weary with speaking. Mr. Smith and I have made several subsequent visits to the same place and our experiences have been similar to that of the first visit.

At the beginning of the cold season it was thought wise to close the smallest of our three schools and have the teacher go on tour with us as a Bible reader. The result quite justified our action inasmuch as the teacher worked well and his influence was much extended in his new sphere.

Spared the ravages of plague our school at Neemuch has grown considerably during the year, and with a daily attendance of over forty pupils our one teacher here has quite all he can attend to.

At Jawad, an out-station, our school seems never to have recovered from the terrible scourge of plague, some eighteen months ago, though the attendance at present is about sixty.

The unrest so common in many parts of India has affected the people here very little outwardly at least Indian officials where ever we went on tour, and also the Tehsildar of Neemuch city, have always treated us with the utmost kindness. Indeed, wherever we have gone people have invariably been respectful and kindly in their dealings with us and assuredly they are thinking much more of the Gospel and its messengers than formerly. Against fearful odds the Gospel is making steady advance, men's hearts are being reached and "in due season" the great harvest will come "if we faint not."

### REV. D. F. SMITH.

During the year services have been held in the church at Neemuch, in the morning in Hindi, in the evening in English. The preaching in Hindi although very imperfect was an intense pleasure to me.

In the cantonment bazar on Friday evening services are held. Before this service a meeting is held with the workers, after which sometimes in twos we go into different parts of the bazar and preach to the people who gather around. Sometimes the people gather in front of the Mission school and there we preach to them. The most interesting part of the bazar work is the personal dealing with men in their own houses and places of business. Many men freely acknowledge that the Christian religion is the best and that they are sinners and even that they believe that Jesus is the Saviour of the world, also they say that in their religion there is nothing to satisfy. They say. "What can we do? We are afraid, and we know what our caste people will do, if we accept Christianity."

The visiting of outside towns and villages is of intense interest to a stranger. But the greatness of the work becomes oppressive. During one week in visiting three places this is what we found. In Kesarpura, a village of 3,000 people, we found not one Christian. In Mimbahera a place of 10,000 people the same is true. In Mandasaur, a city of 30,000 people, not one man or woman is found who openly professes Jesus as Lord. The greatness of the undertaking is past description. But we undertake in the name of the Lord of Hosts and India's hope is in Him.

All missionaries realize that one of the most important parts of our work is the circulating of the Scriptures. In order to do this we buy New Testaments and Gospels. The New Testament, large size, is sold for twelve cents, small size eight cents and the gospels for half a cent each. During the past six months I have sold 200 gospels. When the people pay a little for a book they take care of it and instead of tearing it lend it to a friend to read.

In speaking of "the people of India" the class distinctions are constantly pressed upon us. But for us only two classes exist, the Christian and non-Christian. In these



two classes all are comprehended, and in the Christian all classes are about equally represented. In the non-Christian community between the low and high castes there is no possibility of communion but instead a constant struggle and much hatred. In the Christian community differences, physical and educational, moral and spiritual still remain, but the distinction of castes has fallen away. Its place has been taken by a sense of brotherhood and fellowship. The low and the high, the rich and the poor, have a common standard, a common example and a common Lord and Saviour.

With every discouragement we have also encouragement. The people are ever ready and waiting to hear the Gospel. In many hearts there is a deep sense of sin. They tell us that they believe in Jesus but not openly because of fear of their caste people. In many cases sinful practices have been abandoned but the thing that seems to be lacking is the courage of their conviction to confess Christ before men. The conviction of the missionaries who know Central India best is that if all the secret disciples would confess openly their faith, a Christian community would be formed that would be a mighty power for good.

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## Pulpit and Pew.

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### BETTER UNSAID.

It is better to leave unsaid anything that would tend to discourage any man, woman or child in the effort to do their best. True things are not always wise things, and the man who deliberately scatters discouraging truths wherever he goes is apt to prove neither welcome nor useful. Failures are plentiful enough, and are not usually forgotten by the ones who made them, and "rubbing it in" is both foolish and unkind.

It is surprising how many otherwise good people are sinners in this respect. People who would hold up their hands in holy horror if they saw a few thoughtless boys pelting stones at a cat, will not hesitate to inflict upon a poor fellow mortal tortures compared with which the cat's sufferings are simply play.

Probably they, like the boys, do not mean to be cruel, but this, unfortunately, does not prevent the sufferings of their victim. "Setting foot upon a worm" may be cruel, but treading crushed humanity under foot is vastly worse. If we have no words but those that will add to human suffering, and no counsel but what will weaken human effort, we had better be dumb.

Sometimes a really magnificent message is marred by a few boastful sentences, and the general expression is, "Oh, if he had only

left that out!" One fly spoiled the pot of ointment, and this is a pretty big fly. Self-conceit seems to be almost a necessity to most men, but there is no need of letting it spoil a man's work. "Blowing one's own trumpet" may be a very pleasant occupation, but usually it is a very foolish and unprofitable one.

If the world were to take men at their own estimate, its crop of great men would be increased a million-fold. But the world has somehow grown suspicious of such testimony and in most cases, for the man's own sake, he had better omit all boastful references to himself and his work.

There are a good many things that border on the questionable. They are not blasphemous; they are not impure; but they are not just what a high standard demands, and both in public and private life such things are better unsaid. The possible gain in any case is very problematic, while the possible loss is all too great.

Reputable wit is always clean; and any other is too costly for a man who values his reputation. In such cases the applause which may come will be of very doubtful value, while the silence of the best men will be sufficient condemnation. Better leave the doubtful words altogether unsaid.—Christian Guardian.

**SCOLDING A DAUGHTER.**

FOR MOTHERS,—AND FATHERS TOO.

"What will your mother say when she sees you, Louise?"

"It is what she will not say which troubles me most," was the frank rejoinder, as the girl glanced down at the pretty white dress, so fresh and dainty only an hour ago, but now limp and bedraggled from the shower which had been threatening ever since morning, and had at last caught both the girls half a mile from home.

Marjory Evans looked at her friend with some curiosity. Louise was wont to make queer remarks occasionally, but this struck her as being rather more peculiar than usual.

"My mother never nags," Louise went on to say. "If I have done anything contrary to her wishes, she never says, 'I told you so!' or, 'It serves you right!' or any of those hateful reminders that make you feel as if you didn't care, and often goad you on to telling her so."

"You don't mean to say, Louise Moore, that your mother will not scold you when she sees that rain-soaked dress? I heard her advise you twice to take an umbrella. Why, my mother would talk about it for a week!" exclaimed Marjory, looking at her friend with astonishment.

"There is a difference in mothers," was the quiet reply. "Mine believes in making me 'work out my own salvation,' as she calls it, from the wholesome lesson I have learned. Do you think I shall be likely to wear a clean white dress again when it looks showery, without taking an umbrella?" Louise turned her face toward Marjory as she spoke, and shook out the limp folds of her skirt, smiling ruefully.

"I think I see what you mean," replied Marjory, eyeing Louise critically. "Your mother prefers to have you do the scolding instead of her—silent scolding, of course. Come to think of it, it is more satisfactory. It saves lots of hard feelings, too. I wish my mother was that kind of a woman."

The girls had by this time reached the home of Louise, and Marjory was very willing to stop and dry her wet skirts after being assured that Louise was in no danger of a reprimand. Besides, she was curious to see a mother who could so control her desire to bring the full force of her indiscretion home to the mind of her daughter as to view the ruined daintiness of her attire without a word of blame.

As Louise stepped inside the door, her mother's eyes rested for a moment upon her clinging drapery and then she quietly suggested that it would be wise for her to change her clothes as soon as possible.

"I have laid out some dry clothing upon your bed," she said, cheerfully assisting Louise to remove her refractory hat-pins.

Meanwhile Marjory had been given a seat beside the kitchen stove, with instructions to dry her wet feet until the shower should have passed over. Mrs. Moore talked to her pleasantly and cheerfully, without any embarrassing allusions to the unfortunate situation.

When Louise entered the room a few minutes later in clean, dry clothing, Marjory was puzzled by the expression upon her usually happy countenance. It was the grieved look of a child who had disobeyed and seeks forgiveness.

"I don't believe I should look like that if my mother were to receive me as cordially as Mrs. Moore has welcomed Louise, after I had got caught in a soaking rain, tricked out in finery which I had been advised not to wear, into the bargain. I guess Louise is right; mothers are not all alike," her thoughts ran on.

Her surprise was greater, however, when Louise went up to her mother and wound an arm around her neck, saying, "It wasn't your fault I got wet, was it Mumsie dear?"

"No, daughter, our mistakes are generally our own fault; that is what makes their consequences often so hard to bear," was the loving response, as Mrs. Moore drew the encircling arm closer.

"She didn't even reprove Louise, mamma!" declared Marjory, an hour later, when she was relating the circumstances to her mother, after she had listened to the usual flow of words regarding her own carelessness.

"She must be a very indifferent mother, then," was the disapproving answer. "If I were to adopt the same course with you, land knows what you would come to!"

Yet as Mrs. Evans noted the rebellious look which instantly settled upon her daughter's face, she almost regretted that she had allowed her thoughts thus to express themselves.

"I've a mind to try Mrs. Moore's plan, some time, and see how it works. Marjory was always a child of strange ideas, and this strikes me as being about visionary enough to take her fancy," Mrs. Evans reasoned with herself, as Marjory passed out of the room, the cloud still upon her brow.

Several days went by before Mrs. Evans had a chance to try her experiment. Marjory came home from school, one afternoon, with a long rent across the front of her dress—her best dress, too. Marjory had been set upon wearing it, as there would be exercises of a patriotic nature at school that afternoon, and all of the girls were going to "dress up," she said. "I'll



be very careful of it, mamma," Marjory had urged. And her mother, remembering her resolve, had made no further opposition.

The clock upon the mantel ticked loudly, but its strokes could not deaden the steady thump, thump, thump of Marjory's heart as she stood waiting, with an expression of stoical indifference upon her face, for the tirade which she had every reason to expect would follow the first glance of her mother's eye at the unsightly rent.

But as the moments passed and her mother still continued to sew on, steadily, rapidly, and silently, she began to think that she might not have noticed her dress. Wishing to have the scolding over with as soon as possible, and unable longer to endure the painful silence, Marjory suddenly stepped in front of her mother and said with an air of defiance:

"I caught my dress on one of the desks and tore it, mamma. What are you going to do to me?"

Mrs. Evans had been so used to expressing herself in sharp, reproachful language that it was with a great effort she forced herself to say quietly:

"I don't see as I can do anything except mend it; but I am afraid I cannot do it very neatly."

A wave of color surged over Marjory's expressive face as she impulsively burst forth:

"You can't tell how sorry I am, mamma. I expected you would scold me, and I wasn't going to care, but now—now—mamma I am sorrier than I can tell. I am ever so much more sorrier than if you had scolded me."

Marjory threw her arms around her mother and cried aloud.

"Is it possible that I have been the cause of all Marjory's petulance and ill temper?" thought Mrs. Evans, as she gathered the sobbing girl into her arms and pressed kiss after kiss upon her tear-stained cheek.

"Mother has been all wrong, dear; but she has learned a lesson, and you have been her teacher," she said, in an unsteady voice.

"What can I have taught you mamma?" asked Marjory, lifting her head from her mother's shoulder, with a puzzled expression upon her face.

"Patience and self-control, dear—two virtues which it is very difficult to acquire," was the mother's humble answer.—Congregationalist.

"Let it be our happiness this day to add to the happiness of those around us, to comfort some sorrow, to relieve some want, to add some strength to our neighbor's virtue."

## "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

### ANOTHER MOTHER'S STORY.

In an article on the lack of honesty towards corporations, governments, etc., the "Wall Street Journal" says:—

Here is a case in point. In an apartment house not far from Columbia University, not in the "tenements," but where the apartments rent at \$125 a month and upwards, dwells a small family whose single daughter uses the surface cars on rainy days for a dozen blocks to get to school. Her mother provides the child with carfare, but the child is explicitly told to evade paying the conductor if she can.

Not only does the child do this, but she shows that she perceives the moral wrong she is committing, because she tells her young companions that when the street car conductor fails to collect her fare she does not return it to her mother but spends it for her own purposes. The mother, perhaps, does not think she is committing any crime. The less sophisticated intelligence of the child sees that there is no moral difference between deceiving her mother and robbing the street railroad.

Incredible, says the reader. Not at all. There is not a public school teacher or a minister of religion in any one of our great cities who could not cap that story with one as bad. It seems inconceivable that a mother could deliberately work for the damnation of her child's soul, but this mother evidently never thinks whether the child has a soul or not. It is all very well to pillory the traction magnates in our popular newspapers and make moral umbrellas of them to shelter the reader, but it is by that reader that the real effort for betterment must ultimately be made.

We are starting at the wrong end. Too many of us are bringing up children without any moral training at all, and in so doing we are poisoning our supply of good citizens at the source. Every good citizen ought to know that 95 per cent. of the evils that we suffer from, social disorder, contempt for the law, petty and large commercial dishonesty are practically beyond the reach of legislation.

The law is not obeyed because our children are not taught obedience from the time they are capable of receiving parental instruction. We have lost in great measure that old fashioned directness which taught that breaches of God's law inevitably meant punishment here and hereafter. For that sound and healthy doctrine we have substituted a flabby toleration which expects something positive to be achieved from a purely negative attitude. We ought to know that nothing can be achieved that way, but we talk windy platitudes about

"broad views," and forget that their breadth is like that of the well-known river in the West, which is twelve miles broad and six inches deep.

Our last and best resort is to appeal to the ministers of religion of this country. They at least can reach the parent, and through the parent the child, and they should see how far we are drifting from the plain truths of our fathers. We are discarding the sanctions which made men honest and pure and of good report. We are teaching children that education can be acquired easily when we know that discipline and effort are themselves the education, and not the thing learnt. We are teaching an easy religion which makes the church an attractive Sunday club, where we are to insult our Creator with a casual nod of recognition once a week.

If we are to have clean government, if we are to have honest finances, not merely in Wall Street but in any part of America, if we are to enjoy those rights inalienable with which our Declaration of Independence says that our Creator endowed us, we must get back to definite religious teaching as a part of our children's education, in the home and elsewhere. Not billion-dollar Congresses or gigantic crops make for the true advance of a people. Now as ever righteousness exalteth a nation. We have had enough of quack religions and political cure-alls. Let us get back to the Ten Commandments, and the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom. *Wall St. Journal*

#### THE VALUE OF THE DISAGREEABLE.

The disagreeable acts as a spur to men. It stimulates activity to a point it would never otherwise reach. It arouses an ambition to reach a point where our disagreeable task will be left behind. We reach the point desired, and the old thorn ceases to prick us, but it only gives place to a new one, which in turn goads us on to greater effort. And most of us need this spur. Inglorious ease would be the choice of all too many if it were not for the providential but uncomfortable thorn.

But the disagreeable element in life does more than this. It often acts as a self-revelation. There are few of us who have not seen our own failings for the first time in the disagreeable characteristics of some one else. All at once it has dawned upon us that the words and deeds from which we recoil are really the replica of our own.

Sometimes a disagreeable companion may do more to correct our failings than all our more amiable and more lovable ones. The man who talks too much never gets a hint of it until he meets his match, and then it dawns upon him, for the first time, what a bore he has been. The man with the snarl on his tongue does not find

it out until he meets another with a tongue like his own; then self-revelation comes, and his cure begins. Disagreeable people are one of the best cures for disagreeable people.

And, then, disagreeable things help to make men patient and self-controlled. To do what we don't like requires a conscious effort of the will. To do what we like is vastly easier, but the strong-willed man, in the better sense, is, partly at least, the product of disagreeable duties. To bear quietly what we do not like is an education in self-control that is worth more than we can estimate, and it is possible largely through the disagreeable elements in life.

In the manufacture of strong men rough tools seem to be almost a necessity, at least they do work which finer tools had utterly failed to do. Instead of grumbling, men should thank God for the disagreeable things which have come into their lives, and which, against their own wishes, have slowly been making them better men.

But more than this we owe to these discords of life, for they, perhaps more than anything else, have helped to make us dissatisfied with earth. If earth were heaven, the star gates would never open to our longing gaze. The eagle's nest is stirred up and made uncomfortable before the young birds will attempt to fly, and the soul of man never reaches its own and highest realm until the discomforts of life have done their work. A godly dissatisfaction is a blessed and cheering sign. Man was made for heaven and its joys, and life's disagreeable things help him to reach his real goal. The things which seem unfriendly are really helpful ministries, that help even while they hurt.—*Christian Guardian*.

#### THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET.

There are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who live in the shadow and gloom and those who live on the sunny side of the street. These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists; sometimes, people of melancholy temperament; sometimes they are called disagreeable people; but wherever they go, their characteristic is this: their shadow always travels on before them. . . .

These people never bear their own burden, but expose all their wounds to others. They are all so busy looking down for pitfalls and sharp stones and thorns on which to step that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky. These folks live on the wrong side of the street. And yet it is only twenty feet across to the other sidewalk, where sunshine always lies.—*Newell Dwight Hillis*.



**THE "HORRORS."**

Here is what a drunkard told the jury, who were trying him for an assault upon a woman with intent to kill.

"I had been drinking whiskey for ten days," Savage told the jury, "and had eaten nothing, and had very little sleep. That morning I realized that the horrors were coming on me, and I wanted to sober up. I made up my mind that I would walk off my drunk. I remember I went into a restaurant on Dover and Washington streets and ordered an oyster stew. The stew was full of green snakes, and I couldn't eat it. I paid the waiter, and he said, 'What's the matter with the stew?' 'Nothin',' says I, 'only I don't want it.' Then I went out, and the buildings all seemed just ready to fall on me. Everybody was callin' out my name. I started to go home, but there was bands of music everywhere. I went into the drug-store, and asked for something to drink."

The foreman of the jury here addressed the judge, and asked the prisoner what he had to drink in the drug store.

"I don't know what it was," replied Savage. "I told him I wanted something for my nerves. He got it for me, and it was full of mice. They came out of the glass, and ran over my coat-sleeve. I left the drink, and went to my room. I sat down on the chair, and dead people—all the dead people I'd known—came in. I tried to read a paper, and there was a man all in black who held the paper for me. The man in black had been with me for several days. He stood right beside me. The next thing I remember I was in a padded cell in State prison."—C. E. World.

**BETTER THAN A DOCTOR.**

"Don't worry. 'Seek peace and pursue it.'"

"Don't hurry. 'Too swift arrives as tardily as too slow.'"

"Sleep and rest abundantly. 'The best physicians are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet and Doctor Merryman.'"

"Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. 'Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.'"

"Be cheerful. 'A light heart lives long.'"

"Think only healthful thoughts. 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'"

"Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.'"

"Associate with healthy people. 'Health is contagious as well as disease.'"

"Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. 'Trust in the good Lord.'"

"Never despair. 'Lost hope is a fatal disease.'"—Sel.

**TWO MISLEADING CATCH PHRASES.****(1) "Salvation by Culture."**

People are represented as growing into the Christian life according to the law of natural development. In a recent volume is found this expression: "The soul grows according to its innate tendencies." Yes, but what if these innate tendencies are wrong and need to be changed?

The principle of spiritual development which Jesus laid down was this: "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit;" hence the tree must be made good before the fruit can be made good. It is not sufficient to elevate human nature, human nature must be changed, or rather it must be elevated by being changed.

What men need is a new moral direction, and this is meant by the term conversion. Men need the touch of Christ to start within them the process of spiritual development; they need the perpetual presence of Christ within them to perpetuate that process of spiritual development. Thus men are not saved by culture. They are saved by Christ through a process of culture.

**(2) "Salvation by Character."**

This is a new form of the old heresy of salvation by works, which Paul opposed so vehemently. "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." We are saved by Christ through grace, and godly character is the evidence that Christ has saved us. Those who have come into saving relations with Him, will produce a character like His.

In the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew character is made the criterion of judgment, not because it is the ground of salvation, but because it affords evidence that we belong to Christ. A Christian character—a character, the main-spring of which is benevolence—is evidence that we are Christ's. Right character is that in which salvation issues. We are not saved by character, we are saved by Christ, and in virtue of our union with Him, we have our fruit unto holiness, and bring forth a character which requires Him for its explanation.—Bible Student and Teacher.

A poor woman stood near the magistrate who was hearing the case—"Drunk; third arrest"—against her husband. It was quickly decided; somehow the pathetic face of the woman touched the judge, and he said to her: "I am sorry, but I must lock up your husband." "Your honor, wouldn't it be better for me and the children if you locked up the saloon and let my husband go to work?"

## "YOU HAVE NEVER STOOD IN THE DARKNESS."

*Words used by a Red Indian Chief as he pleaded that to him and his people might be sent the white man's Book of heaven.*

You have never stood in the darkness  
And reached out a trembling hand,  
If haply some one might find it,  
In the awe of a lonely land,  
Where the shadows shift so strangely,  
And the quick heart-beat is stirred,  
If only a leaf be rustled,  
By the wing of a passing bird.

You have never stood in the darkness,  
And said good-bye to the wife,  
The little child or the mother,  
Who have sat in your house of life,  
And knew not where they were going,  
As the birds who cross our sight,  
Flitting within from the darkness,  
Flitting without to the night.

You have never stood in the darkness,  
When soul after soul went by  
In the mighty rush of battle,  
Where kinsman and comrade die,  
And something says they are living,  
Although we hold them prone,  
With eyes that stare out blindly,  
As yet shall do our own.

You have never stood in the darkness;  
You do not know its awe;  
On your land a great light shineth,  
Which long ago you saw,  
For the light of the world we ask you,  
We plead for the Book which shows,  
The way to win to His footstool,  
Which only the white man knows.

O voice from out of the darkness!  
O cry of a soul in pain!  
May it ring as the blast of clarion,  
Nor call God's host in vain!  
By the pierced hand which saved us,  
Let ours do their work to-day,  
Till from those who tremble in darkness,  
The shadows are swept away.

Mary George in Illustrated Missionary News.

A life without suffering would be like a picture without shade. The pets of nature who do not know what suffering is, and cannot realise it, have always a certain rawness, like foolish landsmen who laugh at the terrors of the ocean, because they have neither experience enough to know what those terrors are, nor brain enough to imagine them.—P. G. Hamerton.

## PAID TEACHERS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

There is apparently a fear that we may be compelled to employ paid teachers in Sunday Schools. Inefficiency in the voluntary system is advanced as a reason.

We sincerely deprecate any such idea. The chief value of the Sunday School is the spiritual influence of a good man or woman in kindly contact with growing boys and girls. If the object was to grind for passing an examination the paid teacher would be best. The object is far other than that.

At the same time efficiency in teaching is so necessary nowadays that teachers of classes in Sunday Schools should be specially trained somehow. There is no better task the minister can set himself than this special training of teachers.—Belfast Witness.

## A LOOK AT THE CROSS.

A young man was undergoing an examination preparatory to his entering upon missionary work in Central Africa.

One of the examining board said to him in the course of the examination: "Suppose, young man, that when you get to Africa, some high business concern should offer you a salary ten or twenty times larger than we are able to pay you. Suppose because of your superior advantages and your college education, you should be tendered a high position under some foreign government, what would you do?"

"Well," said the young man in a clear resonant voice, "I would take one more look at the cross and say no."

This is thorough consecration. This is the sacrifice upon which the church of Christ is built, and upon which she is going forth conquering and to conquer. The cross of Christ, the emblem of the greatest sacrifice ever made for humanity, will ever have its right of way in the heart of man. The story of sacrificing love is the story that melts hearts and wins souls.

God's great love story which had its center in Calvary's cross, will ever have the greatest charm for men. When we look at the cross the best that is in us rises to the surface. The glitter and fascination of the world vanish in the vision of Calvary's sacrifice. When you are deciding your life's work you will not go far astray if you keep your eyes fixed on the grand old cross. In your weak hours, when assailed by hot passion and overwhelming temptations, you will find strength and help in a look at the cross.—Michigan Presbyterian.



# The Children's Pages.

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## "BUSINESS OF IMPORTANCE."

It happened one day that the Angel—who attends-to-things was hastening along the street, with his wings tucked in and his robes tucked up, for he was in a hurry, when a Duke looked out of his castle window and called to him.

"Stop a moment, please!" said the Duke. "I wish to consult you about the succession to my dukedom. You know my grandfather, the Archduke——"

"I cannot attend to you this morning!" said the Angel, "I am engaged on business of importance; your affair must wait till another time." And he passed on.

"Dear me!" said the Duke. "What can be more important than the succession? I really must follow him, and see what this great matter is."

So he followed the Angel.

The Angel hurried along, and presently he passed by a Bishop's palace, and the Bishop put his head out of the window and called to him.

"Please come in a moment!" said the Bishop, "I wish to consult you about the Great Synod which is to be held——"

The Angel shook his head.

"I am on business of importance," he said. "I cannot attend to trifles this morning." And he passed on.

The Bishop looked after him. "What mighty business can this be," he said, "that makes the Great Synod seem a trifle? I really think I must go and see." And he followed the Angel and the Duke.

Presently the Angel passed by a King's palace, and the King looked out of the window and called to him.

"Please come in here!" said the King. The enemy's forces have crossed the border, and threaten to besiege the capital. I wish to consult you at once on the steps to be taken."

"By and by!" said the Angel, "I am on business of importance now, and cannot stop for trifles." And he hurried on.

The King looked after him. "It must be something of world-wide importance," he said, "which can make the invasion of my kingdom seem a trifle. I must really go and see what it is." And he followed the Angel and the Duke and the Bishop.

The Angel turned from the wide street, and passed down a narrow lane, and into a dingy court, where poor clothes hung drying. In the middle of the court stood a little child, with its eyes tight shut and its mouth wide open, crying and roaring as if its heart would break.

The Angel ran to the child, and knelt down and took it in his arms.

"Hush! hush!" he cried. "It is all right, dear. You took the wrong turning, that was all. She is just round the corner. Quick let me wipe the tears away! Look! there she comes this minute!"

A woman came flying round the corner, wild-eyed and panting. The Angel put the child into her arms, and the two melted together, and sobbed and laughed themselves away out of sight.

The Angel drew a long breath, and rustled his wings a little, and turned to go back; and as he turned, he saw the Duke and the Bishop and the King, all out of breath and crimson, and staring with big round eyes.

"Oh! are you there?" said the Angel. "Well, now I can attend to your little matters."—S. S. Times.

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## A BOOK SHE DID NOT KNOW.

Lillian felt a glow of pride and pleasure in her success at the guessing-game in which some of the older guests in the summer hotel had invited her to join. "We can't expect to match our wits with a girl just out of high school," said one of the party, with a kind smile at Lillian. "We might have known that she would recognize Boswell as the Englishman whose claim to fame rested upon a biography."

"And she knew that it was Pepy's who chronicles small beer and great historic events in the same cryptic pages," added a gray-haired gentleman. "But if you will leave the room again, Miss Lillian, we'll try to find a character that won't be so easy for you."

When Lillian was recalled, she was told that the person she was to guess was a leader, a lawmaker, and a wonder-worker, and celebrated for his meekness. After a few moments' thought, she owned herself mystified. "He had stone tables," a lady suggested.

"Was it Hadrian?" Lillian asked. "He had lots of marble furniture."

"Ours is an Old Testament character," remarked the gray-haired gentleman, smiling, "and he passed forty days on a mount." Even this hint did not enlighten Lillian. "I'll have to give up," she said.

"Moses!" merrily chorused all the players.

"Moses!" repeated Lillian. "Why, did Moses preach the Sermon on the Mount?" The merriment died out of most of the elderly faces, and was replaced by a grave expression that made Lillian uncomfortable. "Have I said something wrong?" she whispered to Mrs. Dorsey, her chaperon.

"I think, dear, we are all pained to find you don't know who preached the Sermon on the Mount," was the gentle reply.

A few minutes later Lillian answered a tap at the door of her own room, and Mrs. Dorsey entered. "I thought when I missed you that maybe you were here alone," she said, and then, noticing Lillian's tearstained face, "Why, my child, you mustn't be unhappy."

"I can't help it. I know every one in the parlor was shocked at my ignorance about the Bible."

"Perhaps your ignorance is not altogether your fault. In my early days, it was considered an important part of education, and I think the present almost total neglect of it in the home and school is a sad mistake. Aside from the great religious and ethical value of a knowledge of it, a familiarity with the Bible is necessary for good understanding of literature. Do you know why Mrs. Wharton named her novel 'The House of Mirth'?"

"No," answered Lillian.

"Then search the Book of Ecclesiastes. Do you know why Mrs. Deland called a story 'Many Waters'?"

"No: I read it, and I couldn't see any sense in the title."

"That was because you didn't read 'Solomon's Song.' These two names happened to occur to me now, and as you become acquainted with the Bible, you will see what fulness and richness it has given to nearly all our literature."

"Well, I intend to become acquainted with it," said Lillian. And she wrote home that night and asked her father to send her her mother's Bible.—Youth's Companion.

### HER GIFT SAVED LIVINGSTONE.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, in showing how life is linked with life in influence for good in work for the world, said: "When Livingstone went to Africa there was a Scotch woman named Mrs. MacRobert, quite advanced in life, who had saved up £30, which she gave to the great missionary, saying: 'When you go to Africa, I want you to spare yourself exposure and needless toil by hiring some competent body-servant, who will go with you wherever you go, and share your sacrifices and exposures.'

"With that money he hired his faithful servant, known as Sebalwe. When the lion had thrown Livingstone down, and crushed the bones of his left arm, and was about to destroy him, this man, seeing his critical condition, drew off the attention of the lion to himself, thinking that he would save his master at the cost of his own life. The lion sprang at him, but just at that moment the guns of other companions brought him down, and Livingstone's life was prolonged for thirty years.

"Surely that noble Scotch woman, as well as the servant, should be credited with some, at least, of the results of the noble devotion of that great missionary."

### TWO GIRLS.

I knew intimately a young girl who was born in a tenement house on the East Side of New York, who scrambled up as best she could through a meagre and poverty-stricken childhood, working as a cash girl in a department store when she was fourteen, later earning her livelihood in a tobacco factory. Her work was very hard and unwholesome. Her face was pale, her fingers were stained, her hours were long, and her weekly wages, most of it given to her mother, was a sum that many girls in well-to-do families spend on candies and chiffons without a thought of economy.

But she had a dainty air, was fastidiously neat, arranged her hair very prettily, and was gentle and attractive in speech and manner. She had the sweet and refined air of a lady.

How to account for it would have been a puzzle had I known girls of only one condition and training. I asked no questions, yet I found out without much trouble what I wanted to know. My little friend was spending a Monday with me, and she said, incidentally.

"When I was a 'Fresh Air,' the year I was ten, I saw a young girl who must have been fifteen. She was the loveliest thing you could imagine. She used to drive down the road past the farm where we were staying, and I knew she was going to the train to meet her father. Often she stopped with her mother and visited with us, and I made up my mind that I would be like that girl. I tried to talk as she did. I made her my pattern.

"Afterward, when I was a 'cash,' I sometimes saw her in the store, and oh! what a joy it was when at last she came to the Settlement and sang for us in the evenings. That girl has been by ideal."

"Did you ever tell her about it?" I asked.

"No," was the reply. "I don't want to. I like better to think of her as a star or a beautiful flower. If we were acquainted, maybe it wouldn't be so perfect."

I understood what she meant. She wanted to keep intact the exquisite beauty of her dream, a dream that had come true, as she had imitated a girl whom she admired from a distance. I longed to bridge the distance, for it was not great, and I knew the other girl, but I did not try.

You probably have no conception of your importance as a unit. Few of us have. Yet we constantly assist in mounding the opinions and shaping the conduct of people whom we may never meet, and who apparently never approach our neighborhood.—M. Sangster.



**THE SCATTERED BIBLE.**

A prominent merchant in a Southern city kept with his stock of goods a supply of Bibles furnished him by the American Bible Society, which he sold at cost or gave away as the case might require.

A man accompanied by two boys came into his store to make some purchases, and was asked by the proprietor if he would like to purchase a Bible. He replied with an oath that he cared nothing for a Bible and would under no condition purchase one.

The proprietor then asked permission to present each of the boys with a copy of the New Testament, to which the man replied that if it would do him any good to do so he did not care.

Some weeks afterward the man returned to the store and asked to purchase a family Bible and told this story: "Soon after you gave to my boys a copy of the New Testament, one of them became torn so that its leaves were scattered all over the premises. Everywhere I went about the place I could see some portion of that book.

"Finally I would pick up a leaf and read it until one day a deep conviction came upon me that I was a sinner. I sought and obtained pardon for my sins, and since then my whole family have been led to Christ, the result of your giving those Testaments to my children."

Truthfully did the Psalmist exclaim, "The entrance of thy word giveth light."—

**THE GUIDE BOOK.**

Twenty-five years ago much of northern Michigan was entirely new country, covered with dense forests, and almost without roads. The best woodsman was liable to be lost among the trails, unless he carried a pocket compass. A settler of those days tells this story:

"One day I had been in the woods, when, though I could not see the sun or sky, I knew by the settling darkness that night was coming on, and started, as I thought, for home. I was so certain of my direction that for some time I did not look at the compass.

On doing so, however, I was greatly surprised to find that, whereas I had thought I was going east, in reality I was bound due west. Not only was I surprised but so sure of my own judgment and so disgusted with the compass, that I raised my arm to throw it away.

"Then pausing I thought, 'You have never lied to me yet, and I'll trust you once more.' I followed it and came out all right."

The Bible is a compass that has guided millions to heaven. Some throw it away, but that does not affect its accuracy or value.—Ex.

**A DISHONEST CLERK.**

A clothing dealer in an interior town, says the "Dry Goods Chronicle," had occasion to visit the city to purchase goods. While he was gone a young man entered his store to buy a coat. A salesman waited upon the customer and showed him a coat plainly marked \$7. The customer tried it on, and said in a pleasant, confiding way: "I want a good article, and I can afford to pay a little more."

The salesman showed him many coats, and, finally, having removed the tag, again offered him the \$7 coat which had fitted him at first, and said: "Here is a coat, a fine article, just your fit, which I can sell you for \$12." The coat was again tried on, the young man seemed pleased, paid his money and went away.

On the merchant's return, the salesman, with a smile of triumph all over his countenance, rushed up to him and boasted of what he had done. The merchant looked grave. He only asked: "Does any one know who the customer was?" A little boy had recognized him as a work man in a neighboring factory and remembered his name.

The merchant sent for the young man, told him of his mortification, gave him back \$5 and the privilege of returning the coat if he chose, and then said to the salesman: "Now, sir, I will pay you your week's salary, and I wish you to go. If you cheat my customers you have not principle enough not to cheat me. If I can't have my people sell goods honestly I will go out of business. Good day, sir."

**THEY SAVED THE KITTEN.**

A magnificent Red Star Liner lay in the Delaware River, opposite Philadelphia, one severe winter day. The cold was so intense that the sailors kept in shelter as much as possible, and only when duty made it necessary, appeared on deck. The river was filled with great cakes of ice that floated sullenly along, seemingly bent on going to destruction. Everything had that white, dead look that makes one say the cold is fearful.

Out on the ice floe a miserable little half-starved kitten had strayed and was meowing piteously. Some sailors heard the cry of distress, and putting out in the tug, rescued the little castaway and brought it back to safety.

If a sailor would do so much for a poor, miserable little kitten, surely He who made us in his image and gave his own Son to die for us, will listen to our faintest cry for help. The Young Evangelist.

"Are ye not of more value than many sparrows."

### A THIEF THAT STEALS BRAINS.

"How's this for a temperance quotation mother? 'O God, that men should put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains!'"

"That is good, but what are you going to do with it?"

"A temperance lecturer is going to address the freshmen in the assembly room this morning, and Professor Willis asked ten of us to get quotations ready. We are to recite them as a sort of welcome to him. He asked us to select from some standard author. I found this in our 'Temperance Lesson Manual.' It is from Shakespeare's 'Othello.' Will it be suitable?"

"Indeed it will. Suppose you should be asked some question about it, are you ready to answer?"

"I think I am, mother dear. I can tell of the enemy, alcohol, and how it acts upon the blood and nerves and the brain. You and father gave us a good drill on that when we were studying the 'Manual.'"

"Yes, I think you are well prepared, and don't forget that it is because it steals that it is such a dangerous enemy."

"I'll try; good-bye." And he was away down the path, and out of the gate before Mrs. Ayers took her eyes from him.

"Father, I am trusting thee to keep my darling from all the snares and pitfalls in the way," was her prayer as she turned from the door, his good-bye caress still warm on her cheek, to take up one by one the duties of the home she loved.

"The bread will be late this morning," she mused aloud. Then drawing out the molding-board, she went to work with a will, not noticing that little Henry had left his blocks, and was watching her. So busy was she planning her work to fit the hours, that would come speeding along until noon, that she hardly saw the boyish figure by the table until a little voice said, "Mamma, who steals brains?"

She had been on such a long thought-journey since Walter left, that the stealing of brains seemed very far away.

"Why, dear, what do you mean?" she asked.

"Wallie said it," was the answer; then the earnest question, "Who steals brains, mamma?" showed that somebody else had been on a thought-journey, too, and had come to a high-barred gate. He knew who could help him over.

"What is your body like, Henry?"

"A workshop."

"And who is the manager?"

"The brain."

"That is right. Now what keeps the

manager strong and able to work, and also to plan the work for the whole shop?"

"The blood; and God made it to go that way to keep us well."

"Yes. Suppose I put poison in my blood, what will it do to my brain, my manager?"

"It will make it sick, so that it cannot work."

"That is it; and if I know it is a poison, then I know that my brain will be sick, or stupefied, or suffer in some way."

"But we don't take poison, mamma."

"No, not often, dear. But suppose some one should tell me that this poison was good for me, sometimes, and talk to me about it until I was ready to think that he was right, and then I should drink something that had this poison in it, would it hurt me?"

"Yes, mamma, if it was true poison, it surely would."

"You are right, Henry; it would poison my blood and my brain, and take away my power to think; but if I did not know or believe that it would take away my power to think, and it took it away when I did not know it, what would it be doing? What do we call it if people take things when we do not know it?"

"We call it stealing."

"Yes, and alcohol in any form, in any drink, whether there is just a little in it, or more, steals away our brains, because it takes away our thoughts, and we do not know it. Now, do you see what Wallie meant?"

"Yes, mamma; but God gave us our bodies to take care of; you said so in the lesson."

"That is right, Henry, and we are not taking care of them when we injure them. If we defile them in any way, they are not going to last us so well or so long."

"That makes us study lessons to learn."

"Indeed it does. Mamma studies how to make your body strong; for God has told us just what to do to keep this body-temple a fit place for his Spirit to dwell in. And I hope to teach you to love these lessons so well that when you are a man you will study them for yourself, and not let any enemy steal your brains, or your strength, or hurt you in any way."

"First, I'll build my block-house," said Henry, turning back to his play, his puzzling question answered.

"It seems to me that we have taken the block-house time for talking. See, my bread is all in the pans. Put your blocks away, now, please, and sweep the porch, while I sweep the kitchen. That will be building our body-houses."—Selected.



### THE BOY WHO TRIED TO HELP.

Every time the neighbors drove by Grandpa Brown's melon patch they shook their heads and said, "Too bad." There was nothing wrong with the melons. No one in the country ever raised a better crop; round watermelons and long watermelons, covering five acres.

"The trouble is," Grandpa Brown explained to little John, "there's no market. You can't give them away. Seems as if every farmer in the county planted melons this year. The grocery stores won't take them. Last season it was different. Melons scarce and prices high."

"Too bad," sympathized little John, echoing the sentiments of the community.

Every one respected Grandpa Brown. He was a good man, a kind neighbor, always did what was right so far as he knew, and he made it his business to know what was right.

"I can't believe," said Grandpa Brown to Grandma Brown, "I can't believe that crop of fine melons is going to waste."

"But it is," commented little John, as he trudged toward home, "it is, because my father says so. Too bad."

Three days later, Grandma Brown asked little John over the telephone if he would do an errand for Grandpa Brown.

"Yes, a big yes," answered the child.

"Then let me speak to your mother, please," continued Grandma Brown.

This is what little John heard his mother say between pauses: "Oh, good." "Oh, if my husband were only home instead of way out West." "To be sure." "A fair price?" "Well, well, well!" "Yes?" "No, oh, no." "Possibly." "Yes, I will send John right over." "Indeed you did!" "He will be so glad," etc.

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.

"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before six o'clock this afternoon, he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city to-morrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mamma, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all to-morrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him."

Little John laughed. He knew his mother was poking fun at him because he so often tried to help dear Grandpa Brown.

"What errand do they want me for?" he asked.

"You are to go to Isaac Underhill's, and

ask if one of the Underhill boys can be spared for the day with a wagon and pair of horses. From there, they wish you to call at Mr. Burton's—Mr. Sam Burton's—and ask if he can come over with a wagon, too. Grandma Brown says they will call up as many of their friends as possible over the telephone."

"Oh, if every one will help a little," exclaimed the boy, "the thing can be done. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, my son."

An hour later, little John returned.

"What luck," asked his mother.

"No luck at all," grumbled the child. Worst neighbors I ever saw. Every one of 'em too busy to help Grandpa Brown, every one 'cept Mr. William White and Mr. Green, and honestly, mamma, they were the really busiest of any. Both those men said they'd let their work go and turn in and help the old gentleman. So three loads of melons are on their way to town, and I came home for my little waggon!"

"Your little wagon, child?"

"Yes sir, ma'am—yes, mamma! Every melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Mother could hardly keep her face straight, although she managed not to smile in the face of such earnestness. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in his express wagon.

"Poor little fellow," she said, "he'll be so tired."

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm.

"You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterward Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown help for at least half a day. "The little feller is right, he commented. "If we'd all turn in and help much as possible we'd make that melon patch look sick. I swanny. I ain't goin' to be beat by no sech little chap! I'm a-goin' to hitch up my team and join the procession!" And he did.

"Hey, there; where you going?" inquired Mr. Underhill of the small boy.

"Taking a load of melons to market for Grandpa Brown," was the reply.

"Why! Can't he get help enough to market them!" inquired the man.

"No, every one said 'too bad!' but they're all too busy."

"Well, there now, that's a shame! Look here, Johnnie, you tell Grandpa that I believe I can spare one of my boys and a team for a day after all. I'll send him right over." And he did.

By the time little John reached town, his dusty face was streaked with wee rivers of

perspiration, but his smile was a joy. He realized, with triumph in his heart, that example is a powerful thing. He rode home on Mr. Lane's milk wagon.

"'Pears to me, my lad," remarked Grandpa Brown some time later, "it 'pears to me that you don't need to make another trip to town, considering that the neighbors have kept the telephone busy since they saw you with your little red wagon. Result is so many teams have come to our assistance, you better stay right here to superintend the loading!"

"What a joke!" exclaimed the boy who tried to help.

Grandma Brown invited little John and his mother to tea that night, and she would give the child two pieces of custard pie; hers were the deep kind.

"I'd like to hire neighbor John by the year, remarked Grandpa Brown. "Best man on the farm to-day."

"Couldn't spare him," was mother's laughing response. "He always tries to help, and you know such a boy counts in a family."

"If I don't know it, my melon patch does," acknowledged Grandpa. "Not a ripe melon under the stars to-night, thanks to our little man and his small express wagon."

### THE TWO APPLE TREES.

"I have been looking at these two trees, boys," said Mr. Moore one bright Saturday morning, "and as there seems to be about the same amount of apples on each one, I have decided that if you want to gather and market them for yourselves, you may do so."

"And have the money for ourselves?" they asked eagerly, and in unison.

"Yes, and you may also take old Billy and the light wagon to draw them to town this afternoon."

Before he had ceased speaking, John, the elder boy, had begun to climb one of the trees, and Mr. Moore, without further comment, walked away.

The other boy also walked away, but in a different direction.

John meanwhile secured a good foot-hold in the center of the tree, and was giving it a vigorous shaking, which sent the apples to the ground in showers.

Presently the brother returned carrying a ladder and a basket.

"Oh, ho," cried John, "you don't mean to say that you intend to pick those apples off the tree? This is the way to do it," and he gave his tree another energetic shaking. "Why, don't you know," he went on, "if you stop to pick those apples off it will take you all day long?"

"Can't help it," was the answer; "that is the way they are coming off, and the only way."

"But, you'll not be ready to go with them to town this afternoon."

"Then I'll go some other afternoon."

"But you can't stay out of school."

"I can be examined Monday at noon. Don't worry, I'll find some way to get my apples to market, and they'll bring me a good price when they do get there."

John continued his protestation, but his brother persisted in doing his work in his own way. Therefore, it was nearly sundown, and John had been gone several hours when the brother took the last apple from the tree.

When John returned from town soon after, he jingled his coins in his hands merrily, and asked with a laugh:

"Don't you wish you had some?"

"How much did you get a bushel?" asked his brother.

A few minutes later when they entered the barn together, where the brother's apples were carefully stowed in baskets, John exclaimed:

"What in the world did you do to those apples? They look as if they had been polished."

"Oh, just a cloth and a little rubbing did the job," was the answer.

"Who would believe that the trees which bore those apples and John's were exactly alike?" said Mr. Moore, coming into the barn at this moment.

John looked grave.

"But what's the use of all that trouble? They'll not bring you any more," he said scornfully.

"Wait and see," said the brother.

On Monday evening, when the younger brother returned from the village, he counted out his money, and he had received just double the amount that John had been paid for his apples.

"I did not know," said John, "that taking a little trouble would make so great a difference about the very same thing.—In Michigan Christian Advocate.

### JUST FOR FUN.

A smart young man met an aged minister in the street, and said, "Dominie! I will give you this five-dollar bill for the charity for which you pleaded on Sunday, just for fun."

"Just for fun!" exclaimed the venerable man, placing his hand on the young man's shoulder. "Why, that is just as it should be, for the Bible says (2 Cor. 9: 7) the Lord loveth the hilarious giver.

The Greek word translated in our English Bibles as 'cheerful' is *hilaros*, which means that a successful young man of business like you should give with that pleasurable excitement of the animal spirits which you now feel. Make it a ten-dollar bill, my boy, just for fun."—Ex.



**A CHARMING GIRL.**

Gertrude was her name, and she was "in her teens." There are many girls more beautiful as to face and feature than was she, but her charm lay in her sweet nature. Politeness in her was as natural as was her breath. It was her "loving kindness" that set her apart, as it were.

"There are many things that I've never had to teach Gertrude," said her mother to a friend. "For instance, as how to act in company. I've never known her to ignore her host and hostess, as is the way with some girls. She invariably greets them first on entering a home, and sees them last on leaving it."

Perhaps if I should give you a brief outline of how Gertrude appeared at a house party, you might more fully comprehend the grace which rendered her charming. There were some middle-aged and some elderly people in the party. She did not pass these people by (as some of the other girls did), but was as entertaining to them as to the young folks, finding young hearts and often enthusiastic ones in unexpected places. Neither did she interrupt her elders, nor talk while anyone was singing or playing.

One of the most attractive ways she had was her tact in helping the hostess, whoever she might be, entertain. She appreciated the fact that it was due to one's hostess as a guest to be as bright and agreeable as one knows how to be. A friendly nod to this one, a smile to that one, a kind word for everyone, a deed of courtesy when the opportunity offered, a small attention which made some shy one feel at ease, these and similar acts revealed her lovable character.

One day, while Gertrude was giving an "Afternoon Tea" on the piazza of her home to a few young friends, she had some unexpected callers. They were two unexpected country cousins, unused to city ways, and were somewhat embarrassed when they found the eyes of a dozen or more fashionably-dressed young ladies regarding them. For a moment, and only a moment, they felt as if they wished the ground would sink under their feet. But Gertrude, in her gracious courtesy, came to their relief. She was not ashamed of them. Why should she be? She welcomed them cordially and introducing them to her friends, said in her genial way:

"These are my cousins, the dearest girls! It was at their home that I had such a lovely visit last summer."

The "country cousins" felt relieved of their embarrassment after such an introduction, as you can well imagine. They had a thoroughly good time, and went home more than ever in love with their cousin Gertrude.—Exchange.

**LEND A HAND.**

A few days ago, while traveling with considerable "impedimenta," as women are too apt to do, I found myself unexpectedly obliged to change cars at a branch road. The distance from one train to another was considerable, there seemed to be no one to offer to relieve me of my baggage for either love or money, and before I had accomplished half the journey across to my train, I was thoroughly exhausted, and ready to sit down and let it leave without me.

At this juncture, a pleasant voice behind me said: "You seem to be overloaded. Permit me to assist you;" and kindly hands took charge of my suit-case. She was a bright, stylish young woman, and when I inquired whether she was going on that train, replied: "Oh, no, I just came down to meet my husband, but I saw you needed help."

As I bade her good-bye and said: "I don't know how to thank you, for I do not think I could have made the train without your assistance," she laughed and answered cheerfully: "Oh, that is nothing; I am so glad I could be of some use."

It is little things like these that count in one's rooijn journeyings, and leave pleasant memories. Many times I have had occasion to thank young girls for surrendering their seats in the car, but never to my recollection has a boy done so. Why is it? Do we not instruct our boys in politeness as carefully as we do our girls; or is it the innate feeling of respect for old age, and a willingness to come to the rescue in time of need which seems born in a woman's heart and shows itself throughout her life? There is certainly something lacking in the education of our boys in the conventionalities of life.

"Lend a hand," when you can. Teach your boys and girls to keep this motto in mind, if they would honestly be entitled to the appellation of gentlemen and ladies.

**CHARACTER FORMING.**

Have you ever noticed how an icicle is formed? If you have, you noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot or more long. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled almost as brightly as diamonds in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming—one little thought or feeling at a time. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be deformity and wretchedness.—The Young Evangelist.

**Continued from page 296.**

in it which is often heard in Assembly, but which to-night, as is fitting, was more sustained, for it was the first Annual Report of the Committee on Evangelism, appointed at last Assembly, the first evening on Evangelism and practically the first time that there were simultaneous evangelistic campaigns to report.

The order of the evening was "Social and Moral Reform" with "Evangelism" following. The first Report was presented by Dr. Geo. Pidgeon, Convener, followed by Dr. T. R. Shearer, Secretary. They opened men's eyes. The necessity for such reform is not imaginary nor its accomplishment easy.

'Twere long to tell of the moral and social evils, some under law, some in spite of law, that need reform; the organized white slave traffic, with its horrible sacrifice of maidens to the god of lust; the traffic in vile pictures and literature, corrupting the minds of the young, and of the prompt stand taken by Government in meting out swift penalty; of the gambling, the saloons, the opium dens; of bigamists and polygamists driven from the States by their laws, openly living their vileness in Canada and finding shelter under laws which Canada refuses to remedy. What the Assembly did realize in some measure was the greatness of the evils that lie hidden under the smooth surface of life, and their responsibility as citizens to see to it that our law makers realize it too and deal with it more effectively than now.

Then came the Report of the Committee on Evangelism, by Dr. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor) Convener, in a simple, strong, earnest address. Three five minutes by men who had part in them told of the Chapman-Alexander campaign in Western Ontario, the simultaneous campaign in Minnedosa Presbytery, and the special services in Vancouver, all within the last few months; while Prof. Kilpatrick spoke at length on the recent evangelistic campaign in the Kootenays, with its marvellous results, in which he had taken part; and Principal Gordon's reminiscent ten minutes on the revival in Winnipeg of twenty years ago, brought this wonderful evening to a fitting close.

It was good to be here. Would that the whole church could have enjoyed it. May

the spirit of it be carried far by those who heard, and make it a new dawning of a still better day for our church and country. The Old Gospel is the one reformer of evils, the one solution of many problems. When people get right with God they will get right with their fellow men

**Letter XI.****The Closing Day.**

Thursday evening, June 9, 1909.

Dear Record.

The closing day and hour has come. The partings are tinged with sadness as were the greetings with gladness on the opening night. The unknown future, the changes, ere meeting again, the conviction that some friends, tried and true, will meet here no more, makes impressive the final simple service, the singing of that old Hebrew melody, "Pray that Jerusalem may have peace and felicity," the prayer and benediction, and farewells.

This closing day, as were all the others, has been a busy one. Only a part of the work has been mentioned, but your space calls halt.

It has been a good Assembly, one of the best and pleasantest yet; in keeping with what a church Assembly should be. The smoking tent was not pitched. May it never return. There is no more reason why there should be a special smoking tent than a bar. It is not fair that the many who do not wish it should have to bear the odium of it as an adjunct of the General Assembly. "If any man hunger, let him smoke at home."

Another pleasant feature was the usually prompt closing at ten o'clock, allowing time for a good night's rest and fitness for next day's work instead of dragging wearily, as sometimes, to the midnight hour.

Never was larger giving and doing reported or larger work planned; never a louder call or a brighter outlook; never a more promising opportunity or greater responsibility. May the coming year rise to its privileges, and next Assembly at Halifax rejoice in greater accomplishment and still wider outlook, and so on from glory to glory until the heathen shall be His heritage and the uttermost earth His possession.

Yours for its accomplishment,

X.



# Young Peoples Societies.

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## TOPICS FOR 1909.

Jan.—Strangers Within Our Gates.  
Feb.—Educating Prospective Citizens.  
Mar.—Home Mission Hospitals.  
Apr.—On the Trail.  
May.—In the Camp.  
June.—Sharing the Burden.  
July.—Pte. Aux Trembles Schools.  
Aug.—French Evangelization.  
Sep.—Our San Fernando College.  
Oct.—Rev. Andrew Gayadeen.  
Nov.—Yamot.  
Dec.—Awakening in Korea.

Convener, Rev. Dr. McTavish, Kingston.

## TOPIC FOR JULY.

### PTE. AUX TREMBLES SCHOOLS.

BY DR. F. W. KELLEY, MONTREAL.

(1) What is the object of the work of our Church among our French Canadian fellow country men?

To give the Gospel to the French people of Canada in their own tongue; and the means employed are the written and spoken Word.

(2.) What is our Field?

Our field is national; our work patriotic and vital. The French in Canada are about two millions, mainly in Quebec, but rapidly extending into Ontario and New Brunswick, and latterly into Saskatchewan and Alberta. From childhood these people are trained in the doctrine and practice of the Roman Catholic Church, and in no part of the world, with the possible exception of parts of South America, is the power of that church so absolute to-day as in the Province of Quebec.

From the British Government at the conquest was obtained by the French Canadians the right to retain their religion, their language, their laws, and large portions of valuable property for the church. Churches and convents crown the most commanding positions and landed estates and corner lots are held by the church for the church.

In the province of Quebec, the Roman Catholic Church is virtually a State Church. Every Roman Catholic in a parish must contribute to build the church and to keep it up; and every farmer must give one-twenty-sixth of the product of his land to sustain and extend his church. This renders the church a close corporation, with immense funds, under the control of the dominant bishops. Every Protestant farm in the market is purchased by them, and this mighty financial corporation is pushing its way for the church into every section of the land. On the new railway lines, in the fertile fields of the West and the back lands of the East.

The Roman Catholic colonization companies are planting settlements continually. Immigration is most carefully planned. The priest has his finger on every home, and "The glory of the woman is the reproduction of the race" is heard continually from the pulpit, and in the home.

Scattered groups of Protestants are being constantly absorbed. The child attends the parish school, for there is no other. His main work is the study of the catechism and the preparation for the first communion. With his classmates he joins the Roman Church, and mother and father are pretty sure to follow. In 1813, fourteen Protestant families, mainly Presbyterian, settled on the Lower St. Lawrence. Our church neglected them, as it had done the Murray and Fraser Highlanders fifty years before. One by one through marriage and other influences these became Roman Catholics, and their descendants remaining in that country to-day number over two thousand zealous French-speaking Catholics.

Whole sections of this province, such as the Eastern townships, once Protestant, are almost wholly Roman Catholic. Quebec City in 1871 had twenty-five thousand Protestants; to-day there are not five thousand.

To save their families, many of our people are leaving for the West or the States, or are crowding into the cities.

Is it any wonder that we have so many

poor, lonely, and discouraged churches and mission stations throughout this great province? The prairies and the Rockies are not in it. The rear-guard and the fighting line need the strongest men. And Quebec specially needs them. It is the pivotal province and under one-man power. "There shall be no national school in this province" said Archbishop Bruchesi. No Carnegie Library is to be found in Quebec; "Education," says the bishop, "must be under the control of the Church." Marching under the Archbishops is an army of able, energetic ecclesiastics, picked in their youth from every parish and trained in the classical colleges that dot the country.

(3.) What can be done in the face of this powerful organization?

Can little David do anything against this mighty Goliath? The Catholicism of the middle ages went down before Luther and Knox. The atheism and indifference of the 18th century before Whitfield and the Wesleys. And men of courage, filled with the Spirit and with "This one thing I do" are the need of the hour. History is on our side. The leading nations to-day are all Protestant. Spain and Austria where are they? The Pope is the prisoner of the Vatican. In Italy and France the people are roused against the hierarchy and are demanding civil and religious freedom; and this widespread European movement is already felt here.

Further, French Quebec will soon be but an island on the Great Anglo-Saxon sea. In the East are the sturdy Scotch and Puritans of the Maritime Provinces, to the south from ocean to ocean one of the great Protestant nations of the world. British and Americans are filling up our western prairies. Quebec must become national not provincial.

Great changes are noted in the province itself. Since 1890 the priest has lost much control over the electors; the church no longer threatens but appeals to the people; and there is a loud and prolonged demand for education freed from priestly control. The Government is providing new normal, technical and commercial schools and is giving largely increased grants for education. Montreal is now asking for new textbooks and an Elective Board of Catholic School Commissioners. Thousands have

only a nominal connection with the Church. Our colporteurs are no longer exposed to personal violence, nor our converts to open persecution. Bibles are being bought and read by the people. Our Bible men and women are welcomed in many a French Canadian home, and words of encouragement are received from men in high places.

In bringing about this change we have had our share. For sixty years the good seed has been sown. Last year we had over sixty pastors, missionaries, teachers and colporteurs in the field; Prof. Bieler, from Paris, in the Presbyterian College with his students for the ministry; two hundred and sixty-five young men and women at Point-aux-Trembles, with Principal Brandt and his devoted staff; and "L'Aurore" scattering its weekly pages into a thousand homes.

The key of our work is the school at Pointe-aux-Trembles, nine miles below Montreal, enlarged and furnished three years ago at a cost of \$75,000. Here are gathered from all over the Province young men and women from French Protestant and Roman Catholic families. Many of these can neither read nor write, many have come over great obstacles; some in spite of bitter opposition; and all seem to be filled with a spirit of intense earnestness.

The course of study extends from the alphabet to the university entrance examination, but one hour each day is given to the study of the Bible under Principal Brandt. No religion is attacked. "Jesus Christ and Him crucified" is the central point of the work of this hallowed hour. While the boys are at work in the drawing and sloyd rooms, the girls are at music, dressmaking and cooking. The pupils look after their own rooms; the girls in turn wait upon the tables. It is a great delight to hear the singing of the pupils, and to watch the happy faces in this great Christian home.

For board and tuition for seven months, fifty dollars is charged, but the real cost is nearer one hundred dollars. No worthy French speaking pupil is refused admission as long as there is room and the funds permit, but every year many applicants for admission cannot be received.

Calls are coming from the far East and



West for other schools for those who cannot reach Pointe-aux-Trembles. From this school come our pastors and teachers, our colporteurs and missionaries, the men and women who go back to found Christian homes on the farm and in the backwoods, and to carry on the business of our great cities. The influence of this Institution can hardly be over estimated.

What are the present needs?

(1). Earnest, fervent prayer by our people for a baptism of the Holy Spirit upon our workers, and upon the students in our schools and college.

(2). Union of all our Protestant church forces for this work. We must stand shoulder to shoulder here.

(3). (a) The immediate removal of the remaining debt of \$10,000 on the buildings at Pointe-aux-Trembles, by the united action of the pastors and laymen of our church, without further appeals from our agents.

(b) That the staff of Pointe-aux Trembles be enlarged and raised to the highest efficiency, and the courses widened. Needed money here is an excellent investment.

(a) To secure the filling of every vacancy that the young people of our churches raise at least sixty additional scholarships of \$50 each before the end of January next. Could not sixty Sunday schools take a pupil each at \$50? or the S. S. and the Young People's Society?

4. As a monument to Calvin and Chini-guy, \$10,000 be raised this year for three schools, with farm lands attached, one on the lower St. Lawrence, one in the Gati-neau Valley, and one in Northern Ontario. Is it necessary for so many Protestant young people to attend the convents and Catholic schools of North Ontario?

I leave out the Central Building required for our work in Montreal, provision for the two thousand Protestant children in the Catholic schools of this Province to-day, the increased means for the general work of our Board, and give only the most pressing.

These needs ought to be met at once: They can be:

Shall we say, "They shall be?"

Those who follow that part of themselves which is great are great men, and those who follow that which is little are little men.—Mencius.

## A CLOSING NIGHT IN THE KOOTENAY CAMPAIGN.

BY REV. W. D. REID, B.D., MONTREAL.

For the RECORD.

It had been a hard, and in some respects difficult campaign. The town was largely under the domination of foreigners and whiskey. The English-speaking people there were cold and indifferent, so far as religion was concerned. The meetings had been held for three weeks with more or less success. The last evening had come. One of the missionaries had gone and only one was left on the field.

It was a dark dull Sunday evening, and a strange sense of loneliness swept down upon the lone missionary, as he trudged his way to the little church. He had prayed much about this last service, and after some difficulty had decided upon the subject of "Drifting" as the one upon which he would give his last message.

As he ascended the platform the place was packed to the doors, and he noticed that two or three of the noted atheists of the town were present. He led the audience in a short song service. But his heart was so heavy that he could hardly sing.

He began his sermon, and at first, some of the young men at the rear tittered and talked and laughed. As he proceeded, however, a strange uplift came to him, and as he realized that almost every man and woman before him had drifted, some more some less, a strange yearning to see them one and all brought to Christ took hold of him. The Spirit of God was mightily present in the meeting, and preacher and people seemed in a peculiar indescribable manner to be swept into the very presence of God.

After speaking for forty minutes, the preacher suddenly stopped and said, "Any who wish to decide for Christ, please stand up." There seemed for a time a strange mental struggle, and soon all over the building one and another rose to their feet. The meeting was dismissed, and those who had stood were spoken to, and the preacher at last was about to leave.

Several people were standing talking in front of the door where there was a strong electric light. A woman stepped up to him and said "Can I have a word with you, sir?"

"Certainly" said the tired preacher, for he had spoken four times that day. A look of intense eagerness and earnestness was in her face. She said, "I felt I must tell you sir, I have decided to be a Christian, and here is my decision card. I took it home the other night, and after much prayer I have signed it, and decided for Christ. There is just one thing I am afraid about, and that is, will Christ receive such a sinner as I am? I stabbed my own mother, in England, and came to this country to escape the stern hand of the law. Do you think there is mercy for me"? What a look of joy lit up her face when she was assured that there was pardon for even her.

No sooner had she left, than a young man emerged from the darkness, and in a subdued tone, said to the missionary, "Could you spare me a few minutes, sir." Upon being answered in the affirmative, he began his story. "My name is Mac—. I come from Spokane, and am on my way to Calgary. I stopped off here, for a day, and having nothing to do to-night I drifted into church. I was religiously brought up, and to-night as never before, I have realized how far I have drifted." Stopping, and suddenly facing the preacher, he said with great emphasis, "It must stop, and by God's help it will stop to-night."

Then he unfolded a life of sin and iniquity that was appalling. A young woman was mixed up in the tangle. After telling the story he asked with great earnestness, "What is my duty in this matter?" "Your duty is very plain," replied the missionary, "Go on to Calgary, get your position, send for the young woman, make her your wife, and then together lead a Christian life. 'I'll do it,' said he as he grasped the proffered hand, "and you will hear from me about it. My decision is made."

Scarcely had he gone, when another young man came forward, and said, "May I have a talk with you, sir?" "Certainly," said the missionary, wondering when it all was going to end. Then the young man told how he had been a soldier in India for ten years, had come to Canada to make his way, had secured a good job in Calgary and had succeeded well.

He had a young lady in the old land, for whom he was preparing a home in the land of his adoption. In due time, he sent the

money over to bring her out to be his wife. On the way across the ocean, the fickle young woman had become enamoured of another young man, and had married him upon arriving.

"So terribly chagrined and disappointed was I," he continued, "that I at once resigned my position in Calgary and came down here into the Kootenays, with the deliberate intention of going to the devil as fast as I could go. I have drifted very far, but to-night I see a new gleam of hope, and I have made up my mind that from this moment there must be a change. Once I was a real earnest Christian, but I have drifted. There and then, under the light of the half full moon, we clasped hands in solemn pledge that from that time on he would serve God.

At that moment, the eleven o'clock whistle rang out on the night air, reverberating through the mountains, which meant that the shifts in the mines were changing, and the tired preacher wended his way home, realizing as never before what a wonderful message God has given man to proclaim, and what an amazing privilege is bestowed upon the preacher of the Gospel to be able thus to touch and lift men's lives.

---

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly.

Hold on to your temper when you are excited, or angry, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

---

Companionship is the one thing in the world which is absolutely essential to happiness. The human heart needs fellowship more than anything else, fellowship which is elevated and enduring, stronger and purer than itself, and centered in that which death cannot change. All its springs are in God. Without him life is a failure, and all beyond is a blank.—Henry van Dyke.



**DATES AND PLACES OF MEETING  
OF THE SYNODS AND PRESBYTERIES  
OF THE CHURCH.**

*Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given here it is because they are not received.*

**Synod of the Maritime Provinces.  
St. John, 1st Tues., Oct., '09.**

1. Sydney, Sydney, 31 Aug. 10 a.m.
2. Inverness.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 6 July, 1.30 p.m.
4. Wallace.
5. Truro, Truro, 20 July, 9.30 a.m.
6. Halifax, Wolfville, 6 July, 10.30 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, Riversdale, 5 July, 7.30 p.m.
8. St. John, St. John, 6 July, 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi.
10. P. E. I. Charlottetown, 3 Aug., 10 a.m.

**Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.  
Cornwall, 2nd Tues., May, 1910.**

11. Quebec, Quebec, 7 Sept., 4 p.m.
12. Montreal.
13. Glengarry, Alexandria, 6 July.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 6 July, 10 a.m.
15. Lanark.
16. Brockville, Hallville, 6 July, 12.30 noon.

**Synod of Toronto and Kingston.  
Toronto, 2nd Tues. May, 1910.**

17. Kingston, Belleville, July, 11 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 13 July.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 21 Sep., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Bowmanville, 20 July, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 13 July, 10.30.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 13 July, 10.30 a.m.
24. North Bay.
25. Algoma, Manitowaning, 6 July, 8 p.m.
22. Owen Sound, Owen Sd., 6 July, 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Holstein, 6 July, 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 21 Sept., 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Hamilton and London.  
Stratford, last Monday of April, 1910**

29. Hamilton, Hamilton, 6 July, 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Paris, 13 July, 10.30 a.m.
31. London, London, 6 July, 10.30 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 13 July, 10 a.m.

33. Sarnia, Sarnia 7 July, 11 a.m.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 14 Sept., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Clinton, 7 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
36. Maitland.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 6 July, 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Manitoba.  
Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov., 1909.**

38. Superior, Fort Frances, Sept., 10 a.m.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake, Miami, 14 Sept., 2 p.m.
41. Glenboro, Glenboro, Sept.
42. Portage La Pra., Neepawa, 7 Sept., 2 p.m.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, 21 Sept., 4 p.m.
44. Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, July.
45. Brandon, Brandon, 13 Sept., 7.30 p.m.

**Synod of Saskatchewan.  
Saskatoon, 1st Tues. Nov., 1909**

46. Yorkton.
47. Arcola, Arcola, 24 Aug., 8 p.m.
48. Alameda, Estevan, 6 July, 9.30 a.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Whitewood, 27 July 1 p.m.
50. Abernethy, Cupar, 13 July, 9 a.m.
51. Regina, Lumsden, 14 Sept., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 15 Sept., 3 p.m.
53. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, Sept.
54. Battleford, Battleford, 7 Sep. 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Alberta,  
Edmonton last Wed. April, 1910.**

55. Vermilion.
56. Edmonton.
57. Lacombe, Morningside, Sept.
58. Red Deer, Red Deer, Sept., 2 p.m.
59. Calgary, Calgary, 13 July, 8 p.m.
60. High River, Feb., June, Sep., Dec.
61. McLeod.

**Synod of British Columbia,  
1st Wed. May 1910.**

62. Kootenay, Nelson, September.
63. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
64. Westminster, Vancouver, 14 July, 10 a.m.
65. Victoria, Nanaimo, at call of Mod'r.

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"Everyone has a weak side—the wise man as well as the fool. But the difference between the two is that the wise man sets a double guard on his weak side, and keeps it there, while the fool lets his weakness go unguarded and open for the next temptation that attacks. All good generals fortify the weak spot in their defences."

The Church Funds, West.

	Received during May	Rec. Mar. 1st to May 31.
Home Missions....\$	2,177.76	\$ 7,446.15
Augmentation.....	143.32	868.68
Foreign Missions...	2,345.18	16,454.60
Widows' & Orphans'	18.40	431.35
Aged Ministers....	81.85	264.92
Assembly Fund....	124.58	230.87
French Evangeliztn	472.37	856.05
Pt-aux-Trembles...	37.50	820.53
Tem. Moral Reform.	53.04	238.58
Knox College.....	42.67	153.15
Queen's College....	3.00	52.12
Montreal College...	3.00	20.40
Manitoba College..	6.00	86.50
Westminster Hall..	5.00	6.00

Received during May.  
at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,  
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the Donors.

Ontario.			
Tor., Chal.....	250	"A Friend", Blyth..	12
Claude.....	50	Aberarder.....	13 50
Lake Charles.....	13 75	Merritton, St. And..	18
Hamlt'n., St. Giles s.s.	8 30	Woodlands, St. Matt	13 68
Perth, Knox, s.s. cl..	5	MacLennan s.s. ....	7 50
Mrs. Waddell.....	4 50	Port Hope s.s.....	25
Seaford, 1st Church.	181	Gordonville.....	1
Sunnidale Corners...	6	Alderton.....	8 87
Mr. & Mrs. J. Gibson	53	Ont. W. Grand Lodge	150
Fairbairn.....	11 50	L. O. L. 541, Burnt	
Carlisle, St. Paul's..	20 20	River.....	10
Shakespeare.....	56	Claremont.....	22 11
Goderich, Union, s.s.	25	Tor., Coll., St. c.e..	60
"C. McI", Brucefield	5	Steeleton, St. Paul's	
Woodstock, Kx.....	93	w. h. m. s. ....	5
Camlachie, Kx.....	8 85	Ottawa, Kx.....	200
Zorra, Burns' Church	27 50	Alberton.....	9
Pembroke.....	307 54	Lonsdale.....	8
Toronto, St. Enoch's.	25	W. Adelaide.....	6 25
Toronto, Cowan.....	1 0	Eglinton s.s.....	9 60
Guelph, St. Andrew's	201	2nd W. Gwillimbury.	3
Nassagaweya.....	8 50	P. Patterson & Son..	250
Meaford, Erskine...	50	Newtonville.....	6 30
James Gardner.....	75	Sir Wm. Mortimer	
Stirling, St. And..	14 90	Clark.....	10
Campbell's Church..	1 75	Lady Clark.....	1)
Britainville.....	1 20	Brantford, St. And..	110
Moorline, Burns' c.e.	30	Tor., Coll. St. c.e....	13
Durham.....	61 25	Galt, Central.....	250
Grand Bend.....	5	Geo. S. McIlraith...	35
Warwick, Kx.....	6 25	Flos, Kx, s.s.....	3 81
Bolton, Caven.....	19 25	Sunderland.....	61
Nellie McIntosh & cl	6	Dunwich, Duff's....	8 87
Tor. Chinese Mission	80 74	Cargill, St. And....	15 50
Bethel.....	11	Rv. P.M. McEachern	20
Rev. James Hamilton	5	Tor. Westminster... 1,000	
Tor., Emmanuel....	21 52	Brucefield, Un.....	22
Unionville.....	1 65	Cresswell, St. John's	3 70
Hamlt'n., St. Paul's c.1,200		Ingersoll, St. Paul's.	309
Picton, St. And. c.e..	2	Tor. Old St. And....	100
		Weston.....	67 44
		Mainsville.....	6

Tor. Jew's h Mission.	42 10
Margaret. T. Scott...	10
Clinton, Willis.....	61 75
Gordon Head.....	5
Barton s.s.....	11 75
Niagara-on-Lake, St.	
Andrew's.....	2 05
Tor. Jewish Mission.	5
Carlingford, Kx....	6
Mount Forest s.s....	27
Eden Mills.....	6
Wychwood Park....	5)
Woodstock, Chal....	67
Jos. Henderson.....	10
Margrt. T. Scott....	10
Galt, Central.....	15
Ottawa, Stewarton..	200
Torbolton, Ont.....	13
Rev. J. R. Craigie...	2
Hespeler.....	10)
Hamlt'n., St. Giles' s.s	8 77
Rev. A. MacVicar...	8
S. Ste. Marie, St. And	104 95
Ont. E. Grand Lodg s	60
Tor. Dovercourt....	75
Stratford, Kx.....	30)
Misses Deachman and	
McLellan.....	9
Westboro' Mis. Cir...	5
Tor. Rosedale.....	1,000
Arthur, St. And. s.s.	10 39
" " " b.c..	14
Avonton.....	11 70
Essex, St. And.....	12 50
Petrolia.....	75
Peabody, Zion.....	5 45
Barrie.....	59
Harrowsmith.....	5
Daywood.....	2
Rylstone.....	15 30
Quebec.	
Gore.....	12 49
English River.....	3)
Mr. and M s. Young.	62 50
Howick.....	37
Henry Birks.....	500
Ormistown, St. Pa. s.s	37 09
R. N. Walsh.....	13
Rev. Allister Murray	10 80
Rev. J. A. Macfarlane	20
" " " ".....	11 83
W. Huntingdon, St.	
And.....	6 39
Pte-aux-Trem., Scls..	50
Principal Brandt...	8.30
Manitoba.	
Tarbolton.....	15 50
Roblin.....	4
Virden, Carmel.....	166
Pilot Mound.....	43 75
Rapid City, St. Pa. l.a.	20
Lac du Bonnet.....	10
Plumas.....	11
Macdonald.....	3
Alex. Christie.....	5
Oakvill, and Mill Crk	1 50
Grandview.....	5 65
Rounthwaite.....	36 15
Lily s.s.....	10
Newdale, Kx.....	16 50
Rosebank.....	4 75
Arrow River.....	8
Sidney.....	27 30
Sperling c. e. s.....	2)
Darlingford, l. a. s..	8 80

Saskatchewan.	
Balgonie.....	25 90
Pilot Butte.....	2 10
Donald McDougall..	10
Balcarres.....	14 70
Rv. Alex. MacGregor	1
Yellow Grass.....	25
Rv. John Bende'aw..	5
Moose Jaw, St. Pa. s.s	3 60
Alberta.	
Ponoka.....	8 87
Coleman Inst. Ch...	17
Sargents.....	5 57
Lamerton.....	4 20
Clareholm.....	15 55
Mewassin.....	2 10
Mrs. Gavin Hamilton	10 10
Cowley.....	2
Strathcona, Kx.....	59
Mr. C. S. Noble.....	150
Nose Creek.....	7 60
Calgary, Kx.....	600
Hillhurst, s. s.....	4 50
Mrs. M. McAllister...	5
British Columbia.	
Central Park s.s.....	14 90
Mt Pleasant.....	228
Mt. Tolmie, St. Aid..	23 50
Victoria, St. And....	100
Ashcroft.....	12
Mrs. Thos. Oswald...	20
Vancor. St. Jns. s. s..	12
Chilliwack.....	23
New Brunswick.	
Rv. E. E. Mowatt...	8
Rv. L. B. Gibson....	7 15
Nova Scotia.	
Rv. D. N. MacRae...	6 65
Rv. A. D. McIntosh..	12 20
Rv. A. M. Sinclair...	60
W. H. Chase.....	500
Rv. L. M. Wright...	50
Rv. D. N. MacKee...	60
Rv. N. MacQueen...	7 45
Rv. A. J. Douglas...	9 80
Truro 1st Friends...	9
Glace Bay.....	10 50
Rv. E. H. Ramsay...	8
Miscellaneous.	
Pr. Rv. A. D. Menzies	22
Pres. Ch. in Ireland..	86 17
Whitehorse, St. And.	
S. s.....	15
Pr. Agent, Ax.....	348 73
Pr. Miss Ratti.....	17 50
Friend Blyth, Ont....	12
Hampstead, N. W.	
Lond. Eng.....	26 55
Est. Jas. Connell... 1,33)	
"M. M. A.".....	10
Mrs. J. A. Forbes,	
London England... 243 33	
Pr. Rv. J. Menancon	120 81
W. H. M. S.....	1,601
Oxford Press Royal-	
ties.....	1,619 10

"Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern; it will come out a rose by and by." Life is like that—one stitch at a time taken patiently, and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery.— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them. Silently and imperceptibly we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak; and at last some crisis shows what we have become.— Canon Westcott.



## The Church Funds, East.

	Received during May.	Rec'd Mar. 1 to May 31.
Foreign Missions..	\$1,218.70	\$4,405.40
Home Missions.....	100.29	530.37
Augmentation.....	132.00	759.25
College.....	528.32	1,913.10
A. and I. Ministers..	40.00	93.50
French Evangelizatr		106.88
Pt-aux-Trembles....	25.00	114.00
For North West.....	3.00	165.25
Children's Day Col..	—	102.78
Assembly Fund.....	11.00	24.10
Bursary Fund.....	5.00	301.00
Library.....	1.00	73.98
Widows' & Orphans..		11.00
Temp., Moral Reform	—	25.20
Unallocated.....	31.93	514.50
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$2,096.24</b>	<b>\$9,140.31</b>

Received during May,  
At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,

by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the donors.

Acknowledged .....	7,044 07	New Glasgow, St.	
St. John, St. And....	135	Andrew's lad. aid.	25
Thompson .....	9	Pieton, St. Andrew's	50
Up. Stewiacke .....	31 93	"Two Friends".....	100
Refund .....	1	Bedeque.....	37
Low. Barney's R.s.s.	3	Middle Stewiacke..	40 60
Eseuminac.....	13	H. W. Cameron....	25
Hx. Grove.....	21	Lower Stewiacke ..	100
Hx. Sale of Junk ...	3 50	"Friend of Mission"	10
"A Friend".....	5	Dominion No. 6....	16
W. H. Chase.....	500	Mrs. McAleese.....	10
Renons Bridge s.s..	4 50	"Endeavourer".....	17
Interest .....	2 95	Maccan, s.s.....	5
Rent, Boat House..	7 50	Economy.....	11
Wolfville.....	45	Amherst, Knox.....	114
Bedford .....	10	Little Harbor, Fish-	
Hx. Grove.....	85	er's Grant.....	8
Dorchstr., Sackville.	11 23	Campbelton.....	94
Interest .....	6 78	Truro, St. An., l. aid	60
Gairloch.....	1	"Thank offering"...	5
J. F. Miller. ....	5	St. John, St. Ste....	90
A. McKenzie.....	32	St. Stephen .....	142
Jos. Matheson .....	5	"A Friend".....	5
Mrs. Jos. Matheson.	5	Mrs. Alf. McDonald	5
Maitland.....	40 16		
Charlottetown Zion.	15		
St. John, St. Dav. m.b.	25		
"Friend Ist ch. truro	100		
		<b>Total.....</b>	<b>9,140 31</b>

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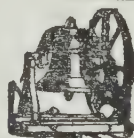
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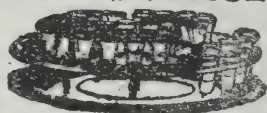
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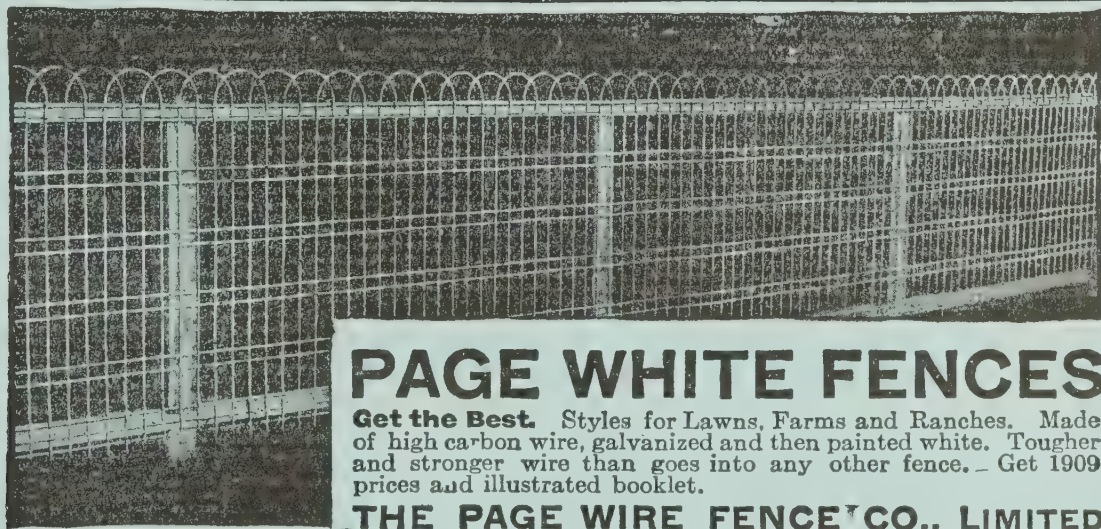
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They know who work, not they who play, if rest is sweet.—J. A. Symonds.

A sermon in shoes is often more eloquent than a sermon on paper.—T. L. Cuyler.

We can always find plenty of Macedonians right around us if we really want to help.

"Seven 'Dreadnoughts' could be built and equipped annually with Canada's drink bill."

Even in the Slough of Despond there are steps to safety provided—the promises of the King.

The heart in a speaker's voice sends that voice into the hearts of his hearers.—T. L. Cuyler.

The good of yesterday should grow into better to-day, the best always belongs to to-morrow.

Lots of us are only playing at religion, like children play at weddings and funerals.—Gipsy Smith.

Our deeds shall travel with us from afar, and what we have been makes us what we are.—George Eliot.

It is one thing to wish to have truth on our side, and another thing to wish to be on the side of truth.

The truly excellent character is made up of strictness towards oneself and mildness towards others.—Schiller.

It is better to make a thousand mistakes and suffer a thousand reverses than run away from battle.—Henry van Dyke.

If you want God to hear your prayer when you're on your knees you've got to live Him when you're on your feet.—Gipsy Smith.

James and John asked seats of honor in the Kingdom, and were turned down; but the Lord gave them more than they had asked or thought.

"It is said of the great artist, Michael Angelo, that, when at work, he wore over his forehead, fastened on his cap, a lighted candle in order that no shadow of himself might fall upon the marble or the canvas. We need to take exceeding care that no shadow of ourselves, our personal ambitions, our self-seeking, falls upon what we are doing for Christ."

Holiness is not a rapturous triumph away up somewhere in the vague heights of glory, steadfast and splendid like a sun. It is just a poor heart that makes room for Jesus.—Mark Guy Pearse.

"A wholesale liquor house in Cincinnati asked for a receiver a few days ago, giving as its reason that its business, though solvent, was being run at a loss on account of the prohibition wave."

Infidelity is purely destructive. It takes away one's faith and gives nothing in its place. That is also the difference between a reformer and an agitator; one rebuilds, while the other removes.

Friendship cannot be permanent unless it becomes spiritual. There must be a fellowship in the deepest things of the soul, community in the highest thoughts, sympathy with the best endeavors.—Hugh Black.

They who tread life's pathway, ever bearing on their faces an expression of cheerfulness, are radiant ministers of good to mankind. They scatter sunshine on all they meet, depression and gloom fade away in their presence.

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all the ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end.—Carlyle.

"She makes a beautiful climate for me," said a mother of her attentive daughter. That is what should be said with truth of every Christian. They should temper the moral climate of this world—warming its coldness, cooling its excessive heat, soothing its sorrows, and cheering its discouragements.

A kind heart is often found under a rough exterior, so that while a man may appear to be outwardly uncouth, inwardly he may be most thoroughly a gentleman. While the outward manner should not be neglected, it is the gentility of the heart, which should be the desire and effort of every young man.

"I have been in the Juvenile Court nearly ten years, and in that time I have had to deal with thousands and thousands of boys who have disgraced themselves and their parents, and who have brought sorrow and misery into their lives; and I do not know of any one habit that is more responsible for the troubles of these boys than the vile cigarette habit."—Hon. Ben. B. Lindsey, Court Judge of Colorado, in *The Sunday School Times*.



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TO EVERY CREATURE

# The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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# Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIV.

AUGUST, 1909.

No. 8

July and August have their own distinctive features. One of these features is that while Nature is busiest, maturing food for man and beast, the church is taking a "breathing spell" in the task for which she exists, that of spreading the world's table with the Bread of Life for its hunger of soul. Not that the church ever works hard enough at it to make a vacation necessary, but conditions of different kinds make it customary.

But while the replenishing of the table is suspended, the giving of the Bread goes steadily on. It is the time of greatest activity in home mission work. To every corner of our land the home missionary is carrying his message of hope and cheer. Our French colporteurs are carrying the Scriptures to their compatriots in their own tongue. And in the foreign field the work goes on. All which is a reminder that this breathing time is but for further and greater effort in the early Autumn when our various missionary organizations take up their work again.

And this is well. Idleness has no place in a healthy, well ordered physical life. It is an anomaly. And idleness is foreign to a healthy Christian life. God is love. The Christian life is something of God implanted in human life. Love means attitude toward others. Where love is implanted, it must show itself in meeting the needs of others. Where it does not show itself it does not exist. "If any man see his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him how dwelleth the love of God in him." All of which is but another way of putting the truth that a Christian man or a Christian church that does not, as opportunity offers, seek to impart Christianity and its blessings to those who have not these blessings or a knowledge of them, is misnamed. The measure of our Christlikeness is our desire to impart it, not to compel others to think as we do, but

to tell them what we know. "By their fruits" is the Scripture test. May the coming autumn and winter shew, in the fruit of earnest and generous effort for the spread of this knowledge, that our church and its membership has not only the name, but the spirit of Him who gave himself to save a world from sin and sorrow.

The key to a very large compartment of the Lord's treasure house is the duplex envelope. There is Lord's money in abundance, for the work He gives us to do. It is loaned out by Him among His professed followers, but is not always forthcoming when His work is to be done, and consequently some of that work remains undone. But it is being given in steadily increasing measure, as Christian men realize their stewardship.

It is not an easy thing to give where men have not been accustomed to it, but like almost everything it becomes more so with practice. To convert giving from a task to a pleasure, love is necessary; love to God and humanity, to our Father and our brethren. The greater that love, the greater will be delight in giving. Love makes labor light. Love's question is never "what should I do," but "what can I do."

We should not wait for love's prompting. The money is His, entrusted to us for the doing of His work, and duty demands it no matter how we feel about it. But it will grow easier with practice, and there is no way whereby we can so easily and surely attain what should be done, as by the duplex envelope, laying by in store and giving to the Lord, on the first day of the week, as He has prospered us. It is simple, scriptural, successful—and easy, as the right usually is when we decide to do it.

In planning for the work of the coming autumn and winter, send to the Rev. Dr. Fraser, the S. S. Publications, Toronto, and get free samples of the duplex envelope, and, better still, try them for a year. Most con-



gregations that have adopted them have largely increased their giving, and at the same time felt it much less than by irregular or less frequent methods. There are many who would find it easier to give ten cents per week to missions than a dollar a year.

Speaking of writing to the S. S. Publications, Toronto, for duplex envelopes is a reminder that if any have not yet tried our own S. S. helps and papers they should also ask for samples of these. A few years ago, nearly everything in the way of aids in Sabbath School work had to be obtained from abroad. Many of these foreign aids are excellent—for the children of the countries whence they come, less so for ours. But now our own church has a series of such aids, the equal of any other, and better than any other for the children of Canada.

These helps and papers have made great progress in the last ten years, both in quality and extent of circulation. Our children need the best. We should give them the best. And the best for them, teaching them at once to be both Christian and patriot, is provided by our own church.

#### LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

Those in charge of this movement are preparing for advance. They urge the encouragement and securing, in every centre, of inter-denominational action, and the appointment of an inter-denominational co-operating committee. They also recommend the promotion of the Movement with as little organization as possible, that the work may continue a "movement," rather than an organization.

The Policy for 1901-1910 has been issued. One feature of this policy is a series of Inter-denominational Conferences at important centres. These centres are to be decided by the Canadian Interdenominational Council, in consultation with local co-operating committees.

Each conference will cover two or three days, the day sessions to be largely "Educational" and those of the evening "Inspirational," with addresses by men who know the work, each denomination being represented. Denominational Conferences to be held each forenoon during the conference.

The following letter has been issued by

the Canadian Council of the Laymen's Missionary Movement:

To the Ministers and Laymen of the churches of the Dominion co-operating in the Movement:—

Dear Brethren:—

In the judgment of the Executive Committee of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, the time is ripe and opportune for a general and vigorous Missionary Campaign by and among the men of the various churches. To facilitate this desirable undertaking it is proposed to hold a series of local Interdenominational Laymen's Conferences with the following objects in view:

1. To conserve and extend the gracious spiritual influence and uplift of the Laymen's Missionary Congress which met in Toronto in the spring of the present year.

2. To explain the origin, aims and methods of the Laymen's Missionary Movement.

3. To promote the carrying out by local churches and congregations of the Missionary Policy which was unanimously adopted by the Congress above referred to, and subsequently endorsed by the Courts of the various churches which have since met.

4. To plan for the organization of the laymen in all the churches to aid in carrying out the said policy.

5. To bring before the laymen the leading aspects of the missionary problem at home and abroad, with the view of enlisting their sympathy and co-operation in meeting the responsibilities of the hour.

6. To press upon the attention of all Christians the present unique opportunity for world evangelization, so as to inspire them with loftier conceptions of duty and privilege in connection therewith.

7. To invoke the presence and inspiration of the Holy Spirit, without whose guidance the best-laid plans must utterly fail.

These Conferences should be so located that they will make it possible for practically every church in the Dominion to be represented through the attendance of one or more men without heavy outlay of time or money.

We would ask you and the Co-operating Committee to make this a matter of personal and united prayer that special wisdom may be given in locating and planning these Conferences, and for such a blessing upon them that they may serve the purpose for which they are held.

**EVANGELISM.**

By REV. C. W. GORDON, WINNIPEG.

"Ralph Connor," Convener of the Assembly's Committee on Evangelism, in his Report to Assembly thus speaks of the work:—

The experience of the Committee during the past year abundantly justifies the wisdom of the General Assembly in making Evangelism a distinct department of the work of the Church. Almost immediately upon the organization of the Committee, the need of evangelistic work became evident from the numerous appeals for aid that came in from all parts of the Dominion. It is a sign of life in our Church that everywhere there is a deep longing for a fuller experience of the presence of the Spirit of God in the saving of men. This cry for help that came into the Committee's ears—and it is a cry indeed,—is a cry from the living; the dead utter none.

The Church exists for the purpose of evangelizing the world. The Church that ceases to be evangelistic ceases to be Christian. The minister that is dead to the spirit of evangelism has lost touch with his Lord. The congregation from which the spirit of evangelism has died, thereby demonstrates its need to be evangelized.

While in comparison with the work to be accomplished only a small beginning has been made, yet the Committee feels bound to acknowledge that under God marvellous things have been accomplished.

The Committee was organized in three sections, and from each of these sections a most cheering report has been returned. The Convener of the Eastern Section, Rev. Anderson Rogers, of Amherst, N.S., reports that Synodical and Presbyterial Conferences were held, a Committee appointed, circulars issued to sessions and ministers, with the result that throughout the whole Synod an eager and hopeful spirit has been aroused. Various evangelistic campaigns were carried on both by our own ministers and by evangelists from abroad, and plans were made for larger work in the coming year. From this Synod was received \$618 to aid the Committee in the Kootenay campaign.

The Rev. Dr. McTavish, Convener of the Central Committee, presents a full and interesting report of the work done in his district. An ominous and impressive paragraph from Dr. McTavish's report emphasizes the need of a deeper spiritual life. Eighteen out of twenty-seven Presbyteries reported last year a decrease in the number of members received on confession of faith. In the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa the decrease was 109, in the Synod of Toronto and Kingston 755, in that of Hamilton and London 511, a total decrease in this district of 1,375.

The Central Committee, however, set itself resolutely to work. Conferences were held, committees appointed in all the Synods and in almost all the Presbyteries in this district. In 62 congregations special evangelistic services were held. These were varied in type and in results. In connection with the Simultaneous Campaign conducted by Messrs. Chapman and Alexander in Orillia, Paris, Galt and Brantford, the report speaks with profound gratitude. In these places it may be truly said that the Lord has visited His people.

An interesting experiment in the way of congregational evangelism was tried in east and central Toronto. The striking feature in this campaign was the employment of local ministers and elders of our church. The results were in many cases truly remarkable. In connection with and following these campaigns, there were meetings held for the deepening of spiritual life. These took the form in some congregations of a week's pre-communion services, while in Berlin and Waterloo successful institutes for Bible study were held. As a result of the experiment in Toronto, simultaneous campaigns were planned for presbyteries in the Central District.

In the Western District, of which Rev. Clarence Mackinnon, D.D., is Convener, conferences were held in both Manitoba and Saskatchewan Synods. It was in connection with the first of these conferences that the suggestion was made which resulted in the experiment, tried for the first time in the history of evangelistic effort, at least in Canada, of a Simultaneous Presbyterial Evangelistic Campaign.



The success of this campaign, which was beyond every expectation of those engaged in it, was due, humanly speaking, to the enthusiastic and united co-operation of the members of Minnedosa Presbytery under the leadership of its Moderator, Rev. H. G. Crozier, of Hamiota, and to the efficient aid rendered by ministers from the city of Winnipeg and neighbouring Presbyteries organized by the Western Committee under the able administration of its Convener, Dr. Mackinnon.

But of all the work attempted by the Committee during the past year, that planned and carried out in the South Kootenay country is by far the most impressive. The suggestion of a campaign that should sweep through a whole section of country was made during the meeting of the Committee of the Western Section at the Synod of Saskatchewan. The account of this campaign will be fully given in leaflet form. It will be sufficient here to say that as ever, the Lord God of our salvation granted His people exceeding abundantly above all they could ask or think in the manifestation of the power of His Spirit through the Gospel in the South Kootenay.

With fear and trembling your Committee planned this work; the intrenched forces of evil had so long driven the Church into a purely defensive attitude; but in earnest prayer and with faith in God the campaign was initiated. From the very commencement, yes and before the commencement, the effects of the campaign were seen. The members of the Christian Church of all denominations were drawn together by a new bond, and were organized for definite service, and the spirit of determination seized the churches everywhere to do battle for their cause.

It is not a part of the policy of your Committee to publish results in statistical form, but for the glory of God and for the encouragement of His people it is right that the Church should know that both by those engaged in the campaign and by those who observed its effects from without, the conviction is held that the South Kootenay will never be the same again. In its churches a new courage, a new hope, a new sense of power and a new passion for the lives of

men have been aroused. In the world outside, evils long triumphant have been either driven out of their intrenchments or have been made to assume a very humble attitude, while large numbers of men and women testified to the saving powers of Jesus Christ.

The campaign was attended by a great volume of prayer from all parts of the Canadian Church, and your Committee feel that it is fitting that everywhere praise should ascend to God for the marvellous things that He has done.

The following recommendations were adopted by the Assembly:—

1. That the General Assembly record its gratitude to Almighty God for His great mercy granted to our people in the special outpouring of His Spirit in connection with the evangelistic services conducted in different parts of the Dominion throughout the past year.

2. That the General Assembly re-appoint a Committee on Evangelism, and warmly commend the work to the sympathies, the liberality and the prayers of the membership of the Church.

4. That while not confining its approval to any particular form of evangelism, the General Assembly would specially commend the simultaneous plan for Presbyteries or sections of Presbyteries as may be deemed advisable.

5. The General Assembly's Committee is instructed to make as large use as possible of the ministers, choir leaders and singers of our own Church in connection with evangelistic campaigns, and would urge sessions and congregations to grant them such leave of absence as would enable them to co-operate in evangelistic work to which they may be called.

7. Finally, the General Assembly recommends that in connection with any evangelistic mission the greatest care be taken by pastors and sessions in the preparation for the same, and especially in the conserving of the results, and to this end would advise that classes and institutes for the systematic study of the Bible and for prayer as well as for the quickening of an intelligent interest in and devotion to the mission work of the Church, be established.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE KOOTENAY CAMPAIGN.

BY REV. W. D. REID, MONTREAL.

FOR THE RECORD:—

It had been a somewhat difficult task to get the missionaries housed for the coming three weeks' campaign. The people had almost a superstitious dread of that peculiar being called an "Evangelist." Some declared themselves willing to take in the preachers, but they had not the necessary accommodation. The better-off merchants of the town made excuses, the fact of the matter being they were afraid of offending some of the influential hotelkeepers of the place.

At last a good old lady, who kept a boarding-house, which the miners designated as "The Last Chance," offered to give the evangelists house room if somebody could be found willing to feed them. This duty was undertaken by a good Scotch woman (who daily supplied the physical wants of forty boarders, mostly miners), on the condition that the "two preachers would pile in along with the rest." Accordingly the two missionaries settled down at "The Last Chance," and at meal time "piled in" along with the forty miners.

There is a machine in the mines for the purpose of hoisting ore from one level to another, called "the hoisting gear," and it became a sort of open secret, that the missionaries were known as "the two hoisting gears."

One evening, "the two hoisting gears" were a little late for dinner, and the chairs were all taken excepting two, that had been left vacant, opposite which sat two or three of the boarders who had openly expressed disgust with all religion. As the evangelists took their places, they noticed a sort of amused expression of expectation upon the faces of the men.

"How are the meetin's goin'?", said the man on the other side the table, who had a philosopher's large square head."

"First rate" replied the preacher, but we have not seen you there yet."

"No sir, and you won't see me there either; I have no use for such nonsense," tartly answered the questioner.

"How is that" responded the missionary, "a

man with as good a head as you have ought to be foremost in that kind of work?"

"How is that" replied the miner, somewhat excited, "I'll tell ye how it is. Once I was laid up for quite a long time, and had no literature to read except the Bible, and I read it, and read it, until I was sick of it, and that has done me for religion ever since."

By this time, the men were all on the "qui vive," and one fellow, near the "hoisting gear," said delightedly to his neighbor, "there's goin' to be something' doin' here, Jack."

The missionary sort of pulled himself together, as he perceived that there was to be a battle before about forty men, so he replied calmly.

"Well now, my friend, let us be a little more specific about this Bible business. What have you to say against the Bible?"

"What have I against the Bible," said the miner, "why I have everything against it. It's the most immoral book published. Its characters are the most abominable characters of history. When I was a boy, it was David, David, from morning till night, until I was absolutely sick of him. And what was David, anyway, but an old blackguard? We talk about the cruelty of Abdul Hamid; why he is a saint as compared with your great David, who wrote the Psalms. If a man were to commence to read a psalm of David when I was in church, I would get up and walk out."

Things were getting interesting, and one of the missionaries asked, "What incident in David's life do you refer to? Let us get down to facts more closely."

The anti-Davidite scratched his head meditatively for a moment, and then said "Whenever David captured a city, he always gathered together all the maimed and the halt and the lame and the blind, who were no good as slaves, and tortured them to death."

"He did nothing of the kind" quickly replied the minister.

"He did, and if I had a Bible here I could shew it to you", said the miner.

"Here you are," said the missionary, as he pulled a small Bible out of his hip pocket, and handed it across the table.

"There was silence deep as death," as the surprised objector bravely took the proffer-



ed Bible, and began to look carefully in the minor prophets for the account of David's cruelty.

It's here, anyway, he said, but I don't exactly know where to find it."

"You can't find it, nor can any other man, for it is not there," said the missionary.

Closing up the book, with a sort of defeated look on his face, the miner returned to the attack, with "Elijah is another of your great saints, and what a cruel wretch he was. One day, he brought out bears to eat up a lot of little innocent children; fine saint he was"!

"My friend," said the missionary, "there is not a passage between the two covers of that book that says that Elijah ever called out a single bear to eat up a single child."

"He did."

"He didn't," replied each in turn.

"Then that unlikely story about him living on locusts and wild honey; who could ever believe a tale like that," continued the miner.

The man of the cloth answered quickly, "There is not a passage in the Bible that even hints that Elijah ever ate a locust or a piece of wild honey."

"There is."

"There isn't," came from both sides of the table again.

"Find it then," said the minister.

After looking through Judges for a little, the puzzled sceptic said, "I don't exactly know where it is, but I'm willin' to bet \$10 it's there, parson."

"I'm not a betting man replied the parson, but, if I were, I would bet you \$5,000, and I would gain it too, that you nor no other man can find a passage in that book, which says that Elijah ever called out a bear to eat a child, or ate a locust or a piece of wild honey."

Returning to the charge, the objector continued:

"And that old scoundrel of an Abraham is another of your great models you hold up for us to follow. He lied about his wife in Egypt, and then he sold her to Pharaoh.

"What did he lie about"? queried the parson.

"He said that his wife was his sister" was the quick reply.

"So she was, his half sister, and as for selling his wife, he never did anything of

the kind, and you can't find it there either," replied the missionary.

By this time it was getting a little dark, and the miner with the little Bible in his hand went over to the window, and for quite a while turned over the pages.

Soon he returned with a look of triumph on his face, and said "there it is.....where Abraham, your great saint, sold his wife."

The passage pointed out was Gen. XII., 16: "And he (Pharaoh) entreated Abram well for her sake, and he had sheep and oxen and he asses and men servants and she asses and camels."

"That means," replied the miner, that he sold his wife for these things."

"It means nothing of the kind, said the missionary, and I will leave it to the men here to judge if there is a single word in that passage to prove that Abraham sold his wife. The trouble with you, my good man is, you know nothing whatever about your Bible. You will need to be shut up with it for a long time again, and read it over a few times before you begin to defame either the Bible or its characters. You are simply reading into the Bible, what you would like it to say. Come over to the services to-night and we will try and teach you how to be born again, and make a new man of you."

"Jack, you may as well give it up until you are better posted," said one of the men, as they all arose from the table and retired from the dining room.

---

For another week the missionaries had their meals in the same place, and they were treated with respect and even cordiality by the boarders, but our friend Jack never was seen again. Yes, he was seen again. The night of the last service, he was in church, and no man listened with more rapt attention to the sermon. When the decision cards were passed around he took one. At the door, he gave the preacher a warm clasp of the hand and said with considerable feeling, "I have thought a good deal on what you said to me, and I trust God that from this hour, I will be a better man."

---

A sharp and ready tongue! How much sorrow it brings to the possessor. If you are so fortunate as to own one, both principle and policy demand that you control it.

## CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.

### Calls from

Saskatoon to Mr. A. W. McIntosh of Belwood. Accepted.  
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 Economy and Five Islands, to Mr. R. C. Murray.

### Inductions into

Sherbrooke, 20 May, Mr. J. C. Nicholson.  
 East Oxford and Blenheim, June 1, Mr. J. F. Clugston.  
 Holland, 20 May, Mr. W. A. Churchill.  
 Chester, 3 June, Mr. R. F. Sinclair.  
 Beverly Ch., Kirkwall, 30 June, Mr. Neil Leckie.  
 Chalmers Ch., Hamilton, 26 May, Mr. F. W. K. Harris.  
 Merivale Ch., near Ottawa, 27 May, Mr. A. G. Cameron.  
 Bass River, 26 May, Mr. J. R. Miller.  
 Prince William, 14 June, Mr. W. Girdwood.  
 Blue Mountain and Garden of Eden, 17 June, Mr. W. H. Sweet.  
 Knox Church, Waterdown, 20 July, Mr. J. McDonald.  
 Hargrave and Knox, 5 July, Mr. W. A. Alexander.  
 Binscarth and Foxwarren, 5 July, Mr. J. B. McLaren.  
 Valleyfield, 13 July, Mr. C. W. Shelley.

South Mt., 1 June, Mr. W. A. Morrison.  
 Merrickville, 30 June, Mr. M. F. Bouchard.  
 Chesterville, 6 Aug., Mr. S. A. Woods.  
 Burns Church, Delaware, 29 June, Mr. W. T. Cranston.  
 St. John's Ch., Pittsburgh, 12 August, Mr. Reede.  
 St. Andrews East, 16 June, Mr. Herbert C. Ross.  
 Gravenhurst, 17 June, Mr. D. A. McKeracher.  
 Dunbarton, 15 June, Mr. A. L. MacFadyen.

### Resignations of

Penhold, Mr. P. Simpson.  
 Lorneville, Mr. C. J. Townsend.  
 Cardigan, Mr. Edwin Smith.  
 North Lunenburg, Mr. Geo. W. Mingie.  
 Bradford, Mr. C. H. Cooke.

### LOVE THYSELF LAST.

"Love thyself last; and oh, such joy shall thrill thee,  
 As never yet to selfish soul was given,  
 Whate'er thy lot, a perfect peace will fill thee,  
 And earth shall seem the ante-room of heaven.  
 "Love thyself last; and thou shalt grow in spirit,  
 To see, to hear, to know, and understand.  
 The message of the stars, lo, thou shalt hear it,  
 And all God's joys shall be at thy command.  
 "Love thyself last. The world shall be made better,  
 By thee, if this brief motto forms thy creed.  
 Go, follow it in spirit and in letter,  
 And shew the true religion which men need." —Ex.

### HONOR-HUNTING.

No man is honored by others quite so much as the man who never seeks honor. Nothing kills a man's prospects in this direction so completely as to have it known that he is after all the honor he can get.

The reason is easy to see. Selfishness is dishonorable and despicable: the man who is selfishly ambitious of honor is heading in exactly the opposite direction from that in which it is to be found.

Genuine unselfishness is loved and honored by the whole world a little more than any other trait in mankind: therefore, the man who utterly forgets his own honors is likely to "forget himself into immortality." If we really want the best honors that others can give us, let us once and for all stop seeking them.—S. S. Times.



# **DATES AND PLACES OF MEETING OF THE SYNODS AND PRESBY- TERIES OF THE CHURCH.**

*Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given here it is because they are not received.*

## **The General Assembly Meets in Halifax, on the First Wednesday of June, 1910.**

### **Synod of the Maritime Provinces. St. John, 1st Tues., Oct., '09.**

1. Sydney, Sydney, 31 Aug., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Orangedale, 30 Aug., 7.30 p.m.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 7 Sept., 1.30 p.m.
4. Wallace.
5. Truro.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 20 Sept., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, Clyde River, 18 Oct., 4 p.m.
8. St. John, St. John, 12 Sept., 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, 14 Sept., 11 a.m.
10. P. E. I. Charlottetown, 3 Aug., 10 a.m.

### **Synod of Montreal and Ottawa. Cornwall, 2nd Tues., May, 1910.**

11. Quebec, Quebec, 7 Sept., 4 p.m.
12. Montreal, last Tues., Sept., 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Lancaster, 2 Nov.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 7 Sept., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Carleton Place, 6 Sept, 10.30 a.m.
16. Brockville, Winchester, 2 Nov.

### **Synod of Toronto and Kingston. Toronto, 2nd Tues., May, 1910.**

17. Kingston, Belleville, 21 Sept., 11 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 21 Sept., 9 a.m.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 21 Sept., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Whitby, 19 October, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 14 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
23. Barrie, Midland, 14 Sept., 2.30 p.m.
24. North Bay, Powassan.
25. Algoma.
26. Owen Sound, Owen Sd., 7 Sept., 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Harriston, 21 Sept., 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 21 Sept., 10.30 a.m.

### **Synod of Hamilton and London. Stratford, last Monday of April, 1910.**

29. Hamilton, St. Catharines, 7 Sept., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Woodstock, 14 Sept., 11 a.m.

31. London, London, 7 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 14 Sept., 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 15 Sept., 10 a.m.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 14 Sept., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Clinton, 7 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
36. Maitland.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 7 Sept., 10.30 a.m.

### **Synod of Manitoba.**

#### **Winnipeg, 2nd Tues., Nov., 1909.**

38. Superior, Fort Frances, Sept., 10 a.m.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake, Miami, 14 Sept., 2 p.m.
41. Glenboro, Glenboro, Sept.
42. Portage La Pra., Neepawa, 7 Sept., 2 p.m.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, 21 Sept., 4 p.m.
44. Minnedosa, Russell, 12 Sept., 7.30 p.m.
45. Brandon, Brandon, 13 Sept., 7.30 p.m.

### **Synod of Saskatchewan.**

#### **Saskatoon, 1st Tues., Nov., 1909.**

46. Yorkton.
47. Arcola, Arcola, 24 Aug., 8 p.m.
48. Alameda.
49. Qu'Appelle, Whitewood, 27 July, 1 p.m.
50. Abernethy, Rocanville, 7 Sept., 2 p.m.
51. Regina, Lumsden, 14 Sept., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 15 Sept., 3 p.m.
53. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, Sept.
54. Battleford, Battleford, 7 Sep. 10.30 a.m.

### **Synod of Alberta.**

#### **Edmonton, last Wed., April, 1910.**

55. Vermillion, Islay, 15 Sept., 9.30 a.m.
56. Edmonton, Edmonton, 7 Sept., 10 a.m.
57. Lacombe, Morningside, Sept.
58. Red Deer, Red Deer, Sept. 2 p.m.
59. Calgary.
60. High River, Feb., June, Sept., Dec.
61. McLeod.

### **Synod of British Columbia.**

#### **1st Wed., May, 1910.**

62. Kootenay, Nelson, September.
63. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
64. Westminster.
65. Victoria, Nanaimo, 15 Sept., 3.30 p.m.

"Everyone has a weak side—the wise man as well as the fool. But the difference between the two is that the wise man sets a double guard on his weak side, and keeps it there, while the fool lets his weakness go unguarded and open for the next temptation that attacks. All good generals fortify the weak spot in their defences."

**A SAMPLE OF CHINESE "JUSTICE."**

By REV. JOHN GRIFFITH, HONAN.

While there is much of progress, it must not be rashly concluded that China is thoroughly reformed. The veneer of 20th century civilization is being put on, but it covers a lot of worm-eaten wood. The judicial system needs a root-and-branch reform. The hundreds of villainous and unscrupulous hangers-on who live by their wits around every yamen, and are allowed to wield a semi-official authority, are a curse to the country. Their chief business is to so entangle every litigant in the meshes of their net, that he may not escape until bled the last possible drop. Wronged and helpless innocence excites no compassion in the breast of these harpies.

Magistrates, too, are universally credited with one supreme desire—the desire for bribes. How could it be otherwise when every position is bought and sold? The Chinese indicate their notion of the whole social economy in the common saying—"Big fish eat little fish, little fish eat shrimps, and shrimps eat mud."

Not long ago an incident happened to one of our Christians, which illustrates one of the many devious ways of Chinese justice. Salt is a government monopoly in this country, and only those licensed to do so are allowed to sell. Moreover all who buy salt are compelled to buy it from licensed shops within the bounds of their own country.

About thirty miles from here is a walled town which lies partly in this province and partly in another. The boundaries of four different counties run riot in it too. The four gates of the town open into only three countries, the fourth county being without any gate into its section of the town.

But that section of the town nevertheless contains a government salt-shop, and from that shop Mr. Fan properly bought his salt. He bought a large bagful, enough to do his family for a year, and paid the exorbitant government price for it. Then he loaded it on his donkey and started for home. Necessarily he had to pass over the roads of another county in order to get out of the town, and there he was seized by

lurking yamen underlings (police) and accused of illegally buying salt outside his own county. Their expectation, of course, was that he would tremblingly offer the usual bribe in order to get free from a charge which his accusers knew perfectly well to be false.

But a Christian somehow seems to develop a spirit which refuses to acquiesce in such injustice, and Fan declined to buy his release. He was dragged off at once to this city where salt and donkey were both taken from him and he himself thrown into prison. Eventually he got free, but part of his property was confiscated by the magistrate without any proper enquiry, and altogether the loss was such as a poor man could ill afford to bear. And this is a very mild misfortune compared with many which these poor people constantly meet at the hands of those who should be their protectors.

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**KINDNESS WAS NOT WASTED.**

"A missionary in China was being pursued by a mob, when he was unexpectedly seized by a man who was standing at his door, and dragged into the house where the mob could not reach him.

The man who rescued him had been in Shanghai once upon a time, and was taken sick. When he had spent all his money and his landlord had turned him out, he had been taken to a mission hospital, and the tender, sympathetic attention he had there received, had led him to listen to the gospel.

For twelve years the desire to know more of this 'heavenly doctrine' had stayed with him. Now was his opportunity, and he seized it, and while protecting the missionary he heard the gospel explained to him, and a congregation of believers in that city is the result."

Kindness is never thrown away. It comes back to us in unexpected places. . . . Even if the kindness does not return to us, it will bring down blessings upon somebody else's head.—Observer.

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The readiest way to find salvation is to look for it.



# Formosa for 1908

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## THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE AND EVANGELISTIC WORK.

**Report of Messrs. Gauld, Jack, and  
McLéod.**

The year 1908, while not marked by any specially striking results, has some features that are a cause for thanksgiving. The inadequate numbers of the staff, due to the absence of Mr. Gauld on furlough during the early part of the year, and the illness of Mr. Jack during the latter part of the year, made it impossible to accomplish all that we had hoped. There has, however, been definite progress in all the more important departments of the work.

The visitation of chapels and supervision of the Chinese evangelists in the employ of the mission, have occupied all the spare time that the missionaries engaged in this work could give. Considerable attention was also given to open-air preaching in the vicinity of Tamsui and other places. The students from the college and the other Chinese evangelists took part in these services.

A special feature of the work was the institution of daily evangelistic meetings held in a tent in the city of Bangkah during exhibition month. The visit of one of the Imperial princes at the formal opening of the completed railroad, was the occasion of the exhibition and large crowds visited the city at that time. The meetings were supervised by the Chinese pastors and preachers, and gave an opportunity for several thousands to hear the Gospel message. A printed list of all the preaching stations was freely distributed to each one who came, hoping that they might be sufficiently interested to go to the chapels on their return home to hear more of the truth.

The number of baptisms during the year shows an encouraging increase, being a total of 93 adults and 126 children. The general spirit of evangelism in some of the stations is strong, and there seems a manifest desire

on the part of many of the Christians to pass on the Gospel message to their heathen neighbours. The mission seeks to encourage this tendency in every way. At the same time we feel that there is a great need for a quickening of the sense of sin throughout the whole Formosan Church. It is our hope that by the aid of the Spirit of God and with an increased number on our staff who will be able to devote themselves to evangelistic work in the future, this deepening of the sense of sin and quickening of the sense of moral responsibility on the part of all the followers of the Master, will more and more characterize the church.

The conferences for native evangelists, mentioned in last year's report, have proved beneficial in producing a greater spirit of co-operation and desire for united effort among the Chinese evangelists employed by the mission. At these conferences, each evangelist has an opportunity of stating the problems that confront him in his particular field of labour, and of profiting by the experience of others. Another effect has been the development of a spirit of friendly emulation in the work of bringing in the heathen to hear the Gospel and in teaching the Christians to read the Scriptures. Not the least important result of these conferences also is the increased impetus they have given to a closer study of the Bible on the part of the evangelists themselves.

The interest taken by church members in learning to read the Scriptures still continues, and in a number of stations there has been good progress in this respect. It is the aim of the mission to make this desire general throughout the field. We feel that if the Christians have a more intelligent knowledge of the Scriptures, the work of the Holy Spirit will be more effective and the results more permanent.

In the matter of self-support, there has been a substantial increase. The total contributions of the Chinese Church amounted to yen 5,318.06 (a yen is equal to about 50 cents)—an increase of yen 628.43 over the contributions of last year. The increased

giving has been chiefly in building and repairing chapels and in the support of native evangelists. The number of congregations giving at least partial support to their preachers' salaries, has been more than doubled.

A very important work and one that we feel would be very fruitful, if it were possible to devote sufficient attention to it, is the work for women and children. A good deal has already been accomplished along these lines in Tamsui, by the organization of a Sunday school, women's prayer meeting, and women's Bible class. Sunday schools have also been organized by the Chinese evangelists in quite a number of chapels. But we feel that for such work, and especially for the evangelistic work of Taipeh and of the outstations, there should be more unmarried ladies, in order that some might be able to devote the whole of their time to it.

The number of students in the Theological College has been smaller this year, but they have for the most part applied themselves with earnestness to their work. The subjects taught were Chinese Character, Chinese romanized, mathematics, geography, singing, writing, Old Testament, New Testament, systematic theology, practical Theology and Church History. The teachers for the first half of the year were Mr. Jack, Dr. Ferguson, Giam Chheng hoa, Koa I-su, and Tiu Chhai-hiong. For the last half of the year, they were Mr. Gauld, Giam Chheng-hoa, Koa I-su and Tiu Chhai-hiong. The number of students in the first half of the year was ten, in the latter half it was thirteen. At the close of the year, the services of a Japanese teacher were secured, to give daily instruction in the Japanese language.

The steadily advancing standard of education makes it imperative that our native evangelists should have a more thorough training, if they are to reach all classes. To secure this end, it is necessary that the course should be extended, and also that those appointed to teach should be able to devote more of their time to this work. There should also be a preparatory school, in which an ordinary literary course could be given, thus furnishing a foundation for more thorough instruction in theology.

The returns from the book-room during

the year, indicate a considerable increase in the sale of Bibles and other Christian literature. The sales of general literature amounted to yen 364.48, representing several thousand books and booklets, such as commentaries, Bible helps, tracts, translations of religious and scientific works, etc. In addition, 314 Bibles and Testaments and 3,671 Scripture portions were sold for the Chinese branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In conclusion, we wish to express our gratitude to God for His goodness to us in our work during the past year. What little has been accomplished has been done in the hope that His name might be magnified throughout Formosa and throughout the whole earth. May His Spirit touch the hearts of the members of the North Formosa Church, and thus may they become living witnesses, whose lives shall testify to the truth of the Gospel, and be the means of leading many to know Him, whom to know is life eternal.

#### REPORT OF MACKAY HOSPITAL.

**Dr. J. Y. Ferguson, Tamsui.**

Mackay Hospital was re-opened for dispensary work on February 24th. On July 6th, when repairs were almost complete, we received permission from the Japanese government to carry on regular hospital work.

In permitting us to call our institution a hospital, the Government exercised considerable leniency, as neither our accommodation, equipment, nor the qualifications of our assistants fulfilled the requirements of their regulations. In spite of this fact, however, they freely granted permission, and expressed their appreciation of our work.

The number of treatments including surgical operations, was nearly fourteen thousand, besides which every day brought us quota of boils to be lanced and wounds to be sutured and dressed.

The statistics of the outdoor department show that 3,606 patients, the majority of whom were heathen, heard the Gospel, and were seen by the medical missionary in the private consulting room, an average of over three times each.

While the outdoor department is an im-



portant part of hospital work and we have seen good results from it, yet it is from the indoor patients that we obtain best results. Apart from the instruction received from regularly appointed teachers, in-patients have opportunity for discussing with one another the things which they have seen and heard.

Further, there is usually among their number, a Christian who can read his Bible in the romanized colloquial, and if he is not too ill, he invariably spends a good part of his time in talking about and reading aloud from this wonderful Book—the only one he has ever read. The following is an instance:

A man almost blind, came from the East Coast. He remained for a few days, receiving treatment, and then went home. In November, he returned for operation, and with him came another patient, a young lad from the same community, who was a Christian.

When everything was ready to begin the operation, he arose from the table bowed his head and prayed. His prayer was simple, but quite complete. It contained thanksgiving, confession of sin, and petition for help, physically and spiritually. We were all amazed, knowing him to be a heathen, but on enquiry found that the first time he came he had heard something of the Gospel, and that when he returned home, he attended worship at a chapel where he heard more; but the only direct teaching he had received was from the young Christian lad who had journeyed with him from the East Coast, and was now occupying the same ward with him in the hospital.

We were very much hampered in surgical work by lack of operating out-fit and ward accommodation. The operations done under local anaesthesia were mainly on the eye. They were very varied and interesting, the most common ones being for entropion, iridectomy and pterygium.

The medical cases also were very varied and interesting. In spite of the improved sanitary conditions of the Island, however, the most common diseases are still malaria and dysentery.

Another disease, common here, and which until recent years was supposed to be dyspepsia, is ankylostomiasis, which is caused by a parasite in the upper part of

the intestine. One patient had suffered from this disease to such an extent that for two years he had been unable to do any work, and could seldom leave his room. He came to the hospital, dreadfully emaciated and anaemic, constantly racked by pain and unable to eat or sleep. The disease was so far advanced that microscopical examination was difficult and the remedy, which is a severe one, was very risky. But there was no alternative, so we began treatment, with the result that in two months, he was almost perfectly well. His family, who formerly were opposed to Christianity, now are very friendly with the preacher at that place, and some of them have begun to attend worship.

During the year we had sixty-eight opium patients. They were all heathen, and many of them from distant places, so that up to the time of writing, several have not been heard from since they left the hospital. One of them, however, has become a member of the church and is a very enthusiastic Christian. Of others we have heard favourable reports. At present we have eight opium patients in a rented house near the hospital, and each has come, according to his story, because his neighbour was cured last year.

We have only twelve beds in the hospital, so it is needless to say that many patients have to be refused. We seldom have less than thirty patients to accommodate. These come from a distance and cannot be turned away. When the wards are filled, the remainder are disposed of in various ways. Some are quartered in an old building behind the wards, formerly used as a kitchen. Those who can do so, go to the homes of friends or relatives in the town, and those who can afford to do so, go to the Chinese inns. We must, however, make better provision for the opium patients, and so we have rented a building which accommodates about ten persons.

A Bible class for men was conducted in the hospital every Sunday, immediately after morning service in the chapel. There was an average attendance of twenty-five. Four of the young men learned to read the New Testament in the romanized colloquial and others made considerable progress.

In looking over the year's work, we feel

that we have done little for the Master in this needy field, but that little has drawn us closer to the Chinese. We understand and love them better, and that alone will fit us for more effective service in future.

### WOMEN'S WORK.

#### Report of Misses Kinney and Connell.

In the beginning of the year, the single lady missionaries met with the married ladies of the mission, and outlined a method to direct women's work for the year. This, of necessity, has been mostly confined to our own town.

Mrs. Ferguson, with the help of Mr. and Mrs. Koa, has very successfully conducted a Sunday morning service for the children, at the time of the regular church service. Hymns and an illustrated Bible lesson were taught.

Mrs. Jack conducted a Bible class in the Life of Christ for Christian women who could read. The enrollment was fourteen, with a very regular attendance. At the same hour, Mrs. Mackay taught hymns or simple Bible truths to those who were unable to read.

A women's prayer meeting was organized to meet weekly. Miss Kinney was made responsible for it; but the Chinese Christian women help in leading the meetings. These meetings have had a good attendance and several heathen women have become quite interested.

Miss Connell was chosen to do regular visiting in the homes, and much of the success of the various classes is due to her visits.

Mrs. MacLeod, though having had but a few months at language study, has been able to help in the Sunday School. The Sunday School has a Chinese Superintendent but the foreign women all help in teaching.

#### *Bible Women.*

There are nine Bible women in various parts of the field, helping in the work of the chapels. One has been particularly helpful in teaching the women and children in her station to read Romanized colloquial. Part of the year a Bible woman was engaged in the hospital at Tamsui. This furnishes a good opportunity for work.

#### *Girls' School.*

New pupils are admitted in September only. This year thirteen new pupils were received, one of last year's dropped out on account of illness, making the enrollment thirty-six. At the close of the spring term in June, a public examination was held, many of the parents attending. A short review of the year's work was conducted, and progress could be noted. A prize of a Bible neatly bound in morocco, was offered to any repeating chosen passages of Scripture, in all about 185 verses. Three girls obtained bibles. This year several are also studying for the General Assembly's diploma. At the close of the spring term, four girls confessed Christ and united with the church.

During May and June, Miss Kinney in company with Mrs. Jack, spent three weeks in visiting our churches on the east coast, about ten days being spent in Lotong, a large Chinese town where as yet there is no organized church. Classes were held and instruction given to the women and children. In all, about seventeen churches were visited, and in several places services were held with the women.

During the summer school vacation, Miss Kinney visited ten of the nearer churches. Meetings were held with the women, or visits made in their homes. Throughout the year, regular language study has been continued.

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### NO ESCAPE FROM DUTY.

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.—Daniel Webster.



# Pulpit and Pew

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## THE ONLY EFFECTIVE THEOLOGY.

Dr. Wilbur Chapman, at a recent reception in Melbourne, Australia, defined his theological standpoint.

"I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. I believe in the Bible right through. I believe that men must be born again." "If you do not believe with me, I am sorry for you; but I shall not fight you." Then he added, with emphasis, "*If I did not hold this creed I could not do this work.*"

In those few sentences Dr. Chapman touched what may be called the dynamic centre of the Christian faith, the doctrines which have shaped Christian history; the creed that has created martyrs, that sends out missionaries, that regenerates slums, and that alone can save the world. And all history is a witness to the fact that where this doctrinal centre is abandoned, Christianity suffers instant and tragical arrest. Its power slips from it. It has no message which can challenge—or which deserves to challenge—the attention of the world.

### The Secret of Failure.

The world to-day is full of examples of what may be called arrested Christianity. The name survives, the form, the doctrinal outline; but it is a dead thing. Or if not actually dead, it lacks all the vital and aggressive energies of life. And always the secret lies in the loss of those foundation truths of the Christian faith, belief in the Bible as the Word of God, and belief in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world.

Much that is beautiful may survive, and much that is true, even when these two great truths are diluted into uncertainty; but the Christianity thus diluted is no longer a Gospel. It inspires no great achievements. Its saving power has slipped from it.

Let the case of the Unitarian Church for a moment be considered. It holds everything in Christianity except the Divinity of its Head and His redeeming work for the human race. It teaches Christian ethics. It has produced some beautiful books, and many correct lives.

But, to borrow a term from electricity, it is "a dead wire." No spiritual force thrills in it. Where is the mission in heathen lands it has sent out? Where are slums it has regenerated? It stands helpless be-

fore the sin and sorrow of the race. It never produced a martyr or inspired a reformer.

Imagine the Christianity of the world to-day become universally and suddenly Unitarian in creed. What a change would follow in its hymnology! What a sudden paralysis would fall upon all its energies! All the missions in heathen lands would languish, and in time die. Dr. Wilbur Chapman has all Christian history, and all the visible facts of the world to-day on his side, when he declares that if he lost his faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world he could not do the work he is now doing.

And many churches which are not Unitarian in name are—perhaps unconsciously—Unitarian in practical faith. Their creed is really a sort of pale and attenuated deism. They still apply the old terms of reverence and faith to Christ, but the reality has slipped out of them. They do not actually believe in Him as a Saviour, bringing to men a personal, present, and actual salvation from sin. They teach Christian ethics; but they misplace them, and the misplacing is fatal. In the true Christian order the ethics do not precede the deliverance, and earn it; they follow it, and are created by it. The inversion of that order, we repeat, is an absolutely fatal surrender of the whole message and power of Christianity.

### What Christ Is.

Now, a church with an attenuated Bible, which proclaims a Christ who is a teacher, perhaps, and an example, but not a Saviour—a church which offers to men not a deliverance wrought by divine grace, and received through faith, but a code of ethics to be achieved by human effort—such a church not only fails, it deserves to fail, because it misrepresents Christianity. It omits its central and divinest truth.

Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God, offers Himself, first and last, to the human race as a Saviour. He has many offices, it is true. He is a Teacher, an Example, a Guide; but He is all these only that He may be a Saviour. Christ defines Himself: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." He does not say, "I point out the way," but, "I am the Way." He does not say, "I teach truth," but "I am the Truth." He does not announce, "I reveal life," but "I am the Life."

His Gospel does not consist in good advice; it is good news; news exactly such as

a race of perishing and sinful men needs to hear; the news of a Deliverer, One who will do for us, and in us, what we cannot do for ourselves. Dr. Wilbur Chapman was profoundly right when he said that if he did not believe in Jesus Christ as such a Saviour and bringing to men such a salvation, he could not do the work he is doing.

### The Changeless Truth.

"The same old thing, isn't it?" said someone, with a sneer, who had listened to Dr. Chapman. "Yes," was the reply, "and the same old results." The "thing" is as old as Pentecost and the results date from Pentecost, and spring still from the mysterious energy of Pentecost.

Suppose Peter, on that great day, had preached a Unitarian Christ; or had offered his hearers, instead of a risen Christ to be accepted, an improved system of ethics to be obeyed. Suppose he had entertained his hearers with an elaborate argument to prove that there were seven—or even seventeen—Isaiahs instead of one, and that the books of Moses were a late forgery. There would have been no Pentecost in that case.

And still there are no echoes of Pentecost when such things take the place of the true and divine message of Christianity. "Science," says Mr. Huxley, "believes in justification, not by faith, but by verification," and that "the same old results" follow what is called with a sneer "the same old thing," is exactly the sort of verification science accepts. "There is not a man to-day in America" says Dr. Chapman, "that is preaching to crowds, and holding the crowds, but he is preaching just the simple story of Jesus Christ."

Of course, the power does not lie simply in the recital of even the most orthodox theological formula. The "simple story" of Jesus Christ may be told under spiritual conditions which leave that story without power. Evangelicalism, too, has its orthodoxy, which may be as arid and powerless as any other type of orthodoxy. But when the truths Peter preached on the day of Pentecost are preached afresh in the spirit and power of Pentecost, the great victories of the Christian faith may be re-won.

The form of truth may vary from time to time; but truth itself is changeless. At one of his meetings a man asked Gipsy Smith when he was going to preach on the New Theology. "I am too busy with the Old," was his reply. "That is the theology that makes the devil tremble. It makes saints out of saloon-keepers and saloon frequenters. It makes preachers out of criminals. The Old Theology can do anything."—The Southern Cross.

"If a man is growing large in wealth, nothing but constant giving can keep him from growing small in soul."—J. Campbell White.

### KEEPING SWEET.

It is not a matter of temperament nearly as much as some people imagine. To have a cheery and sunny and care-free habit of thought and life is something probably to be sought after and cultivated more than it is, but there is a greater achievement than this, and a much more Christian and fundamental one.

It is not a matter of circumstances or surroundings or chance happenings in life. Some of the sweetest souls, those who keep most resolutely the bitterness of envy and mistrust, and narrowness, and pessimism out of their scheme of life, have had to drink most deeply of the cup of sorrow and trouble and affliction. Keeping sweet is a habit of the soul; it is not learned lightly by very many of us, but it may be, it ought to be, maintained and persisted in even when life is doing its worst for us.

Just to take men and things at their best, perverse men and perverse things, it may be; to resolutely shut your soul to withering doubt and pessimism and fear; to be brave and hopeful and expectant of the best; to let kindness and patience have their perfect work both in your thought and in your deed—all these are implied just in keeping sweet. Yes, surely, it is a great achievement, the crown and glory of Christian attainment.

We discount our religion most seriously and fatally when we do not allow it to train and discipline us in this fine art of Christian expression. We get the notion sometimes that harshness means strength, and we try to justify bitterness and unkindness in the name of our zeal for righteousness and truth.

But we seldom succeed in satisfying our own conscience by the subterfuge, and we do always succeed in taking something from the winsomeness and charm and real power of the religion that we profess.

It is a question if the lack of kindliness, of forbearance, of sweet reasonableness, that manifest itself in our lives so often and so constantly does not do more to dishonor the name of the Son of Man and to discredit the causes of His Kingdom than all the other failures and shortcomings that our lives do show. Just to keep sweet, in our own soul life and in all our relations with the world about us, is to give to our profession of religion a winsomeness and vitality that will make it a power for the bringing in of the Kingdom.—Christian Guardian.

True greatness is in the character, never in the circumstances. No matter about wearing a crown, make sure that you have a head worthy to wear a crown.—J. R. Miller.



### CONVERSATION AND PULPIT DELIVERY.

The ideal style of pulpit speaking is with very little modification the ideal of good conversation. The practical age in which we live demands a colloquial rather than an oratorical style of pulpit delivery. A man who has something to say in conversation usually has little difficulty in saying it. If he presents the facts he will speak convincingly; if he is deeply in earnest he will speak persuasively; and if he be an educated man his speech will have the unmistakable marks of culture and refinement.

This study of conversation, both our own and that of others, offers daily opportunity for improvement in accuracy and fluency of speech, of fitting words to the mouth as well as to the thought, and of forming habits that will unconsciously disclose themselves in the larger work of public speaking. This study will guard the preacher from ministerial, inflated, and unnatural tones, and restrain him from transgressing the laws of nature even in those parts of his sermon demanding lofty and intensified treatment.

Some easily remembered suggestions regarding conversation are these:

1. Pronounce your words distinctly and accurately, like "newly made coins" from the mint, but without pedantry.
2. Upon no occasion allow yourself to indulge in careless or incorrect speech.
3. Open the mouth well in conversation. Much indistinct speech is due to speaking through half-closed teeth.
4. Closely observe your conversation and that of others, to detect faults and to improve your speaking-style.
5. Vary your voice to suit the variety of your thought. A well-modulated voice demands appropriate changes of pitch, touch, perspective, and feeling.
6. Avoid "loud talking."
7. Take care of the consonants and the vowels will take care of themselves.
8. Cultivate the music of the conversational tones.
9. Favor the low pitches of your voice.
10. Remember that the purpose of conscious practice and observation in the matter of conversation is to lead ultimately to unconscious performance.

The value of correct conversation as a means to effective public speaking is realized by few men. Beecher said: "How much squandering there is of the voice!" meaning that this golden opportunity for improvement was generally disregarded.

It is not too much to say, however, that if the sweet and gentle expression of the

mother, the strong and affectionate tones of the father, and the spontaneous musical notes of the children, as heard in daily conversation, could be united in the voice of the minister and brought to the preaching of his sermon, there would be little doubt of its magical and enduring effect upon the hearts of men. The wooing tone of the lover is what the preacher needs in his pulpit style rather than the voice of declamation and denunciation.

The study of conversation serves to guide the public speaker not only in the free and natural use of his voice, enunciation, and expression, but also in the use of his language. He will here learn to choose the simple word instead of the complex, the short sentence instead of the involved, the concrete illustration instead of the abstract. He will acquire ease, spontaneity, simplicity, and directness, and when he rises to speak to men he will employ tones and words best known and understood by them.

A preacher may spend too much time in study and solitude. If he does he will soon realize a distinct loss through lack of social intercourse with his fellow men. The faculties most needed in pulpit preaching are these very powers that are so largely exercised in ordinary conversation. The ability to think quickly, to marshal facts and arguments, to introduce a vivid story or illustration, to parry and thrust as sometimes needed to hold one's own ground, and the general mental activity aroused in conversation, all tend to produce an interesting, vivacious, and forceful style in public speaking.

We would not underestimate the value of meditation and silence to the public speaker. These are necessary for original and profound thinking, for the cultivation of the imagination, and for the accumulation of thought. But conversation offers an immediate outlet for this stored-up knowledge, testing it as a finished product in expression, and projecting it into life and reality by all the resources of voice and feeling. This exercise is as necessary to the mind as physical exercise is to the body.—*In Homiletic Monthly.*

As one looks round upon the community to-day, how clear the problems of hundreds of unhappy lives appear—rich men who with all their wealth are weary and wretched; learned men whose learning only makes them querulous and jealous. Every man knows what these men need, just something which shall make them go out into the open ocean of complete sacrifice. They are rubbing and fretting and chafing themselves against the wooden wharves of their own interests to which they are tied.—*Phillips Brooks.*



**WANTED—RECRUITS.**

BY REV. JOHN LOCHHEAD, M.A., MONTREAL.

The "Church Militant" is not a figure of speech, it is a fact. If the Church is not militant, it had better disband. We do not want a church upon a "peace footing."

And that is why the Church needs recruits, and why she ought to be able to offer those who join her ranks something worth while. Because her warfare is never ended, and she can offer to every man a career of active service. No one wishes to rust in barracks, and drill without an enemy in sight is apt to be a woefully mechanical thing. Soldiering is never thoroughly popular till the clouds of war loom in the sky. The "shilling" may be bright and new minted, but it makes little appeal in the day when the battle dogs slumber and stocks are high. That is the problem of the ordinary recruiting sergeant. It ought not to be the problem of the Church.

And yet it has been. Somehow the passive side of church life has been over-emphasized, and the active obligation of membership too much lost sight of. Every argument has been used to induce people to come to church save the normal one that the campaign needs their service. And too little vital scope has been provided for the energies of those who come.

Human nature at its best does not wish very much to be talked at, or to be made the recipient of bounty. It is too active and independent. But let it see a really needful piece of work to do, and the chances are human nature will roll up its sleeves and go at it. Or, to put the matter in another way, tell a man to come and see you because you wish to give him good advice, and you may take it for granted he will not come. But let him know you need his counsel and help, and before you are aware he is walking up the avenue. Thoreau says somewhere that if he knew of a person approaching his house unasked with no better purpose than that of "doing him good," he would fly out by another way as fast as his legs could carry him. The sentiment is entirely human.

Our Lord never asked any man to follow Him for the sake of what he could get. He painted the way He trod as rough and homeless. He spoke of a cross which every one must carry, and He asked every intending recruit first to count the cost. That is, He touched the heroic in men, and appealed to the highest motives alone. Not only so, but He redeemed His promises to them, for the few who ventured to share with Him His lonely bivouac never lacked for active service. Raw levies indeed were the disciples when Jesus sent them forth through the towns and villages of Galilee.

The Church of Christ has other aspects

besides the militant, but if it is to make its highest appeal to the hearts of the young it must be as an enterprise demanding recruits. The excuse a man commonly makes for not coming to church that he can "get more good" by reading at home ought to appear as ridiculous as it really is. The Church does not ask him in the first place to get good, but to give good. As well might a soldier refuse the call of his country on the ground that he found more pleasure in shooting off his gun in the back garden!

The Kingdom of God, whose organized form is the Church, means activity and self-sacrifice. It exists to sweeten society and for the healing of the nations; to right the wrong, to make the crooked straight and the rough places smooth. The question which Christ asks of each of us is "Will you enlist?" And the question we must ask ourselves as a Church is "How can we redeem this promise of active service? How can we find the best and most vital channels for the sacrifice we call for."—Melville Church Supplement.

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**THINGS TO FORGET.**

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life,—forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slanders you have heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are.

Blot out of memory, as far as possible, all the disagreeable occurrences of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.—Herald and Presbyterian.

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There never was a time when mere place or office, mere title to distinction, gave a man so little as it does to-day. The attention of the country is riveted upon worth rather than upon position, upon the means by which an end has been attained rather than upon accumulation. That is a most wholesome thing."—Governor Hughes of New York.

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Lowliness is the base of every virtue. He who goes the lowest builds the safest.



**THE MASTERY THAT LIBERATES.**

A man who is a Christian cannot be his own master. This is part of the cost of Christian discipleship. It is not a heavy cost, however, for no other man can be his own master either. The only difference is that the Christian openly acknowledges his master, as the others often do not. A score of influences are ready to offer themselves at any moment for the ruling place in every man's life, and some one or other of them he is sure to accept. Therefore it is that the Christian, instead of needing pity, is to be congratulated; for the Master that he acknowledges is One who can rule all the rest, and is absolutely worthy to be followed.

A master must of course be supreme or he is no master. Christ demands the ruling place or none at all. He will not divide honors with any one or anything. A young man who thought he had been converted in some special meetings joined the church, and for a while left his old companions. It was not for very long, however. The church people "froze him out," to use his expression. He contended that they did not make him feel as much at home as they might have done. They were at fault, without doubt; but the young man was more so. Instead of following Christ he was following his own longing for social recognition.

And this is sometimes the case with prospective church-members, and again with those who are already members. Instead of being controlled by their own or their fellows' mistakes and offenses, all men need still to give to Christ the control of their lives. Christ is not divided, nor has Christ offended. Shame the day, then; when any man called a Christian could be turned away from the Master by a fellow-disciple's fault! Judas is not our leader, no, not even Peter, but Jesus the Christ. Not until the honest conscience has found a flaw in him need any disciple think necessary to leave the fellowship of his followers.

Christians are fallible, of course. In fact, that they should know they are liable to mistakes is one of the necessary conditions of discipleship. Jesus said that he came not to "call the righteous, but sinners." We take him as our Master because we need a master; we become learners of Him because we know we have much to learn. The man who "knows it all" is not welcomed at any place of learning, and the self-satisfied man cannot make an acceptable candidate in the school of the Christian life.

On the other hand, to have Christ as a Master insures advancement to the weakest if they will but trust Him. It has often been those who knew their own weakness best who have been able to go with Christ to the highest service. Just as Paul was able to

declare, "When I am weak, then am I strong," so any Christian may know that his own absolute dependence upon the Master is his only hope for success in the Christian life.

Many a man has been saved from drowning by entire dependence upon a more powerful swimmer. Struggling would have meant death. A traveler who has chosen a guide for mountain climbing cannot stop midway on a perilous cliff to consult his own fears; he must trust the guide and go ahead, or both may be lost.

When a master is chosen, he must be master, indeed, and his word must be law. The knowledge of weakness is not therefore a hindrance to discipleship, but rather a prerequisite, if only it do not hold the disciple back when the Master leads.

The true disciple of Jesus Christ has a Master who rules his life, a Master who brooks no rival; but that Master is also friend, closer and dearer than any friend beside. He died for those who would love him, and yet he is not dead, but risen again to live within their hearts and make them free indeed. To acknowledge the mastery of such a Master is the only true liberty.—S.S. Times.

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**DUTIES UNDONE.**

Duty passed by always means loss. And it is a loss that is never made up to us. We can be forgiven, and we can gain fresh strength from fresh duty-doing; but the failure from duty left undone cannot, by later faithfulness be made as though it were not,

If, for example, God has made it plain to us that he would have us spend a certain time alone with him every day, we cannot pass that duty one day and hope to offset our failure by double time the next day. The day of the failure was the poorer because of it, and something was lost out of our lives that we cannot get back.

But it is also true that every duty done puts something into our lives that can never be taken from us. Why should we ever hesitate, in the choice between permanent loss and permanent gain?—S. S. Times.

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The only influence that can save a child, a boy, or a grown person, for that matter, is the loving contact of one soul with another—individual rather than institutional treatment—getting the person sought to be benefitted to feel and believe that his or her welfare is the supreme matter with you, and to disappoint your expectations would be to cause you genuine grief.—J. J. Kiles.

**ANNE WARNER'S CHURCH WORK.**

Anne, tall and grim, went to the door in answer to a knock. It was Sunday morning, but she did not have on her usual attire for that day. She wore a clean gingham dress and a white apron. She opened the door and Cornelia Bryant smiled back at her. Cornelia was one of the young girls in the church and an unusual favorite. There was, however, no relenting in Anne's severe eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Anne," smiled Cornelia, a trifle anxiously. "Are you sick or what is the matter? We've all been worrying about you. The last bell has rung and Mrs. Howard sent me over after the communion glasses. She said you had always brought them on time before, and she couldn't understand why you didn't come. Old Mrs. Perkins even suggested you had been murdered by burglars." But Anne did not smile.

Without answering, she went to her pantry and brought out a covered basket.

"You'll find what you want here," she said briefly, "and—clean. But you can tell Mrs. Howard and anybody else, as far as I am concerned, that I've fetched and carried for that church as long as I'm goin' to.

"I've kept them individual communion glasses clean now for a matter of six years or more, and nobody has once said, 'I'll wash 'em for you next month.' I carried 'em in rain and snow and mud, and every other kind of weather, backward and forward, without a 'thank you' from any one.

A church that'll ride a free horse to death, I have my opinion of.

"And that ain't all," went on Anne. "I've been talking about individual communion glasses so far, but I've noticed that if there's anything else that's hard and disagreeable to be done, they're pretty apt to let me know about it. Now what I've got to say is this: By the American Constitution, I'm entitled, as far as I know, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and if you've got any dishes to wash, or any cakes to bake, or any church curtains to do up, why you'll have to settle on somebody else besides Anne Grosby Warner. That's all I got to say."

Cornelia looked distressed. She was a pretty, dark-haired girl, with smooth, round cheeks.

"Why, Miss Anne," she cried, "I'm sure no one ever thought of making a slave of you; if we have, it's just thoughtlessness. Of course you shan't wash the communion glasses any more, and I'll tell the ladies not to put any more tasks on you. I suppose they thought that, living alone as you do, you had more time, and some of us got it into our heads that—you liked it. I'm sorry."

Anne did not reply, but she watched the slender, graceful figure go across the yard, with its covered basket. Just two blocks away was the church, and by going out the back way one could save nearly a block. Anne stood still a moment, then resolutely she closed the door.

"I guess that talk I gave Cornelia will open their eyes some," she thought, with an air of satisfaction.

On Monday morning Mrs. Deacon Emerson came over. Anne was washing. Her iron-gray hair was combed severely back. Her limp blue calico hung in straight folds. Mrs. Emerson looked at her. She was a pleasant little old lady, with kindly eyes.

"No, I'm not going to stay, Anne," she said. "You're washing."

"Cornelia told me what you said yesterday," she added with a queer look. "I'm real sorry you feel as you do, Anne, about the church work. My conscience hurts me considerably, too. I guess we have put more on you than we knew about. Those individual communion sets are dreadful hard to keep clean and I, for one, want to apologize right now, for lettin' you tend to them for so long."

Anne's face relaxed.

"You needn't apologize to me," she answered, a trifle less grimly. "I've done what I have willingly enough, I s'pose, until lately. I got tired of not bein' appreciated, that's all."

Mrs. Emerson went over and took the hard, toil-worn hand. "But we do appreciate and love you very much," she argued.

"It don't look like it," replied Anne in a choked voice.

Mrs. Emerson essayed not to notice the break in Anne's tone.

"You shall have a good rest now," she went on gently. "Well, I must go, you're busy, but I do wish you could have heard the minister's sermon yesterday. It seemed real lonesome without you."

"What was the text?" asked Anne, absently.

"I don't know as I can quote it, it was about the ark and how the family of Obed-edom was blessed by taking care of it. The ark of the covenant, you know. Obed-edom, it seemed, kept it while David was making up his mind what he'd do with it.

"Well, good-by."

After Mrs. Emerson's departure, Anne left her boiler of clothes and went in the sitting-room to look up that passage about the ark. Sure enough there it was. "And the ark of the Lord remained in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months, and the Lord blessed Obed-edom and all his house." In the kitchen the boiler of clothes bubbled and boiled, but Anne did not stir. The first doubt of her wisdom in the act of yesterday took possession of her.

"I wonder now if I ain't missed a blessin'."



in givin' up takin' care of them communion glasses," she whispered.

That afternoon, after her washing was done, she sat down in her clean calico dress. Her hair was not strained back quite so tightly, and she wore a white turnover. She looked less forbidding than she had in the morning. There was a knock at the door and Anne rose, ushering in the minister's little wife.

"Dear Miss Anne," she began anxiously, "I came over to tell you how sorry, how very sorry I am about the way we have imposed upon you. We thought you liked to do it. It quite upset me when I heard how you felt about it. Now if you'll forgive us for our selfishness, we'll see that you have a good long rest."

"There's no call for you to be disturbed about it," said Anne, a little shamefacedly. She loved the minister's little wife with her brood of small children, and she hadn't realized her talk to Cornelia would affect her in the least, and yet, here she was plainly troubled about it. For the second time, she began to question the wisdom of what she had done.

After the minister's wife had gone, Mrs. Howard came in, portly, white-haired and rheumatic.

"Anne," she said, without any formalities, "I'm dreadfully sorry about the way you feel about your church work. Those individual communion glasses are a sight to keep clean, and I don't know as I blame you for rebellin'. You certainly have kept 'em beautiful, though."

"Who's going to do 'em next month?" asked Anne.

Mrs. Howard hesitated. "Mrs. Todd said she'd take 'em," she answered, finally.

"Mrs. Todd!" cried Anne. "Why, Maria Howard, you know as well as I do that she's a dreadful poor housekeeper and manager. She don't take pains with anything. Ten chances to one she'll either forget 'em or else not half do 'em."

"Well," answered Mrs. Howard, philosophically, "I couldn't promise, for I'm not to be depended on now for anything until this rheumatism gets better, and I wouldn't trust Ephraim with 'em. He's been washing my dishes now for over a month, and he's only broken two blue bowls. my big platter and four cups, and I hadn't the heart to ask the minister's wife, she's so overworked, and nobody else quite wanted to take the responsibility. You see, Anne, you've done that work so well for so long a time, we're afraid to undertake lest we fall short."

"By the way, we've about decided we'd have a social Friday night."

Anne set her lips firmly. For years every church social had been graced by a white cake, the work of her hands. Anne's white cake had a reputation all its own.

"Are you" she said. Mrs. Howard rose.

"Now, Anne," she admonished, cheerfully, "don't you go to nursin' grievances. I feel you have done too much, but, land sakes, we thought you liked it."

There it was again, the same old remark.

"Single women do have burdens put on 'em," added Mrs. Howard, still cheerfully. "But think what women have with families, husbands and children, and everything dependin' on one pair of hands. That's hard, too, Anne."

For a week Anne rather enjoyed the dearth of church work, in spite of an uneasy conscience. Nobody asked her to do anything; the social came and passed, but she sent no white cake.

"I'd like a piece of Miss Anne Warner's white cake," said old Deacon Sparrow at the social. "It's all the kind that agrees with me."

Mrs. Howard looked sober, "Miss Anne did not bake one for us this time," she said gently. "Here's one of Mrs. Cox's, and I'm sure you'll like it." The old man shook his head.

"It don't look like Miss Anne's," he said slowly. "I'm kinder afraid to tackle it."

Anne kept wondering as communion Sunday drew near whether easygoing Mrs. Todd would remember the glasses. She went to church early that morning. There was the communion table spread with its white, spotless cloth, but the glasses had not been brought. At the last minute, however, little Martha Todd came in breathless.

"Ma plum forgot 'em till this mornin'," she said to one of the deacons, "She's awful sorry."

Anne noticed them as they were passed at the communion service. Instead of being shining and sparkling, as they were from her hands, they were undeniably dingy. She felt another qualm of conscience as she took one, and the verse she had read that Monday morning flashed into her mind again. Was it possible that after all she had missed a blessing? Things went on, and Anne (there was no question about it) began to tire of her idleness. She missed the calls that had been made upon her time and capabilities. She wearied of her self-imposed isolation, and then one Thursday afternoon, when the Aid Society met in the church parlors to sew for a poor family, she looked very thoughtful.

"Dear me, I wish Anne Warner were here," complained little Mrs. Cunningham. "I don't know about this yoke. Anne is so capable."

The minister's wife sighed. She had been up half the night with a sick child and was struggling over buttonholes.

"Yes," she said, "Anne is; but because she is, we must not expect her to give us

all her time. We've imposed upon her, I'm afraid."

"You haven't done any such thing," said a voice. And every one started. There, grim and capable and strong, stood Anne, but with a pleasant twinkle in her eye.

"Give me that apron," she said to Mrs. Cunningham. "And don't work any more buttonholes any of you, I'll do 'em at home."

Somehow every one fell to work with renewed courage, and before the meeting closed a goodly pile of well-made garments was completed. Things always culminated in results with Anne at the helm. As they were preparing to leave, Anne asked suddenly:

"Who took the communion glasses for next month?"

For a moment no one replied. Then Mrs. Emerson spoke.

"No one, Anne," she said. "They're there in that closet."

Without a word Anne walked to it and opened it. Sure enough there they were, piled in much disorder into the basket.

"I'll wash 'em" she said.

"But," interposed Mrs. Emerson, "you said—"

A quick look of pain crossed Anne's face. "Don't remind me of what I said," she replied gently (for her).

"I'm going to take care of these individual communion glasses from now on, and that's all there is to it. And these curtains need washin'. While I'm about it, I'll just do them up." As she spoke, with strong, capable hands she stripped them from their fastenings.

"We'll have to give this room a good cleaning before a great while," she remarked cheerfully. "I'm going to see if we can't raise money enough for a new carpet."

"But," interrupted Mrs. Howard, "you—" The minister's little wife raised a pair of warning blue eyes. Mrs. Howard took the hint. Anne, with her basket of communion glasses and the soiled curtains, left the church. It had been a beautiful afternoon and the sun was still high.

Somehow Anne felt very happy. All her injured feelings were gone. She was glad, glad to come back and help do the humble duties she had discarded. That same verse went through her mind, as it had done every day since she read it, "And the ark of the Lord remained in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months; and the Lord blessed Obed-edom and all his house."

Anne walked slowly; all at once she stopped and took a look at the individual communion glasses. In her mind's eye she saw them as she kept them clean, shining, beautiful.

"They were grimy," she said happily.—Selected.

### "THAT'S MOTHER."

I have known many women who have brought the picture of Christ into my thought as I noted their daily work.

Smiling over the humblest service. That's mother.

Cheerfully doing the things of which the rest of us have said, "You catch me!" That's mother.

"After the long, long day's work,—five or six to seven hours over union time,—girding herself and kneeling to wash the feet of guests that were unworthy to cross the threshold of her sweet home. That's mother.

Sinking into a chair, weary and faint, only to rise from it with the unfailing smile on her dear, tired face, to wait on some man who has worked eight hours that day; or to mend a jacket or catcher's mitt for a boy who has played all day; or to sew on a bit of lace or adjust a ribbon or change something about a gown for a girl who has had such a good time all day that she can't stop, but must go out for a better time in the evening. That's mother.

Staying at home that the others may go out and enjoy themselves. That's mother.

Sacrificing this hope, that comfort, and that rest, for people who forgot to say "thank you." That's mother.

Laying off her wraps and staying home from prayer-meeting or church because somebody danced herself or played himself into a headache. That's mother.

Getting accustomed to hear the rest of the family say, as they get ready for the evening's entertainment: "Oh, no, mother doesn't care to go. Church and prayer-meeting are mother's only dissipations." Well, those are about all some families allow her. They don't cost anything, and the rest of the family don't want to go.—Robert J. Burdette, in the S. S. Times.

### OF GREATEST VALUE.

Rowland Hill once introduced Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, to a nobleman, thus: "Allow me to present to your lordship my friend, Dr. Jenner, who has lately been the means of saving more lives than any other man." The good physician bowed and replied with great earnestness: "Oh, sir, would that, like you, I might save many souls."

Even so, to save the lives of men is a great vocation; but to save their souls is a greater. For death will overtake the body in any event but the deathless soul, who can destroy or who save? Alas, that we do not more appreciate the value of a soul and the value of a moment, in this probationary period of existence, in which to speak to that soul of its eternal destiny. One day we will awake to what a soul is worth and to our apathy and indifference in the winning of it.—Central Christian Advocate.



# The Children's Pages

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## THE COUNTRY DAUGHTER, AT WORK IN THE CITY STORE.

There are six thousand girls and women at work ordinarily in the establishment with which I am connected. About holiday time, this number increases to over eight thousand. In my particular department, I have under me three hundred girls and women, says a writer in the "Mother's Magazine."

In our particular establishment, about thirty-five per cent. of the new girls taken on each year are recruited from the country. I should say that only about ten per cent. of these make good and permanently identify themselves with the establishment. Those who do not remain leave for one of three reasons: as a rule—they are physically unfit for the work, or they cannot live on the wages paid (five to eight dollars a week for beginners), or they have no ability as saleswomen.

My personal experience with girls from the country seeking work in the large stores is that their parents (in most instances) should never have permitted them to make the experiment. I will give an instance. There came into my department a short time ago, a young girl, the daughter of a minister of an interior Illinois town. The girl had never been educated to any special line of work, and therefore, "she must have the makings of a good clerk,"—one of the most mistaken notions parents ever entertained.

This girl received six dollars a week wages. Her room, board and noonday lunch, cost her four dollars and a half a week, and were very plain at that. Her carfare was sixty cents a week. Taking out from the ninety cents she had left, her laundry and incidental expenses, there was not only nothing left, but debt was a certainty. All the bright things of a city that a fresh country girl would enjoy—entertainments, parks, museums, sight-seeing—she must deny herself, or secure in a way debasing to pride, and inevitably ending in loss of name and honor.

I advised her to write home to her mother and tell her the truth. She did so, and received back a long plaint that "the store did not appreciate her abilities, and the wages were outrageous." The child eventually fell sick, and had to be taken home. When her father came for her, I tried to impress on his mind the truth, but all I got

from him was a denunciation of the "system" of the store and the "brutality" of modern civilization.

However, I hope that what I have to say here will fall under his eyes, and that he will realize that I am presenting a number of wholesome truths for the loving country parents and the ambitious country girls.

In the first place, there is no demand in the city for country girls except as domestics, and as domestics (although the pay is usually far better than that of the average clerk) few of them are qualified, or will serve. The city has more than enough girls of its own for clerkship; girls who are stronger, who live at home, who know better how to economize, who make better clerks than the product of the country. The girl from the country, if she has good character, references, and any sign of ability, can promptly get work at from five dollars to six dollars a week, but thrust immediately into competition with the keener, shrewder, better equipped city girl, she almost invariably loses out.

Second, living is high in any large city, when compared with country living. The smell of green grass, the sight of trees, the privilege of rooming in a respectable neighborhood, even locating one's self near to a park or a body of water, must all be paid for. Journeys on foot are next to impossible, and if one moves around at all, the carfare will easily rise to fifty-two dollars a year.

Third, the city girl is surrounded with relatives, friends, a home, pleasant acquaintances, all of which contribute to her entertainment, and in a sense to her support. The country girl thrust into the city, untrained, and with her own way to make, is alone, but for the saving letters from home. The attacks of nostalgia (homesickness) she will go through before she becomes hardened can never be compensated for by any six dollars a week salary.

Fourth, the systems, wage scales, methods of great stores, have been established for years. They contain many humane features for the rightful care of employes, but they deal with the mass, and not with the individual. The country girl, not accustomed to this as the city girl is, finds herself a number in a bunch of numbers. She must accept the system or quit. If she sticks it out and conquers, she will learn that the system encourages her to be pure, to be thrifty, to be apt and successful, but

the effort and the sacrifices must be on her part.

Fifth, a girl living alone in the city absolutely requires a weekly income of ten dollars a week to just keep over the border line of starvation and debt. On twelve dollars a week, she will be a trifle safer, and on fifteen dollars a week she can begin to lay aside, by the strictest kind of effort. She will be on the road to a definite competency after she earns seventy-five dollars a month, and knows at least one line of business thoroughly. She must thoroughly convince her employers that they need her, before she will ever get any such money.

My assistant, who is a country girl by origin, worked the first fifteen months at four dollars per week, and spent three months in a hospital to recover her health, coming out heavily in debt. She worked two years at seven dollars a week, six months at eight dollars a week, a year at ten dollars a week, three years at fifteen dollars a week, and now receives thirty dollars a week, and goes to Europe as a buyer, whenever I cannot go. She will be married next spring, and brings her husband a nest egg of \$2,000, and a well-disciplined body and mind. She is one country girl in ten thousand. She said to me the other night as we were retiring:

"If I had it to do over again—"

"Well?"

"I'd stick to the home and farm."

I have been fifteen years in the work, and I am of city origin. I earn over \$2,000 a year, and live and travel well, but in that fifteen years I have seen enough freshness and fairness of the country fade away in the dust and warfare of any city store to break any mother's heart. I like the work. I was trained for it. I did not come into it helpless. I was backed by friends, and my own tried abilities. I tried to prove the "system" needed me, and I succeeded.

But the country girl comes into the whirl with no such equipment, and where one succeeds the sad majority are swallowed up or thrown back broken to their native shores.

You ask me if there is a place in the city for the country girl? My answer is this: There is a place of successful work everywhere for the girl of any origin who trains herself for it. Trained women workers never lack work or fair incomes.

So, the country girl who masters all the details of clerking before coming to the city, who studies out the system of a great store before entering it, who fits herself to be a leader in the silk, the glove, the millinery, the lingerie, or any other department, who saves so that she will have a bank account to fall back upon during the days of small wages—she can enter a large

store and master it. Mothers should understand this, and not permit a helpless young girl to plunge into city work untrained.

But more than clerks, the city always needs bright bookkeepers, alert cashiers, intelligent stenographers and typists, aggressive sales agents, instructors in new domestic articles, etc. The city cares little whether these come from country or town. It wants the ability and is willing to pay for it. That is something so many of my sex fall down on—they wish the reward without producing the ability. They expect to be paid on account of their sex and not their ability.

Let this be understood by mothers who hope to have country daughters succeed in the city's field of work. A woman must be a man in every respect when she goes to work. She need not lose her sense of honor, she need not lose the refining graces; she should cling to the things religious and feminine in her private life as she never did before, but in the daily work she must assume the strength, the dignity, the self-reliance, and alertness of a progressive and upright man. Train your daughters in this thought, if they would succeed.—May Meehan, in *The Metropolitan*.

#### A CONTENTED COUNTRY LIFE.

It is a common complaint that the farm and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other.

He alone strictly speaking has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources he has; his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with Nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his co-operations with the cloud, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost.

Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed, out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.

Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done!—Sel.



**A WORD TO COUNTRY GIRLS.**

Girls in the country sometimes grow tired of the quiet routine of farm work and long for the excitements and attractions of city life. But life in the city is not the public holiday it seems to the girls on their occasional visits to town. Believe me when I tell you that working girls in the city have an infinitely more monotonous existence than the country girls ever dreamed of. You get up early and work hard, it is true; but the picnics you attend in summer and the sleigh rides and parties that enliven your winter give you social recreation and change, while there is always the keenest enjoyment for those who know how to read mother nature's book.

Think of spending every working day in a dingy office, writing and figuring constantly, with but half a day's vacation in three years, as one girl I know of has done! Think of spending all the hot, dusty summer days at a sewing machine in a factory, with the ceaseless clatter of hundreds of other machines all about you! Think of walking two miles to work standing behind a counter all day, forced to smile and smile, though you feel as a villain ought to feel, and again walking home at night! All these things thousands of girls in big cities do.

One girl I know stands and irons ready-made shirt waits all day, week in and week out. What is the variety of her life? How would you like to exchange your duties with her? Do you not think it would be a welcome relief to her to milk in the cool of the morning, churn, bake, and sweep before the hottest part of the day, peel the potatoes for dinner out under the shade of a tree, and, after dinner is over, sit out in the cool and shady yard or rest in the hammock or take a canter on a pony or in the fall go to the woods in search of nuts, and at night lie down and breathe in the sweet-scented air of the country instead of amid sewer smells and effluvia of dirty alleys?

How would you like to pay out of your scant earnings for every specked apple or withered peach you ate? Why, if you live in the city, you would pay for fruit that you will not pick up from the ground now! How would you like the ever-present possibility of losing your "job," and having your income cut off for a time, with no money to pay the expenses that always accumulate so fast? Think of these things before you give up the quiet and peaceful life of the country, with the certainty of a comfortable home, even if you do not have many of the luxuries of life. To make the best of what you have is better than to rush into evils that you know not of.—Metropolitan and Rural Home.

**THE GIVERS.**

The Careless Penny went loudly in;  
It rattled and rang like a piece of tin;  
No prayer went with it, and nobody  
Was helped or gladdened, and sad was he—  
The poor little careless giver!

The Selfish Penny sank heavily,  
Like a lump of lead, as it well might be;  
No love went with it. "I might have bought  
So much for myself!" was his only thought—  
The mean little selfish giver!

The Loving Penny dropped softly down,  
Like red, red gold from a royal crown;  
Pity and love made his eyes grow dim  
As he gave his all, and the Lord loved him—  
The dear little cheerful giver!

—Sel.

**THE DOG AND HIS CHUM.**

A very ordinary-looking farm horse, harnessed to an old wagon, stood by the curb; and on the board that served for a seat lay a small dog of such mixed blood that no guess could be made as to his breed. As a delivery wagon passed on the opposite side of the street, a large red apple fell off. Before it stopped rolling, the dog bounded across the street, picked it up with his teeth, and, with tail wagging, rushed back to the horse, in front of which he stood up on his hind legs, while the apple was taken from his mouth. As the horse munched the apple, he made the peculiar little noise that horses make when petted, and doggie replied with throaty little barks which plainly told what a pleasure it had been to go after that apple. Then he went back to his place on the wagon-seat.—Youth's Companion.

**TRYING THANKFULNESS.**

Have you ever tried the blessing of a constant thankfulness? Not occasionally, or when it suits you, but every day, and all day long? If not, begin at once, and the next time you feel disheartened or discontented, instead of getting irritable and complaining, just look long and gratefully on your blessings, and put all grievances behind your back.

A French king once said: "If a civil word or two will make a man happy, he must be a churl, indeed, who would not give them to him. We may say of this kindly temper that it is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains."—Ex.

## ONE DAY IN SEVEN.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Ho, Hugh! Come up here! We're just talking over our plans, and we want you to join us."

"Join you in what?" asked Hugh.

"Oh, an excursion"—

"Don't call it an excursion," interrupted another of the merry party. "That will sound too jolly, to Hugh, for Sunday doings. It's just a quiet ride we're talking about, Hugh, to see some of the beautiful views farther up the mountain. This is the last day for some of us, you know, and the weather has been against us. We haven't seen Echo Falls, and it's a shame to go away without it."

It was a party of young people at a mountain resort. Several hotels stood irregularly about the hillside, while farther back cottages were scattered among the trees.

"What is the plan?" asked Hugh, as he took his seat among them.

"A drive to Echo Falls. We're going to take the day to it—carry luncheon along, and come home by moonlight. Of course, you'll go." There was a questioning tone, showing a little doubt in the, "of course."

"There is yet one seat in the tallyho, and we're depending on you to fill it."

"It'll be fine, Hugh."

"And there's no telling when any of us will have another chance of riding over these mountains."

Hugh felt to the very depth of his boyish nature that it would be fine. How vividly his imagination pictured every detail of the delightful day's outing. But he was a little slow in replying.

"Come," said one, impatiently, "it can't take long to make up your mind about such a thing."

"No," said Hugh, quietly. "I'm sure I should like it, but—I think I will not go."

"Because it's Sunday? Oh, now, Hugh, don't be so fearfully good. Why, it's really a duty to see all we can of the beautiful things in nature, you know"—the speaker concluded rather lamely.

"I believe in standing well by Sunday at home," said another, "but once in the year we certainly ought to be allowed a little margin."

"But"—said Hugh, plainly feeling shy about advancing his opinions, "isn't Sunday Sunday about as much in one place as in another?"

"Oh, yes, if you're narrow about it," Edwin Rande spoke with a sneer. "If you want to set yourself up as a pattern for all the rest of us."

"I don't," said Hugh, with a flush. "I'm only speaking for myself."

"But, really, Hugh," said Margaret Tracy, in an anxious voice, "I feel just as you do about Sunday. But at home we always go

out in the woods in the afternoon. Father and mother and all of us. I don't see much difference."

"There 'tis. I'd like to know where you're going to draw the line about such things," said Edwin. "Go along with us, Hugh, and we'll make it just as pious as you could wish. You shall preach to us, and we'll sing hymns."

"So we can," urged Margaret. "Just think how singing will sound up among those glorious mountains!"

"Don't go back on us, Hugh," as he arose to go. "Be here by eight in the morning."

"If I'm not, don't wait for me," he said, with a smile.

"I know you'll be sorry afterwards if you don't go."

He walked away feeling more than ever a great desire to take that mountain ride. It was as they said, the only opportunity they would have of seeing some points of great, natural beauty. It was his one short holiday, for in this high-school vacation he was helping himself along by clerking in a store.

"I'm pretty well shut up all the year round, and there's something in that idea of giving a thoughtful turn to things. Perhaps I could help it along. Even if the others get pretty jolly there's no need of letting my own thoughts go"—

However, that Hugh had his thoughts well under control was shown in the fact that he was not among the party gathered on the hotel steps the next morning. Eight o'clock came and there was a little wait for him, others, besides Margaret, feeling that his presence would have given them a more comfortable feeling in the matter of keeping the sacred day holy.

Hugh spent it quietly, glad to join a little service held in a grove by those who did not feel that in coming to a summer resort they had left Sunday behind them. Later, walking by one of the hotels, he heard a voice from behind a vine-draped lattice:

"Hugh! Do come up here and have pity on me for a little while."

"You here!" Hugh exclaimed in surprise at seeing Edwin Rande seated on an easy, porch chair, with one limb supported on another chair.

"I. sure enough. Would it be out of accord with your idea of Sunday-keeping to help me through with one of its dull hours? Or would that seem too much like work?"

"Not at all," said Hugh, smiling in reply to the bantering, but not disagreeable, tone. "But what is the matter? I thought you were off with the others."

"I had hard luck last evening going up to the spring. Slipped on a stone and sprained my ankle. Not a bad sprain at all; but I have to keep still for a few days."

"Too bad," said Hugh, in quick sympathy.

"The day has been as long as two days, with all the others gone. My eyes are not very strong, so I cannot read much. Aunt



Kate read to me until she was tired out, then I sent her to lie down. I didn't know you had stayed at home, but I believe I am a little glad you have."

"Why?"

"Oh, because—I rather like to see a fellow stand by his colors, even if I don't wear the same ones."

"If the colors are worth standing by, and if the fellow is worth anything!"—

"Just so. Your colors wash. I've been watching you a little, Hugh."

"In what?" asked Hugh, in surprise.

"Oh, in this matter of Sunday-keeping. I wanted to see if it meant anything to you, or if it was just off and on, hit or miss, fast and loose, as suited your whim or convenience. When I bluffed you last night I didn't half mean it. I only wanted to hear you talk."

"I don't believe many of us boys care to talk about the things we feel most."

"Right you are. So I cannot get much out of you. Fact is, Hugh, some of the boys where I live have been trying to get me into their Y. M. C. A. They talk about the splendid Bible class they have there. I never have been much in the way of such things, but sometimes I wish I were. I never have taken Sunday keeping hard. I generally go to church once a day, and then do what I please for the rest of it."

"Why do you go once?"

"Oh, just because I feel that I ought to. My mother always used to go. I have thought that if she had lived things would have been different with me. Now," he looked wistfully at Hugh, "I see you are in dead earnest about such things. I wish you would tell me what Sunday is to you."

"Why—I'm not preaching, you know!"—

"No, you've shown that you mean,—doing. That's why I want you to tell me."

"I think it's a poor business to do things by halves."

"You're right there."

"I tried to settle it with myself some time ago. Either the Lord's Day is a sacred day, or it is not. If not, what's the good of bothering about it? If it is, and you mean to stand by the One who calls the day his own, I believe in doing it faithfully."

"Go on," said Edwin, "I'm interested."

"He's given us six days in which to go our own way, and to speak our own words, and find our own pleasures. He has kept just one for himself—a day for us to call 'the holy of the Lord, honorable.' It seems to me mean and unfair not to put our whole hearts into the keeping of it according to his way, but to try to cheat him out of his one day in seven."

"You're right all the time. I think, taking Hugh's hand as later he wished him good night, "that your way is a pretty good way, and I've half a mind to walk with you in it. And you may be sure," he added, earnestly, "that if I do I'll walk it fairly and honestly."—The Sabbath-School Visitor.

## SOMEBODY TO BE HOMESICK FOR.

Perhaps the weather had something to do with it; doubtless physical exhaustion, although Christine did not recognize it as such, had more. All that she knew was that it was one of those days when all one's spiritual defences seem to collapse suddenly.

The fact was Christine was homesick, body and soul, for the big, shabby, cheerful house and all the happy, noisy brood it held; for the scent of spring apples in the orchard and the sound of little insect voices down in its long grass; for the old street, dappled with sunlight and shadow, and the faces of neighbours whom she had known all her life; even for old Miss Bartlett's disreputable cat, Josephus.

Nellie Jacobs, next her in the cashier's cage, looked at her with amused eyes.

"You're in a blue funk, all right," she declared.

"I am," Christine replied, gravely.

"Hard up? Nellie asked, curiously.

Christine turned upon her fiercely. "Hard up!" she retorted, scornfully. "As if I fuss about that! I'm dead homesick, that's all. I loathe everything here—the crowds and the boarding-house and this cage—everything. And I've got to stay for four years."

"Why?" Nellie asked. Reserve was an unknown quality to Nellie.

"To help Jack through college," Christine replied through set teeth, "that's why. You needn't think he wants it so," she added quickly. "He hates it, and is working himself half to death; but he had to go—it would have been wicked not to, with his ability. And he's going to help Phil and Dora; they're all students." Christine had forgotten her blues for the moment. When Nellie spoke again she was startled at the change in her voice.

"How many of you are there?" Nellie asked.

"Eight," Christine answered, her face softening.

Nellie turned about upon her passionately. "Eight—like that! I have a father and a brother, and they both drink, and don't care a straw whether I am dead or alive. And you're whining because you're homesick. Did you ever think of the people who would give their lives almost to have somebody to be homesick for?"

Three lifts came sliding up. The girls made change rapidly. Down below in the great store the crowds eddied about the bargain-tables. But Christine's "blue funk" at her own trifling woes had disappeared. She was almost awe-stricken by the tragedy of her companion's life.—Sel.

**MARK'S BROTHERHOOD.**

The story of a man who decided that it was his business to keep his pew in church filled, and what happened when he held to his decision.

Mark Allen had just been converted. He was anxious to be of some use in the church. His pastor had urged the members to invite strangers to attend the church services. He had said: "The way to fill a church is to do it a pew at a time." Mark was greatly impressed by the sermon. As he went home, he said to himself:

"A pew at a time. That means for each member to fill his own pew and keep it full. If all will do that, there will be no vacant seats. I know I can keep mine full. I'll begin next Sunday."

He said to his shopmate who worked at the bench by his side:

"Say, Bill, my minister wants me to keep my pew full. I want you and your wife to fill two seats in it next Sunday night."

"I don't care much for ministers or churches," Bill replied.

"But I know you would like our church. I am sure you would be pleased with our minister."

"My wife used to go to church before we were married, but she don't care about it any more. I'm sure you can't get her to go. I won't go without her."

"Will you go if she will?"

"Certain," said Bill, with a laugh. "It's no risk to make that promise."

Mark called at the home of his shopmate, and said to the wife:

"Mary, you don't go to church now as you used to. I would be pleased to have you and Bill sit in my pew next Sunday night. Our minister is a splendid preacher; we have fine music; our people are very friendly. I know you will like it. Will you go?"

"My husband don't believe much in church-going. I always went until I got married. I stayed at home to please Bill."

"Will you go if Bill will?"

"My clothes are not good enough."

"Our members don't put on style. They are mostly working people. They will welcome you, even if you are plainly dressed."

"I have no shoes fit to wear."

"Will you go next Sunday night if I buy you a pair of shoes?"

"You do beat all, Mark," said Mary with a merry laugh. "If they have many like you in your church, they can't have many empty seats. I was joking about the clothes and shoes. They are good enough to wear to the theatre, and I suppose they are good enough for church. If you are so anxious to have me go, I will, if Bill will go. I'm pretty sure he will refuse."

"He said he would go, if you would."

It was a bitter cold Sunday night. The pastor looked over his church with dismay as he saw so many vacant seats. He saw Mark Allen's face flushed with pleasure and his eyes shining with delight. He sat at the head of a large pew crowded full. The pastor forgot his depression of spirit, and caught inspiration and enthusiasm from the homely transfigured face, and preached better than usual. As soon as the service was concluded, he hurried to the pew, and taking his parishioner by the hand, he said:

"Are these your friends, Mark?"

"Yes, I've brought six of 'em."

Six non-churchgoers had walked many blocks that bitter winter night to hear a sermon for the first time in years, because they had been urgently invited.

Mark was so pleased with his success that he introduced his friends to every person he could reach. The strangers received such an ovation from the congregation which gathered about them that they were completely abashed and puzzled. As they were going home, they talked about it among themselves.

"I never saw the like," said Bill to his wife. "They acted as if we were long-lost relations."

"You are," replied Mark. "You are our long-lost brothers and sisters. Everybody is delighted to welcome you home."

"It is the old Bible story over again," said one of the other shopmates; "the prodigal, who has been away for a long time and hasn't acted just right, finds a great fuss is made over him when he makes a visit home. I wonder if you've got any old brothers who will growl because the calf is wasted on the prodigal?"

"It isn't a visit, you know, but coming home to live," slyly suggested Mark. "The elder brother isn't dead, but he isn't the head of the house."

"I never thought once of my clothes," said Bill's wife. "The ladies were just as cordial as if I had been their own flesh and blood. I am going again, and if this isn't put on, but is the regular thing, then I'm going to quit the prodigal business and live at home. The elder brother may growl if he wants to. If he isn't satisfied, he can turn prodigal himself and see how he likes it."

The six strangers attended the following Sunday night without an invitation. They were given a seat just in advance of Mark's pew. He had filled his sittings again with a different crowd. The first six were received with greater cordiality, if possible, than on the previous Sunday. Mark's success had been the subject of conversation throughout the whole congregation, and several others had imitated his example. A number of strangers were present as the result of the effort. After the service, the



hearty salutations and hand-shakings transformed the usual silent separation of the people into a warm and friendly social reception.

All seats in the church were free, but regular attendants were assigned to sittings which were reserved for them. A number of the strangers were induced to accept regular seats, and became permanent members of the congregation.

Mark by no means neglected those whom he had invited. He saw that they were assigned seats and were introduced to the pastor and as many other members of the congregation as possible. His hearty earnestness to make the strangers feel at home was such an inspiration to others that nearly every member of the congregation became a welcoming committee.

The duty of merely greeting those who came to church was felt by many to be insufficient. If they were to be made really welcome, they ought to be visited at their homes. Without urging, or even without definite planning, house-to-house visitation began.

The visits were made first to the homes of the newcomers, then to the homes of each other. Members who had worshipped together for years, and yet were strangers, became acquainted. The "shut-in" members who, from infirmity, old age, or domestic cares, were deprived of the privileges of public worship were made objects of special attention. The discontented and offended ones, who had stayed or strayed away through grievances, fancied or real, found that their coldness could not withstand the hearty cordiality of the people who visited them and urged them to return to their church.

Mark soon secured a small but enthusiastic company of men, who determined that no one in the community should be able to say, "No man cares for my soul." Experience taught them wisdom and gave them tact. They were rarely ever repulsed.

They failed to retain permanently many who were induced to attend occasionally, but this did not discourage them. The work of invitation became systematic and universal. Neat cards addressed to the ushers, requesting them to seat the holders in special sitting reserved for strangers, were distributed to the young men who hung around the street corners and public places. These were not dealt out as advertising cards. They were always accompanied with a friendly greeting and a hearty personal invitation.

Some who had no place to go, and were desirous of merely killing time, accepted the invitation "for the fun of the thing." They were interested, and became permanent members of the congregation.

The men who distributed the invitation cards soon became able to detect the

strangers who were new to the city and "out to see the sights" and "do the town." Many of these were young men from the country who had been regular church attendants at home. Some of them were church members. All had neglected church-going, and were in a fair way to become utterly indifferent. Many of them were won, and instantly set to work inviting others.

It was not long before a large company of men had been gathered about Mark in this work. The pastor referred to them in a pulpit notice as "Mark's Brotherhood." The title stuck. They bore it ever afterward. The whole parish was divided into districts. Each district contained ten families. A member of the Brotherhood had one district placed under his care. He kept record of the church attendance. If any were absent, he immediately sought out the reason. If any were sick, or changed their residence, the pastor was notified. A complete supervision was maintained over every family in the entire parish.

The result of one year's work was a revelation. It wrought a revolution. The Sunday-school was doubled in numbers. The congregation was increased until there was rarely a vacant seat at either public service. The social meetings were largely attended, and the interest was deep and spiritual. There was scarcely a service that some one did not express a desire to begin a religious life. The utmost harmony prevailed throughout the parish, and finances were easy.

Mark was so humble and unconscious of any merit in his service to the church that he heartily opposed the name given to the Brotherhood. It was all in vain. His earnest example was such a stimulus to personal effort that every man in the church was inspired to imitate him, and the whole church became an active, aggressive Brotherhood.—In S. S. Times.

#### ON GROWING OLD.

To grow old is sad indeed, if what you want is to hold back the receding years, to keep your hair from growing white, your eyes from becoming dim, and the wrinkles from chiseling their way across your brow. But if from all these vicissitudes to which life subjects you, you draw a bit of wisdom, of profit, of goodness, to grow old is to become free and large.

One of the most beautiful things in the world is an old person who, made better by experience, more indulgent, more charitable, loves mankind in spite of its wretchedness and adores youth without the slightest tendency to mimic it. Such a person is like an old Stradivarius whose tone has become so sweet that its value is increased a hundredfold, and it seems almost to have a soul.—Charles Wagner.

# Young Peoples Societies.

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## TOPICS FOR 1909.

Jan.—Strangers Within Our Gates.  
Feb.—Educating Prospective Citizens.  
Mar.—Home Mission Hospitals.  
Apr.—On the Trail.  
May.—In the Camp.  
June.—Sharing the Burden.  
July.—Pte. aux Trembles Schools.  
Aug.—French Evangelization.  
Sep.—Our San Fernando College.  
Oct.—Rev. Andrew Gayadeen.  
Nov.—Yamot.  
Dec.—Awakening in Korea.  
Convener, Rev. Dr. McTavish, Kingston.

---

## TOPIC FOR AUGUST.

### FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

---

#### ARRESTED FOR SELLING BIBLES.

Where; in Italy or France?

No, no! no danger of arrest for selling the Scriptures in Italy or France.

Where then; in South America? It might happen there, but not this particular instance.

Where then, in the Province of Quebec?

It has taken place there, and may do so again, but the case to which I refer was not in Quebec, but in the Province of Ontario, one of the oldest centres of light and liberty in the Dominion of Canada.

The following letter to the Superintendent of our French work, from one of the col-porteurs of our own Board, tells the story.

---

Thessalon, Ont., 7th July, 1909.

Rev. S. J. Taylor,

Montreal.

Dear Sir:—

Stating in one of your letters that you would like to know of our arrest in Blezard Valley, Nipissing, Ont., also of its results, I give them to you in this letter.

We had stopped at the Blezard Valley

hotel for the night. The next morning before leaving we sold a New Testament to the innkeeper. From there we proceeded to the beginning of the village, so as not to cover the same ground twice.

The Justice of the Peace, M. Lemieux, who lives opposite the hotel, noticed the sale. By the time we had canvassed a few houses, he had gone to the hotel to borrow the book. His first step was to go to the priest, who, no doubt, put him on the track of what he had to do.

I was just coming out from the house, neighbor to the priest's, when I was accosted by the honourable magistrate, who warned me to leave the municipality at once, that it was a shame, and at the same time pretty bold, for Pointe aux Trembles students to dare sell Bibles, falsified, in a Catholic community, furthermore, that it was in his power to have us fined fifty dollars each, as having broken the municipality's by-law.

"I will not do so if you and your companion leave the place at once, and also not try any other communities along the line, for I will have men placed all along the line to watch you both" he further said.

Knowing that a license is not necessary for selling Bibles in British Territory, my companion and myself both advised him to do his duty, which he certainly did, for at 11 a.m. a summons was sent to us by a constable of the place, who also arrested us in the name of the honourable magistrate and King Edward VII. The summons was that we were both to appear in court at 7 p.m.

The court was held in his private house, having one witness, the constable, the judge and ourselves.

It was very imposing. After the hearing of the witness, as to what he had seen us sell, a book, and received money, we were sentenced to pay, each one dollar fine and costs. We politely refused to pay, claiming we were in our rights, also, that if the fine amounted to but two cents, it would not be paid. As we appeared unconcerned, while



the court was proceeding in its noble work, no doubt, he did not feel so sure of himself, for he then omitted his own fees, so as to get clear of us.

Not succeeding, we were sentenced to ten days imprisonment each, and, liberty was given us. As to the judgment, it was his affair to see it carried out, he said.

We went the next day to Sudbury to confer with Rev. Mr. Logie. Mr. ———, the Crown Attorney, was consulted, and advised him paying the fine, and making an appeal to the Toronto Court to have the judgment quashed. The attorney said that no municipality could make a by-law that would prohibit the distribution of the Bible on British soil.

Mr. Logie and myself went to the Blezard the same day to pay the fine and have the statement of the case for appeal. Having a minister on the scene frightened Mr. Lemieux, although he claimed he had seen, that same day, a lawyer, who had told him his case was good.

Mr. Lemieux was frightened about the turn of affairs, and, pleading ill-health, preferred to see the matter drop.

The case was dropped, but not before he was given a good lesson. "When you arrest these two young men, you have to reckon with the Presbyterian Church, from the Atlantic to the Pacific," said Mr. Logie, and you must also recognize their right of selling Bibles in this municipality without being molested."

Yours in the work of Christ,

HUBERT FRESQUE.

---

### PASS IT ON.

The joyful news must not be kept, but must be carried to the other sorrowing ones, and must be carried quickly. There must not be a moment lost. The happy women must not sit down together in mere personal enjoyment of the blessed news; there are others in the darkness of sorrow, and to these they must hasten with the gladness. We must not forget in our joy of the Christian life that there are others who have none of this joy; our mission is to carry the news, and to rejoice as we go on our way.—J. R. Miller.

## THE TRAGEDY OF QUEBEC.

### The Expulsion of its Protestant Farmers.

BY ROBERT SELLAR, ESQ., HUNTINGDON, QUE.

The above is the title of a book that should be read by every Protestant Canadian. It is based on facts. It gives past and present history of which many have little knowledge.

The Topic for August, for Young People's Societies, is "French Evangelization". Many of our readers know something of this work. Not so many know the need of it, and the danger to our country is the growth of a great religio-political organization.

It is not the rapidly increasing French population that is a menace to our country for the French are industrious and kindly people, good neighbours and friends. It is not the Roman Catholic religion, as a system of faith or mode of worship, that threatens. It is that the Roman Catholic church seeks not merely to win men spiritually, but to control them, both spiritually and temporally. It is this that is to be dreaded. And the history of the past shews this dread to be well founded.

So long as the rapidly increasing French element is kept under the control of the Church of Rome, so long the danger exists. In proportion as the French people received the word of God, the charter of civil and religious liberty, in their own tongue, and read it for themselves, in that proportion will the danger disappear.

The work of French Evangelization is simply giving to these people the Bible in their own tongue. This is the Y. P. Topic for August. In addition to other articles in this issue, bearing on this subject we give a selection from Mr. Sellar's book. In the preface he says:

When I came to Huntingdon forty-five years ago the county, leaving out one of its municipalities, St. Anicet, was as solidly Protestant as any in Ontario. I have witnessed the decline of its Protestant population to the point of being in the minority.

The same change, only in a more marked degree, has taken place in all the counties east of the Richelieu. Missisquoi, founded by U. E. Loyalists, has ceased to be Protestant. Drummond, Wolfe, Shefford, may be said to be Catholic. The transformation

has been going on with startling rapidity during the past fifteen years.

Often, when friends deplored the departure of Protestant farmers, I heard them ask: "Did the electors of the other Provinces know what is happening to us in Quebec, would they not intervene?"

I thought of including testimony from residents of different sections as to the extent of the change going on, but the proof of their expulsion is abundant without individual evidence. It is palpable to the most unobservant.

It is open to question whether this book will help the Protestant farmers, there is, however, no question as to the failure of the policy of their representatives—the policy of fawning, of silence, of loud talk about tolerance, broad-mindedness, living in peace and harmony,—a policy most agreeable socially, in business profitable, in public life the only road to preferment, but under which the Protestant farmers have gone on disappearing. Agitation on their behalf may fail to help them, but cannot make their situation worse.

Viewing the immense resources of the Church of Rome in Quebec, how its influence permeates every channel of life and bends every interest to advance its own, with no encouragement from the other Provinces, no offer to help them, it is not surprising that the Protestant farmers of Quebec have submitted in silence.

The expressions often heard among them: "What's the use of butting our heads against a stone wall?" "We don't like it, so let us get out and leave the Province to them," represents their attitude.

While Protestants form a smaller part of Quebec than they did, yet at no period have they contributed so large a proportion of the revenue, either in customs duties or taxes imposed by the legislature. They are the chief taxpayers, yet it is a significant commentary on their policy of tame submission, that they never exercised less influence at Ottawa and Quebec.

In the hope that a plain statement of the case of the Protestant farmers of Quebec will bring them help, and lead to such legal changes as will preserve those settlements that are still substantially intact, I have written this book. Doing so means to me loss of friends and loss of business, so that

nothing save a sense of duty actuates me.

In revising the book for a second edition, I have profited by the strictures of critics, making more plain portions that were misunderstood, adding proof to statements that were denied, and re-grouping paragraphs to preserve unity of subject.

I was led to adding another chapter by letters received from friendly readers in the Northwest. From these I perceived that the situation described in the book was misapprehended, as being of only local concern. Whoever thinks that the fate of a few thousand Protestant farmers in Quebec is alone at stake, needs to be awakened to a sense of the danger that threatens the Dominion.

Do not suppose Quebec is like the Province you live in, governed by its inhabitants and for their own good, but understand that Quebec is entirely different from all her sisters—a Province where the Church of Rome is Supreme, swaying its electorate and legislature, using its power over both to deepen its influence and to buttress its extraordinary privileges. Were that all, Canadians outside its limits need not be concerned for themselves.

It is not all, however, for, in this centre of their power, the leaders of that Church plan movements to invade the other Provinces, and from this fortress, stored with vast resources, draw the means to sustain these movements.

Unless lovers of civil and religious liberty throughout the Dominion realize the danger that lies in the continued existence of a Papal Quebec, and grapple with it, the tragedy of the townships' farmers, whose cause I plead, will become the tragedy of the Confederation. Those who do not believe this, do not know the masterful hold the Church of Rome has on Quebec, or of the schemes of conquest those who guide its course cherish and are now trying to carry into effect.

Huntingdon, Que., Dec. 1, 1908.

The book may be had from the author at the above address, Cloth, 50c, Paper, 25c.

---

The truest help we can render to an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best strength, that he may be able to bear the burden.—Phillips Brooks.



# The Church Funds, West.

	Received during June	Rec. Mar. 1st to June 30.
Home Missions....\$	1,977.30	\$ 9,423.45
Augmentation.....	365.17	1,233.85
Foreign Missions...	1,295.77	17,750.37
Widows' & Orphans'	127.87	559.22
Aged Ministers....	167.67	332.59
Assembly Fund....	40.42	271.29
French Evangeliztn	185.00	1,041.05
Pt-aux-Trembles....	162.50	983.03
Tem. Moral Reform.	28.71	264.29
Knox College.....	46.25	199.40
Queen's College....	58.68	103.80
Montreal College...	17.40	37.80
Manitoba College..	35.70	122.20
Westminster Hall..	3.70	9.70

Received during June.  
at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,  
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the Donors.

## Ontario.

Sowerby.....\$ 5	Edmondville..... 54 10
Pickering St. And..... 22 9	Centre Road, Knox ... 2
Walkerton, Knox..... 23 6	Rodney ss. .... 5 50
Collingwood. .... 300	Grand Bend. .... 11
Napanee, St. And, ss. ... 18	W. Oxford y.p.a. .... 2 15
Dunbarton ..... 13 65	Toronto, Knox ..... 36 65
Hibbert, Roy's..... 65	E. Toronto, Emmanuel 21 20
Ottawa, Bank ..... 200	Belleville, St. A. .... 1 0
Baxter ..... 20	Brucefield, Union. .... 29
Berlin, St. And..... 245 45	Eden Mills ..... 23
Stirling, St. And..... 9 9	Oril, Mrs. Grant's cl. ... 5
Grand Valley, Kx. ss. ... 30	West Adelaide ..... 6 85
Belgrave, Kx. ss. .... 5 75	Winchester, St. Pa ... 100
Nairn, St. And..... 112 45	Lon., New St. Jas. .... 375
Carluke, St. Pa. ss. .... 25	Scarboro', St. A. .... 43
J. B. Calder..... 25	Crosshill, Boyd..... 16
Markham, St. And ... 50	W. R. Johnston..... 100
Arthur, St. And..... 27 65	Hamilton, St. Jas. ss. ... 9 25
Stratford, St. And. ... 65	Dunbarton ..... 100
English Settlement... 66	W. H. Taylor..... 20
Mrs. R. Shiell..... 9	Maitland Pres. y.p.u. ... 50
Metz, St. Paul's..... 8 75	Kippen, St. And..... 108
Aberarder ..... 21	Kingston, Chal ..... 130 50
Caledon East, Kx. .... 29 90	Mrs. D. A. Irvine .... 15
Molesworth, St. And. ... 43	Rodney..... 24
Normanby, Kx ..... 26 75	New Glasgow ..... 14 51
W. Williams ..... 30 12	Lake Road ..... 12 50
Winthrop, Caven..... 34 65	Dunwich, Duff's. .... 19 43
	Mooretown, St. And. ... 8 65
	S. Missouri..... 13 05

Tor., Cowan ss. .... 12 44	Chateauguay Basin, St.
Hamilton, St. John's. 250	And. ss. .... 5
Woodstock, Chal ..... 84	Mr. & Mrs. Young. ... 62 50
Galt, 1st Ch ..... 120	Mont., Am. Ch. King's
Rev. D. G. McPhail... 8	Daughters, .... 5
Swansea, Morningsd. ... 9 45	Kingsbury, St. And. ... 38 35
Belleville, John. .... 65 35	St. Lambert, St. Cuth. 33
Lake Road ..... 28 50	Mont., Stanley ..... 180
Wardsville..... 10	
Barrie..... 50	
Walter Hartman ..... 1	
Pinkerton. .... 45 80	
Hillsdale, St. A. .... 42 75	
Caradoc, Cook's..... 25	
N. Easthope ..... 14 57	
Beechwood, St. A. .... 30 85	
Sudb'y, Mrs. Martin's cl 6	
Toronto, Chinese ..... 51 65	
Centreville..... 52 25	
Barton ..... 23 25	
Kinburn ss. .... 3 50	
Mooreline, Burns'.... 13	
Tor., Old St. And..... 100	
Tor., Ersk., Mrs. Dal's cl 6 25	
Ham., St. Gile's ss. ... 8 96	
Carleton Pl., Zion..... 110	
Brooke, Enniskillen... 4 20	
R. H. Cutt..... 3 06	
Lefroy, Knox..... 11 95	
Ham., W'minster..... 15 55	
Stratford, Kx. .... 3 0	
Cornwall, St. John's. ... 6 75	
Miss N. McIntosh & cl 6	
Cornwall, Knox..... 12 4	
Mt. Forest, Wmstr. .... 78 90	
Ham., McNab St. Ch. 400	
Sarnia, St. Pa..... 36	
Blyth, St. And ..... 89 50	
Dundas, Knox. .... 71 75	
Smith's Falls, St. Pa. 200	
Castleford ..... 50	
Hyde Park ..... 21 70	
Komoka ss. .... 25	
Mrs. M. Montgomery. ... 5	
Seaforth, 1st ..... 105	
Guelph, Knox..... 500	
Dunblane..... 3 65	
Morningside..... 16 35	
Centre Road, Knox ... 1 7 42	
Campbellford, St. A. ... 32	
Woodstock, Knox..... 134	
Aspdin ..... 4	
Allansville..... 2 05	
Elk Lake ..... 10	
Rainy Lake..... 5 25	
Elmsdale ..... 3	
Kearney ..... 1 80	
Englehart..... 8	
Earlton ..... 1 75	
J. W. Bennet..... 100	

## Quebec.

Mont., Chalmer's ss. ... 13
Hull, Zion ..... 50
Mont., Amer. y. m. l. ... 800
Montreal, Taylor Men's
Own..... 25

Chateauguay Basin, St.
And. ss. .... 5
Mr. & Mrs. Young. ... 62 50
Mont., Am. Ch. King's
Daughters, .... 5
Kingsbury, St. And. ... 38 35
St. Lambert, St. Cuth. 33
Mont., Stanley ..... 180

## Miscellaneous.

Per Agent, Hx..... 79
Pr Rv. A. E Armstrong 48 68
P. W. Hackney re Est.
Jas. Connell ..... 555
Jos. Halzley re Est.
Jas. Connell. .... 338 50
Pr. Rev. J. Menancon. 200
Friend..... 2
Rev. F. S. Coffin..... 50
Rev. J. A. Sharrard... 4
Rev. A. Dunn..... 8
"J"..... 20
Per Rv. S. B. Rohold.. 32
Rev. J. H. Hattie .... 15 30
Rev. J. P. Douglas ... 1

## Manitoba.

Rosburn ..... 25
Wpg. Pres. w.f.m.s. .... 40
Virden, Carmel Ch ... 25 50
Minnedosa Pres. y.p.s.s 50
Dauphin ..... 20
Wm. Leask..... 11
Wpg., Augustin..... 600

## Saskatchewan.

Stornoway, Saltcoats... 1
Manor ..... 10 23
Milestone..... 10 50
J. A. Allan, Reg ..... 50

## Alberta.

Edmonton, 1st..... 450
Messrs. Crofts, Lee &
Gallinger, Edmtn. .... 250
High River, Chal ..... 33
Davisburg..... 10 10
Pine Creek ..... 25 80
Melrose..... 6
Agricola, St. Pa. .... 3 35
High River, Chal. ss. ... 25 15
Rv. J. G. McIvor..... 14 60

## British Columbia.

Vancouver, S. And .. 550
Victoria, St. Pa ..... 27 80
Kelowna, Knox..... 34 50
Langley..... 15 40
Victoria, St. And. ... 121 4

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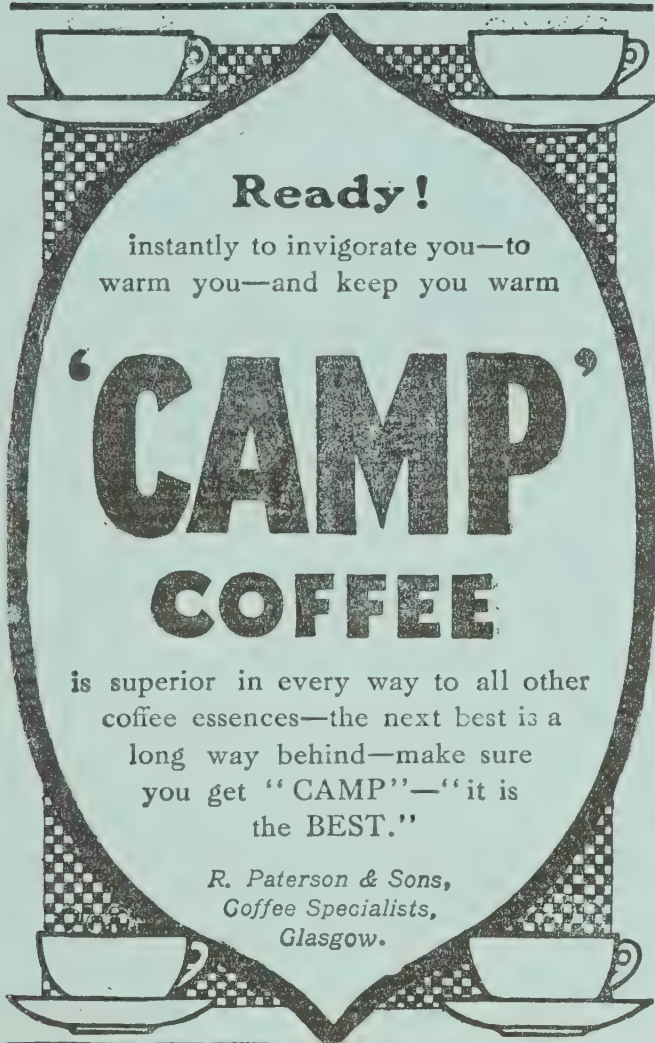
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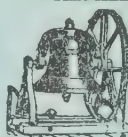
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I wish that I may learn nothing here that  
I can not continue in the other world; that  
I may do nothing here but deeds that will  
bear fruit in heaven.—Richter.



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There would be more good boys if good fathers were not so scarce.

There is one road to peace and that is truth, which follow ye.—Shelley.

Though many guests be absent, it is the cheerful man we miss.—African Proverb.

The great value of the widow's mite lay in the fact that it was not her "spare cash."

"Many men are called to preach the Gospel; all men are called to practice it."

"Wealth does not consist in what one leaves behind, but in what he takes along."

"So long as one speaks of his sins with relish, he would be lonesome without them."

"Keep me, my God; my boat is small and the ocean is wide."—Prayer of the Fishermen.

"So long as a man has money he is free; but as soon as money has the man he is a slave."

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we of our idle silence.—St. Ambrose.

"The man with an ax to grind generally finds plenty of fools to turn the grindstone for him."

Strive to bring out the best in yourself rather than to exceed the accomplishments of others.

"Any unkind person is uncultured, no matter what his position, wealth, influence, or education."

We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by our reiterated choice of good or evil.—George Eliot.

When anyone has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it.—Descartes.

As an ill air may endanger a good constitution, so may a place of ill example endanger a good man.—Seneca.

"Gentleness of speech has made the most wilful to be as the heart of a little child, and filled many a troubled life with the peace of Jehovah."

If my faith is wrong I am bound to change it; if it is right, I am bound to propagate it.—Archbishop Whateley.

When you hear an ill report about anyone, halve and quarter it, and then say nothing about the rest.—Spurgeon.

If God made the world, you need not fear that he can't take care of so small a part of it as yourself.—Rev. Edward Taylor.

There is nothing noble in being superior to some other man; the true nobility is in being superior to your previous self."

"Men can make money without God; men can acquire learning without God, but character cannot be formed without God."

It is not enough that we "sit together in heavenly places," we must stand together in unheavenly places.—Charles M. Lamson.

"You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out are the moments when you have done things in the spirit of love."

"A bad thing is no better because of the bigness of the man who does it. A good deed is not less worthy because a small man did it."

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue. He is nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent even though he is in the right.—Cato.

Assert thyself, and by and by the world will come and lean on thee; but seek not praise of men; thereby shall false shows cheat thee.—Owen Meredith.

Wise men learn more from fools than fools from the wise; for the wise avoid the errors of fools, while fools do not profit by the examples of the wise.—Cato.

"The prodigal should never be presented as a hero. At the best he was unfortunate. His father forgave him, but there were those to whom he could never return."

I have a Saviour who wrought the hot day through. I can talk with him of quivering palm and throbbing limbs and fainting hearts, and he will know.—C. L. Goodell.

Art thou a beggar at God's door: Be sure thou gettest a great bowl, for as thy bowl is, so shall be thy mess. According as thy faith, saith he, be it unto you.—John Bunyan.

The most hopeless barrier to strife is the steady indifference of a man who knows he has work to do, and who goes on doing it irrespective of anybody's opinion.—Agnes Repplier.



GO YE INTO  
PREACH THE GOSPEL

ALL THE WORLD AND  
TO EVERY CREATURE

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# Presbyterian Record

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VOL XXXIV

SEPTEMBER, 1909.

No. 9

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There are several letters and articles in this issue that we think of interest and value. As this interest and value will, for the reader, depend in some measure on individual taste, may we ask a careful reading of all, each reader judging for self.

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This further should be mentioned, that the articles are not for criticism as to their merits, but for action on their information and suggestions. Each reader has a personal responsibility with regard to the subjects discussed. The question to be decided is not how the writers of the various letters and articles did their work, but how am I going to meet my responsibility regarding the work of which they write.

---

If there be one practical thing, which, more than another, we would recommend to congregations as they look forward to undertaking the church work of the winter, it is to make preparation at once for the use of the duplex envelope for their giving. It will help them to do more, to be larger helpers in the Lord's work, and to do it easier. This is an age of improvements. Every year brings forth some new method of doing work, by which men can accomplish more with less effort. It is as reasonable to seek and use such betterment in church work as along other lines. The testimony of those who have tried this plan with regard to giving is uniformly favorable. Send to the Presbyterian S.S. Publication office, Toronto, for samples.

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For two months not much has been done in the way of supporting the larger work of the church. People in the country have been so busy with haying and harvesting that there seemed little time for aught else. City families have been scattered, the mothers and children living in the

country while the fathers have tried to combine their work in the city with the week end with their family. Now they are returning; the schools are opening; the churches are filling; the evenings are lengthening; the duties of church life as of family life are being resumed.

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In resuming that life one thing should not be forgotten, viz., that the larger work of the church has gone steadily on. Home Missions, Foreign Missions, French Evangelization, and other lines of expenditure which we have undertaken, have not been resting and we have not only to take up our work but to make up in some measure for the time of rest.

---

An item on another page gives Mr. Mott's impression of Korea, as probably the first of the heathen nations to become a Christian nation. The Maritime Synod has already a large share in bringing about that result. The Western Section of the Church is taking a hand in it, the last Assembly having authorized this forward step. If the progress of the past be a forecast of what is to come, ere many years Korea will be a Christian nation, and the sharers in the toil with share in the joy of triumph.

---

One result of the Calvin commemorations should be a new realization of the great underlying principle of Calvin's theology, viz., that "God Reigns." That grand truth should incite to new endeavour after obedience, for it is the King who commands; new diligence in work, for it is fellow-working with Him; new gratitude for the honor of sharing with Him in the conflict with evil and the triumph of good; new assurance as to the ultimate outcome, for it is His work and cannot fail.



**THE LATE PRINCIPAL McLAREN.**

On another page is the usual obituary notice. These obituaries are, of necessity, as nearly uniform as they can be made, giving the simple facts and dates of the departed laborer's work in and for the church.

But Principal McLaren's place in the church was unique. For thirty-five years he was a teacher and leader in our largest Theological College, and had his part in shaping the thought of many generations of students. Many of the ministers of our church to-day passed through his classes.

In the Assembly, too, ever since the Union in 1875, he had a leading place, and his clear insight, wide knowledge, calm judgment, strong common-sense and honesty of purpose made his counsel of great value.

While interested in all the work of the Church, his specialty was Foreign Missions.

For many years he was Convener of the Assembly's Committee, W. D. He was the "father" of the W. F. M. S. which has become so great a factor in our F. M. work, and its interests were ever dear to his heart.

Farewell, honored father and friend, for a time! That hoary head, a crown of glory, that stalwart form, fit dwelling for a great heart and mind, that kindly word and smile, which seemed so sweet a benediction, will be missed. To many comes the consciousness that earth is poorer since thou art gone. But it is richer for thy life and work, and in many a heart to-day there is a love tablet, in memoriam, which will not soon pass away.

The Ewart Missionary and Deaconess Training Home has entered into possession of its new premises at 60 Grosvenor St., Toronto, and everything is being got in readiness for the next Session, which opens at the beginning of October. The new Training Home, which is a finely equipped building with spacious grounds, will accommodate thirty resident students. Its situation, close to the University group of buildings, will greatly facilitate the teaching work, and its central situation in the city will be of much advantage to students in their house to house visitations and

other branches of their practical training. Applications for prospectus and other information and for admission as students should be made to Mrs. E. Livingstone, Superintendent, 60 Grosvenor St., Toronto.

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"During my recent tour in the Far East I formed the deep conviction that if the present work on the part of the co-operating missions in Korea is adequately sustained and enlarged in the immediate future, Korea will be the first nation in the non-Christian world to become a Christian nation. I know of no mission field where larger or more substantial results have been secured, in proportion to the expenditure, than in Korea.

Thus writes John R. Mott. His words of hope should stimulate larger liberality in the support of that work in which both sections of our Church, East and West are now engaged. The last General Assembly, as already published has authorized the F. M. Com., W. D., to open a mission in Northern Korea.

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"It is agreed by prominent officials of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches," writes Rev. George A. Wilson, H. M. Superintendent in B. C., in his Report to the General Assembly, "that there is very little overlapping in the Synod of British Columbia. In three presbyteries out of the four constituting the Synod, there were last year 117 preaching stations in connection with our mission fields. Of the churches negotiating for union, the Presbyterian church was the only one represented in 73 of these places; where the other churches are represented, development is looked for, and there are strong grounds for believing that ultimately self-sustaining congregations will be built up. In a few places an arrangement is made with the Methodist church, on the policy of non-intrusion."

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For eight years, Rev. George Pringle has held the fort at Hunker, Yukon. During that time five churches have been erected in his field, and equipped with organs, hymn books, etc. Mr. Pringle is doing grand work. Who can measure the influence of a strong devoted life among the throngs of gold seekers, with their many temptations?

## FOUR HUNDRED YEARS.

### The Calvin Commemoration.

On July 10th, 1509, four hundred years ago this summer, seventeen years after Columbus discovered America, John Calvin was born. Four centuries later, his life and work have been commemorated by memorial services by the various Reformed churches holding the Presbyterian system, on the Continents of Europe and America.

These memorial services culminated in a great celebration in Geneva, Switzerland, the principal scene of his life and labors, extending over nine days, July 2nd to 10th, in which representatives from Europe, Great Britain, and the U. S. A. took part. The great event had long been looked forward to and prepared for, not only by the City of Geneva and the Protestant churches there, but by the whole Swiss Confederation, for the nation felt a just pride in her illustrious citizen, in his three-fold capacity as theologian, educationist and statesman.

The services of these nine days were very varied, there was sermon, address, reception, luncheon, excursion, scripture drama, dedication, solemn religious service, communion, etc.

On July 2nd, opening day, the delegates were enrolled, at 6.30 p. m. they were served with a collation, and in the evening in the great cathedral of St. Peter was delivered a discourse on "Calvin, preacher of Geneva."

On July 3rd, from 8 a.m. till past noon, in the Hall of the Reformation, were given addresses and messages of greeting to the Church of Geneva, thirty-two in all, some in English, the majority in French. At 1 o'clock luncheon was given to the delegates and invited guests; in the afternoon were receptions; in the evening a magnificent musical production "Post Tenebras Lux" (after darkness light), the ancient motto of Geneva.

Sabbath, 4th July, was the great day of the commemoration. The Lord's Supper was celebrated at 8 a.m., a most impressive and solemn service, each one who took part speaking his own language. At ten o'clock there were sermons in the various Protestant churches. At 1.15 p.m. and 5 p.m.

were sermons by distinguished Scotchmen in the Auditoire where Knox preached for three years, 1555 to 1557. At noon there was a service in the Hungarian language in the Cathedral, and at 2.30 p.m. a thronged service in the same place for the children and young people, on "Calvin's interest in and work for the children."

July 5th was devoted to the 350th anniversary of the founding of the College of Geneva, out of which grew the University of Geneva.

The central function of July 6th was the dedication of the "first stone" of the International Monument of the Reformation, with many solemn services connected therewith.

On July 7th was an excursion on Lake Lucerne, with a visit to the historic castle of Chillon, where, in the old hall, in the evening, the "Tragedy of the Sacrifice of Abraham" was enacted by groups of students from the Universities of Lausanne and Geneva, as in the old days when the play was used to impress the scenes of Bible history.

July 8th, 9th and 10th were University days with academic functions, processions, addresses, etc., in honor of Calvin as the founder of the free-school system and promoter of advanced education.

This nine days' celebration in Geneva, being but the culmination of the memorial services that had taken place during the previous weeks in Europe, Britain, Canada and the U. S. A., shows the marvellous influence of the man and his work in the Reformed churches of the world, and the unequalled place he occupies in their esteem.

That influence, so strong and vital after four hundred years, proves better than any words could do, three things:—

(1) It proves the high moral character of the man. No man, however great his genius, could so hold and influence and move with affection and respect, along religious lines, good men of all nations for four successive centuries unless he were a good man in the best and truest sense of the term.

(2) It proves the greatness and the Scripturalness of the truths which he taught, for the nations and races that are among the strongest intellectually, and



that have been the most reverent and thorough students of the Bible, hold most firmly to the truths which Calvin taught.

(3) It shows the intellectual greatness of the man who set forth these truths that in their essential features little change or improvement has been made in their form of statement through the succeeding centuries.

The outstanding truth emphasized by Calvin, the truth around which all his other teaching gathered, a truth which has steadied the world amid all change, is the Sovereignty of God, God on the throne of His Universe, reigning eternally as King.

A second great truth underlying his teaching, the supplement or complement of the first, was that of human responsibility. His system taught men to fear God and to fear no other. It put iron into the blood of the race as has the teaching of no other man since Paul, and responsible, constitutional government, such as obtains among the foremost peoples of the world, probably owes more to Calvin and his teaching than to any other man.

As has been said, "John Calvin, by his doctrinal system and his ideas of church government and state government, not only systematized the doctrines of the Reformation, laid the foundation of organized Presbyterianism, but prepared the way for the essential features of representative national government, which secures to men the largest measure of true human liberty. Modern civilization owes a large debt to John Calvin. He was a great power because he was a man of great faith, who consecrated his great and varied talents and opportunities to the service of Christ."

He was born in Noyon, France, 10 July, 1509, and trained for the priesthood of the Church of Rome. He early got hold of the Scriptures and embraced the Reformed faith. He taught, lectured, preached and wrote, chiefly in Geneva, not only on theology and morals but on the science of government.

He died in May, 1564, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, "having accomplished more work," says a writer, "than any man since the days of the Apostle Paul, preaching every day, lecturing three times a week, carrying on an extensive correspondence

which alone would have exhausted most men." He left upwards of two thousand sermons in manuscript behind him. His great work, however, is the "Institutes of the Christian Religion."

Like other great and good men, falsehood and detraction have aimed their darts, and as lies often travel faster and farther than the truth, many have heard the lies who never had opportunity to learn the truth, but to those who care to study them fully and fairly, both the man and his teachings loom up grandly over the intervening centuries like some giant peak above the intervening hills when one is far away.

#### INCIDENTS FROM NORTH HONAN.

At one of the fairs where the missionaries were preaching, a Buddhist priest was selling charms and reading the books of his religion to the crowds across the way. The priest sometimes stood in the crowd listening to the missionaries. One of the missionaries got into conversation with him and invited him to call in the evening. He came, talked long and earnestly, told them the names of his village, and asked them to call on him. A little later it was found convenient to do so. He gave a cordial welcome, bought Christian books and gave a hearty invitation to return.

When missionaries, Rev. A. Thompson and wife, were on the way to Tao K'ou, the new station in Honan, taking their goods down the river from Weihwei, the captain's wife fell into the river and would have been drowned had not one of the Mission boys saved her. Her husband and son were paralyzed with fear.

On the same voyage the boat struck on a sandbar. Hours were spent in fruitless effort. Two of the Christian servants in child-like faith dropped on their knees on deck. Whilst the prayer was on their lips another boat came down the river under full sail, creating a swell which lifted the stranded boat several inches higher than the bar, and she floated into the deep water beyond.

## INCIDENTS OF THE KOOTENAY CAMPAIGN.

BY REV. W. D. REID, B.A., B.D., MONTREAL.

For the Record:

There were five rum-holes in the town, and somewhere under a thousand inhabitants; one bar for every two hundred people in the place, including the women and children.

The hotel keepers had heard about the evangelists coming, and had been saying many and various things about them. "They were coming for the graft that was in the business." "They were only forerunners of 'local option,' which always resulted in the ruin of any town." So this sort of nether world had been considerably stirred by the rumors of the coming evangelists.

The first evening of the services several of the rummies were there.

The following morning, as the missionaries were passing one of the bar-rooms, an old "soak" came out and called loudly, "Come in gintlemen and have a drink, it'll do ye good. It'll hilp ye to praich."

Upon being informed that we had another kind of Spirit, that helped us to preach, far better than the kind he was offering, he turned about and ran back into his dive and likely got another drink for his bravery.

The same afternoon, as the two preachers were walking along the railway platform, a middle aged man, "with the map of Ireland written plainly on his face," approached them (he could scarcely walk) and said "So ye're the two praichers eh?"

Upon being answered in the affirmative, he replied "foine praichers ye are, oi cu'd praich better mesilf, so I cu'd."

"My man," said one of the missionaries earnestly to him, "you are drunk. That liquor is ruining you body and soul. What you want is to be converted, to be born again, and Christ will make a new man of you."

"Ugh, oi suppose oi do nade convartin pretty badly, annyway; oi know oi nade clanin' up badly enough" said the old man, as he attempted a kind of jig on the platform.

Away in the background, the missionaries noticed some of the whiskey men enjoying the scene immensely.

Another day, as the two "hoisting gears" were passing a bar, one of its devotees suddenly emerged from the door, with a cut on the side of his face, and, with his head set critically to one side, like an owl, he looked at one of the "parsons" in a comical way, and said "That long coat of yours has got a sort of clerical cut about it."

"Is that so," replied the missionary, "but see here mate, that cut on the side of your face doesn't have a very clerical appearance, how did you get that?"

Without another word he retreated into his den, and the faces of a number of his "pals" could be seen at the door, laughing at the escapade.

This sort of thing went on for two weeks, a kind of petty persecution emanating from the bar-rooms.

During this time, the two evangelists preached a straight evangelical Gospel, without any reference to liquor. It began to be whispered in several quarters, that "they were afraid of the liquor men." Several asked them if they believed in liquor, so that it soon became a live question, as to whether it would not be wise to open a straight bombardment upon the whole subject of the liquor traffic.

After discussing the matter with the local pastors it was decided to get the opinion of the "general" (Dr. Shearer, the managing director of the campaign) and if it were favorable, to proceed to the attack. "The general" visited the field, and pronounced himself heartily in favor of the idea, and left instructions "to give it to the traffic just as hot and as heavy as we could."

Accordingly one of the evangelists and one of the local ministers got some boxes, and constructed a bulletin board, and tacked on it some strong brown paper on which they painted in large letters the following advertisement:

### "THE DESTINY OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

This subject will be discussed on Sunday evening in the Town Hall at 7.30 p.m. by the Rev. ....

COME ONE.....COME ALL."

This Board, with its precious message, was then placed in a conspicuous position



right in the centre of the town, and opposite the leading bar-room.

On Sunday evening, long before 7.30, the hall was packed to the doors. Even the little ante-room which the secret societies use for initiation purposes was filled with men, who stood all through the service.

As the evangelists looked over the audience, they saw the prominent men of the town present. On the front seat, was the doctor, sitting beside the principal of the school, both of whom were by no means teetotallers. The editor of the town paper was also there. Two or three of the hotel keepers were in attendance as were also the majority of the "bartenders" of the locality. The very air seemed electric with expectancy, as the audience waited for the proceedings to begin.

After a short song service, and the solo, sung with good effect, "Have courage my boy to say no" the preacher of the evening announced his subject:

"The liquor demon must die."

He first shewed how strong were the entrenchments of the enemy. Entrenched behind law, behind public sentiment, behind the ramparts of gold. He then proceeded to show from history that when once anything was known to be a real enemy to the race it must die. From cold, stern statistics, he proved that liquor was an enemy to man's physical, moral, spiritual nature...the enemy of the home, the church, the state...the enemy of God, who "must reign, until all enemies shall be put under His feet."

Then the speaker turned sharply on his audience, and asked "When will this enemy die;" and answered "When every Christian votes and works as he prays. When men will be self-respecting enough to fight the curse whenever and wherever it appears. When men will give up being parasites, living upon the weaknesses of their brothers."

For forty-five minutes the audience leaned over the seats and listened. The majority were strongly and plainly sympathetic, some were cynical, especially the bar-men, others were somewhat disgusted, and a few went out.

After a short prayer, the other missionary, who had been listening, sprang to his feet and said to the audience, "Men and women,

we have listened to an awful arraignment of the liquor traffic. Every man that is man enough, and every woman that is woman enough in this audience, to night, to say that this accursed business **Ought To Stop**, get up on your feet."

In an instant more than half of the audience was on its feet, and then commenced a struggle that was strange to witness. Nearly all the women stood at first, and almost all the Christian people (and there are many noble ones in that town), but some of the leading merchants were afraid to move for fear it might offend the liquor men. The liquor element was there, and it was watching. Wives stooped down, and tried to persuade their husbands to rise. Friends whispered to those who still sat, urging them to get up. All the time the voice of the evangelist rang out, urging every one to shew his colors.

On the front seat, a struggle was going on between the doctor and the school principal. The latter knew, by experience, the awful curse of liquor, and was struggling to his feet, when the doctor caught him and attempted to hold him down, and the half whispered "Dont make a d.... fool of yourself" was quite audible on the platform. "I hate the stuff, and I believe the traffic should stop" said the teacher as he struggled to his feet, and took his stand with the rest. Over ninety per cent. of the audience was on its feet, and the meeting, after an earnest prayer, was dismissed.

Scarcely was the benediction pronounced when a young man, who had been deeply affected by the sermon, walked up to the platform and taking the preacher by the hand, said, "I thank you for that sermon. You struck the traffic hard, but you did not tell one thousandth part of its evils. I have been a bartender for a number of years. I have sold thousands of dollars worth of the accursed stuff over the counter, and I have been a first-class customer myself, but I am done with it now. I will never go back to it again, I have quit forever."

"The missionary tightened his grip, and said "I am delighted to hear it; but my friend, you must go further, if you want to be safe, you must become a Christian, you must give your life to Christ." "I am quite prepared to do that and do it right now if

I only knew the way" said the young man. After a short talk and a word of prayer he went away rejoicing in a new found life. The next Sunday he joined the church and no more reverent communicant sat at the Lord's table that beautiful Sunday morning than the converted bartender.

## RELIGIOUS FUTURE OF CANADA.

### From a Roman Catholic Point of View.

In the following sentences, translated from "Le Canada Ecclesiastique" a Canadian Blue Book of the Roman Catholic Church, is given a statement of the view point of that church, which should be an incentive to greater diligence on our part in giving the Bible, in his own tongue, to every Canadian of French or any other language. Speaking from the Roman Catholic standpoint, the book says:—

"It must be noted that the religious point of view means the Catholic point of view; for Protestantism, which properly speaking, has never been a religion, and never been anything but a collection of doctrines and morals badly defined and often contradictory, has scarcely any existence except in a state of prejudices and passions or material interests, ever ready to give assistance to free thought, impiety and all disorderly elements, in their fierce and incessant warfare against Catholicism, the only true Church.

"Our question is this—will all these countries which form more than half of North America, one day become Catholic? Will the Church of God succeed in establishing herself all over it with the light of true faith, nourishing millions and millions of souls with her divine sacraments and guiding them in peace and security here below to the final goal of heaven, or will Catholic influence disappear little by little and these same countries become the scene of social upheavals and revolution—fall into a state of barbarism trampling under foot the principles of natural rights such as the rights of parents in the education of their children.

Every society that turns its back on the Church of God or refuses obstinately to return to her is doomed to ruin. In what condition do we see to-day nations with a

glorious past which have abandoned the principles of christian right and taken their inspiration from that 'new right, born, says Leo. XIII., of the Protestant Reformation, which introduced the modern principles of unbridled liberty which aim at the overthrow of everything in church and state.' (Encyc. Sap. Ch.)

"The future for us will be decided by the attitude which our young society takes towards the church, and this attitude, let Catholics of Canada know it and understand the gravity of their responsibility before God and man—depends on them. If they close their eyes and remain inactive, leaving the field free for the enemies of the Church who are the worst enemies of the nation—or standing apart strike only a good blow here and there, it will be for their effacement, and in a short time death.

"If, on the contrary, they give an attentive and docile ear to the voice of the holy church which speaks to and instructs them by the mouth of her Pontiffs—if they will yield to the insistence of Pius IX., Leo. XII. and Pius X., on the necessity of uniting together, of organization, and vigorously combatting by the Catholic press, by Catholic education, especially "Catholic education," they will not only deliver their own souls, prove themselves worthy children of the church, and accomplish an imperious duty of conscience, but they will contribute most effectively to the propagation of the gospel, the diffusion of Christian life among the new people, and the extension of the Kingdom of God in North America. Is there anything more fitted to enkindle zeal."

Rich, in the extreme, is the above article, in view of the condition of France and Italy and Spain and Ireland and the South American republics, where Rome so long held sway,—as contrasted with Scotland, England, Holland, the U.S.A., and parts of Canada, where Protestantism has prevailed.

In matters which reach into eternity now is always the nick of time; one man now is worth a hundred and fifty, years hence. One dollar now is worth a thousand then. Let us be up and doing before it is too late.—Lyman Beecher.



**ALONG THE FRONTIER.**

BY REV. W. G. BROWN.

Red Deer, Alta, 27 July, 1909.

Dear Record,

A few weeks ago it was my privilege, as convener of Home Missions in the presbytery of Red Déer, to make a tour of some of the fields lying in the eastern part of the Presbytery.

The Trochu valley is a new and most inviting part of the country. The slightly rolling prairie without a tree in sight has many decided advantages. A few years ago it was a rangers' paradise as it was originally the home of the buffalo of which trails and bones in abundance are sufficient evidence. About two years ago a number of prominent men from France established themselves in the centre of the district and named it after their leader M. Trochu.

Our church with its pioneering instincts immediately followed up the settlement and thus far it is the only Protestant church in this part of the country. The French proprietors of the newly established townsite offered us the choice of any two lots for a church. This we have been able to take advantage of through the enthusiastic efforts of the settlers under the leadership of our missionary, Mr. S. Jardine and a grant from the church and manse Board.

While out in the district, it was my privilege to preach at the opening services. One bachelor came twenty-six miles to the services, numbers came twenty miles; while ten and twelve miles was quite an ordinary distance. The Church was filled and no congregation could have more honest pride in their house of prayer.

At the close of the morning service thirty-seven sat down to the Lord's Supper. One man for the first time made public profession of his faith in Christ and was received into the church; while a young couple dedicated their first child to God in baptism. Altogether the opening services of the first Protestant church in the district will not soon be forgotten; but the earnest preparation made for them had much to do with the blessing.

The next day Mr. Jardine and I started out to a new settlement farther east, to open another station, if possible. We came upon a settlement of Russian Jews, another of Finlanders and still another of Frenchman.

Finally we came to an English speaking settlement. The first family visited was Scotch, attracted to this country by the romance of 160 acres of land to be had almost for the asking. After two years in a little 8x10 shack, with two little calves as the only live stock, the romance has worn off. When we told them that we were thinking of starting religious services the woman wept with joy.

The next place was a home in which they had just lost their baby, and the young mother felt that she could not stay any longer in the country. At dinner time we drew up to a house in which father and sons combined cookery, bed-room, carpenter shop, harness shop, &c, in one room.

Your space will not allow more of detail but it was an interesting series of visits.

Finally we came to a woman in a tent. When we told her our mission she said, "I have been praying for weeks that God would send a minister or missionary to visit me, and you are like messengers from Him to me. Experience teaches the value of having an interested woman in the place where service is held. This brings other women, and the bachelors are glad of a welcome from a true woman.

The husband of the woman was just finishing a new stable with a big roomy loft, easily reached. There being no other place available which was suitable, we decided to open the services in that stable loft.

This is just a peep into Home mission conditions and work which if our people could see there would be no deficit in the Home Mission Funds. My visit to the Three Hills field, where Mr. A. C. Forsythe and his wife are labouring so faithfully, in spite of his broken health which has resulted from his untiring service in Home mission work, was of almost equal interest. Malcolm, of Winnipeg, and McNeish, of Glasgow, are doing yeoman service in neighbouring fields.

It is one thing to ride across the country in a palace car and freely offer criticisms of our Home mission work; it is quite another and a nobler part to give one's self in this service. It is a rare privilege indeed which many of our young graduates and ministers are missing when they refuse to be helpers in laying the foundations of this great new land in righteousness.

## HOME MISSIONS IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

BY REV. J. A. MACFARLANE, B.D.

### 1. The Situation.

There probably cannot be found two per cent. of Protestant homes in any country in the world where the Bible in whole or part is not a family possession. Where the Bible is not found, or is not read, it is because the people have disobeyed the injunctions of their pastors.

There probably cannot be found two per cent. of Roman Catholic homes in any country in the world where the Bible in whole or part is a family possession. Where the Bible is found, or is read, it is because the people have disobeyed the injunctions of their pastors.

One of the illuminating incidents in the ministry of the Apostle Paul is the story of his preaching in Berea. We read, "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so; therefore many of them believed." Acts 17: 11-12.

This method of a people listening to a preacher with the Scriptures in hand, even when that preacher is an Apostle, has received the sanction of the inspired historian of the Acts of the Apostles. It may well serve as a model and as the ideal for all Christian ages. Let us note its features.

*First.*—The people themselves, as well as the preacher, had the Scriptures in their possession.

*Second.*—They searched the Scriptures daily.

*Third.*—They tested the Apostle's preaching by such portions of the Holy Scriptures as God had already given them. They knew that all Divine teachings must be in harmony; and that even an Apostle might not teach anything out of harmony with that which God had already revealed. "They searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so."

*Fourth.*—Those who thus earnestly, eagerly, searchingly examined the Scriptures daily, to test the correctness of an Apostle's preaching, are called "more noble"

than those who did not do so. There was no claim made by the Apostles as there is by the Romish priests that the people have neither the right nor the requisite intelligence to test the correctness of a priest's teachings by personal reading and study of the Bible.

*Fifth.*—Those who thus searched the Scriptures daily were those who became believers in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

To produce such an intelligent, reverent study of the Word of God is one of the great aims of Protestantism. To prevent it is the hope and aspiration of Romanism.

The Church of Rome puts forth the claim that she is the Church of Jesus Christ, sole and exclusive, and waxes indignant over any suggestion that any one should doubt this.

Protestantism claims that all true believers in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, are part of the Church of the Living God. We believe that we hold and teach the doctrines of Jesus Christ and His Apostles, and that we are the true followers and disciples of our Lord and Master.

We prove our sincerity by freely inviting all people to examine our teachings in the light of God's Word, as did the Bereans with the teachings of the Apostle Paul. The Roman Church by its antagonism to the open Bible demonstrates that, however sincere its people may be, its priesthood is deeply conscious that its claim to be the custodian of the Doctrines of Jesus Christ cannot stand any intelligent appeal to the tribunal of the Divine Word of God.

France not knowing that Romanism is not the religion of Jesus Christ, in turning against the papacy found no alternative but scepticism. Italy and Spain are wakening to the same choice. The Province of Quebec, to-day the crown and glory of the Papacy, so far as devotion to its cause is concerned, is destined to make a similar choice. The banks of the St. Lawrence must receive the Religion of Jesus Christ at first hand from the open pages of the teachings of Jesus and His Apostles, or it is inevitably destined to follow the lead of France.

It may be a matter of astonishment to most Protestants to know that since France's stand against Romanism, the



Romish orders have rapidly multiplied in Canada, until at present no less than twenty-seven male orders and sixty-three female orders are struggling for control of the Roman Catholics of Canada.

Protestantism may be divided into branches. But Romanism has more subdivisions than Protestantism and many of them are much more hostile to one another than any two Protestant denominations. Quebec Province is already beginning to groan under the ever-multiplying orders, all of which must have money and plenty of it. Even the most devoted of people must break under the strain of it.

A hundred years ago, when Romanism was mighty in France, the French peasants were amongst the poorest of all civilized lands. The tale of their struggles is one of the pitiable pages of history. For more than a century France has been slipping her moorings to Romanism; and to-day she is one of the wealthiest nations in the world as her natural resources qualify her ever to be. As the orders, deprived of their monopoly in France, begin to fill Quebec and New Ontario and the West, the Province of Quebec and some of the other Canadian Provinces are facing a situation demanding the wisest and holiest thought of all truly Christian people. Such is the situation.

## 2. The Difficulties.

These must be specified rather than unfolded; otherwise this article would go beyond judicious limits of space. A few of the outstanding ones may be enumerated.

(1) *The Difficulty of Vast Territory.*—From east to west the Province of Quebec extends about twelve hundred miles. That is, it is nearly as far from the eastern borders of Quebec Province out at Labrador to its western boundary directly north from Toronto, as it is from Manitoba clear across the giant Provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia out to the Pacific coast at Vancouver. The area of Quebec Province is three fourths larger than that of Ontario.

Quebec and Montreal and part of Ottawa are practically the only presbyteries at work in this vast territory. The Presbytery of Quebec has a vaster territory than an Ontario Synod. Her heartbreak for

men and money is one of the things that is hard for the Church to appreciate or understand.

Within this vast territory there is evidence of some wonderful developments in the near future. It is estimated that three fourths of all the great water powers in Canada, east of the Rocky Mountains, lie within the Province of Quebec. For hundreds of miles east and west along the foot of the Laurentides these water powers are calling to manufacturers. Already many of them are being harnessed, and villages are springing suddenly into existence. At Shawinigan Falls where six years ago the waters sang their songs to the silent forests, to-day there stands a town of nearly four thousand inhabitants.

Where the business world goes the church must go; where the railroad runs the Church must run; where the villages spring up, churches must rise. The distances are great; the work widespread. The Church must lengthen her cords.

(2) *The Difficulties of the Educational Problem.*—Every year sees the closing of a number of Protestant schools in the Province of Quebec, and the handing over of our children to the care of Roman Catholic Schools. These schools are entirely tributary to Romanism.

In the summer of 1908, a boy came home from one of these schools and said to his mother: "Mother, I am going to turn Roman Catholic. I have found out that Protestantism was originated by Henry the VIIIth and he was a bad man." That Henry the VIIIth got his title from the Pope of "Defender of the Faith" because of his attack upon the rapidly spreading Protestantism of his day does not count with Romish teachers. The incident—for this Church of England boy turned Roman Catholic—illustrates the utterly conscienceless teachings given to our English Protestant children when they are compelled to attend these schools, as they are in so many parts of the Province.

We have a solution for the School problem. In the meantime we mention it merely as one of the difficulties under which all evangelization of Quebec Province and for that matter New Ontario, and other places, at present labors.

(3) *The Newspaper Difficulty*.—On the floor of the General Assembly Rev. Dr. MacLaren, Home Mission Superintendent, read an extract from one of our great French daily newspapers, which well illustrated the kind of teaching these papers give their readers about Protestantism.

Last year, within the Presbytery of Montreal, there were about one hundred conversions from Romanism to the Presbyterian Church. Methodists, Baptists and Church of England had, of course also their quota, though I do not know how many. Now of all this it is needless to say the Roman Catholics of the Province never heard a word through their papers, and Protestants as a whole heard very little. But down in Levis, when a professed conversion from Protestantism to Romanism takes place, every Roman Catholic Paper from Quebec to Winnipeg heralds it. The attempt is thus made to produce the impresssion on Protestants and Romanists alike that Romanism is the conquering force.

Some time ago I noticed in a newspaper that hundreds of Protestants in Germany have been turning Roman Catholic, ranging from about three hundred, twenty years ago, to nearly nine hundred last year. What a wonderful impression that published statement makes on the public mind, until one learns that for every one Protestant in Germany that has turned Romanist in the last twenty years, ten Romanists have turned Protestant, that for every hundred Protestants Rome has received in Germany, she has yielded a thousand to Protestantism.

The reader of the general newspapers of the Province of Quebec would fancy that Rome was gaining the mastery of the world, while the facts are that she is becoming hardly safe in any except Protestant countries. People do not like to join a losing cause. Rome knows this. The newspapers of Quebec Province, with a few noteworthy exceptions, are blinding the people to the facts. It is one of our disabilities.

### 3. The Proposed Lines of Advance.

In addition to the agencies and methods already employed, greatly increased efforts

must be made along, at least, the following lines.

(1) *The quickening of the Christian Life and Work of our present congregations*.—One of the painful things to the pastors in many parts of Quebec Province is the extent to which the surrounding mass of Romanism has lowered the Christian ideals, and deadened the finer spiritual aspirations of our people. Every effort must be made to bring a new evangelism into our congregations. The Kootenay campaign might well be repeated in many parts of Quebec Province. The very isolation of many of our congregations tends to depress pastor and people alike; and the great church at large must "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Many a congregation would awaken into new life and power and inspiration if in some tangible vital way her people felt the blood of the Church's heart poured into her pulses, until she experienced its warning, quickening, life-giving power.

(2) *The Discovery and Oversight of the Scattered Families* who for years have been without any adequate pastoral care, and in many instances with absolutely none.

Touching illustrations along these lines were given last March in the Quebec Presbytery, and a few at the meeting of the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa in May. The pain that tugs at the heart of a Protestant mother as she fights a battle to preserve her own faith in the hearts of her children, where she does not see a Protestant pastor once a year, touches a sympathetic chord in every noble heart.

Is the arm of the Church long enough to reach her with its help? Surely we must find these mothers and families and do something for them. The Church at large, even if it cannot send a pastor-at-large to all our outpost families might be able to shew her interest in them by sending the Presbyterian Record, East and West, and the Teachers' Monthly. We must find these families; and the Church must send them a messenger of some kind, whether living voice or printed page.

(3) *The Solution of the School Difficulty*.—There is but one method of solving our School difficulty. Some millionaire Pres-



byterian must become a father to these, schools. Just as a Carnegie is giving his millions for libraries, and a MacDonald his millions to aid farmers' sons to an agricultural education, and many others give to colleges and hospitals, so some man must rise up in our country to give a chance to the English speaking boys and girls in Quebec province, where they are chained down and walled in by the educational disabilities under which they labor.

To give a single example of a place within a dozen miles of Quebec city, take Chaudiere. There are upwards of twenty English speaking Protestant children, within school age. The property is almost exclusively in Roman Catholic hands, and their teaching is in French. The Protestant school tax is \$10.40 per annum. The government grant is \$60., making a total revenue of \$70.40 per annum. The balance of the money required must come from the pockets of the railway men whose homes are there. Nevertheless they succeed in keeping a school. But there are scores of places where we are cut down to ten or a dozen children with no possibility of keeping open a school, except by having some wealthy man take these school children under his paternal care.

(4) *Literature*.—To atone for the absence of newspaper avenues to the minds of the people and provide what they could not supply in any case, we must procure or create a literature that will be easy of distribution. The French Board has taken this question up, and has appointed a committee consisting of Rev'ds. J. A. Macfarlane (convener) Prof. Bieler, S. Rondeau and S. J. Taylor, to secure or create a literature, devotional, and educative, on great Christian and spiritual themes, that may be utilized by congregations for themselves and for missionary work in Quebec and elsewhere throughout the church.

It is proposed to have small pamphlets on such subjects as prayer, the Lord's Supper vs. the mass, Christian pastors vs. priests, the right to the Word of God, &c., &c. These brief treatises may be purchased in bulk by congregations or Young People's Societies at about five cents for each pamphlet, and used for the education

of our own people, and distributed for the enlightening of others in Christian truth.

(5) The Synod of Montreal and Ottawa asks for a Superintendent to whom the supervision and leadership of all this work may be entrusted.

The Assembly decided to have a man appointed for some months to examine the field and the work, and to report through the Synod to next year's Assembly.

#### 4. The Need of Men and Money.

(1) The First Need is money—and it is an abiding one. There is a signal opportunity for some man of large means to do a great Christian work with his money, and to inscribe his name imperishably in the annals of his country, and to give it an honored place in the roll of the world's great men. We cannot get as much money as we need by any general appeal. One man must be the father to it. Perhaps one man might take one branch of the work, and another provide for a second. But a few men at most must do it.

(2) A Superintendent is needed to give general direction and supervision to the whole work.

(2) Several pastors-at-large are required who would take sections of the Province and give a closer pastoral supervision to the scattered families than could possibly be done by the Superintendent.

(4) A number of teachers will be required for the schools which we will reopen if the benefactor comes forth.

For all these things money will be required. If one man will not undertake the support of all the work, perhaps several men may volunteer, each to take one branch of the work under his care. /

I will gladly confer with any who wish further information respecting any of the above lines of work, and how it should be done, and what it would cost. The work must be done. The Presbyterian Church should rise and do it.

"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the Harvest that He send forth laborers into the harvest."

J. A. MACFARLANE.

Levis, Que., Aug. 2, 1909.

# Our Foreign Missions

One great task before the people of the Maritime Synod this year is to wipe out the debt on the Foreign Mission Fund. It can be done, but it will require an honest, earnest effort on the part of all. This Synod has been honored in being privileged to share largely and for a long time in the world's redemption, and its work has been prospered. It is going to prove faithful to the trust committed to it. But the debt will not be cleared by resting in past deeds, or meditating on present needs, or even by praying about it, but by digging deep into pockets and getting out all the Lord's share of the money for His work. Then will His treasury overflow.

## APPEAL FROM FORMOSA.

LETTER FROM REV. DUNCAN McLEOD.

"Dear Dr. Mackay:— ,

More consecrated native pastors and preachers is the Chinese cry. The same is true of Formosa. Japan is creating a peculiar problem for us here. For promising young men Japanese trade and commerce has an opening on every hand. There is no hope from human aid. We have to look to the Unfailing Source. A baptism of the Holy Spirit such as they have experienced in Korea, and are now experiencing in Honan is our great need. Much seed has been sown; the watering is now necessary.

I had a visit to the Gilan Plain two weeks ago. I need not tell you about the beauty of that plain, nestling as it does in the bosom of the mountains. The savages are still trying to make these fastnesses a perpetual possession. They are constantly causing trouble for the Chinese soldiers. Our supervising native pastor is doing excellent work there. He is, however, deeply impressed with the need of a foreign pastor in that quarter.

Our work has hitherto been amongst the

Pepehoans, but there are 90,000 Chinese practically untouched. For initial work a foreign pastor is absolutely necessary at this particular point. May God overrule and direct more men to Formosa even this year."

"I cannot tell you how thankful I am to be here, associated with my fellow missionaries in the effort to evangelize Formosa's millions. It is not a work that can be accomplished by human effort alone. Without faith in the Eternal Truth and in the Almighty Spirit, teaching the heathen is the most hopeless task I can conceive of in this world.

The first lesson impressed upon one is "regeneration first, education afterwards." To reverse this divine order is moral suicide. This I state because the need for progressive evangelism here is urgent. The heathen pass by our little chapels as if they were private society buildings.

The numbers already raised up and nourished in this church are hopeful, but the masses of heathenism overwhelm us. The only solution is a larger number of men who will give themselves entirely to evangelism until the thousands in these vales and mountains shall hear the Gospel message.

I believe that by facing the situation in this way, and in dependence upon divine power, we would have glorious results in this island. The Chinese preachers are easily encouraged and are willing to carry on direct evangelism, providing the foreign pastor is there to provoke them to holy zeal. Without such support they are, as might be expected, apt to become discouraged.

I do not, of course, by these remarks depreciate other departments of work. The educational and medical are both necessary, but the weakness of our staff has necessarily allowed the evangelistic side, which is the most important, to suffer. Send us more men who will give themselves for years to the evangelism of this island.



**LETTER FROM REV. J. FRASER  
CAMPBELL, D.D.**

Rutlam, Central India, 9 July, 1909.

Dear Dr. Scott,

The horror which is generally felt at the murder of Sir Curzon Wylie by an Indian student in London, is more than shared by our older missionaries, because he for a time occupied the position of Agent of the Governor General for Central India, and he and Lady Wylie were very friendly with our missionaries. As a native correspondent writes in one of the daily papers, it seems as if some foolish young men seek to destroy India's truest friends.

We see that Shamji Krishnavarma is being connected with the murder. His letters to the Times, &c, have certainly been fitted to produce such fruit, and in this he has only gone somewhat farther than those members of the House of Commons and other Englishmen whose wild talk is answerable for much of the unrest in India, but I hope it will prove that he had no closer connection with this crime.

We knew him personally, and have kindly memories of our intercourse with him, nearly a quarter of a century ago when he was Dewan of Rutlam. When we were planting a station here he professed and seemed honestly to be our friend. Mrs. Campbell used to teach his wife, and I have had many earnest talks with him about Christ.

He was not only a graduate of Oxford but had assisted Sir Monier Williams as professor of Sanskrit there, and he has told me of his being a visitor at Gladstone's home and a friend of his son. That his abilities and education and wealth should have been turned to such misguided channels is matter for great regret. Had he only yielded to the voice of Jesus, what a blessing he might have been to India!

But he is not alone in the disastrous mistake of seeking political change for that which only moral and spiritual change can accomplish. Nor is he the only one whose course compels lament at the contrast between the life actually led and what might have been had such powers been lovingly laid at Christ's feet.

We are greatly encouraged at the success of the Laymen's Movement in Canada. At last we see the men taking their proper place in the fulfilment of Christ's parting commission. Now we shall surely soon see the men and the money for the real evangelization of this and other fields for which our Church has so long been responsible but for whose evangelization the means provided were utterly inadequate. Surely we shall now soon have missionaries in Barwani, Sirdarpore, Dewas, Maheshwar, Mandisaur, Sitamau, Alote, Jaora, Khachraod, Barnagar and other centres.

We take a personal pleasure in the fact that among the King-Emperor's birthday honours is one for our Rutlam raja who is now Sir Sujjan Singh, K.C.S.I.—Knight Commander of the Star of India. For his loyalty, his industry, and his kind and tactful efforts to improve the customs of his people, he deserves the honour; and he appreciates it.

The rains have begun most promisingly, and yet prices continue extraordinarily high. The fear seems well grounded that they will never again come down to the old figures. The very facilities which lessen the danger and the horror of famines in certain areas increase the prices everywhere; the need is for increased production and increased purchasing power.

I have not spoken of our encouragements and discouragements in the work here; they continue as before.

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When the American Board of Foreign Missions was started, in the year 1810, and tried to get a charter from the Massachusetts State Legislature, one of the members got up and said, "We cannot afford to encourage an organization for the export of religion. We need all the religion we have got right here." And someone else rose and replied, "You are entirely mistaken. Religion is such a commodity that the more of it you give away, the more of it you have left."

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"Whenever a fair-minded person learns of missions thoroughly, either by observance or through books, he becomes a believer therein."

### THE WORK IN HONAN.

The Presbytery of Honan met at Weihweifu, May 26th to June 1st, Rev. R. A. Mitchell, Moderator. Reports were represented from Changte, Weihwei, Hwaiking and Taokou fields.

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At Changte,—evangelistic work has been encouraging, the names of one hundred and seventy persons have been recorded as catechumens, one hundred and four have been baptized and received as communicants, and twenty infants have been baptized.

Six station-classes of men, and several classes of women have been taught. Ten pupils of the Boys' Boarding School went to Weihwei Normal and High School, the attendance in the Boys' Boarding School is now sixty-five, and in the Girls' Boarding School sixty-seven. Five country schools received assistance.

Medical work has been heavy, the wards have been over-crowded. Some two hundred opium fiends have been treated with marked success. The total number of treatments since January has been 14,053. The Doctor also spent ten days at Wu-an and treated many patients there.

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At Weihwei,—about ten acres of land have been purchased for \$615.00 for the site for a church and for higher educational work, in the training of native teachers and preachers.

Evangelistic work among both men and women in city and country has been encouraging; the names of thirty-seven persons have been recorded as catechumens and ten have been added to the communicants' Roll.

Four station-classes of men were taught with an attendance of eighty and two of women with an attendance of fifty. The attendance in the Boys' High and Normal School has been forty-seven; in the Boys' Primary School forty-eight, and in the Girls' Elementary School twenty-four.

Medical work is rapidly growing; since January there have been 9,238 treatments.

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At Hwaiking,—evangelistic work in the country and city has been full of encouragement, the latter especially so. There have been record sales of books.

Some seventy women have received daily Christian instruction while being taught industrial work at the mission compound, by the ladies.

Three station-classes of men have been taught with an attendance of thirty. The names of twenty-six persons have been recorded as catechumens. Two Primary Schools for boys have been taught with an attendance of twenty-six. In the dispensary since January there have been 3,660 treatments.

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At Taokou,—property recently acquired in the city has been occupied and found suitable. The attendance at regular services averages about forty-five, and at the evening evangelistic meetings about thirty-five. The names of eleven persons were recorded, and one united with the Church. This station has just been opened, the outlook is bright.

Presbytery appointed Sabbath, June 6, to be observed throughout the church in North Honan as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer for rain.

A hearty resolution of thanks to Rosedale Presbyterian Church congregation, Toronto, for their generous gift of a church to Weihwei station was passed and engrossed in the Minutes of Presbytery.

The sincere thanks of Presbytery were tendered to Mrs. Maxwell, Peterborough, Ontario, for her munificent gift of a High and Normal School to the Mission.

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Steps were taken to ascertain the possibility of establishing a school for missionaries' children at Weihwei Station, and if possible to do so.

The providing of scholarships in the schools of the Mission was commended to the support of all interested in the education of the Chinese.

Preliminary steps were taken for the provision of improved accommodation in the Mission hospitals (three for men and one for women).

A large amount of routine business was transacted. On June 1, Presbytery adjourned, *sine die*, to meet at the call of the Moderator.

WILLIAM HARVEY GRANT.

Presbytery Clerk.



**HINDUISM UNMASKED.**

It is good to have the mask lifted and to see things as they are. If Hinduism or any other heathen religion is good enough we should know it. It would save much labour and expense. If, however, millions of souls are enslaved by a system of lewdness, and moral insanity, such as Dr. Nugent describes Hinduism to be, and as he himself saw it and describes it, then our duty is plain. No sacrifice is too great in order to break these terrible chains and set the captives free.

The gathering of which Dr. Nugent tells in the following letter was held recently in Ujjain, India. It was a great Hindu religious congress attended by from forty to fifty thousand holy men,—Hindu saints,—for a whole month. Surely if there is anything good in Hinduism it will be in evidence here! Dr. Nugent lives in Ujjain, has lived there for years, and does his work there. He was under favourable conditions for seeing and interpreting, and he is not an unsympathetic man. He would not willingly misinterpret or put wrong construction on what he saw. Yet what did he see? Instead of saintliness it looks like a glimpse of hell. Satanic inspiration itself could hardly produce worse. But his letter, necessarily veiled, speaks for itself. It is as follows:—

“The great Hindoo mela, or conference, which is held at Ujjain every twelfth year has just come to a close. Between forty and fifty thousand of India’s holy men (or clergy), known as “sadhus,” were here for a month. During the last few days of the festival it was estimated that about six hundred thousand Hindus were in attendance.

This being a Native State, the rules and regulations which are in force in all other places in India where this mela is held were to a large extent unobserved. This gave us an opportunity, which even the oldest members of our staff have never had, of seeing what Hinduism is when external restraints of morality and decency are removed.

What we saw was not the Hinduism Hindoo delegates to the Congress of Religions told us about. Neither is it the Hinduism we read about in books on compar-

ative religions. Some of our broad-minded theologians who have visited India during the last decade should have visited this mela before painting imaginary Hinduism in false colors. Thousand of these Sadhus were clothed only in nature’s garb. Were I even to hint at some of the abominations openly and daily practiced in the name of religion, friends in the home land would be horrified.

I am enclosing the least objectionable photo I could secure, which is, I think, scarcely within the limits of the law. It was difficult to get a number together even scantily clad. A study of the faces of those “sadhus,” who are supposed to have given up the world and worldly things, does not impress with the conviction that they have travelled very far into the heavenlies.

Wicked men in Western lands secretly commit abominations. At this mela, professedly the most religious and influential men of India, in the name of Hinduism, openly practiced a degree of filthiness unknown in the west.

Hinduism seen thus is not a tree into which Christianity can be grafted. The only hope in India is the complete rejection of this monstrous impurity and the acceptance of Christ as her wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.

We pray that this may be the last appearance of this vile festival in Ujjain.”

Dr. Nugent’s prayer will receive a hearty response from every lover of his fellowmen.

R. P. MACKAY.

After listening one day for some time to a client’s statement of his case, Lincoln, who had been staring at the ceiling, suddenly swung around in his chair, and said: “Well, you have a pretty good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You’ll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn’t do it. All the time, while talking to that jury, I’d be thinking: ‘Lincoln, you’re a liar,’ and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud.”

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.—Lincoln.

**HOSPITAL WORK IN HONAN.**

LETTER FROM DR. W. J. SCOTT.

Hwaiking Fu, May 19, 1909.

This is Monday and our busy day at the hospital, as we only treat in-patients on Sunday, and so a larger number of dispensary patients come on Monday. Hwaiking is our youngest station as you know, and we have not had more than eighty a day this year, but even so it serves to keep one out of mischief.

Dr. Leslie at Changte has been very much overworked, over two hundred every day for some months—Dr. Dow being home on furlough the women fall to his lot too. When you divide two hundred patients into two hundred and forty minutes (two to six p.m.) you can see how much average time there is for each patient, besides the rush and nervous strain; each morning being taken up with operations. Dr. Leslie is a tremendous worker and we are all fearing he is going at too hard a pace. Dr. McClure at Weihwei has had over one hundred a day right along too; he also is a wonder.

Had a cataract and a skin-grafting this morning. The latter case was that of a woman whom we had operated on a few days before for cancer of the breast, and as she was too weak herself to take the anaesthetic, we gave her little son chloroform, and used him to "patch up" (as the Chinese say) the deficiency in the mother's exterior. The little fellow is considered quite a hero now, as it is a very laudable example of filial piety, which is the "summum bonum" of Chinese ethics.

As you can imagine, one meets with every variety of disease in such a crowd, from leprosy and cancer to the minor ills of life. Last week two old men, brothers, came, both with cataracts in both eyes. Dr. Menzies had operated on one of the elder brother's eyes last year, so he was able to lead his brother along, and now they are lying side by side in the ward, very happy and thankful because they can both see. Like this, too, was a man with hare-lip (of which there are a great many here), who went home cured and sent back a woman with her two children from his village, both with hare-lips.

Yesterday a man walked into the dispen-

sary with a tumour beside his ear, half as big as his head—what one would call in baseball a "double-header"—but the morning of operation he took fright at something and disappeared. We are still strange to many of the country people, but confidence is gradually being gained.

The patients are, as one would suppose, a very receptive class to work among. Some of course profess to believe the Gospel because they think more care will be put on their case, but there are many besides who become genuinely interested in the message brought by the "foreign devils" (this being the complimentary term with which the pastors are still often greeted as they tour through the country), and these pastors often find that in going to some new village they have a friend there in the person of a returned patient.

There is a patient here now who had the tendons of his leg cut by enemies (a common way of mutilating a man in China); asked if he would forgive the men that did it, he replied, "yes, if you fix up my leg, I'll forgive them." He is a bright fellow, though and seems interested, and we hope will in time realize the Spirit of Him who prayed for those who crucified Him. This idea of loving one's enemies is one of the hardest for the Chinese mind to grasp.

It is certainly a great privilege to be here, and to be permitted to take even a small part in the work of helping these poor people: they have so few advantages along many, and especially along medical lines.

For example, almost every day we see in the dispensary some of the marks of Chinese surgery on the bodies of the patients, in the form of a ruined eye, a withered arm, abscesses, etc. all the result of the indiscriminate "needling" of the native medicine men who puncture holes in any part of the patient's body for the purpose of letting out the vapour which is supposed to be the cause of the illness. Only last week I counted over thirty scars on one patient's abdomen where the Chinese surgeon's needle (a rough instrument) had been stuck in.

Another case was that of a little boy who had had the large nerves supplying the right arm cut by a "stab in the dark" on the part of the native practitioner and the



arm rendered useless for the rest of the boy's life. In still another case, one had thrust his rude tool right into the eye for some trifling affection of the lids, and so "ad infinitum." Acupuncture is a valuable remedy in certain cases, but one needs to know a little human anatomy before he jabs. So you see how glad one is to be able to help them in even the slightest degree.

Then there are the sad cases for which nothing can be done and these are the most trying of all. A man arrived last week with his old blind mother, having brought her in a wheelbarrow for eighty Chinese miles (over 25 English) to have her eyes treated. It was a case of cataract, which might have been cured six months earlier, but was now too late for operation. Some terrible cases of neglected tubercular hips among the children too, for which we have no proper accommodation and no nursing, and for which in many cases little could be done anyway.

Occasionally we have a case of rabies, which is invariably fatal, and not infrequently we see tetanus or lockjaw, which is just about as hopeless. Only last week a man was brought with both eyes burnt out with quick-lime and his legs terribly hacked up, this often being the punishment meted out by private individuals for breach of the seventh commandment. The man died of lockjaw two days after he arrived.

Not to go too much into particulars, I might mention the appreciation of the Chinese for what is done for them. Some, like Androcles' lion, are extravagantly thankful for being cured of some small ailment, and knock their heads on the ground when leaving, or as one man did the other day, asked me to accept his son as a small token of his esteem.

They are fond of bringing presents, too, in the shape of live hens, or eggs, or sweetmeats, all which we decline with thanks; it is not uncommon to go to the door and find a patient with, like the Irishman, a clucking hen in each hand, and a basket of eggs in the other (the latter on the point of clucking too, sometimes).

A few months ago I tried to discourage a man with a lot of eggs for presentation and thought I had succeeded, but some days later they attracted my attention in a keg

of Epsom salts behind the dispensary table, where he had evidently dodged around and laid them.

On the other hand, very often those on whom most time and care is spent go away without saying a word, except to grumble for the length of time it took to cure them. Human nature is much the same as it was long ago, and we still sometimes seem to hear the Master saying, "where are the nine?"

Speaking of hospitals it would be an eye-opener to many to see what passes under that name here, and still more so when one thinks of the magnificent work done by the older doctors under such conditions. Imagine a series of low rooms each ten by twelve feet, brick floor, with no through ventilation, and lightened (or darkened) by one paper window, a pile of earth covered with a layer of bricks along one side for a bed, and in one corner a small brick stove for cooking, which "a la Chinois," lets all the smoke and coal-gas into the room—and you have the unit of our Honan hospitals.

In this room from one to four patients are put, and they live there with a corresponding number of stupid relatives, (which is all the nursing they receive), in all their native filth and dirt. "So homelike for them," you say; that may be, but there is a point at which home-likeness in the case of the average Chinaman, and modern ideas of cleanliness and sanitation part company. And this is a palace compared to the hovels the pioneers had to work in.

It may surprise you, too, that up to the present year the patients never received a bath (except a sulphur one for the itch) during their stay with us, because there was no proper accommodation for such an institution. This may seem over-fastidious for the Chinese, but when good authority claims that cleanliness is next to godliness, and when I remember the expression on Mr. James Rodger's face on his tour of inspection through the "wards," I say "Amen" to the opinion expressed by the Lady-of-the-Decoration, that every tract should be wrapped around a piece of soap before being sent on its mission of light.

Speaking of nursing (or the lack of it) your medical friends will know that it is no

joking matter to find a post-operative case sitting up in bed with a temperature of 106 degrees, as happened here lately, and a loving relative feeding her with hard water-chestnuts. Neither is it a small matter (nor an uncommon one) to find a patient after extraction of a cataract, who was told to keep still and not remove the bandage, and not even turn on his side, walking about the yard trying his new eye, with the result that next day he was blind again and without any hope of cure.

The need for trained Chinese nurses, men and women, is great, but until we have some place to train them in (e.g. a few modest wards), we will likely continue to run risk with every operation we do; not to mention the few every year, who are denied operation because they have no one to wait on them, either because of poverty, or having come from a distance.

At the January meeting of Presbytery, all the "brethren" decided unanimously in favour of "improved hospital accommodation for Honan," realizing that while in the past the present quarters had done noble service, the time had now come for a step in advance, the only doubtful point being where the necessary was to come from. So that I feel at liberty to state things plainly—"for how shall they hear without a preacher"—feeling that there may be many people at home who would be glad to give to such an object, who would not get worked up over the purely evangelistic side of it. Not that I would want to make a distinction between the two, for it is all one work; but did not the Master while on earth love the bodies of men as such, and was he not moved with compassion for our infirmities?

At the meeting of Presbytery referred to, there was a medical committee appointed to devise ways and means. With this year's deficit, however, things don't look bright, but as we read in the Globe the accounts of that wonderful Missionary Congress in Toronto, we feel with Mr. Micawber, "that something is simply bound to turn up."

"Not that we are looking for a Montreal General Hospital or a Royal Victoria; the policy of your representatives here has always been to adapt themselves to circumstances and to make every dollar go the farthest possible. The veterans operated in

hovels in the early days, not because they preferred that style of architecture, but because they had to, and were glad to get any kind of foothold: later, as conditions changed, a corresponding advance was made along medical lines; and now, living up to their policy, they have agreed unanimously that the time has come for another step in advance and it is "up to you."

You may say that the above contains nothing very definite as to plans and estimates. It is not meant to; this is only an "advance notice" to shew how the wind blows. When Presbytery has definitely decided on plans, etc., you will not be kept in the dark.

But enough of this shop-talk: too heavy a dose at once might cloy your medical appetite, although I am sure the subject is not uninteresting to you, and I hope to many other friends at home.

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An aged man of unblemished reputation for truthfulness and honesty, was once asked what was the secret of his success in character building.

"I can remember my father taking me on his knee," he said, "when I was a very small child, and saying kindly to me, 'My son, always tell the truth and obey your conscience; even if you should have your head cut off for it, always tell the truth.' It was a word I have never forgotten, and remembering it has kept me, as I believe, honest in speech and behaviour."

This explanation of his strength of character was a noble tribute to a good father, and a fine confession of his obedience. One is as beautiful as the other, for, while a father may counsel kindly and wisely, only a wise son carefully obeys.—Ex.

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There are in Paris forty-three French Protestant churches, of different denominations, and in the outskirts there are forty-seven more, making a total of ninety churches, where French Protestants worship.

In three of these, English services are also held, and in four of them German services. There is also one Swedish church. The British and American churches, number six in all. There are in Paris and the immediate environs some fifty or sixty thousand Protestants. The total number of British and American residents, in the department of the Seine does not number more than ten thousand.



# Pulpit and Pew.

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## LIKENESS TO CHRIST.

This is the object of all Christian life, the goal of all Christian effort. It does not imply uniformity of nature, or even of character. It simply means that our individual characters are to be so purified of evil, have what is good in them so fully developed, that, as a result, we shall be dominated by the same principles that Christ manifested. In proportion as it is accomplished do men take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus. In the same proportion do we have comfort in our own lives, and are we efficient in our work.

When, however, we come to think somewhat closely as to what is involved in this, and judge carefully of our practical attainment, the effect is apt to be discouraging.

Likeness to Christ means holiness, freedom from sin; and we are constantly subject to sin, and very far from holiness. Even our best efforts in that direction are so often of little avail, and we so frequently find that the evil is the very thing we want, while the good we are willing to forgo, that we wonder sometimes whether we really desire the thing we are aiming at.

Likeness to Christ means wisdom, the best use of the best means; the right word in the right place; and we are so unwise, fall so often, stir so much evil instead of allaying it, that we are inclined to think the likeness absolutely unattainable, and practically not worth trying for.

So through all the long list of those characteristics that marked Christ's life upon the earth as we find it recorded. The more we look at them and then at ourselves the more we realise our own shortcoming and failure and hesitate even to claim the purpose of seeking them. We are disposed to settle down to a somewhat dogged kind of life, say we will do the best we can and leave it there. If we are tempted and yield, we console ourselves with the reflection that we are still human and liable to err, and will not be judged harshly.

The way to avoid this is to keep the thought fixed not upon ourselves but upon Christ, and upon Him, not so much as an example for us, as a person in Himself. A great many people are constantly wondering what Christ would do if He were situated just as they are. Inasmuch as He could not possibly be situated just as they are, the query becomes useless. Our situations are the result, to a greater or less degree, of our own character, with its weaknesses and de-

fects. To put Christ exactly in our place is impossible.

What we are to look at is not a series of actions but the life that is behind the actions, the principle that controls them. Actions, indeed, are the illustration of principles. Hence it is well to study actions, but to study them not for themselves, but for what they indicate. So, too, of words. When Christ was giving His last instructions to the disciples He told them that the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, would teach them all things, bringing to their remembrance whatsoever He had said to them. The value of those words is not that they furnish statutes for right action but principles for right living.

But it is not merely by watching the life of Christ as illustrated by His actions, or His principles as set forth by His words, that we gain likeness to Him. There is a strange power in personality to affect other natures. The child grows to be like one whom he constantly watches. He may or may not make a conscious effort for that likeness, but the likeness comes.

People of larger growth, mature, more independent development, are often strangely drawn by constant contact into likeness to one another, without so much as a thought of the process. John says: "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." What we need here is to see Christ—see Him, not merely as He was, but as He is; and we shall find the likeness taking hold upon us and fashioning us into itself.—Presbyterian Monthly.

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## LIFE'S INDIAN SUMMER.

Quite too often is old age represented under the dreary similitude of winter, with its bitter biting winds whistling through leafless boughs, and its frozen clods ringing like iron beneath our feet. In the Canadian climate there is a more genial season that bears the picturesque name of Indian summer, when nature puts on a sweet smile before the wintry frosts set in, and the lingering foliage is clad in crimson and gold.

A Christian life has its bright Indian summer also. The harvest of good deeds—from good seed sown in early youth—is being garnered. Graces adorn the veteran believer and beautify him like the scarlet glories of an autumn forest. Like shocks of corn ripened in sunshine and shower are those servants and handmaids of the Lord

who still "bring forth fruit in old age" that is savoury to the taste.

Whatsoever may be said of the longevity of the mental powers, some of the most beautiful Christians I know of are in the genial Indian summer of threescore and ten. Their orchards are still as fruitful as the orchards of Beulah, and yield their fruits every month. They are always abounding in the work of their Master.

On a bright July morning in my early youth I was privileged to take a walk with the venerable poet Wordsworth over the picturesque acres that lie around his cottage Rydal Mount. The sunlight fell on his white locks and sunshine of peace fell on his tranquil spirit. Ripe in years, ripe in fame, and ripe in Christian trust, he was spending his cheerful Indian summer amid his lakes and everlasting hills. The grand old poet was fond of repeating the following lines of Mrs. Barbauld, which he said were unsurpassed by any in the English language:

"Life! we have been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.

"Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not good night, but in some happier clime  
Bid me good-morning."

—Christian at Work.

### CARING FOR THE CHILDREN.

The only true civilization is that which cares for the children. The nations of the past have vanished like a dream. Why? If you examine you will find that they cared not for the children.

But we, who are inheritors of a civilization planted nineteen centuries ago by one who flashed like a meteor through this world, revealing God to man, have caught the spirit of Him who made a very ragged school of His bosom, taking the children into his arms and blessing them, while His sternest rebukes were reserved for those who would put stumbling-blocks in the way of the children.

You remember, too, when He asked His erring disciple, "lovest thou me?" and received the assurance that he did, He bade him "Feed my lambs." Therefore, in caring for the neglected children we are fulfilling a command laid upon us by our great Master.

—J. J. Kelso.

Let me always remember that it is not the amount of religious knowledge that I have, but the amount that I use, that determines my religious position and character.—Mac-laren.

### PASTOR OR PREACHER?

We asked a friend, "How do you like your pastor?" and received this reply:

"We haven't one. Dr. X—— is a good preacher and has no trouble in securing an audience, but he hasn't been in my house since he came, two years ago, except when we have formally invited him to dinner."

"Does he devote most of his time to study?"

"A fair amount, I think, and his sermons are, as I said, excellent; but visiting his parishioners seems a bore to him; their private affairs do not especially interest him."

"Is he faithful to the sick and those in affliction?"

"I have a neighbor, a patient Christian girl, who has been in bed for years from spinal trouble, and she told me recently that she had not heard a prayer for five months. I asked her if Dr. X—— never came in."

"'Yes,' she said, 'he has been here twice. I sent for him the first time, but he tried to 'cheer me up' by telling me how becoming invalidism is to me, and how happy I must be in having such an accomplished and famous brother. The second visit was a similar waste of time.' Is he ashamed of his discipleship?"

"But," we asked, "may not this neglect of opportunity be exceptional?"

"I fear not," the friend responded. "I have known of several families who sorely needed a minister in the truest sense of the word."

The same day we said to another acquaintance: "How do you like your pastor?"

"First rate," was his answer. "He is a good fellow, sensible and sympathetic; his preaching doesn't amount to much, for he does so much social visiting that he hasn't time for the preparation of the 'meat which endureth unto everlasting life;' but that doesn't seem to affect the size of the congregation. Our people are in the habit of going to church, and, like the whole world of saints and sinners, are always secretly hoping for the power which will bring down saving grace, so they go Sabbath after Sabbath."

These conversations were sobering. Alas, there are too many ministers of the gospel who are content to give half a loaf to the throng which is hungering for the living bread.

Theological seminaries should strive to furnish well-rounded men, and the men themselves should be so eager in the work of the Lord in whose name they go forth, that both pulpit and pastoral effort will be of the noblest. Our sentiments upon this subject are expressed by the well-instructed but forgetful child who, when asked at a luncheon which she would have, chicken or tongue, replied, "I like either; I will take both."—Methodist Christian Advocate.



## WOMEN AND THE CHURCH.

BY J. BALCOM SHAW, D.D., CHICAGO.

I have a strong conviction that the women of the Church are not just the help to it or the strength in it that they might be. This, I am quite aware, is not the general sentiment, but one that would be opposed, if not resented.

Let it not be thought for a moment that I would depreciate the good which our women are doing. Only a recluse could be ignorant of its extent and only an ingrate would fail to appreciate it. Indeed, it were impossible to say what would become of our missionary enterprises in the individual church, or of its social life, or of most of its activities, if it were not for the women. The Sunday School draws its workers largely from this source, as also the Christian Endeavor its membership, while our congregations, particularly in the evening, would be painfully small if we depended solely or even chiefly upon the men. The women of our churches are deserving of great credit, and I am always among the first to acknowledge it.

All this and more may be granted, and yet one who studies the problem of the modern church can not help being burdened with the thought that, measured by their opportunities and adjudged by their innate religious instincts, the women of our churches are very far, these days, from meeting their full responsibility.

Have not our women been largely responsible for the introduction of the petty, worldly methods of raising money now so prevalent among us? Church fairs, oyster suppers, pound sociables, and the rest of the evil progeny may trace their origin in most cases to this source.

It will be said at once that the need to provide a large share of the Church's support was forced upon them by the negligence of the men. True, the necessity of raising money was thus laid upon them, but not its method. Had they given us the leadership at this point which we were justified in expecting, the finances of our churches would be a half century ahead of where they are to-day.

Against whom are we to charge the social distinctions that now curse the circles of Protestantism in this country, if not against the women? Men are naturally democratic. Left to themselves they seldom draw sharp social lines or insist upon conventional distinctions. What do we find in the one sphere where men are supreme—the political world? How much class distinction exists there?

Not so with women. They are more gregarious, but at the same time more conventional. Is not fashion their standing incrimination at this bar? If rich, they are the more exclusive; if poor, the more sensitive.

Social lines, existing in the world without, have extended into the sacred inclosure of the Church, until to-day there is no more conventional body among us than the well-to-do Christian church. Nothing hurts us so much as this one condition, and for its existence I hold our women almost exclusively responsible. Let them only say the word, and mean it, and this state of affairs will be gone in a week.

Women, endowed by nature as they are, ought to be more spiritual than men, but, as a modern authority, capable as is perhaps no other living man to give us a general survey of the Church, has said, the bulk of soul-winning in this age is being done by the men.

There are fine exceptions, conspicuous exceptions everywhere in the Church, and he fully allows for these; but, speaking generally, the people who are doing the personal work of our day are not the sewing-circle women, nor the social leaders, nor the proverbially busy, aggressive untiring Church sister. The bulk of all our soul-winning is being done by the men.

Anxious as the ministers may be to seem gallant even to a fault, it is our duty as the generals of the Lord's host, honestly to recognize this untoward condition and set ourselves patiently, tactfully, but positively to counteract and correct it.

When our women cease dragging worldly standards and methods into the Christian Church, when they are willing to turn to and aid us in rubbing out the social lines that have been drawn through our body ecclesiastic, and when, baptized with the spirit of a larger consecration, they become our leading soul-winners, the Church shall have gone a long way toward solving the problem of reaching and saving the world.—*Home-letic Review*.

## CHARACTER GROWS.

Character grows. It is not something to put on, ready made, with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little, and there a little, it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength until good, or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail.

Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy.

Let us see the way in which a boy gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of man he will make. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.—*Pomeroy Leader*.

**LOVE REQUIRES ATTENTION.**

Love is a flame. Fire cannot be kept burning continually without attention. Neglect it, and it will go out. The wind may blow it out. It may be smothered by rubbish. It may be quenched by water. The flame may expire for want of fuel. Burning about the high altar in Saint Peter's at Rome there are numerous jets of flame which we are told have not been permitted to go out for centuries. You can rely on it they have not burned there all that time, night and day, year in and year out, without attention.

The flame of love requires attention. Neglect it, and it will expire. You do not need to pour water on the flame to put it out. Just let it alone, and it will go out. You do not have to make a strenuous effort to extinguish the flame of love that burns in your bosom. Let it alone, and it will expire. Love cannot live if it be neglected.

The tragedy of the wrecked home is all too common in every community, and is becoming so common among us now as to excite alarm. In almost every case of this kind, the flame of love has been neglected. Proper attention would have kept the fire burning to the end. We all know that other things require attention. A farm requires attention. The stock on the farm requires attention. A garden requires attention. Music requires attention. Health requires attention. Men and women who know all these things are content to let love take care of itself. Think of a flower taking care of itself or housekeeping taking care of itself.

Just one little word may put out a flame of love which has been burning on the altar for thirty years. An angry word, a cruel word, a hasty word, an unkind word, may quench a flame which has been burning brightly through the vicissitudes of a quarter of a century.

Caroline Norton understood this when she wrote these lines:

We have been friends together  
In sunshine and in shade,  
Since first beneath the chestnut tree  
In infancy we played.  
But coldness dwells within thy heart,  
A cloud is on thy brow;  
We have been friends together,  
Shall a light word part us now?

There is so much power for good or ill in a single word. Keep thy mouth with a bridle. Keep thy heart with all diligence. The love of God in the heart requires attention also. It is much like other love. It must be kept, guarded, protected, or it will die, and leave nothing but dead ashes where the sweet, warm flame burned for so long a time. "Keep yourselves in the love of God."—Morning Star.

**SMILES AND SUNSHINE.**

There are some smiles that are only a contraction of the muscles. The lips make them, not the heart. And they may come at very inopportune times. They tell nothing of a cheerful heart. They do not indicate kindly thoughts and interest any more than the waxen smile on a doll's face.

To smile mechanically is tiresome; but, when there is hearty enjoyment back of the smile on the lips it indicates a cheerful disposition, which makes the possessor veritable sunshine to the lives of others. The smile of such a girl swells into a ripple of laughter, which is a part of the world's music of joy and gladness. A joyful heart is reflected in a smiling face, which radiates sunshine in many human paths.—Selected.

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**PREACH, PREACH.**

A minister lay on a sick bed. His work was done. To a brother in the ministry, by his side, he said, with an earnestness which long impressed his mind: "Preach! Preach! You will be shut up soon enough!" He had learned, as he was hastening to the close of life, what an unspeakable privilege it was to preach the Gospel of God. Some have not yet learned it, but when the opportunity is past, the voice is hushed and the privilege of preaching is gone, perhaps some one will more clearly understand the value of the precious privilege of proclaiming, among the Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ.—Ex.

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**THE ONLY DESTROYER.**

Sin is the only real destroyer in the world; and sin can destroy everything that men hold dear. Health, power, will, wisdom, joy, love, life, character,—all these and more die when sin is given control.

A man cannot breathe gas into his lungs and keep his health or even his life; nor can he live in sin and keep his life. For sin is satisfied with nothing less than death; it is the great murderer of the universe.

There was no such thing as death until sin came; death will not be done away with until sin goes.

But sin is going: we have the word of the Prince of Life for this. He will drive sin ever more completely out of our own lives, if we will let him, just as he is steadily driving sin out of the universe. Only thus do we really begin to live; and when all sin has been done away with, then all shall live. As Bishop William M. Bell has said, "With sin dead, death alone must die." When we, in Christ, are dead unto sin, death can claim no rights in us.—Ex.



### THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

While travelling recently the train passed through a long tunnel. The day was beautiful, sunshine and splendour were everywhere; all of a sudden we were plunged into darkness. The trainmen after a little lighted a single lamp in the far end of the car; but its rays did little to dispel the gloom. A weird, unpleasant twilight reigned, and we all felt eager for the returning light of day. Conversation was hushed and our eyes were strained towards the front of the car to catch the first sign of approaching sunlight.

When it came, what a cheery feeling it brought with it! Now we were ready to talk to our companions once more. The glad return of day restored us all to comfort and happiness.

Quite like this are many of the places we meet in this life. I do not suppose there is anyone who has no dark hours. Some have fewer than others, as they possess dispositions which enable them to look upon the bright side of things. A happy disposition this, and one we may all strive for most earnestly. But to us all come days when the sun shines but dimly. We hardly know that it shines at all at times. We are at a loss which way to turn. The way is hedged up and full of gloom, so far as we can see.

What, then, shall we do? What is there better to do than to bow the head and wait until the light comes again? I fancy that some of the most serious thoughts which came to us during the journey described were those which filled our souls while passing through that dark tunnel.

Did you ever think of it that sometimes, when you lie awake at night, when all is still, and earth is wrapped in slumber, the sweetest, purest, most holy thoughts of your life come to you? And often when the day comes again, with its hurry and care, you wish you could bring to mind the beautiful thoughts of the still night now past and gone.

I think God gives us the dark places of life so that we may come nearer to Him and think more about His greatness, love, and mercy. He brings the sunshine back again; we may be sure of it. Then, too, He is with us in the shadow as well as in the sunlight.

Our little one stands at the doorway leading into a dark room and calls back:

"Will anything hurt me, mamma?"

"No, darling; nothing will harm you," comes back the reassuring message; and straight into the dark goes the child, made brave by the mother's words. Would that we might all have this unwavering confidence in Him who sends us away into the darkness sometimes. Stronger than any

earthly friend is He. At the other end of the gloomy tunnel the light is truly shining.—Bishop Huntington.

### HOW HIS MIND WAS CHANGED.

A minister was seated in his study one Saturday afternoon finishing his sermon for Sabbath, when a caller came in, a man who was an irregular attendant at the church services, and said: "Pastor, I have come to ask you to take my name off the church book. I don't want to belong to the church any more. It seems to me our church is such a cold place, and I don't know many of the members, and for other reasons I want to be out of the church."

The minister replied: "I am very busy to-day, and have not time to talk the matter over with you, but before you leave the church I want to ask a favor from you. I must leave the city Monday morning and will not return for two weeks. There is a poor family over on H—Street which I am very anxious about, and I want to know whether you will be kind enough to look after them during my absence." The man said: "I never did such a thing, but if it will be any accommodation to you, pastor, I will try and look them up."

Monday afternoon he climbed up three flights of stairs, on H—Street, and upon knocking at the door he heard a faint voice say: "Come in." He walked in upon the bare floor and found two occupants, the one a little girl with hollow, famished cheeks and red eyes, and the other the child's mother, lying on a poorly furnished bed, burning up with fever. The little one said that she had not been able to get a bite for either of them all that day.

The man stood in the middle of the room an instant, turned quickly, went to the nearest grocery, filled a basket with provisions and delicacies, sent it at once to the room he had left, and then sent for a physician.

He repeated his visits daily, and one day was moved to tears as he overheard the little girl say: "Mamma, this good man that God sent is just like the Saviour, for you told me that Jesus healed people and fed them when they were hungry."

The moment the man heard of his pastor's return he went direct to his house, and meeting him in the doorway, said:—

"Pastor, I do not want my name off of the church books, and I want you to forgive me for ever asking you to take it off, even as I believe God has forgiven me. These two weeks have been the happiest of my life. And I do not believe that you will know the congregation, the people have changed so greatly during your absence. They have all gotten so kind and so cordial and it seems to me that we have now the best church in the world."—Herald and Presbyterian.

### THE MEASURE OF JERUSALEM.

"A young man! I expect he'll not be able to do much preaching. I calculate I might as well be home, but then—it's my duty to be present."

Elder Parsons rose from the breakfast table and walked with dignity upstairs to begin his preparations for church. He felt an unusual responsibility upon him this morning. The Rev. Matthew Brown, pastor of Duff's Church, had been called away, and a young minister was to occupy the pulpit.

It was a peculiar form of vanity that made the worthy elder pause for some moments before the mirror, when he had completed his toilet. "Guess 'll do," he reflected. The outcome of his inspections had nothing whatever to do with his toilet. It expressed rather that his whole appearance befitted the dignity resting upon him.

Descending, he found his wife, already attired, awaiting him. Martha went to church whenever he went, of course, but she was not a judge of good preaching such as he.

As they drove along, he gave forth his views concerning the merits of sermons. "As I said, I have no faith in those young men's preachin'. They have dangerous principles—just dangerous—but their high flown talk doesn't strike me. I declare, when Parson Brown gets a-speakin' of the Reformation and the tendencies of our modern times, I feel burnin' with enthusiasm.

Just then there came the sound of wheels, and as Robert Taylor passed he remarked genially, "We're going to have something new to-day, Parsons."

"Yes," he replied, "I've just been telling Martha it won't take me long to measure him."

It lacked but a few minutes of commencement when Elder Parsons and his wife seated themselves in their pew. Presently the minister arose to announce the opening psalm and Parsons experienced a certain disappointment. He was young certainly—y younger than he had anticipated—but there was a wonderful strength of character in the boyish face and the clear eyes. This bright-faced boy, with his strongly-knit limbs was more fitted to be the champion of a college team than a student of theology. What new doctrine should be proclaimed to them?

"You will find my text in the second chapter of Zechariah and the first two verses: 'I lifted up mine eyes again, and looked, and behold a man with a measuring line in his hand. Then said I, Whither goest thou? And he said to me, To measure Jerusalem, to see what is the breadth thereof and what is the length thereof.'"

There was a deep pause. A taint of curiosity dispelled the stern fixedness of Elder Parson's face. No he had never heard this text before. What should he make of it?

With a brief introduction the young minister went straight to his subject. "We of Christian lands, who have listened since infancy to the Gospel; we, with our boasted pride of Christian progress, have need to measure ourselves with the measuring line of Him who is our pattern, to whose measure and fulness we strive to attain. Let us, this morning, in the light of our pattern, measure ourselves that we may know the length of our spiritual Jerusalem and the breadth thereof."

The clear eyes rested on Elder Parson's face and filled him with a vague discomfort. He, John Parsons, to be measured with the rest! The bright eyes of the young man in the pulpit were a searchlight that seemed to look far down within him.

As the quiet voice ran on, and step by step he held forth Him, who is the pattern of men, the searchlight seemed to burn deeper.

"If there is one of us who prayed to-day, 'Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men,' that man has most need to smite on his breast and cry, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'"

John Parsons listened as one bewildered. Such a sermon! He glanced at Martha. She was gazing straight ahead at the speaker, and her eyes were bright. So were Manda Snubb's across the aisle. He fancied he caught a triumphant gleam in their snipping black depths as they fell upon him.

The voice of the minister grew soft and tender as he read forth the old proclamation of the Master to those who were weary and heavy laden.

To one listener, it sounded faint and far away. He felt as if some great pillar had suddenly fallen, and he, John Parsons, had fallen with it.

They were on the way homeward. Elder Parsons was strangely silent. When Taylor passed, Martha glanced at her companion. His eyes were bent on the dashboard, and Martha held her peace.—The Christian Guardian.

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No huge growth in holiness was ever gained by one who did not take time to be alone with God. No otherwise can the great central idea of God enter into a man's life, and dwell there supreme. For such a possession of the idea of God, we must have much of the spirit of him who departed into a solitary place, and who continued all night in prayer: "the morning star finding him where the evening star had left him."—A. Phelps.



**UNSAID, UNSUNG, UNDONE.**

A word unsaid seems a little thing,  
But alas! I may never know  
If the coming days to a soul may bring  
The truth that I fail to show.

A song unsung seems a little thing,  
But the heart that I left to-day  
May pine for the songs that I did not sing,  
As it goes on its cheerless way.

A deed undone seems a little thing,  
But the burden I might have shared  
Has left a heart with a bitter sting,  
Of the thought that "nobody cared."

So the little things that we leave undone  
Are the things that men hold dear;  
Life's battles are reckoned lost or won  
By a smile, or a falling tear.

'Tis the little things that the burdened heart  
In the time of trial heeds;  
Then let us lighten life's ache and smart  
With the sunshine of little deeds.

—Young People's Paper.

**HOW IS YOUR HEALTH?**

BY REV. DR. CUYLER.

How is your health? is the every-day greeting between friends who meet in the street or elsewhere. When Dr. Horace Bushnell, who was an invalid for many years, was accosted with this question, his playful answer was, "I have not got any."

I fear that this might be the honest confession of many a church member. There are quite too many weaklings, and it is the debilitated folk who catch all the fevers that are going. Bodily health is not possible to everybody; but Christians are responsible for their spiritual condition, and *health of soul* is within the reach of every Christian who sincerely desires it.

One thing to be looked after is the *diet* of the soul. The more nourishing the food, and the better the digestion, the stronger do we become. But some professed Christians surfeit their inner man with highly spiced books of fiction, and with "light reading" that is as frothy as sillabub; some devour little else than the secular newspaper. The spiritual faculties become debilitated by this flimsy diet.

Change your bill of fare! "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and they were the joy of my heart," said an ancient servant of God. All sturdy Christians who do thorough work, carry heavy loads, bear sacrifices for their Master without turning white in the lips, are hungry feeders on God's Book. Nothing will impart sinew

and muscle to your piety like the daily study and digestion of your Bible.

Every growing Christian is a ruminating animal; he chews Scripture truths and nutritious sermons and meaty books and other such soul provender, as the cow cheweth her cud. A few Bible texts lodged in the memory and turned over and over in the mind will be a breakfast for your soul, and in the strength of it you may go through the whole day.

That godly minded layman who did ten men's work—the late Hon. William E. Dodge—told me that he always secured a good half hour with his Bible and his Master in the early morning before he met even his family; when he came down town to business it was with his face shining.

A soldier is never in so good trim for battle as after a sound sleep and a square meal; it is not easy to fight or march on an empty stomach; so must every servant of Christ recruit his or her strength by reading the Master's words, by praying over them, and taking them into the fiber of the soul and the fabric of the life.

This is a dissipating age, with increasing temptations to cheap surface religion. The light readers and light thinkers make light Christians, and not having much depth of root are apt to wither away.

The next thing to good food is good air. The soul requires oxygen as much as the body. Our souls have lungs, and you cannot keep them in health while you are in the atmosphere of a business that has greed or gambling in it, or in the atmosphere of corrupt tricky politics, or in the atmosphere of sensual amusements, or in any sort of atmosphere which benumbs your moral sensibilities. Pineapples and roses do not thrive in Greenland. Just as soon expect to make your graces thrive by taking your soul out of close fellowship with Jesus and steeping it in the hot foul air of covetous schemings, or in the poisonous air of social frivolities.

I have observed that when young converts begin to exchange prayer meetings and Sabbath school work for social clubs and euchre parties and the theatre (which by the confession of its own advocates was never at such a wretchedly low moral ebb as now) they soon shrivel away. Bad atmosphere is deadly to spiritual health.

Christians have got to mingle with the world in many ways, and the world ought to be the better for their contact; they ought to *salt* the world, but not be rotted by it. City missionaries and Salvation Army soldiers keep clean in the slums, as Daniel kept clean in wicked Babylon, and Paul in heathen Corinth.

There is a certain line, however, that no Christian can cross and carry Christ and a good conscience with him; beyond that

line the atmosphere is poisoning. An atmosphere in which your spiritual life withers—even though it pays ten per cent. profit and is perfumed with fashion—is no atmosphere for you. You want change of air.

And if your spiritual pulse is getting feeble and your appetite poor, you want more *exercise*. Inactivity is the dry rot of thousands of church members. Get off your sofa, brother, on Sabbath afternoons, and off of your lounge on prayer meeting evenings! Lay hold of some thorough self-denying work and keep at it; nothing will put such a flush of health into your countenance as to spend a few hours by the sick bed of the poor, or in some genuine labors with impenitent souls.

Indolence breeds selfishness and paralysis of the purse. You never will give much to relieve human misery or ignorance or destitution until you go and look at it, and feel it in the very marrow of your bones. Your weak limbs will get strong again as soon as you begin to "bear other people's burdens."

"I don't get much comfort out of my religion," say you? I don't wonder. How can you expect enjoyment in what is a formal drudgery? How can you expect Christ's smile when you do nothing to win it? How can you expect sunshine in your soul when you keep the windows barred up? Spiritual joy is a fruit—a result. It is not to be got by the asking, but *by the acting* for it. We must walk with the blessed Master every day, and work with Him every day if we hope to enjoy the sweet smile of His favor.

What a triumphant group of happy Christians those persecuted early apostles were! They made dungeon walls ring at midnight with their music; they drew honey out of the hard rocks, and oil out of flinty rocks of toil and reproach and self-sacrifice.

One more, how is your health? It may be perfect health—vigorous, athletic and joyous if you only do the right things to secure it. Bible food and plenty of it, good air and plenty of it, work and liberal giving will put a new glow into the cheek of your faith. Then seek a great inpouring of the Holy Spirit—the Spirit of Christ into the very core of your soul—and you can "take up your bed and *walk*!" Yea, your feet will become like hinds' feet, for the joy of the Lord will be your strength.

Character is made by the Bible. Daily Bible readers are sure character builders. But they must read the Bible, not skim it, so many verses a day. To read one Beatitude and keep it before the mind, is better than to read many chapters only to forget them as soon as you close the Book.

### COME AS A BEGGAR.

A certain king was accustomed on set occasions to entertain all the beggars of the city. Around him sat his courtiers, all clothed in rich apparel; the beggars sat at the same table in their rags of poverty. Now it came to pass that on a certain day one of the courtiers had spoiled his silken apparel, so that he dare not put it on, and he felt, "I cannot go to the king's feast to-day, for my robe is foul."

He sat weeping, till the thought struck him, "To-morrow, when the king holds his feast, some will come as courtiers, happily decked in their beautiful array; but others will come and be made quite as welcome who will be dressed in rags. Well, well," says he, "so long as I may see the king's face, and sit at the king's table, I will enter among the beggars." So, without mourning because he had lost his silken habit, he put on the rags of a beggar, and he saw the king's face as well as if he had worn his scarlet and fine line.

My soul has done this full many a time, and I bid you do the same; if you cannot come as a saint, come as a sinner, only do come, and you shall receive joy and peace.—C. H. Spurgeon.

### HELPING ON THE MIRACLE.

We cannot bring any dead soul from the grave, Christ only can do that; but we can come as close to the miracle as it is possible; we can roll away the stone before the resurrection, and we can unwind the grave-cloths after the resurrection; we can come close to the miracle on both sides; then we may stand back and leave the Lord, the Divine Master, the Commanding Power, who has power over death and hades, to do his work alone.

It does not matter that we should be at the harvest, we who have sown the seed; we may scatter the seed and it may fall on stony ground—we may, perhaps, die beforehand, watering it with our tears and see no results; but the very zephyr that breathes over our grave may waft it over the crest of the rock down to the valley below, and the sunshine shall shed its beams upon it, and that handful of corn scattered on the mountains—a soil that agriculturists do not generally prefer—shall bring fruit that shakes like Lebanon.—Rev. J. Morley Punshon, D.D.

If it is worth while to do a kindness at all, it is also worth while to do it gracefully, cheerfully. If you are going to grumble while you do it, you rob it of more than half its worth, and all its beauty.



# Youth's Record

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## A LETTER FOR THE BOYS.

BY DR. S. O. MCMURTRY, HONAN.

This letter was written by Dr. McMurtry to a boy brother, and has been kindly loaned for the boy readers of the Record.—Dear Eric,—

This is my first tour in the country. And such a country! How I wish you could see the dirt and the dust. Dust inches deep in the streets! The houses, miserable mud huts, about twelve by twenty-four feet; little square windows with Chinese paper in place of glass, walls and rafters blackened with smoke and heavy with the dust of ages, no floor, only dirt, dirt, dirt everywhere.

Fortunately the weather is now comfortable, not too cold nor too hot. Touring in winter adds to other discomforts that of cold, not a fire except little charcoal boxes to warm hands and feet. I don't know how the ladies stand it so well at that time of the year, but they do it bravely.

The Chinese, as a rule, are simply awful for dirt and all that sort of thing, nothing about them is nice from our standpoint, though, of course, there are exceptions. That makes it hard sometimes to have patience with them and the right feeling in your heart for them. The outside crust is so thick, and so unlike our own ideals, that we are apt to feel repulsion; but inside, their hearts are as open to love and affection as other people.

Indeed all people are much the same in that regard, they enjoy being loved and knowing that someone takes an interest in them. So when we go among them and tell them we want to help them, and tell them of our Saviour and help their sick bodies too, then it is a perfect treat to see the answering appreciation in look and manner. Their faces light up wonderfully. It is an inestimable privilege to be here and help so many worthy people to realize the good things this world and the next world have in store for them by means of Jesus Christ.

Yesterday I passed through a village with my wheel-barrow-man, and as we stopped a few minutes at a wretched restaurant for a drink and rest, we talked to the usual crowd that gathered, and, just think of it, hardly one in all the crowd had ever heard about the Gospel. There are thousands and thousands like that, and thousands, we are thankful to say, have heard, but not all believe.

You may imagine the joy it was to preach a little sermon to them. It concerned chiefly an opium smoker, the man who owned the foodshop, who said he wanted to stop smoking opium but that he couldn't. I pointed out to him, and to others, the way of escape from that, and from all sin, and was glad that they understood my talk so well. It was a distinct encouragement.

The man said he wished to be saved and that he wanted to learn how, and bought a catechism to study. I told him there were two necessary things, viz., to repent, i.e., turn around and make a fresh start, and to believe in Christ who is able to help him and keep him on the right about road that leads to peace and happiness. Then I tried to tell him how to keep hold of Christ, to pray to Him, to think about Him.

But I am to tell you of my journey. I started off Monday morning from Wei Hui, in company with Mr. Cheng, one of our best evangelists, and Mr. Wang, a wheelbarrow-man, who was carrying on his barrow my bedding and box of provisions.

The three of us starting off on a missionary tour with a wheelbarrow! Doesn't it sound ancient? Of course I was dressed in the very oldest of old clothes, as I was in for a real burial in dirt and dust. The wind blew a good deal, and the dust on the road became deeper. We had to help the wheelbarrow-man up some little hills, walking right in the middle of the dust which is a foot deep in places. It blows up in your face, and all over you, with the wind. People travelling in carts, if it is windy, get covered so that they look like funny animals,

face, eyebrows, hair, everything, covered with yellow dust.

We plodded on, not meeting many people, and gradually leaving the old Fu city with its wall and pagoda in the distance, and drawing near to the hills and mountains. Had lunch by the wayside at an old temple, and Mr. Ch'eng preached to the people afterwards.

When a foreigner sits down in a place for five minutes, within call of a village, he will soon be the center of a crowd, just like the crowds gather around a performing bear at home. They watch every movement with a concentrated, bloodless vacancy and unsympathetic stare that almost hurts. I hate to be stared at.

In the afternoon we plodded on, helping the barrow over difficult places, till we reached a little village with an inn, where we stopped for the night. The "inn" consisted of a food shop, a few stalls for animals, and one rather big room for guests; of which, besides ourselves, there were four or five men and big carts without wheels. We soon gathered a crowd, most of whom had never heard of the Gospel.

It is surprising to see how many thousands have never even heard. Yesterday I went up a small mountain and looked down upon a lovely table land surrounded by low mountains, about twice as large as the area of city of Montreal, pretty green fields, with here and there clumps of trees denoting villages. We counted thirty-one villages in this plain, in sight, and in not one had the Gospel ever been preached before—and this sixteen or twenty miles from one of our centres (Wei Hui fu). This will give you an idea of the "need", as it is called. It is surely great. The people seem more than eager to learn, surprisingly so. Wherever we go we are among friends, many of them anxious to learn to go the heavenly road. Mr. Ch'eng says if we could only come back again in a month or two, for a week, to preach again and teach, he feels sure not a few would be won.

Well, the first night passed all right. For supper I had a bowl of native porridge made of millet, and it was very acceptable.

One of the men in the room with us, they were all sleeping on the mud floors or mats, was smoking opium a good part of

the time, lying on his mat, working his long lean fingers mixing the opium, then smoking. Poor chap said he wanted to stop, but they can't easily, he was inquiring about medicine. A good many do want to stop, of course, as it keeps them poor and weakens them terribly, and they ask about our treatment. There seems no treatment that is satisfactory. Sometimes medicine helps. The best thing I know of is to trust in the saving power from above.

Up again next morning and off, in a pretty country, getting into low foothills not far from the mountains, passed several Chinese coal mines, several hundred feet down, about ten men work a big windlass with an endless rope, one side letting down an empty basket, the other hauling up a filled basket. I didn't stop long enough to enquire fully as to methods, but they are very crude. I believe the Pekin Syndicate mines, not far from here, will spoil the native industry. They use picks only I think, digging out galleries, putting in wooden pillars to support the roof.

Walked another twenty-five li, eight miles, and arrived at the place where I am now, in the afternoon. It is a very attractive village, or a bunch of two or three villages, perhaps fifteen hundred people. We are on a plateau on which there are over thirty villages, and in not one of all these villages and in many more like them, has the Gospel ever been preached before.

The evangelist Mr. Ch'eng, is always saying to me "Oh for more men to come and help to give the Gospel to all these places, the men we have are not nearly enough. He asked me to write to my friends and tell them what I have seen, to interest them and stimulate them to greater efforts in support of the church's work here in Honan, so I am beginning with you, my little brother.

The pity of it is this, wherever we go we find intelligent and sympathizing listeners who want to leave their idols and false gods of which they have many, and worship the one true God. The story of the love of God as revealed by the life and death of Christ seems to appeal directly to their hearts at once.

Many very attractive men come enquiring, really I am surprised to see such fine



specimens of manhood, rugged, big, wholesome men, like our own countrymen, but they are in the midst of superstition, ignorance and darkness. Many want to live good lives if they only could, but they in themselves have not the power to live day by day a good life, they need a higher power, and that is the Saviour.

But only to listen once or twice is not enough, they need to be taught and looked after. The work here in this place is only preaching yet, and unless they are followed up the good seed will be in large measure wasted.

There is a great field here for all kinds of Christian activity, preaching, teaching, hospitals, etc. Of course my special work is medical, and the outlook, provided we can get decent hospitals from the people at home, is simply great beyond description. There are many people with diseases that could be treated to a successful issue, and they have to suffer and die.

This morning the man who lives behind us called me in to look at his wife, a nice looking, clean young woman who, he said, was suffering with a tumour. I told him she could very probably be helped if they would come to our hospital at Wei Huifu.

One just longs to be of service in this way. It seems so ungrateful and unfair that so many millions of people in this country should suffer so, when the rest of the world could speedily help them if it wanted to do so. We are supposed to have eight millions of people here, more than in all Canada, and they should be helped as much as our church at home can possibly help them. They are dependent on us alone, for no other church interferes with our field, and if we do not bring schools, hospitals and churches to them, no one else has a chance to do so.

Friday. I have just got up and had breakfast. Just a few minutes ago Mr. Ch'eng was telling us about his experiences in 1900, at the hands of the Boxers; and when he came to the part where the foreigners and he suffered so much, his eyes filled with tears, and our old barrow-man, who was listening, filled up too.

The latter is over sixty, just turned Christian a few months ago, and joined us on this tour. His home is in Wei Hui, but as

he is very well known here, having worked in the coal mines and gained some money, Mr. Ch'eng thought it would be a fine opportunity, both for the old man himself to preach and talk to his old friends, and for those who knew him of old to be led by him.

He certainly is a jewel, you can't prevent him from preaching and talking about His God and Saviour wherever we go, and as lots of people know him and respect him, his words have great weight. Already several fine looking young men and some older men have seemed deeply interested. He talks very fluently, waving his hands all around in front of his fat body, his whole face full of fire and spirit.

And why should'nt he be enthusiastic? "I was a sinner before I believed, was unhappy, burnt incense and struck my head on the ground to the gods, but they could'nt help me nor my sick child." His child was ill and he consulted a witch, just the kind you read about, who said his child would be all right if he gave her (the witch) some money, and did some other things, but the child died. Now he says that if his little child whom he loved so much had'nt died, he would not have been led as he was to the Saviour and to his present happiness and peace of heart.

He is really radiant, he calls out to the crowds, "eternal happiness that will never cease, that's what it is." I would give a lot to fully understand all he says but it is hopeless with his speed and my own ignorance. I wish you could all see and fully understand what a man like that means. He heard and believed by the preaching in the dispensary chapel at Wei Hui fu.

Mr Ch'eng, the helper, leader of the expedition, is beyond me to fully describe. He is a splendid man, about six feet tall, well proportioned, graceful, young, face not exactly handsome perhaps, but strong. He is a regular apostle, going about the villages with a powerful message. His knowledge of the Bible is wonderful I think, and the way he explains one of the Gospel stories is a treat to listen to.

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"Many pleasure crafts lie wrecked on the shores of eternity."

**DR. JACK'S SECRET.**

"It's just as we thought, Dr. Jack—King Bruce has gone lame, and you can't use him," said the doctor's man, as he entered his master's office.

"Well, Matthew, it's a good thing that shank's mare is in prime condition to carry me to my patients," laughed the doctor; "I will be off at once, seeing I must go afoot."

A little later the doctor set off on his round of calls. The first patient he wished to see was his niece, Rosemary, who had sprained her ankle the day before. The doctor made his way through the snow, thoroughly enjoying the spotless whiteness surrounding him and the keen fresh air. Rosemary greeted him with smiling surprise.

"You dear Uncle Jack!" she cried; "Bertha and I were both sure you would not be able to come to-day, when we heard King Bruce was lame."

"A fine doctor I would be, to let a lame horse keep me from calling on my patients!" the doctor answered, as he unwound his muffler, unbuttoned his coat, and sat down beside his niece.

"But how do you do it, anyway, Uncle Jack—find time for everything?" Rosemary asked.

"By doing only the things I believe worth while, and by making every stroke count. That is the secret, lassie," the doctor answered.

"That is easier said than done, Uncle Jack," chimed in Bertha, who, having followed the doctor into the room, had heard his last words.

"It is not difficult if we make it a practice to

'Do the things we must  
Before the things we may,'"

Dr. Jack answered.

"I'm glad you feel that way, and didn't let King Bruce and the snow and other things keep you away, Uncle Jack," Rosemary said.

Bertha did not speak, but stood looking thoughtfully on while the ailing ankle was being dressed, giving such assistance as her uncle needed.

After the doctor had gone, Bertha set the red geranium plant in the sunshine where Rosemary could see it, and said, as she turned to leave the room:

"I'm going to take the shell-pattern to grandma now, dear. You won't mind being alone until mamma comes back from the meeting, which will be soon, I think."

"No, I don't mind being alone, Bertha," Rosemary answered. "But I thought you had decided to finish that book instead of taking the long tramp to grandma's through the snow."

"So I had, before Uncle Jack called. Now 'the thing worth while' seems not to disappoint grandma. It is just the day she will like for starting the shell-pattern."

"And do you know, dear," Rosemary an-

swered quickly, eager to return her sister's confidence, "before Uncle Jack called I had planned to work on my bead chain, which I am anxious to finish. But now 'the thing worth while' seems to be to hem the towels mamma wants out of the way. Will you bring me my work-basket and one of the towels? They are in the lower drawer."

A few minutes later, Rosemary, seated in the big chair beside the window, her foot resting on a stool, stopped sewing to watch Bertha walk briskly down the snowy path and out to the road beyond.

"I'm glad Uncle Jack shared his secret with us," she said, as she bent above her hemming. "It has helped Bertha and me to 'Do the thing we must Before the thing we may.'"

**HOW HE LEARNED CONTENTMENT.**

"Were you ever in your life glum and discontented?" asked one.

"Yes; once I was plumb down in the mouth," owned Uncle Henry, with an air of candor. "But I got cured right off, and I ain't ever had an attack of the blues since then."

"Do tell us about it."

"Well, it was when I was a young man. I had just got a job workin' on the Erie Canal. It was gettin' late in the fall, and I hadn't any shoes to my name and I had to send home every red cent, except what would feed me. I didn't see how I was to get a pair of shoes before winter set in."

"Well, that was hard lines."

"So I thought," said Uncle Henry, smiling, "until one day I saw a feller on the street that hadn't any feet. I can't rightly say as I've ever been discontented since then.—N. Y. Times.

**MEEK AND LOWLY.**

Let us be meek and lowly in heart as the Saviour was, for herein lay His strength and dignity. You tell me I have said that before. Yes, brethren, and I shall have to say it several more times before you and I have learned the lesson well.

It is hard to be meek when falsely accused; meek when roughly interrogated, meek when a cunning adversary is on the catch; meek when smarting under a cruel blow, which was a disgrace to a court of justice.

You have heard of the patience of Job, but it pales before the patience of Jesus. Admire His forbearance, but do not stop at admiration; copy His example; write under this headline and follow every stroke.

Spirit of God, even with Christ for an example we shall not learn meekness unless Thou dost teach us; and even with Thee for a teacher we shall not learn it unless we take His yoke upon us and learn of him; for it is only at His feet, and under Thy divine anointing, that we shall ever become meek and lowly of heart, and so find rest unto our souls.—Spurgeon.



**HOW SHE WAS HELPED.**

Not so very long ago, in a lovely old Massachusetts village, there lay in a large, pleasant chamber of a fine old two-story colonial residence, standing far back from the umbrageous street, a young woman suffering from spinal affection induced by a fall upon the ice when skating.

The only daughter of a proud, ambitious, cold, haughty man, many of whose traits she had inherited, she had been all her life envied for her beauty, her wealth and her position; and now, here she was, helpless and hopeless, for the surgeons had said after their examination, when she insisted upon knowing the worst: "You may live for years, but you will probably be an invalid and a great sufferer as long as you live."

"And I am doomed to lie upon a couch in this room, and give up all my beautiful ambitions and plans? Of what avail are beauty and wealth now?"

The burden of her plaint, whenever she spoke at all of anything save her bodily discomfort, was: "I am doomed to lie here; doomed to lie here!"

"Doomed to lie and look up!" said a timid voice one day, and turning her eyes, the sufferer noticed that a poor woman from a tiny cottage on a little farm back of the village was moving very gently about, wiping the paint in her room, who, as she turned to leave, ventured to emphasize her words by a glance and smile of sympathy.

"What can she mean by that?" thought the invalid, too surprised at the woman's presumption to be angry. "If it is meant for preaching, I will have none of it!"

The thought remained with her, however. She could not see the ground anywhere, but her windows on one side looked out into a huge rock-maple; and—for her eyes must rest upon something—she soon became familiar with the denizens of the air who made the great tree their home. She noted the shadows cast by the sunlight, the drip, drip of the rain. She explored cloudland, noted the surpassing beauty of dawn, the glory of the sunsets, and soon learned to look for the first star that smiled in at her with its never-failing, assuring gleam.

Those whose task it was to minister to her noticed that, while she did not suffer less, she ceased complaining, and her mind seemed to have some new occupation.

When the woman came next, with her soft step and her dust-cloths, the girl said, simply: "Tell me something more."

"It is a wonderful thing to look up," replied the woman; "it creates a prayerful spirit; you can't help thinking what is above it all."

"How did you learn all this?," asked the invalid; "you who are always so busy about disagreeable work."

"Work is a blessing," replied the woman; "but that does not matter now, for I want to tell you of a wonderful thing which once happened to me. I was at work for a beautiful lady who was obliged to see callers one morning when the nurse happened to be away, and everybody was busy, and I was dusting the outside shutters; she called me to mind the baby, who was sleeping in the cradle under the trees; and she said in the kind, gracious way she always had to all: 'Lie in the hammock, and look up, if you like; that is what I like to do when I am tired.'"

"And I did so for nearly half an hour, I think it was, and I did as she told me, and looked up, and up, and up, into the blue, and I saw birds fly up as if they were carrying thoughts or prayers. And when the dear lady came back and bent over the cradle, she said to me: 'Thank you; I hope you have seen that although we love our different duties here, the life above is for us all in equal measure.'"

"Well, I went back to my work a different and far happier woman—it was as if I had life; and ever since I have looked up for a glimpse of new and higher, purer things, away from all bother—some things which make life hard if you think of them; and I am sure that is what the heavenly Father wants us all to do. So when I saw you so unhappy, I couldn't help saying, 'Look up!'"

"And now I make bold to tell you this—your life will not be spoiled; it will be changed, for God will give you something to do here, if you ask him. And one thing more—you were that baby, and the gentle lady was your mother. She lived less than a year after that morning."

"My mother!" sighed the girl. "I never knew as much as that about her before. She must have left those words as a message for me."

From that moment, the poor woman's words became prophetic, for the invalid, in improving the condition of this humble friend, became interested in other needy ones.

Soon her father, and, indeed, many of her friends, fell under the benign influence, and the haughty, ambitious pride which had characterized them was lost in the desire to mount to a higher spiritual level; and when one seeks to trace the beneficent and far-reaching influences which went out from that room to the timid words of that poor woman, who after many years conveyed the mother's healing thought to the suffering soul of the daughter, he is lost in wonder at the influence which may attend our smallest act and most thoughtless word.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

"The devil finds it easy to convince some people that the bigger their income the less they need the Bible."

**BOB BURDETTE ON WORK.**

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work.

If you look around, you will see that the men that are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men that worked the hardest.

Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty.

Men die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6.00 p.m. and don't get home until 2.00 a.m. It's the interval that kills, my son.

The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as "So-and-so's boy"; nobody likes them; the busy world doesn't know they are there.

So find out what to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you are likely to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—The Watchword.

**PAYING FOR THE PIPES.**

The colored parson had just concluded a powerful sermon on "Salvation Am Free," and was announcing that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the parson and his family. Up jumped an acutely brunette brother in the back of the church.

"Look-a-yere, pahson," he interrupted, "yo' ain't no sooner done tellin' us dat salvation am free dan yo' go askin' us fo' money. If salvation am free, what's de use in payin' fo' it? Dat's what I want to know. An' I tell yo' p'intedly dat I ain't goin' to gib yo' nothin' until I fin' out. Now——"

"Patience, brudder, patience," said the parson. "I'll 'lucidate: S'pose yo' was thirsty an' come to a river. Yo' could kneel right down an' drink yo' fill, couldn't yo'? An' it wouldn't cost yo' nothin', would it?"

"Ob cou'se not. Dat's what I——"

"Dat water would be free," continued the parson. "But s'posin' yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house? Yo'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'?"

"Yaas, suh, but——"

"Waal, brudder, so it is wid salvation. De salvation am free, but it's de havin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got to pay fo'. Pass de hat, deacon, pass de hat."—Ex.

**TRUE TO HIS FLAG.**

A dozen rough soldiers were playing cards one night in the camp. "What on earth is that?" suddenly exclaimed the ringleader, as he stopped in the midst of the game to listen.

In a moment the squad were listening to a low, solemn voice which came from a tent occupied by several recruits, who had arrived in camp that day. The ringleader approached the tent on tiptoe.

"Boys, he's praying!" he roared out.

"Three cheers for the parson!" shouted another man of the group, as the prayer ended.

"You watch. I'll show you how to take the religion out of him," said the first speaker, who was the leader in the mischief.

The recruit was a slight, pale-faced young fellow of about eighteen years of age. During the next three weeks he was the butt of the camp. Then the regiment broke camp, and engaged in a terrible battle. The company to which the young recruit belonged had a desperate struggle. The brigade was driven back, and, when the line was re-formed behind the breastworks they had built in the morning, he was missing from the ranks. When last seen he was almost surrounded by enemies, but fighting desperately. At his side stood the brave fellow who had made the poor lad a constant object of ridicule. Both were given up as lost.

Suddenly the big man was seen tramping through the under-brush, bearing the dead body of the recruit. Reverently he laid the corpse down, saving, as he wiped the blood from his own face—

"I couldn't leave him—he fought so! I thought he deserved a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave, and tenderly laid the remains therein. Then, as one was cutting the name and regiment upon a board, the big man said with a husky voice:

"You'd better put the words 'Christian soldier' in somewhere. He deserves the title, and maybe it'll console him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among those rough men as they stuck the rudely carved board at the head of the grave, and again looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he was a Christian soldier, if ever there was one. And," turning to the ringleader, "he didn't run, did he, when he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run!" answered the big man his voice tender with emotion; "why, he didn't budge an inch. But what's that to standing for weeks our fire like a man, never sending a word back? He just stood by his flag, and let us pepper him."

When the regiment marched away, that rude headboard remained to tell what a power lies in a Christian life.—Sel.



## A STORY OF THE INDIANS.

### In Western Canada.

By REV. EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG.

Mr. Young, a Methodist missionary among the Indians in far West Canada, a good many years ago, tells how a kitten saved him from a band of unfriendly Indians, and this is how he tells it.—

The mice were simply a plague. They were everywhere. They ate everything eatable to which their ingenuity enabled them to gain access. I organized many a mouse hunt, and, with my splendid dogs, destroyed multitudes of them. For months they thus annoyed as well as amused us. In October I went in a birch-bark canoe on one of my long trips to the land of the Saulteaux Indians. During this visit I was hospitably entertained at the trading post of the Hudson Bay Company by the officer in charge and his good wife.

Happening one day to refer to the plague of mice from which we were suffering in our mission home, my hostess suggested that as they had a litter of young kittens in their kitchen, I should have one of them if I could manage to carry it so far.

After various plannings, it was decided that the safest place in which I could carry the little one was in the hood of my blanket overcoat. So cold had the weather become that, although I paddled a good deal, I wore the coat all the time. Thus the little Kitty was in the hood on my back all the day long.

In due time we launched our canoe, and began the long home journey. I had with me three Saulteaux Indian canoemen. When tired with paddling, and hungry, we went ashore, and there kindling a fire, we cooked and ate our meals of game, which we heartily enjoyed.

Some fierce head storms assailed us, and we made but slow progress for some days. However, one day the wind so abated that we were able to venture well out from land, and there made better progress.

When crossing a wide bay we were startled by hearing reports of a number of guns, which were being fired in rapid succession by some Indians on the shore. They were evidently calling us to land, and seemed very much in earnest about it.

To respond to this call meant that we must go some miles out of our course, and thus be much delayed. So at first we paid no heed to their gun calls, and kept paddling on. We knew that they were not very friendly Indians, for when visited on previous occasions, they had most stubbornly resisted all efforts to induce them to settle down to civilized Christian life.

However, as they could now be seen wav-

ing blankets and making smoke signals, in addition to their gun firing, we thought that perhaps there were some sick ones among them, or someone who had met with a severe accident and wanted help. So we turned our canoe towards them and rapidly paddled to the shore.

When our canoe grounded on the sand, several of them rushed into the water, and seizing hold of it they roughly dragged it, with all of us still in it, high and dry upon the shore. It was very evident from this rough conduct that they were angry at our delay in responding to their signals, and in not more promptly coming to shore. But with Indians it never does to show any signs of fear or surprise. We saw at once that we were caught in a trap, but we were not going to let them see that we realized it. So with a significant look to my men to keep cool, we stepped out of the canoe, as though we imagined they had in thus dragging us up on the land shown us distinguished honour.

Fortunately there were only about a dozen of them, but they were a crowd of hard-visaged fellows, who were not to be trifled with. I greeted them kindly; but it was evident that they were not in anything like a good humour.

However, we were resolved not to let them see that we were in the slightest degree alarmed. While anxious to go on, when I learned that none of them were sick, I well knew that they would stop us in some way, either by quickly destroying our canoe or by the use of their firearms. So I resolved to brave it out; and after chatting with them for a little while I picked up a book and began to read.

Seeing that I paid so little attention to them, they turned to my men and ordered them to cook them something to eat out of my supplies. It was evident that my men were afraid of them, as they at once responded, and, taking my kettles out of the canoe, filled them with water and placed them on the fire to boil.

I continued my study of the book until the water was about boiling, and then felt that it was time to act. So going over to the fire, I said to my men:

"It is not very long since we had a meal, why are you so soon preparing another?"

Their answer, which was given in quiet tones, was:

"These men have ordered us to prepare them a meal."

"Why did they not speak to me about it? I have to pay for these things, and have a right to be at least asked for my own," I replied.

"They are very threatening, and we are afraid of them," was their reply.

"Well, they must learn who is master, and then we will get on better," I replied.

Suiting the action to the word, I suddenly upset both the kettles of boiling water on the blazing fire, and then went back to my book.

The wild fellows were in a rage, and rushing up to my men they demanded to know the reason why I had upset the kettles in which they had ordered their dinners to be cooked.

My action had stiffened the backbone of my men a little, and so they promptly informed these angry fellows that their master was the owner of that canoe and its contents, and so they had gone to work at the wrong end in first demanding food from them, instead of asking it from its owner.

This cooled them a little, but they were too proud and saucy to yield at once, and so they tried a little bravado by loading their guns with ball, and making dire threats to my men.

Seeing that their conduct produced no impression, they drew apart for a time, and could be heard talking excitedly among themselves. Then three or four of them came to me, and in a very different tone and spirit proffered their request. They said that they had had bad luck in hunting and were hungry, and would be pleased if I would give them something to eat.

Feigning the utmost surprise, I said:

"Why did you not tell me this when we first landed? How could I know that great hunters like you could be hungry? But now that you have asked me, I will give you something to eat. Here, Jakoos! Here, Souwanas! hurry up and give these hungry men a good meal."

A good meal was soon prepared and eaten; but it was not enough for them, so greedy were they, and so they grumbled because I did not give them everything I had.

The short afternoon had now so worn away, and the conduct of these men was so menacing, that we decided to make no attempt to continue our journey that evening.

This being decided upon, my men prepared a camp fire of large logs at a little distance from that of these wild fellows, and there cooked our suppers. Most of them soon followed us to our fire, and annoyed us by their presence and their remarks.

When time for evening prayers came I opened my Bible and invited them all to join us at our evening devotions. The sight of the Book quieted them a little, for they were very superstitious. My canoemen of this trip were not as good singers as I generally had; but we did the best we could, and this quieted them so completely that they were prepared to listen to the talk which I gave them on the chapter which I read out of my Indian Bible.

With the lighting of their pipes the mutterings of discontent began again, and it

was evident from some words dropped that they were meditating some mischievous action during the night.

Strange to say, in my efforts to watch the manoeuvres of these troublesome Indians I had entirely forgotten about the little kitten that all this time was so snugly ensconced in the hood of my overcoat. Not having been taken out and fed and petted as usual, when we had our evening meal, she now began to let us know that she had been neglected.

So while we were standing around the bright fire, Kitty nimbly scrambled out of her cosy nest and took up her favourite position on one of my shoulders. Here, like a pretty little squirrel, she seated herself close to my face, and by her gentle purring seemed to wish to call my attention to her wants and to chide me for my neglect.

Thus reminded of my forgetfulness, I spoke gently to the pretty little creature, while I stroked her with my hand. It was amusing to watch the sudden change that came over these wild, superstitious Indians, as they first caught sight of the harmless little pussy, seated so cosily on my shoulder.

Those wild fellows had never before seen a tame cat, and so the sudden apparition of this creature, with its eyes at certain angles of the flames shining with such a light, was too much for them. This, in addition to their absurd beliefs about Windagoos, and of evil spirits being able to assume the shapes of certain animals, completely unnerved them, and so, after one good look at the creature with which I was on such familiar terms, they shouted out, "Mache Munedoo!" (the devil), and rushed off into the darkness of the forest.

How ridiculous it seemed! Here were great, stalwart Indian hunters, who, with nothing but a good knife, would meet the fiercest black bear in the forest, suddenly frightened out of their wits by an innocent little pussy, not more than three months old!

As soon as we could get over our laughter, I sent my men after those who had so precipitously fled, to explain to them what the little animal was and to bring them back. They were gone quite a time ere I heard their voices in the gloom, as they gradually returned.

It was easy to see that they were only half-convinced that there was nothing uncanny about the innocent little thing. A few of the boldest of them managed to muster up courage enough to come to the camp fire, but it was a study to watch their horrified countenances while my canoemen took Kitty in their hands and so gently fondled her. We tried to induce them to touch her, but without success.

There were no more threats heard. They were now the most subdued and frightened crowd I ever saw.



At length the canoemen spread out my bed, and I wrapped myself in my blankets, placed the sweet little pussy in my arms, and prepared to go to sleep.

This was too much for these superstitious fellows. The idea of letting that creature, that might, as they thought, at any moment change itself into a monstrous devil, sleep in my arms, was beyond their powers of endurance, and so they quietly gathered up their guns, axes and a few other articles, and glided away in the gloom and depths of the forest, and we saw them no more.—**Ex.**

### AN UNEXPECTED QUESTION.

One morning about twenty years ago a lawyer on the way to his office stopped outside a barber's shop door to get a "shine."

The little bootblack who plied his trade there was no stranger to him, although he knew him only by his street name. This morning the boy was unusually silent. The lawyer missed his bright remarks and began to rally him a little, when suddenly the boy looked up in his face and said:

"Mr. Bartlett, do you love God?"

The lawyer was an upright, self-respecting man, but neither a church attendant nor much given to religious thought, and he took the question at first as an attempt at a joke on the part of the boy; but he soon found that it was meant in all seriousness. No one had ever asked him the question before in quite the same way, and it staggered him.

"Why do you ask me that, Bat?" he said, after a rather awkward pause. "What difference does it make to you?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sir. Me mother an' me's got to get out; for the place we live in'll be tore down pretty soon, an' a feller like me can't pay much rent. Mother does all she can, but you see there's three of us, an' me grandmother's lame. I dunno what to do. Yesterday I heard two men talkin', an' one of 'em said God would help anybody that loved Him if they'd tell Him they was in the hole. I thought about it most all night, an' this mornin' I made up my mind I'd lay for somebody that knew Him well enough to ask Him."

The lawyer was embarrassed. All he could say to the threadbare little bootblack was that he had better ask some one else. He had better keep inquiring, he told him; for in a city of so many churches he would surely find the sort of person he wanted. He thrust a dollar into the boy's hand and hurried away.

But all that day he found his thoughts reverting to the bootblack and his strange question. "A fine position for an educated man in a Christian country!" he said to himself. "Struck dumb by an ignorant

street arab! I could not answer his question. Why not?"

The lawyer was an honest man, and his self-examination ended in a resolution to find out the reason why. That evening he went, for the first time in many years, to prayer meeting, and frankly told the whole story, without sparing himself. From that day life had a new meaning for him, and a higher purpose.

A few days later, at a conference of ministers of different denominations in the same city, the lawyer's strange experience was mentioned by the pastor who gave him his first Christian welcome. Immediately another minister told of a young man in his congregation who had been awakened to a religious life by the same question put to him by the same little bootblack. The interest culminated when a third declared that he had a call from the bootblack himself, who had been brought to his study by a man who had appreciated his unexpected question and knew how to befriend him.

Such an incident could not be allowed to end there. The boy was helped to good lodgings, and to patronage which enabled him to provide better for his "family." At last he had found somebody who loved God; and in time he had learned to love Him himself, and "know Him well enough to ask Him." Opportunities for a decent education were opened to him, and he showed so much promise that his lawyer friend took him in, first as an office boy and finally as a student.

Many would recognize the bootblack to-day if his name were given, not only as a member of the bar in successful practice, but as a church member and a worker in Sabbath school. He loves boys; and the few who knew that he was once a bootblack understand his interest in little fellows who need a friend. Helping them is for him loving God in the most effectual way.—*Youth's Companion.*

### A DOG'S FRIENDSHIP.

Where will you find a man always grateful, always affectionate, never selfish, pushing the abnegation of self to the utmost limits of possibility, forgetful of injuries and mindful only of benefits received? Seek him not; it would be a useless task.

But take the first dog you meet, and from the moment he adopts you for his master, you will find in him all these qualities. He will love you without calculation. His greatest happiness will be to be near you; and should you be reduced to beg your bread, not only will he aid you, but he will not abandon you to follow a king to his palace.

Your friend may quit you in misfortune, but your dog will remain; he will die at your feet, or if you depart before him on the great voyage he will accompany you to your last abode.—*Sel.*

# World Wide Work

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## NEW ITALY IN NEW YORK.

Of greater interest than fiction are the facts of the following article printed in the American Missionary. It illustrates the task before the evangelical churches in leavening the immigrant masses from central and southern Europe.

The old original Italian quarters in New York City were commonly called "hotbeds of crime."

For years the worst of the inhabitants of Southern Italy and Sicily have poured into certain districts of New York and the surrounding country, and these aliens have given the police no end of trouble for the past fifty years or more. The "black hand," "the padrone," and the "vendetta" gangs have opposed government and tried to overthrow social and moral standards, and it was not until strenuous laws and immigrant regulations had been enforced that this undesirable tide was in a measure checked. The fines imposed on the steamship companies and the very rigid rules carried out by Commissioner Watchorn at Ellis Island have resulted in the careful sifting that debars a greater portion of the really undesirable and criminal classes.

Years ago the Italian quarter proper extended three blocks each way from the famous "Mulberry Bend," the turn in Mulberry Street just above Worth that has since been obliterated on one side by that garden spot and playground, Mulberry Bend Park.

For years the buildings which stood on this now beautiful spot were known as the blackest holes in New York City, and the number of crimes committed around these two blocks was a disgrace to a community of civilized people in which progress is the distinctive characteristic. This locality, from Five Points up to Canal Street, was so infested with the worst and most desperate thieves and murderers years ago that it would cost a detective's life to try to ferret out suspected criminals.

When the old buildings were razed to the ground and the foundations brought to view, numerous passages were found that led from cellar to cellar under the streets, so that pursued criminals could make good their escape through these hidden "undergrounds."

When excavating and leveling the ground for the present park, it was a common thing to unearth bones and scraps of clothing—grim reminders of some uncanny burial in a back yard, the result of a murder or "unknown death." The police records show that many who were enticed to the buildings in this section from 1830 to 1870 were lost forever, swallowed up without a trace, but the ghastly disclosures of years later bore the mute evidence of past crimes.

Since the great influx of the Italian race into this country a quarter of a century or more ago, the limited district about Mulberry Street east and west as far up as Bleecker Street and between the Bowery and the boundary line, Centre Street, could not hold the ever-increasing population, and since about 1870 the Italians have spread to the four quarters of the city, to Brooklyn and the Bronx, and to the colony known as "Little Italy," located on the East Side between Ninety-fifth and One Hundred and Tenth Streets from Second Avenue to the East River.

The largest Brooklyn settlement is known as "Paradise Park," a low stretch of land thickly populated with Italians, extending from Blythebourne to Bath Beach, between New Utrecht and Twelfth Avenues. This section gives the police of Brooklyn considerable trouble, for here stabbing affrays, "black hand" tragedies, and murders occur often.

A large percentage of the criminal court cases involve Italians, as their quarrelsome, hot-headed ways and their thirst for revenge to right some trivial offense or imaginary insult lead them into all sorts of trouble, which frequently results in a murder.

The educated Italians refrain from disturbance of any kind, and try as far as possible to quell any riotous feeling among the others; but in the lower classes that colonize here instead of spreading out over the country, there will always be more or less trouble until education and mission work shall appeal to the better side of their natures and give them something better to look forward to than chicanery, cheating and intrigue, combined with stealth to carry out some blackmailing scheme against their more prosperous neighbors.

The Italian quarter is the home of the padrone system, and while the police and the Gerry Society have been instrumental in breaking the backbone of this oppressive



system with regard to the children, who in former years were compelled to beg, steal and prey upon the public by eliciting alms under false pretenses, no amount of pressure brought to bear on the heads of these alien companies has been effective in breaking them up. In fact, the strongholds are either unknown, or if in sight, the head of the padrone colony cannot be found. He "is not known," and it is the policy of those around him to know nothing about him, his whereabouts, or his business.

The monstrosity, the oppression and the penalties of this system are little known to the average New Yorker, but many sad-eyed Italians are selling fruit in the street, working on bootblack stands, grinding organs, gathering rags, and looking over the dumps at the river wharves, half or more of whose earnings are going into the pockets of the lazy padrones who "toil not, neither do they spin," but live in luxury and on the fat of the land through the sweat of their feebler countrymen's brows.

From certain alleys, every morning bright and early one may see the procession of push-cart fruit venders—slaves of the system, for the padrones are large wholesale purchasers of fruit, nuts and flowers. Each peddler has his cart and number, and is accountable for his load of fruit. Not one can escape the lash of the system, and should any of them get into trouble and be arrested word is quickly passed and a bondsman soon appears. The padrone knows his men and watches over them, protecting them—not for themselves, but for his profit.

Then at night when the returns come in each peddler is given a daily pittance, and the balance goes to the lord and master, for does he not own the cart, the fruit, and—yes, and the soul and body of the peddler, who is kept in constant fear and slavery through the system?

The writer has stood near a runway leading to a basement and watched no less than fifty organ-grinders coming home after a day's work, each with the same sort of instrument, and having entered the basement the organs were wheeled in and arranged along the wall in rows. The "agent," a trusted confederate of the padrone, received the money collected by the Italians, who were then handed checks for the day's work.

Sometimes a lively scene follows small receipts, and on several occasions in the same night the writer has seen tired organ-grinders thrown down and their clothing searched. One suspect who had saved some small change in his coat lining was treated to a sound thrashing, and he dared not cry out, for the system is so subtle and sure that any offense against the "head one" would bring on disastrous results.

Huddled in the closely confined quarters of the Italian tenements there are numerous artificial flower establishments, where

great numbers of Italian women, girls and children work about long tables, deftly fashioning bits of cloth into bunches of gaily-colored flowers for cheap decorations of all sorts. Many of these girls have come over from Italy ostensibly to visit aunts and uncles, who vouched for their maintenance and support, but who in reality sell them or their labor into the padrone system.

Little does the child or young woman know that she is to enter a form of slavery. She is put to work in a flower shop or at sorting rags to work out her passage money, and it takes oh, so long! because she does not know how much she earns—that is kept from her. She is ill fed and poorly clad, and thrown into company with women of sensual habits, lewd thoughts, and demoralizing language, and the evils of such a life constitute one of the curses of the densely populated Italian districts—the padrone system again, which is felt in every section and in every household.

Throughout the Italian neighborhood one will find basements in which rags are sorted—rags of all kinds and colors, some filled with disease-breeding germs and all more or less filthy—for it is almost alone the Italian who will gather rags, bottles and discarded household articles from the ash cans and streets, sort and classify them, and get something out of them.

The Italians of the tenements and slums—those of them who will work—always select that class of occupation which offers the least resistance. They will stand all day in the street before a push-cart full of fruit or peanuts, but few are found in factories or shops where skilled labor is employed, or in any of the callings where other nationalities abound.

To be sure, the Italians will work on subways, tunnels, ditches, foundations and other work where the highest wages are paid and the least brain work required. As a gang foreman of a squad working on the tracks of a railroad once said: "They make good mud-slingers, but very poor soldiers." The remark was made after one of their number accidentally stepped on a third rail and was instantly killed. The fifty or more laborers lost their heads completely. They were panic-stricken, and ran in all directions like a scattering flock of sheep, and it was not until the foreman shot his pistol into the air that they stopped and returned, knowing well that trouble would be the result of disobedience, for the padrone got them their jobs and he grafts some of their wages.

The tribute paid to these usurers is the blood-money wrung from these simple-minded sons and daughters of Italy, held under the lash through ignorance of our laws and customs, whereas they could become independent and properly self-supporting under other conditions, and if educated, many of their troubles could be overcome.



There is not an article of food or clothing that does not find its way into the Italian section at one time or another, and some of them are manufactured right in the neighborhood for local consumption. Mulberry and Elizabeth Streets from Worth to Grand or to Bleecker Street present an interesting panorama, closely resembling the quarters in Rome, Florence and Milan, where the general melange of humanity and its needs are jumbled together in an indescribable mass.

The street and sidewalks teem with merchandise on stands, push-carts, old wagons and trays strapped to the shoulders of the venders for no reasonable chance to attract the purchaser is lost by the Italian merchant.

As one passes along the street, it is impossible to take everything in at one trip. The shops are overrun with all sorts of wares, both foreign and domestic, and mingled with the Italian names of the wares and their prices, are the gaudy signs of cheap domestic manufactured soaps, washing powders and matches. Bread is seldom sold within the buildings except on rainy days. It is placed outside on wooden trays, and even hung up on the sides of the buildings on nails to attract attention.

Tubs of pickles that can be smelled a block away, dried fish, baskets full of dandelion plants fresh from the country, barrels of vegetables, tubs of dried beans and peas, cocoanuts, bananas, strings of red peppers and garlic, bladders full of imported lard, bundles of kindling wood, dried beans, and links of sausages, are but a few items of the miscellaneous assortment that one sees in traveling but a few steps.

Here and there throughout the district one will see the spaghetti shop, outside of which the "green" article, fresh from the macaroni press, is hanging on long poles and moving in the breeze as a field of ripe wheat is swayed by the wind. Inside the shop are also rows of poles loaded with spaghetti, and with the often filthy conditions prevailing in these shops and the dirt blown on the macaroni hanging outside, one can imagine the great amount of filth, disease germs and other impurities the Italians take into their systems through this one medium alone.

One of the greatest benevolent features that can be carried out in the Italian sections is to teach the children the English language and get them into the schools and keep them off the streets and away from the demoralizing influence of the men and women of questionable character who inhabit these localities.

In recognition of the advantages of education to these alien children of the old quarters, the Board of Education of New York City maintains a school especially for Italian children, the same as it does for the Negro children, in the district lying between Twenty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets and Sixth and Ninth Avenues, and

in this school particular attention is given to teaching not only the English language, but the advantages of freedom, its proper meaning and limitations, and in so doing it is calculated that in time the oppression practiced on the ignorant classes will be done away with.

There are certain conditions, however, that cannot be met in this way, but these are well within the scope of mission work, for that which is already being done is meeting with good success. The city is doing what it can in the way of schools, dispensaries and tenement house regulation, but the personal side of the inhabitants of these quarters can only be reached by the mission workers and those directly interested in the personal conditions and habits of these people.

### POWER OF CHINESE OFFICIALS.

The following extract from the journal of Miss F. Loyd, a missionary of the China Inland Mission, published in the "Chinese Recorder" shews the absolute power in the hands of Chinese officials, Miss Loyd writes:

"Our new official is strongly opposed to idolatry. He has put down prayers for the dead, and heavily fines those found practising them. Neither will he allow offerings at the temples. On several occasions he has confiscated the things offered.

One thing he has done is the talk of the whole neighbourhood. For the last two hundred years, it is said, there has been a festival here in the spring to the God of Disease. It has always been a very big affair. This year he put out proclamations to say it was not to be. The whole city was in great consternation about it, and the gentry sent in a plea that it might be held, as it was good for trade. He consented at last, on condition that they gave a large sum towards repairing the river bank; this they did, and so preparations went on for the festival.

The day of opening came, and a great number of people came into the city for it. There is always a procession on the first day. The official gave out that there were to be no personifications of devils. Just as the procession was about to start he sent out to see, and found they had disobeyed his orders. He was extremely angry, had the transgressors severely beaten, and the leader, who had a position in the yamen, was dismissed at once and beaten 4,000 blows.

He also stopped the whole festival, which was to have gone on three weeks. The gentry got the other officials to go and plead that they might be allowed it for a few days longer, but he was obdurate, and by the next morning every trace of the festival was removed."



## THE EMPTINESS OF HEATHENISM.

BY REV. D. J. S. DAY OF AMOY.

The emptiness of the life which in its varying phases we find here in China is the subject of this letter.

They tell us, Write your first impressions. But I dare say the first impressions of every newcomer are in general the same—the filth of the cities and their narrow streets, the clothing, manners and homes of the people, and so on.

But what most impressed me was the lack of that of which Christ spoke when He expressed His mission to our sin-blighted and needy world, in these words: "I am come that ye may have life, and have it more abundantly." This was most particularly felt during our second trip into the country to study and become better acquainted with the stations, the work, the people and the language.

One day while at Chiang-Chiu we took sedan chairs and were carried across the river to the temple of Lam-e. During the great flood of which you have heard this temple was badly wrecked, and they were repairing it. Now they worship their gods, because they believe these gods have power to harm them, on the one hand, or save them from calamity, on the other.

But how much power they have in the hour of distress was clearly seen. The temple buildings themselves were badly damaged, and so were many of the idols. The water had washed the foundations, or perhaps half the body of the idol, away, or had left it broken or tumbled down to the ground. Besides this work of repairing, they were building new and greater gods, and we could see just how they were constructed—our dolls at home are better made!

Again, all over the different parts and buildings of the temple one may see the Chinese characters written. I supposed this was a kind of aid to worship, religious sayings, or something of the kind to instruct, or, as we would say, to edify the people. But on our inquiring their meaning through an older missionary, the priest said that, though he really didn't understand it fully himself, he thought it was to inform the public of the man who had been the donor of the temple or part of it, and in his honor.

And yet we must realize that even if this writing was for the enlightenment of the worshippers, it might be only one in ten who could read it. No woman could do so, and they form the great majority of worshippers.

This temple has so many idols that I tried to find out who were the inferior ones, and learned they were images of great mandarins or rich men who had given to the temple or done some public good.

These, too, of course, the people worshipped and burned incense to.

They did not have any service there while we visited the place, but they tell us that at these regular services of the priests they run over chants which have practically no distinction in sounds or meaning—the kind of thing which you remember Paul said edified not. I inquired how long it took them to train for "the ministry," and our guide said a few months only! So you can imagine what kind of a religion this means for the common people when you apply the judgment, "Like priest like people."

Oh! the emptiness of such a life as this! Miss Talmage told me of a family which she was visiting, one of whose sons wanted to become a priest. So at about the age of only thirteen years the lad went off to live in a lonely temple on the side of a mountain far away, with only an occasional visit from priest or worshipper. What kind of life is that for one born to inherit the fulness of life spiritual and intellectual, which is ours in Christ, and if the religion means this to a priest—the exponent of the religion—what of the common people?

But, after all, the great glory of our religion by comparison with others is that it seeks the most needy and ignorant with transforming power, making the unfit fit, giving richness of life to the poor, and the wisdom of God for the ignorance of superstition.

And so, by placing Christ upon this background of emptiness and vanity of life, I have come to more fully appreciate and believe that in Him (in His life and truth) dwelleth all the fulness of God, and that alone which can ever satisfy the seeking souls of this people, or any other. And the truth of Augustine's confession is impressed upon us. "O God, thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts can find no rest but in Thee." And so I plod along with the language, for I am most anxious to tell them clearly the message of the Christ that He may reveal His richness to them as to me.—The Mission Field.

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"A trip through Korea would be a more convincing argument for Christianity to the honest doubter than many tomes in defense of the Christian religion. Lives of impurity, selfishness, brutality, transformed by the thousands into lives of purity and unselfish love; whole cities awakened and vice cast out from their midst; half an empire transformed in less than a score of years: this is the story of modern Korea!"

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Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten; a little spring that never dries up in our journey through scorching years.

### MISSIONS TO ROMANISTS.

Romanists sometimes claim that French evangelization work is an insult to the R. C. Church and people. To following, from the correspondent of the Belfast "Witness", deals fairly and clearly with that subject:—

I learn from the "Pall Mall Gazette," via the London correspondent of the "Irish News," that Catholics are on the eve of a great Romanist propaganda in England. It seems that Dr. Herbert Vaughan has been three months in America studying mission work under the Romish Gamaliels in that country, and he is now coming home to prepare for developments, for which, of course, we must wait.

It is an open secret, which means that it is no secret at all, that such a propaganda is on foot. Waste not, want not, is the motto of the Church, so far as agencies are concerned. With thousands of members of the French religious orders hunted from France, and habited in this country, nothing is more natural than that these resources should be availed of and utilised. No one can blame them for having a special mission among English Protestants or for carrying it on with all their vigour.

The only remark I would make about it is, if it is a virtue for Roman Catholics to carry on a missionary propaganda among Protestants, why should it be a crime and a reproach for Protestants to bring their missionary influence to bear upon Roman Catholics? The air from time to time is thick with the clamours of Roman Catholics, and some of their Protestant political sympathisers, that it is bigotry and insult on the part of Protestants to have a mission to Roman Catholics. I am not offering any opinion on the wisdom or otherwise of the mission on either side. I am only dealing with the facts.

Now England is, to say the least of it, as much Protestant numerically as Ireland is Roman Catholic. About one-third of the Irish people are Protestants, and I do not think one-third of the English people are Roman Catholics. Yet, we are told we should look calmly and approvingly on the efforts of Roman Catholics to convert Protestants, and should denounce in most unmeasured terms the efforts of Protestants to convert Roman Catholics.

I am neither a missionary enthusiast nor a bigot, yet I would like to point out that if it is a right thing for Roman Catholics to labour for the conversion or perversion of Protestants, it surely cannot be wrong on the part of Protestants to endeavour to bring Roman Catholics into the light of Protestant truth. Each thinks it has more truth than the other, and from the point of view of public liberty I see no difference between the one propaganda and the other.

I admit there is one difference between the two, but it points to Protestant tolerance. Protestants do not deny that Roman Catholics may be saved. Roman Catholics deny that Protestants can be saved—at least that is a formula that has been put forward for centuries. For my part, I would prefer a good Roman Catholic to a bad Protestant any day, either so far as this world or the next is concerned. But I hope I will be pardoned for saying that I no less prefer a good Protestant to a bad Roman Catholic as long and as far. I hope it is not bigotry to plead for equal rights for Protestants and Roman Catholics in the matter of missionary work.

### EVANGELIZATION IN FRANCE.

BY PASTOR C. W. CREMER,

*Secretary of the Evangelical Society of France.*

"Since the Law of Separation was passed, the French Protestants have risen as a whole to the level of the situation. They have subscribed conscientiously the amount of the grant which the State no longer made to them; and none of their good works have suffered much in this time of crisis.

"This shows vitality amongst us; but it is to be noted as regards evangelization, that the work is scarcely more than blocked out. There are in France 700,000 Protestants with a little over 1,000 pastors. One for 700 would not be a bad proportion if the 700 were always in some one locality, in city or country; but the Protestants are scattered amongst thirty-eight millions of Catholics—nominally so at least.

Thus with one to fifty-four of the population it is very difficult to keep up services, and the churches consequently are weak, and find it hard to provide for their own needs. When it comes to evangelizing the thirty-eight millions of their fellow countrymen, they are unequal to the task.

"All that our evangelization societies are together able to do is to send some 120 or 130 workers amongst these thirty-eight millions, and this is evidently very little.

"Yet it is something. The work is a very interesting one, and it needs development because the door is now open; and being a spiritual undertaking, it can not always be estimated by its expenditure or the number of its workers, but it should rather be valued by its influence.

"Another point which should not be overlooked is that the evangelization of France has also its importance because of the influence which France exerts over the Continent of Europe."—Ex.



# Young Peoples Societies.

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## TOPICS FOR 1909.

Jan.—Strangers Within Our Gates.  
Feb.—Educating Prospective Citizens.  
Mar.—Home Mission Hospitals.  
Apl.—On the Trail.  
May.—In the Camp.  
June.—Sharing the Burden.  
July.—Pte. aux Trembles Schools.  
Aug.—French Evangelization.  
Sep.—Our San Fernando College.  
Oct.—Rev. Andrew Gayadeen.  
Nov.—Yamot.  
Dec.—Awakening in Korea.  
Convener, Rev. Dr. McTavish, Kingston.

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## TOPIC FOR SEPTEMBER.

**REV. ANDREW GAYADEEN.**

BY REV. KENNETH J. GRANT, D.D.

*For thirty-seven years our Missionary in  
Trinidad.*

If a missionary can be found who ignores, or lightly values, or treats as secondary the native agent he should be recalled.

As well expect a general to fight the battles of his country single-handed as to expect a missionary to carry on an aggressive work successfully, unaided. This remark applies we think to all peoples, we know that it applies emphatically to East Indians.

A consistent native helper, quite apart from his message, bears a testimony that cannot be gainsayed. The non-Christian hearer will readily enough admit that the Christian religion is good for the Christian; that it is right and proper for him to hold and defend his faith for it is a birthright inheritance. On the same principle Hinduism is his by inheritance and so he claims that it is his duty to receive and hold and defend the faith of his fathers.

When, however, a fellow Hindoo surrenders his old faith for the new the effect is startling. To quiet his conscience he may

ascribe this change to many causes. It may be due to treatment received at the hand of his "guru" or religious teacher; or it may be for some supposed material advantage such as lighter work and larger pay, etc., etc. But often have I heard the retort, "You are reproaching your own religion, for surely it is worth very little if it can be surrendered, as you say, for a piece of bread."

The voice of the detractor gradually becomes less articulate, and ultimately wholly silenced by the changed life and steadfast adherence of his fellow-countryman to the new religion.

When the convert tells how he escaped from the tangle of Hinduism and gives the reasons why he sought to escape, he will probably get a respectful hearing, and all the more attention because his narrative is as a mirror in which the listener gets a glimpse of his own mind.

When the convert shows a readiness in quoting favourite passages from the Ramayan, or Premsagar or some other venerated book, he instinctively exercises a drawing, constraining power, a power that is increased when the quotations in this sacred Sanskrit are intoned.

When the convert can tell of long, and painful, and hence meritorious pilgrimages to some sacred place or to several sacred places and of what transpired on the way and at the shrine he captivates his hearers.

But the climax on the human side is reached when to all this it becomes known that the speaker or convert is a Brahman. This remark, however, has a fuller significance in India than in Trinidad. The whole effect of migration is to weaken caste. It is a violation of the laws of caste to embark on the high seas, to eat food prepared by those of a lower caste, etc., etc. Caste is weakened, all have fallen, but the relative position remains.

Now the subject of this article had all the ideal advantages referred to above.

His parents were Brahmans. At a tender

age he was placed in a school where he became acquainted with Hindi in the Dwadagari character. Later he learnt Urdu in the Arabic character, and this unconsciously laid the foundations for future usefulness. To this he added a limited knowledge of English. At the age of fourteen he was sent to the Normal School at Lucknow, where, three years later, he obtained his certificate as a teacher. To his other attainments he added some knowledge of Sanskrit.

Nine-tenths of the East Indians of Trinidad use Hindi, and all have pleasure in hearing Sanskrit verses intoned. Probably one-tenth use Urdu and all are ambitious to get a knowledge of English. Thus we can trace the hand of God in the training and preparing of the young Brahman for his work in Trinidad. "God knoweth the way that we take."

He was further ripened for his work by a pilgrimage to Badrinath. There he worshipped at the shrine of Vishnu, but failed to find satisfaction or comfort for his soul. Disappointed and sick at heart he was in a frame of mind to yield to the representations of an agent that sought men for Trinidad.

On an estate within the sphere of Dr. Morton's influence he heard the Gospel message, and was put in possession of religious literature which is imported annually by our Mission from India. Through it he obtained new conceptions of a personal God, of the nature of sin, of God's way of delivering man from the guilt, the power and defilement of sin, and his faith in Hinduism was naturally shaken. Gradually the citadel was captured and the whole man yielded. Being made willing in this day of divine power he could say, "Truly, O Lord, I am thy servant.... Thou hast loosed my bonds."

In 1889, at the age of thirty-four, he was baptized by Dr. Morton. Seven years later he was ordained at Tunapuna with two others, Paul Bhukan and David Ujagar-singh, both now deceased. The only native minister previous to that date was the Rev. Lal Bihari, who had been ordained in 1882.

Mr. Gayadeen is an instructive, fluent and effective preacher of the Word. He believes the Word. He does not carp at it,

or belittle it, or discredit the writers, he accepts it as God's revelation to man. It comes to him with authority; he delivers its message with authority. He hears God's voice. His attitude, like a true minister, is this "I will hear what God the Lord will speak. This is a characteristic mark of our native preachers. But let it not be supposed that they meekly accept and without question what is taught them by their missionaries. At every step, difficulties, real or imaginary, present themselves, and a solution is sought.

I may add that our native preachers show great fidelity in setting forth God's method of taking away sin, and by placing it in contrast with the innumerable human methods common to all other religions. They believe and they preach that "There is one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." They reiterate the words of Peter in Acts 4:12 "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is no other name.... whereby we must be saved." The Trinidad mission claims to have had a fair measure of success, and its missionaries may ascribe that success to the faithful presentation of this truth.

Mr. Gayadeen is not only an effective evangelical preacher, but he is also a man of affairs. Schools claim and receive a great deal of attention. In addition to the teaching work, attention has to be given to the house and premises and this is rendered imperative through our relations to Government, hence the importance of having men who will assume responsibilities and thus far relieve the missionary. Tunapuna missionaries always credit Mr. Gayadeen with efficient service in his relation to the schools.

The outstanding position of Mr. Gayadeen in the Tunapuna district, and of Babu Lal Bihari in San Fernando serves to impress all who look sympathetically into the work with the importance of bringing forward as early as possible a band of faithful men who will perform all the functions of the ministry. Such men are now in sight. Moulded as they are by the hand of Dr. Coffin, we may expect them to be efficient agents not only in the use of the Hindustani language but in the use of English also, and this is becoming year by year



more imperative, as through our schools the present generation born in Trinidad generally use English with freedom and prefer instruction in the English language.

May I ask that prayer be made continually for our native pastors. These men are indispensable. We need them in large numbers if we would overtake the 250,000 East Indians in Trinidad and in Demerara. Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest that he would furnish men for the ingathering and may that ingathering be very early.

### THE WORLD'S C. E. CONVENTION.

Rutlam, India, 10 July, 1909.

Dear Dr. Scott:—

Your readers will, I trust, be aware that the Christian Endeavour World's Convention is this year to meet in India. It is to be in Agra, which is probably most widely known as the city of the Taj. The date is Nov. 20-23, and many are coming to it from other parts of the world, a whole shipload from the United States and Canada.

Of these some will be little more than globe-trotters taking advantage of the good opportunity afforded under advantageous circumstances for a world-tour and much sight-seeing. But I hope that many will be real Christian Endeavourers and will help the cause of Christ in India and, on their return, in their home land.

I write to express the earnest hope that those of your readers who may come will make a point of taking in their own Mission on the way from Bombay, even for a day or two; and to say that we shall be glad to have letters meet in Bombay such as ask us to do so, with helpful information.

Yours sincerely,

J. FRASER CAMPBELL.

The history of all the great characters of the Bible is summed up in this one sentence: They acquainted themselves with God and asquiesed in his will in all things.—Cecil.

The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something and those who sit still and inquire why it was not done the other way.—Holmes.

### WHAT MISSIONS HAVE DONE.

Christian missions has won a unique place for itself in the social and moral order of nations remote from great centers of what we term civilization. The King of Abyssinia is in regular correspondence with the secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and in addition to the gift of two immense elephant tusks valued at more than seven hundred dollars, writes a recent letter expressing his appreciation of the work being done by the missionaries in his kingdom, together with the hope that more of the Scriptures may be sent. We saw these tusks, suspended in the main hall of the Bible House, and the king's letter the day of the reception tendered the delegates of the Ecumenical Conference.

But we need not go to an Eastern potentate for an illustration of the marvelous change in the sentiment of governments and in the attitude of the leaders and legislators of the nations. William Carey, upon landing in India, was denied the protection of the British flag, and was forced to take refuge under the ensign of the Danish Government, where he prosecuted his studies in peace.

The Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India and Ceylon writes as follows on "The State and Christian Missions," in the September number of the "Empire Review":

It is little more than a century since the court of directors of the East India Company, addressing Parliament in 1800, described:

"The sending of Christian missionaries into our Eastern possessions" as "the maddest, most extravagant, most expensive, most unwarrantable project that was ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast."

The answer to that address was the resolution passed by Parliament in 1813, "that it is the duty of this country to promote the interest and happiness of the native inhabitants of the British dominions in India, and that such measures ought to be adopted as may tend to the introduction among them of useful knowledge and of religious and moral improvement," and "that, in the furtherance of the same objects, sufficient facilities shall be afforded by law to persons desirous of going to and remaining in India for the purpose of accomplishing these benevolent designs."

It may be asked, Has the presence of the missionaries in India been justified? Fifty years had not elapsed when Lord Lawrence delivered his impressive testimony that

"Notwithstanding all that the English people had done to benefit India, the missionaries had done more than all the other agencies combined," a testimony quoted and confirmed but the other day by one of the leading non-Christian newspapers of India.—Review of Missions.

**DATES AND PLACES OF MEETING  
OF THE SYNODS AND PRESBY-  
TERIES OF THE CHURCH.**

*Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given here it is because they are not received.*

**The General Assembly,  
Halifax, First Wednesday of June, 1910**

**Synod of the Maritime Provinces,  
St. John, 1st Tues. Oct., '09.**

1. Sydney, Sydney, 31 Aug., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Orangedale, 30 Aug., 7.30 p.m.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 7 Sept., 1.30 p.m.
4. Wallace. Parrsboro, 6 Sept., 7.30 p.m.
5. Truro, Truro, 9 Oct.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 20 Sept., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, Clyde River, 18 Oct., 4 p.m.
8. St. John, St. John, 12 Sept., 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, 14 Sept., 11 a.m.
10. P.E.I., Charlottetown, 2 Nov., 10 a.m.

**Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.  
Cornwall, 2nd Tues. May, 1910.**

11. Quebec, Quebec, 7 Sept., 4 p.m.
12. Montreal, last Tues. Sept., 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Lancaster, 2 Nov.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 7 Sept., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Carleton Place, 6 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
16. Brockville, Winchester, 2 Nov.

**Synod of Toronto and Kingston.  
Toronto, 2nd Tues. May, 1910.**

17. Kingston, Belleville, 21 Sept., 11 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 21 Sept., 9 a.m.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 21 Sept., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Whitby, 19 October, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 14 Sept., 10.30
23. Barrie, Midland, 14 Sept., 2.30 p.m.
24. North Bay, Powassan 15 Sept., 9.30 a.m.
25. Algoma, Richards Landing, 14 Sep. 8 pm
26. Owen Sound, Owen Sd., 7 Sept., 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Harriston, 21 Sept., 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 21 Sept., 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Hamilton and London.  
Stratford, last Monday of April, 1910.**

29. Hamilton, St. Catharines, 7 Sept., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Woodstock, 14 Sept., 11 a.m.
31. London, London, 7 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 14 Sept., 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 15 Sept., 10 a.m.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 14 Sept., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Clinton, 7 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
36. Maitland, Wingham, 21 Sept., 11.30 a.m.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 7 Sept., 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Manitoba.  
Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov., 1909.**

38. Superior, Fort Frances, Sept., 10 a.m.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake, Miami, 14 Sept., 2 p.m.
41. Glenboro, Glenboro, Sept.
42. Portage La Pra., Neepawa, 7 Sept., 2 p.m.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, 21 Sept., 4 p.m.
44. Minnedosa, Russell, 12 Sept., 7.30 p.m.
45. Brandon, Brandon, 13 Sept., 7.30 p.m.

**Synod of Saskatchewan.  
Saskatoon, 1st Tues. Nov., 1909.**

46. Yorkton, Yorkton, 21 Sept.
47. Arcola, Arcola, 24 Aug., 8 p.m.
48. Alameda, Oxboro, 7 Sept., 1 p.m.
49. Qu'Appelle.
50. Abernethy, Rocanville, 7 Sept., 2 p.m.
51. Regina, Lumsden, 14 Sept., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 15 Sept., 3 p.m.
53. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, Sept.
54. Battleford, Battleford, 7 Sept., 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Alberta.  
Edmonton, last Wed. April, 1910.**

55. Vermillion, Islay, 15 Sept., 9.30 a.m.
56. Edmonton, Edmonton, 7 Sept., 10 a.m.
57. Lacombe, Morningside, Sept., 2 p.m.
58. Red Deer, Red Deer, Sept., 2 p.m.
59. Calgary, Calgary, Sep., 21, 9.30 a.m.
60. High River, Feb., June, Sept., Dec.
61. Macleod, Pincher Creek, Sept.

**Synod of British Columbia.  
Vancouver, 1st Wed., May, 1910.**

62. Kootenay, Nelson, 7 Sept., 10 a.m.
63. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
64. Westminster, Vancouver, 21 Sep., 10 am.
65. Victoria, Nanaimo, 15 Sept., 3.30 p.m.



**CALLS, INDUCTIONS, ETC.****Calls from**

Wapella, to Mr. M. C. Campbell. Accepted.  
 Mandaumin, to Mr. Byers of Toronto.  
 Chateauguay, to Mr. G. A. McLennan of  
 Norwood.  
 Merivale, to Mr. J. R. Urquhart.  
 Omemee, to Mr. Donald Currie.  
 Tara, to Mr. J. R. Kay.  
 White Church and Langside, to Mr. R. Mc-  
 Eachern.  
 Dorchester and Crumlin, to Mr. Jno. Bur-  
 nett.  
 Mt. Stewart, to Mr. R. P. Murray.

**Inductions into**

Burns and Moore Line, 29 July, Mr. Thos.  
 Dodds.  
 Wellesley, Zion, 31 Aug., Mr. A. G. Mc-  
 Lachlin.  
 Kempt and Walton, 11 Aug., Mr. W. Mc-  
 Pherson.

**Resignations of**

Whitewood, Mr. Black.  
 Melita, Mr. W. Beattie.

**Obituary.**

**Rev. William McLaren, D.D.**, Principal Emeritus of Knox College, died at his home in Toronto, 4th August, ult., in the eighty-second year of his age. He was born in Tarbolton, Carleton Co., Ont., Jan. 1828. His preparatory education was received at the Ottawa Grammar School and at Toronto Academy, and his training in Arts and Theology in Knox College, which at that time combined the two courses.

In 1853, at the age of twenty-five, he was ordained to the ministry and inducted at Amherstburg, Ont. Four years later he received and accepted a call to Knox Ch., Boston, now Columbus Ave. Ch. The following year he accepted a call to Belleville, Ont. Eleven years later he was called to Knox Ch., Ottawa, laboring there until 1873, when he was appointed by the General Assembly to the Chair of Systematic Theology in Knox College, Toronto. This chair he occupied until Principal Caven's death a few years ago, when he was appointed Principal. At the last Assembly, Dr. Gaudier having been appointed Principal, he was honored with the title of Principal Emeritus. And now, his life work done, he has gone home.

**The Presbyterian Year Book.**

A Presbyterian Year Book for 1910 is to be issued by the Publications Committee, Toronto, about the first of October. It will contain ninety-six pages and will sell for five cents. The Year Book is to be in accordance with the request of an overture presented to the recent General Assembly and remitted to the Publications Committee. It will be full of valuable information regarding our Church, its Statistics, Colleges, Mission Schemes, etc., with Daily Scripture Readings for each day in the year, lists of Prayer Meeting Topics, S. S. Lessons, Y.P.S.C.E. and Guild Topics, etc. Many congregations will wish to order the Year Book in quantities to supply all their members. By small additional extra payment, the name of any congregation with such announcements as may be desired, will be printed upon the cover, when orders are for one hundred and upward.

**A Bible Class Magazine.**

The aim of the Sabbath School Publications Committee is to provide material for the various Departments of Sabbath School work as the need for this appears. The present phenomenal spread of the Bible Class idea is answerable for the promise of a new BIBLE CLASS MAGAZINE to begin with the year 1910, the first number to appear as a specimen copy early in October.

The Magazine will be a monthly and will consist of thirty-two pages and handsomely designed cover. The first half will be devoted to plans, methods and achievements of the Bible Class. This will be freely illustrated. The remaining portion will be devoted to Lesson material especially adapted to the requirements of young men and women.

The list of writers secured for the new venture, and the success of the present Lesson Helps, give promise of a like success for the Bible Class Magazine Com.

**The Tragedy of Quebec, Second Edition**

Paper 25c.; Cloth 50c.

If your bookseller does not have it, copies may be obtained, partage paid, on remitting price to the Ontario Publishing Co., Toronto, or to the Gleaner, Huntingdon, Que.

# The Church Funds, West.

	Received during July	Rec. Mar. 31 to July 31.
Home Missions....	\$ 4,314.36	\$13,737.81
Augmentation.....	551.96	1,785.81
Foreign Missions...	2,074.51	19,824.88
Widows' & Orphans'	87.00	646.22
Aged Ministers....	89.51	522.10
Assembly Fund....	55.82	327.11
French Evangeliztn	160.88	1,201.93
Pt-aux-Trembles....	74.27	1,057.30
Tem. Moral Reform.	281.71	546.00
Knox College.....	45.84	245.24
Queen's College....	21.64	130.44
Montreal College...	11.10	48.90
Manitoba College...	38.75	160.95
Westminster Hall..	2.23	11.93

Received during July  
at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,  
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,  
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as directed by the Donors.

## Ontario.

Harriston, Guthrie.....	12 7	Erin, Burns'.....	110
Wingham, St. And.....	141 14	Embro, Knox.....	225
Flesherton, Chal.....	19 40	Brooksdale.....	40
Preston.....	62 80	Ottawa, Stewarton.....	30
Billings Bridge.....	100	Rev. J. L. Campbell.....	15 15
Cedarville.....	23 12	Rev. Dr. Hamilton.....	10
Ottawa, Knox.....	310	Strathroy.....	115 80
Leeburn ss.....	4	Perth, Knox.....	56
Brucefield, Union.....	19	Woodstock, Knox.....	111
S. Ste. Marie, St. And.	24 65	Glencoe.....	100
Alma.....	59 73	Tor. Chinese.....	25 70
Arkona.....	3	Beeton Est. S. Smith	4,500
Bethesda.....	10	Tiverton, Knox.....	22
Tor., St. Giles.....	160	Winterbourne.....	21
" " ss.....	41	Atwood.....	16
Port Hope, St. Pa.....	57 19	Kilsyth.....	30
Niag-on Lake, St. A.....	5 05	Leaskdale, St. Pa.....	25 61
Hallville, St. A.....	200	Tweed, St. And.....	23 30
Seaforth, First.....	91	Nassagaweya.....	60
Tor., St. James' Sq.	2,000	Galt, Central.....	275
Richmond.....	79 15	Deer Park.....	200
Stephenson, Kx.....	11 75	Melrose.....	9 26
MacLennan.....	13	Avonmore.....	103 25
Essex, St. And.....	3 95	Goldsmith ss.....	1 30
Blytheswood.....	9	Pembroke, Calvin ss...	7 01
Tor., Bloor b c.....	25	Orillia.....	1,000
Carleton Pl., Zion.....	400	Barrs.....	9 75
Sudbury.....	11	Northcote.....	3 7
Markstay.....	2	Louth.....	15 50
Walford.....	2	St. Helen's, Cal.....	65
Spanish.....	1	Tor., Central.....	1,000
Mattawa.....	4	Tiverton, Knox.....	36
Honora.....	1 15	Oakwood.....	3
Billings.....	3 35	Yarmouth, St. James.	51 55
Dunblane.....	17	Belmont, Knox.....	59 45
Hawkesville, St. A. ss	4	Cornwall, St. Jns.....	55
E. Wawanosh, Cal.....	45	Swinton Park.....	27 25
Runnymede j.a.b.c.....	6	St. Mary's, First.....	297 73
Metz ss.....	1 40	Bethel.....	10
Pricville.....	12	Camlachie, Knox.....	23 80
Swinton Park.....	36	Mr., Mrs. Jno Penman	200
Pictou, St. And.....	30	Rev. T. G. Thomson...	7 15
Stirling, St. And.....	23 50	Bell's Corners.....	7 75
Shannonville.....	5 55	Cromarty.....	100
Mitchell, Knox.....	43 75	Westport.....	21
Wingham.....	40	Napier, St. And.....	39 70
Cromarty y.p.s.....	24	Strabane.....	48
Parkhill, St. Paul.....	132 60	Tor., Emmanuel.....	23 65
Tor., Chal.....	375	Galt, Knox.....	300
Woodbridge.....	52 30	Fernbank, Union ss...	15
Tor., Riverdale.....	55	Ottawa, St. Paul.....	150
Parry Sd., St. And.....	75 31	Depot Harbour ss.....	9 48
Tor., Dovercourt.....	150	Wm. Moore.....	4
Desboro y.p.s.....	5	Grand Bend.....	9
Cedar Hill, Zion.....	12	Harrowsmith.....	9 55
Kirkhill.....	32	Unionville.....	5 25
		Watford.....	30
		Warwick, Knox.....	20

McGillivray.....	53 37	Watford.....	26 68
Drummond Hill ss....	8	Pakenham, St. And...	41 75
Sonya, St. And.....	35	Mrs. George Holmes...	15
Carp.....	100	Hollen.....	10
Belgrave, Knox.....	79	Desboro.....	20
Craighurst.....	19	Winchester, St. Pa...	100
Perth, Knox b.c.....	4	Tor., Cook's y.p.s.....	250
Miss Armour.....	4 5	Dunwich, Duff's.....	7 91
M's J. A. Waddell....	4 50	Creemore, St. And...	10
Kendal.....	2 50	Dunedin.....	20
Latona.....	39	E. Nottawasaga.....	18
Glenallan, Knox.....	50 55	Cookstown.....	7 30
Rev. H. N. Konkle...	5	First Essa.....	3 45
Lonsdale.....	5	Carluke.....	1 75
Clinton, Willis.....	11 43	Rev. A. C. Stewart...	8 35
St. Cath., First.....	150	Adjala y.p.s.....	8
Dresden.....	52 15	Maxville.....	54
Theodore Burgess.....	50	Carp.....	14 75
Forest Home ss.....	18	Dundas, Knox.....	37 25
Kincardine, Knox.....	80	North Brant.....	41 25
Cresswell.....	4 70	Dunblane.....	2 45
Dundalk, Ersk.....	41 62	Richmond, St. And...	9 55
" " ss.....	7 19	McDonald's Cors.....	9
" " b.c.....	4 31	Fergus, St. And.....	75 90
Ventry, Knox.....	39 93	Mary Miller.....	20
" " ss.....	2 78	Warkworth.....	37 39
		Elora, Knox.....	3 0 25
		Stratford, St. And...	50
		Arthur, St. And.....	21 36
		Fesserton ss.....	1 13
		Elmvale.....	32 70
		Centre Bruce.....	15 77
		Crinan, Argyle.....	50
		Woodstock, Chal.....	65 42
		S. Plympton.....	23
		George Hay.....	250
		Crysler, Knox.....	29
		Lancaster, Knox.....	133 58
		Strangfield ss.....	1 39
		Paisley, Knox.....	13 50
		Mrs. M. Elliott.....	15
		Aberarder.....	9 70
		Melbourne, Guth. ss.	10
		Bolsover.....	12
		Millbank, Knox.....	67 50
		Tor. Chinese.....	22
		Amos.....	55 35
		Dundas, Knox.....	52 40
		Queensville.....	18
		Warwick, Knox.....	2
		Sarnia, St. And.....	300
		Craigleith.....	2
		Caledon, Mel.....	21
		Blake.....	27 75
		Bear Creek.....	50
		Tor., Old St. And...	100
		Elsinore.....	8
		Elphinstone.....	20 05
		Misses S. & E. Johnson	200
		Holstein.....	56 95
		Underwood.....	26 15
		Langside.....	18
		Monkton, Knox.....	24 60
		Palmerston c.e.....	20
		English Settlement...	35 50
		St. And's Church.....	1 85
		Warwick, Knox.....	12 1
		Rodney.....	6 75
		Carp.....	16
		Lowry.....	4

Kinburn.....	5
Lieury ss.....	25
Esplin.....	8 40
Tor., Rosedale.....	250
Franktown.....	16
Corunna ss.....	2 20
Ospringe.....	12 50
W. Boulter.....	5
S. Wmstr., St. And...	32
Ilderton.....	16 40

## Quebec.

Bathurst, S. Sherb...	23
Lachute.....	30
Mont., Taylor.....	100
New Glasgow.....	8
W'mount, St. And...	700
Athelstan.....	23
Chatham, St. Mungo's.	10
Mont., Taylor.....	11
Quebec, Chalmer's...	20
Athelstan ss.....	19 59
Mont., American Pres.	
Church.....	2,500
Flodden.....	14 42

## Nova Scotia.

Rev. J. Greenlees.....	16 60
Iruro, St. Paul ss....	25

## Manitoba.

Hartney.....	59
Brant, Argyle.....	6 40
Glenboro'.....	3 60
Stonewall.....	16
Tarbolton.....	15 25
Souris, Knox.....	13
R. Paterson.....	32 50
Wpg., St. Giles.....	75
Newdale ss.....	10 75
Virden, Carmel.....	3
Pilot Mound.....	51
Wpg., W'minster.....	927 80
St. David's.....	200
Macdonald.....	15 25
Renwick.....	11

## Saskatchewan.

Moose Jaw, St. Pa. ss.	2 65
Carlyless.....	11 25
Grenfell.....	3
Tugaske.....	30
Balcarres.....	7 80
Summerside.....	5
Caron, St. And.....	2 50
Caron Prairie, Knox...	3 15
Earlswood.....	9
Rev. A. C. Reeves.....	14 10
Scottown.....	5 50

## Alberta.

Olds.....	4
Tofield.....	1 75
Bankview ss.....	6 31
Hillhurst.....	2 60
Vegreville ss.....	2
Innisfail.....	53 75
" ss.....	5
Okotoks, St. Luke ss...	4 10
Taber, Knox.....	7
W. L. Hamilton.....	200
Olds.....	5
Edmonton, Queen ss...	11 65
Rev. A. O. MacRae...	8
Tofield.....	12 25
Red Deer.....	65
Olds.....	2 10
Coleman, United ss...	10
Willowdale.....	4

## British Columbia.

Vancouver, First.....	50
Rev. John Smith.....	7 30
Vancouver, Chal.....	150
Eholt, Cascade.....	5 50
New Wmstr., St. A. ss.	7 40
Athlmer.....	3 50
Wilmer.....	4 75



Prince Rupert ss.....	10 15
Field, St. Stephen ss....	6
Windermere.....	7 75
<b>Yukon Territory.</b>	
Whitehorse, St. A.....	75
" " ss.....	15
" " ".....	10

<b>Miscellaneous.</b>	
Two tenth givers.....	35
Rev. J. H. Haine....	80
Anonymous.....	5
A Friend.....	5
Est. John Wymers.....	120 63
S. P. B. M.....	100

Pr Rv. A. E. Armstrng	36 43
M. M. A.....	10
Est. Robt. F. Dale...	400
Friend.....	5 05
Friend.....	5
Rv. J. A. Scrimgour,	
Trinidad.....	6 35
J. D.....	1

Mrs. McClure's class of	
girls, Honan.....	5 18
Dr. Robbins, Lon., Eng.	50
Per Dr. Milne Rac,	
Edinburgh.....	1,486 57

## The Church Funds, East.

	Received during June.	Rec'd Mar. 1 to June 30.
Foreign Missions..	\$1,071.80	\$5,477.20
Home Missions.....	220.00	750.37
Augmentation.....	84.76	844.01
College.....	223.23	2,136.33
A. and I. Ministers..	9.35	102.85
French Evangelizatr	51 95	158.83
Pt-aux-Trembles....	7.00	121.00
For North West.....	25.00	190.25
Children's Day Col..	—	102.78
Assembly Fund.....	—	24.10
Bursary Fund.....	—	301.00
Library.....	123.60	197.58
Manitoba College....	—	—
Widows' & Orphans.	5.00	16.00
Temp., Moral Reform	—	25.20
Unallocated.....	53.00	567.50
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$1,874.69</b>	<b>\$11,015.00</b>

**Received during June,**  
At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,  
by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the donors.

Reported.....	\$9,140 33	Truro Berachah m.b.....	100
Noel.....	42 20	Riverside.....	30 50
Rent of Boat House....	2 50	A. S. McIntosh.....	25
"M.A.E.".....	30	"Friend of Missions"....	5
Refund.....	12	Interest.....	17 64
Interest.....	10 35	Clifton, New London....	27
Dufferin Mines.....	10	New G'gow Un., ladies.	81 50
Windsor.....	192	Hopewell Un. "mem."....	100
Mrs. Eliz. McAleese.	1	Escuminac.....	40
Interest.....	23 66	A Friend.....	6
Blue Mountain.....	14 05	James Miller.....	15
Elmsdale.....	35 50	New Richmond.....	5
D. W. Robb.....	25	Rev. Jacob Layton....	5
Parsboro'.....	90	Black Riv., Napan,&c.	25
<b>Per Mr. J. A. Scrimgeour:—</b>			
Hampton.....	2 53	Rev. J. W. McLennan..	10
Buctouche.....	2 53	Beq. Rev. W. Grant....	100
New Maryland.....	5 55	Rev. Dr. Burrows.....	5
Grand Falls.....	9 42	"B. S.".....	10
Andover.....	5 15	Sherbrooke.....	16 80
Kintore.....	1 50	New G'gow Un. m.b.,	
Florenceville.....	3 75	E. Matheson mem.....	15
Bristol.....	2 35	Springville.....	61 75
Richmond.....	4 10	Margaree.....	21 10
A Friend.....	2	Que. Dept. Pub. Inst..	100
Harvey.....	4 78	Interest.....	31 31
Harvey Station.....	4 40	"Debtor".....	5
St. Andrew's.....	7 61	Wentw'th pr. A. McL..	1 50
		C. M.....	5
Nine Mile River.....	16 50	Fredricton, St. Paul's	
Oak Bay Mills m.b....	10	sen. m.b.....	51 45
Friend.....	20	Mulgrave ladies' aid....	75
Clifton.....	20 61	Richmond.....	23 60
Halifax, Park St....	59	Mid. Musquodoboit....	34
Shemogue, Pt. Elgin..	60	Yarmouth, St. John's..	53
Oscar Chase.....	5	Cape J'n, Cariboo Riv.	16 25
Bedford.....	5		
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>11,015 00</b>		

## The Church Funds, East.

	Received during July.	Rec'd Mar 1 to July 31.
Foreign Missions....	\$1,905.04	\$7,382.24
Home Missions.....	737.77	1,488.14
Augmentation.....	365.53	1,209.59
College.....	243.50	2,379.83
A. and I. Ministers..	43.00	145.85
French Evangelizatr	74.90	233.73
Pt-aux-Trembles....	—	121.00
For North West.....	217.63	407.88
Children's Day Col..	—	102.78
Assembly Fund.....	20.00	44.10
Bursary Fund.....	69.00	370.00
Library.....	—	197.58
Manitoba College....	—	—
Widows & Orphans..	—	16.00
Temp., Moral Reform	69.87	95.07
Unallocated.....	596.58	1,164.08
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$4,342.87</b>	<b>\$15,357.87</b>

**Received during July**  
At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,  
by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the donors.

Reported.....	\$11,015	" D. McLure....	20
New Glasgow United..	296 65	" Balfour.....	5 93
New G'gow 1st w.f.m.s	15	New Glasgow First....	208 60
Hampton, P.E.I.....	17 75	Fredricton, St. Pa....	132
Rv. Wm. McLeod, fam	12 25	" pr. H. P. Baird....	400
Mrs. Geddies, annuity.	100	N. River, C.B.....	25
Refund, Rv. J. Ross....	100	Springfield.....	2
Brookfield, N.S.....	30 16	Valley c.e.....	17
Westville, Carmel....	62	Refund, J. A. McKeigan	14
"Boston".....	100	Windsor.....	162
Hx., Grove.....	55	Milford, Gays River...	78 73
Friend For. Missions..	5	" c.e.....	15
"Clifton".....	5	Mrs. J. H. Deyarmond.	5
Charlottet'n, St. Jas..	140	Halifax, Park.....	70 98
R. M. Hattie.....	5	Upper Musqdbt.....	18 75
Mrs. C. Putnam.....	5	Portaupique.....	40
Lower Stewiacke.....	100	Campbelton.....	254
New Glasgow First....	150	Richmond.....	49
Friend.....	2	Grand River.....	10
For F. M. Debt.....	5	Pugwash.....	4
Onslow.....	50	Rev. Wm. McLeod....	28
Pictou, Prince.....	94 40	Whycocomagh.....	56
New G'gow Un. w f.m.s	2	Antigonish.....	70
Dartmouth, St. Jas....	484 48	Springville.....	7
Clyde River.....	8	Onslow.....	25
Mrs. I. Murray.....	10	Hx., Ft. Mass. w.f.m.s.	12 62
Harmony, N. Riv.....	2 35	Refund, Interest W.H.	
Fannie McKenzie.....	15	Sweet.....	30
Fort Massey Lady....	2	Misses Clark.....	25
Sackville, D'chester..	18	Refund, F. G. Sutherl'd	25
Kentville.....	51	Rev. C. G. Townsend..	10
Leigh J. Loggie.....	25	Mrs. R. H. Montgomery	45
Clifton c.e.....	10	Dalhousie ss.....	4 37
Mrs. G. J. Morrison..	5	Springside.....	76
Scotsburn.....	27	Hopewell, Union.....	80
W. Riv., Green Hill..	100	A Girl.....	5
New Mills.....	5	Elder.....	5
" Jac. Riv. Aux. 18		Friend.....	100
" Miss M J Cook 10		Board, Coll. Res.....	35
Mrs. N. H. Newcomb..	5		
Tat'gouche, Brule....	24 35	<b>Total.....</b>	<b>11,357 87</b>
" Friend, Balf. 10			



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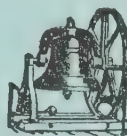
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"Half the troubles of life are imaginary."

"Fidelity to principle is the highest expediency."

"What will the fault-finding Christian do in heaven."

"An iceberg in the pulpit cannot kindle a fire in the pews."

"Whatever God will have us to do He will help us to do."

"The 'brother's blood' stains the entrance to every saloon."

The greatest of all faults is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

"You can't afford to take any chances of God and eternity."

"Look your difficulties in the face, and they will begin to run."

"Never step over one duty to perform another. Take the nearest first."

"When a man reaps the whirlwind, he is always astonished at the crop."

"Habits make ruts either for God's chariots or for the devil's wagons."

"God needs men like Daniel to-day, as much as he did in Daniel's day."

"If you would be a good reaper, keep close to the Lord of the harvest."

"Give a lie a day's start, and truth will have to chase it round the world."

"Ye are my witnesses," saith the Lord. "This honour have all His saints."

"Those who prefer the service of sin must be satisfied with the wages of sin."

"The man God uses does not spend much time in looking for an easy place."

"To bring up a child in the way he should go, travel that way yourself."

The more religion one has himself the more he is apt to discover it in others.

"Many a prayer for a revival has failed because the preacher did not want it."

"God hears prayer only when the man who offers it is kneeling on holy ground."

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts.—Marcus Aurelius.

"The poorest possible use for a man's brains is to think for ever about himself."

"A Christian helps the cause of God not so much by what he says as by what he is."

"The man who is willing to only have a little religion might as well not have any."

"A sense of duty may not be the highest motive, but the best men are moved by it."

A generous spirit is better than gold, and does not need gold to show itself.—The West-land.

The sooner you get a child to be a law unto himself, the sooner you will make a man of him.

We do not know how cheap the seeds of happiness are, or we should scatter them oftener.—Lowell.

The greatest events of an age are its best thoughts. It is the nature of thought to find its way into action.

Pure living, true thinking, right acting and accurate stating, are good foundations for a noble character.—East and West.

A large part of the work of philanthropy and of the churches, as well as of the state, is an attempt to undo the work of the saloon.

The talents, ours to-day, may be demanded by the Owner to-morrow....Fidelity, not success, regulates the final reward.—Macduff.

Our thoughts may be prayers. There are moments when, whatever the attitude of the body may be, the soul is on its knees.—Victor Hugo.

"Jesus came to Nazareth where He had been brought up; and *as His custom was*, He went into the Synagogue on the Sabbath day."—Luke.

Use what talents you possess. The work of the world is done mostly by ordinary ability, while geniuses are waiting for splendid opportunities.

The mark of a saint is not perfection, but consecration. A saint is not a man without faults, but a man who has given himself without reserve to God.—B. F. Westcott.

No peace was ever won from fate by subterfuge or agreement. No peace is ever in store for any of us but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin—victory over the sin that oppresses, as well as over that which corrupts.—Ruskin.



GO • YE • INTO •  
PREACH • THE • GOSPEL •  
ALL • THE • WORLD • AND  
TO • EVERY • CREATURE •

# The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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# Presbyterian Record

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No. 10.

## CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY.

### November 28th., and Before and After.

The following from President Forrest, on behalf of the Assembly's Committee, speaks for itself. The duty of ministers and people is plain. Some Scriptures may be obscure, but this one, as to the method of securing harvesters, is unmistakable. Some commands are difficult, calling for self-denial. This one is easy. If any disobey, it is not due to "cannot" but to "will not." "Prove me now—saith the Lord, and see."

### To the Ministers of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Dear brethren,

At the meeting of Assembly in Hamilton a large committee was appointed to consider the question of the lack of candidates for the ministry. The committee held several meetings. The conclusion come to was that this was no new difficulty in the work of the church. When Jesus was on earth the harvest was plenteous but the labourers were few and the Master Himself suggested the remedy. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he send forth labourers into his harvest." With a view to carrying out the Lord's command, it was agreed to issue an appeal to all the ministers of our church to bring the matter specially before their congregations on the last Sabbath of November, and to make it a subject of prayer at the weekly prayer-meeting.

Following the instructions of the Committee, I now make the appeal to all our ministers, and am publishing it in the RECORD so that all of our people may see it, and be prepared heartily to co-operate. We believe in prayer. Let us put the Master's remedy to the test.

On behalf of the Assembly's committee,

JOHN FORREST,

Convener.

Halifax, Sept. 24, 1909.

## OUR WOMEN'S SOCIETIES.

The family of our Women's Missionary Societies numbers four. It is not so large as our Synod family which numbers eight, or our College family which numbers six, but it is doing a grand work in upbuilding and extending the Kingdom of Christ.

The combined work of this family for the past year shows a total contribution to the work of missions of well on to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, viz.—The W. F. M. S., Eastern Division, \$21,194; the W. M. S. \$7,585; the W. F. M. S., Western Division, \$70,955. and the W. H. M. S., \$18,600.

The first named is in the Maritime Synod. For many years its work was wholly foreign; but it has recently extended to include also Home Missions, with the result that a considerable amount has been raised for the latter, with larger giving than before for the former.

The W. M. S. is in the Province of Quebec, with its executive in Montreal. It is the oldest of the Women's Societies and carries on Home, French and Foreign work.

The W. F. M. S., W.D., with its executive in Toronto, is, as its name implies, a foreign missionary society and works for women and children in heathen lands and Indian women and children in the Northwest and British Columbia.

The W. H. M. S., is the youngest of the family, and was founded to meet the needs of the rapidly extending Home Mission work in the North and West.

Some members of the family are a good deal larger and stronger than others, some smaller; some are younger, some older; but all are working with a system and energy and perseverance most commendable. If the men of the church were all and always as diligent and faithful in obeying to the extent of their ability, the Saviour's last command, what a work might be done. May such an outcome result from the new life of the Laymen's Movement. May the men "come to their own".



**"Harvesters" for the West.**

Not harvesters of wheat but of men, twenty of them, passed through Montreal to-day, 27th September, on their way to the Northwest. And there are more to follow, for Dr. E. D. McLaren, who has just returned from Scotland, engaged about twice that number to come out to labor in the mission fields of the West and North. He interviewed a great many young men and chose these. They will give a year or a year and a half to home mission work and will then carry on their studies at Winnipeg or Vancouver, with mission work between terms, until they complete their course for the ministry. They impress one favorably as good, earnest young men, who will give a good account of themselves in future years.

There are great opportunities, both at home and abroad, never were greater, for men who wish to invest their lives where they will count for most.

**An Ideal Congregation.**

Not that it has yet attained or is already perfect; not that it is better than many another congregation, perhaps not so good as some; but a recent incident in its history suggests an ideal at which congregations should aim.

It is St. Giles church, Montreal. A few years ago it was started as a mission in the suburbs. Most of its people work hard, and long hours, for their living. There is not too much spare cash. The giving is not of their abundance, but of their earnings. They have a small church. They need a larger one and are planning to build as soon as they are able.

But they have not waited to get everything for themselves before they think of others. They have thrown themselves heartily into the work of sending out a missionary of their own to our Honan Mission, and on the 13th Sept. ult. they had a crowded and enthusiastic meeting of the congregation to bid formal farewell and God-speed to Mr. and Mrs. Luttrell on the eve of their departure for China. On the platform, too, was their missionary to the Northwest, and he also received a Bible as his commission on his sending forth.

This, then, is an ideal at which congregations should aim, not merely their own

comfort and satisfaction, but, as soon as they are able, to have their representatives in the Home Mission field and in the Foreign Mission field, doing their part in winning the world to truth and righteousness.

But one missionary is only a beginning. As congregations get stronger they can send out others. Some of our congregations are doing this, taking a larger part in the world's redemption.

A still further ideal is that individuals should support a missionary of their own. Several are doing this, with doubtless more to follow, as the spirit of stewardship and consecration extends more widely in the church.

**W. F. M. S., Eastern Division.**

More than twenty-one thousand dollars, an increase of more than fifteen hundred on the previous year, was the giving of the W. F. M. S., Eastern Division, as reported at the thirty-third annual meeting of the Society, held in Truro, on the 14th September ult. and the following days.

There has been an increase also of twenty auxiliaries, and 931 members, the total membership being now 8,800, grouped in 333 auxiliaries.

"The Message," the organ of the Society, reports a good year, with a balance in the treasury.

The organization of the Society is very thorough and covers the whole Maritime Synod. Every presbytery has its presbyterial, ten in all. Not only so but each presbytery is well covered, as the following figures show:—Pictou presbyterial \$4,120; Halifax, \$2,455; Sydney, \$2,277; Truro, \$2,247; St. John, \$2,073; Wallace, \$1,943; Miramichi \$1,855; P.E.I., \$1,593; Inverness, \$1,586; Lunenburg and Yarmouth \$712, which, with interest, makes up the handsome total.

Life membership has flourished, sixty-five being added to that honor roll during the year.

A strong resolution was adopted, pledging its members to earnest endeavor in supplementing the efforts of the F. M. C. towards paying off the debt on the Foreign Mission Fund.

The decision of this Society, to include in its work, Home Missions as well as foreign, has not hindered its work abroad.

**CRITICISM OF MISSIONARIES.**

There have been widely quoted and published these past few days the sayings of one who has been for two years in Japan, as a trades commissioner, and who has come back to Canada, and is enlarging, on public platforms and elsewhere, on the inefficiency of the Protestant foreign missionaries in Japan.

His assertions are sweeping and confident; that these men do not do missionary work; they do not master the language; they will never touch the religious life of the nation; the present missionary policy will end in disaster to the work in Japan; he would recall half the missionaries in two years and most of the other half in five years, and would employ earnest native Japanese evangelists to preach to their fellows; etc., etc.

His statements in themselves do not merit serious attention, but their insistent publicity prompts a few questions.—

If there are young Japanese who could be engaged to preach Christianity to their fellows, whose work was it that won these young men to Christianity?

To whom is it owing that there are several influential Christian Missionary Colleges, the Doshisha and others, training in Christian principles future leaders in Church and State in Japan?

To whose agency is it owing that, whereas, not many years ago, the government of Japan issued an edict forbidding any one to embrace Christianity on the pain of death, and threatening that if the God of the Christians Himself should come to Japan He would be put to death, there are to-day fourteen members of the Japanese parliament, the nation's legislators, who are avowed Christians; that the Speaker of their Parliament is a Presbyterian elder; that the commander-in-chief of the Japanese army and the admiral of the Japanese navy are both earnest Christian men?

To whom is it due that among such a self-contained people, there is to-day a large and flourishing Japanese Protestant Christian community, with a church membership of sixty thousand, and rapidly increasing.

To whose work is owing the latest message from Japan, of seven young men, students of one university, devoting them-

selves together to the Christian ministry?

What human agency has brought all these things about, except it be these missionaries, who, says the critic, can never touch the religious life of the nation, and whose methods and policy are to bring disaster, and whom He would recall?

In discussing "fitness" another question is suggested, viz.—whether one man, who has spent two years in Japan, engaged along an entirely different line, knowing nothing of the language, is very fully qualified to criticise and correct and sit in judgment upon the work and methods of some eight hundred men and women, whose ability and knowledge are fairly guaranteed by their being chosen and sent to the foreign field, and whose character, and desire to know and do what is best in the work, is shown by life-long devotion to it and patient continuance in it, some of them for half a century.

Three general remarks may be added.

(1) The Japanese language is the most difficult in the world, more so than the Chinese, so much so that men of recognized scholarship and linguistic attainments, such as Dr. Gulick, frankly own that they cannot make the philosophic distinctions, express the shades of thought, in Japanese, that they can in their own English tongue. But while this is true, yet a reasonable efficiency in the use of the language is required, and, with rare exceptions, is attained, by every missionary.

2. Our own church has no missionaries in Japan proper, but all missionaries of all Protestant churches in all lands, are volunteers, who freely give their lives to the work, and, as a rule, are carefully examined as to character, ability and education before they are accepted and sent, and may fairly be assumed to be able to judge what is best, and to try to do it.

3. The aim of all missionary bodies is to train up a native ministry, as fast and as far as suitable young men can be found for the purpose, to establish a native church, self-sustaining, self-propagating.

U. S. Consul General Wilbur, recently of Halifax, now of Japan, stated a few months ago, at Toronto, that the work and success of the missionaries in Singapore so impressed him that it was the means of his conversion.



### CHURCH UNION.

In looking over some old numbers of THE PRESBYTERIAN RECORD to-day, we came across an article with the above heading, in the issue of September, 1894, fifteen years ago, which we had published before the question had become a live one in our church. It is as follows:—

What is meant by Union? Is it Christian Unity, or, Ecclesiastical and Doctrinal Uniformity. If by "Church" we mean the true Church of Christ, made up of all true believers; and if by "Union" is meant the true Spiritual Union of these believers into the one body of Christ, then Church union is already accomplished. All true Christians are members of Christ and therefore, "members one of another."

If by "Church" be meant an outward visible organization, and if by "Union" it be demanded that all Christians shall have a uniform standard of doctrinal belief, a uniform type of Church government, and a uniform mode of religious worship; then manifestly that end is not yet attained, nor it is likely to be, so long as any part of the Church visible is upon earth.

There are in this connection *two* things, and but two, that all Christians should earnestly seek.

One of these things is, Christian Unity. In order to this it is not necessary to bring about uniformity. Preference for a different form, either of government or worship, need be no hindrance to the most intimate spiritual fellowship and love between believers. One soldier may prefer the arms and uniform of the Guards, another, those of the Black Watch, yet each may be equally and supremely devoted to Queen and Country.

Different denominations, whatever their preferences regarding doctrine, government, or ritual, should keep "the Unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." It was for this, for Spiritual "Unity," for real "oneness," and not for merely outward uniformity, that Christ asked, when He prayed that "they all might be one." He Himself explains it when He continues, "as Thou Father art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us." The unity between God the Father and God the Son is not in

any outward seeming, but a real Spiritual oneness. Such a unity is the great want to-day. Division into "sects," so called, is not injuring the Church, but the fact that that sometimes these divisions do not recognize as they should, in each other, their brethren in Christ; this does the harm.

A second thing in this connection for which Christians should strive, is to seek, in doctrine, and government, and worship, to have, not what is uniform with others, but to have what seems to him the best and most scriptural. Far more earnest than the striving for the *uniform*, should be the seeking for the *true*, and if one man in his search finds what seems the truth along one line of doctrine or polity, and another along a different line, let each be fully persuaded in his own mind.

Men are so constituted that they are appealed to by different cults. It is probable that the Gospel commends itself to more people in the world to-day than if all Evangelical systems were made uniform with any one of them. There is unity in nature but not uniformity. So long as God permits honest spiritual seekers after truth to arrive at different conclusions regarding the form of sacrament, or government, or worship, in which that truth should express itself, we need not concern ourselves with trying to bring about outward uniformity.

In proportion as this true Spiritual Unity prevails, two results will follow.

1. Churches that are alike in doctrine and practice, that are only separated by historic lines, Churches such as the different branches of Presbyterianism in our own country before the union, and the Free and U. P. Churches in Scotland at the present time, will come together into one. This has been the case in our own country, and will probably soon follow in the Motherland.

2. Evangelical Churches that differ more or less in doctrine or practice, and who do not wish to change; while they cannot see their way to outward conformity, will keep the outward in its proper place, and will not allow it in any measure to bar true Christian fellowship with their brethren of other Evangelical Churches.

Unity is practicable. It lies to our hand. It can be cultivated by all. Let us earnestly seek it, pray for it, work for it, practice it, and by degrees, in God's good time, the uniformity, so far as it is desirable, will come."

## ALONG THE FRONTIER.

BY REV. W. G. BROWN, RED DEER, ALTA.

Alberta's newest part, the Hand Hills district, has been calling me for some weeks. It is interesting to see the open prairie of four weeks ago transformed into a town with its streets and avenues and squares and with forty buildings growing like mushrooms in a night. This is what you see in the new town of Castor which is to be the present terminus of the C. P. R. extension from Stettler.

If you want to see variety in freighting outfits you ought to drive over the wagon road from Stettler to Castor—horses—mules—cayeuses—oxen—bulls, etc., in all manner of combinations and at least a hundred and thirty teams in all.

The most interesting of all is the homesteader with his canvas-covered wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen. If he is fortunate enough to have a wife and children they are under the canvas and are prepared to camp by the trail on their way to the new home, probably a hundred miles distant.

The grain sown on this Spring's breaking looks well and wherever there is a creek or old creek bed you see the coal cropping out. If it were not for this provision of an inexhaustible supply of coal this country could not be settled. God's ways are past finding out.

There they go—Danes, Austrians, Scandinavians, Russian Jews, Germans, Finlanders, Frenchmen, and Anglo-Saxons from many lands. To these people this is truly the land of promise.

But what a problem;—and what a problem for the churches! many of these people care nothing about our great institutions. They have come to make money. The pioneer missionaries of Ontario and Quebec had many hardships; but their people were eager for the Word. Our missionaries have the physical hardships and the greater hardships of indifference and even opposition in some places. Of course, there are many devout men and women in this new land. These are the leaven, and bye and bye they will leaven the whole lump.

I visited settlements in which people said to me, "We have been in here since a

year ago last June, and you're the first minister we've seen." "We want service just as soon and as often as you can give it." Do we wonder that men and women grow weary under these conditions?

I rode over a good deal of the country alone on horseback. Guided by the townships and ranges and the sun, I found my way from place to place. One of fifteen miles was deserted; no sign of life except hawks, badgers and coyotes. The prairie was covered with buffalo bones and a slight trail was indicated by stakes driven in and buffalo heads on top of them. I wonder whether there is another trail in the country which has buffalo heads for sign-posts for fifteen miles?

In the Hand Hills our missionary—the Rev. Wm. Millar, and his splendid wife are holding the fort. Mrs. Millar's experiences this spring, when for six weeks in a tent she could hardly eat or drink, with a doctor sixty-five miles away, ought to be told in every W. H. M. S. in the church.

Here I found Mr. Sinclair, from Gengarry, ninety-two years old, still active and interested in the Lord's work.

Mr. Millar has service in the house of his son, Charles, who for twenty years was precursor for the Rev. Daniel Gordon in the historic church of Indian Lands, Ont.

Space forbids the mentioning of the names of many worthy people; but may I say that the life and work of Mr. and Mrs. Millar in this whole district will be of incalculable value. Already he is leading in the organizing of school districts and other good work.

J. Lloyd Hughes, a Welsh coal miner, is proving himself in his first mission field further north; while L. C. Harry, one of our worthy laymen from England, is esteemed very highly for his works' sake in the adjoining fields.

The need of co-operation between the churches in this work is forced on one as one rides from place to place. We must divide the territory and I trust that before another year has passed that something definite along these lines will be done. This is practical and seems to me imperative.

If we are to weld this mixed multitude into sturdy and loyal citizens, the church and the public school are the two agencies



that must do it. The Government has made liberal provision for the latter. The church simply must rouse herself to the critical importance of the next few years. We want money, lots of it, but we want stalwart, manly, self-sacrificing men who see the future and live for it, and we must pay them enough to live without constant anxiety when they come.

### HOME MISSION WORK.

#### In Northern Ontario.

By REV. S. CHILDERHOSE, D. D.

Opportunities are rare and are neglected at peril. In Northern Ontario is an opportunity for mission work scarcely surpassed anywhere. If the church neglects this opportunity it will be with disastrous results, for the welfare and even the very existence of a nation depends on its moral and religious condition.

For years Northern Ontario was regarded by many as a weary wilderness of rocks and bogs and lakes dividing our country into two sections. This misconception has been completely removed by the discovery of rich mineral deposits and great stretches of agricultural lands. It has a larger area of land suitable for agricultural purposes than old Ontario. Its mineral resources are among the richest in the world. The wealth of its forests is not surpassed anywhere on the continent. It abounds with magnificent waterpowers capable of supplying unlimited electrical power to mills and factories. The three great transcontinental railways traverse it, putting it in close touch with the east and the west.

These great resources of wealth are now receiving the attention of capitalists who are investing millions of dollars in mines and timber. Settlers are pressing north and taking up township after township of the rich arable lands of the clay belt. People of every land and of every clime, lured by its wilds and its wealth are finding their way into the north land to uncover its hidden treasure or to make homes for themselves. Railway companies are building railways east and west, north and south, to transport the increasing products of the lands, forests and mines to suitable markets. One of the prospects of New Ontario

is that it will have a larger population than old Ontario.

If this new country of great material resources and future possibilities lying in the heart of Canada is to stand, it must be religious and moral. This good land must be taken possession of for Christ. Our church must assume its responsibility to the settlers and shanty men, to the prospectors and miners, who by their efforts and privations are adding a new province to the Dominion. It must be done at once with great earnestness and enthusiasm. Already there is much ground to be overtaken.

Thus far the church has failed to keep pace with the progress of the country or with the needs of the Home Mission work. There will be upwards of fifty thousand men in the lumber camps this winter. It is quite safe to say that three-fourths of them will not see a Protestant missionary. The other fourth will see one so seldom as scarcely to feel his influence.

On the other hand the influence of the whiskey shark and other agents of the devil will be felt so strongly that in the spring hundreds of these men will hand over to them for drink the hard-earned wages of the winter and return to the camps for another season, beggared in pocket and in manhood.

The army of men engaged in prospecting, mining and kindred work is increasing daily. They are a fine type of men, hopeful, intelligent and venturesome. They endure great hardship in seeking the hidden riches of the land and seldom hear from any one of the pearl of great price.

There are several thousand men employed in the construction of railways. They are of all classes from the resident engineer, who superintends the work, to the dago who does the mucking. These are almost wholly neglected by the church.

Besides this great army of homeless and restless men who are hewing, drilling and digging to add to the wealth and extent of our country there are hundreds of homes scattered throughout the great north country that will not be brightened by a single visit from a missionary this winter. No settler should be able to say "I have been here seven, five, or even two years without a visit from a missionary. In too many

cases this has been said with too much truth.

The situation is critical and deserves immediate consideration. What should be done? The answer is evident. Send more missionaries into the country. Send men of zeal, scholarship and spirituality in increasing numbers to keep pace with the growing needs of the field. This brings us face to face with the great home mission problem.

How are the missionaries to be supported. It is out of question to expect them to bear their own expenses. The settlers who are clearing their lands and opening up the country will not be able for some years to support the missionaries as they ought to be supported. Men who have drifted from the church and who have even become enemies to it cannot be expected to contribute much to the support of its ordinances till they are first won back to the church and to Christ.

Must the settlers and the men in the camps and mines be sent away hungry? No, "they need not depart. Give ye them to eat." The church is well able to send missionaries to all classes in Northern Ontario and to aid in building churches where needed. Unless it receives more generous aid in the future than in the past the work will lag and suffer serious loss that can never be made up again. The great throng of men who are as sheep without a shepherd will drift more and more from the church, with the result that we will have in the heart of our country and right at our door, a great hotbed of atheism and immorality which may ultimately undermine the very life of the nation. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.

The very character of this great Home Mission field should appeal to the generosity of the church. The work is principally among young men who are building up our country and developing its resources. They are not young men who are looking for easy places and nice jobs. They are the best asset of the nation and the greatest danger will come from neglect of them. They are exposed to fraud, intemperance and lust. If they are not protected from these vices and guided in the more excellent way they may be overcome, and become a reproach to Canada instead of its glory. The

glory of any nation is a sober, intelligent and industrious people with high ideals of life and citizenship.

Think of all that exists for serving and guarding young men in Old Ontario. There they have Christian homes, the church services, adult Bible classes, Y. P. Societies, Y. M. C. A. But in Northern Ontario most of the young men are away from home deprived very often of any religious service or other influence to refine or ennoble. On the other hand, the bar-room, the blind pig, the gambling den and other places are to be found which lead astray many young men who came north intending to do well.

If properly cared for now Northern Ontario will become an important basis in future years for supplies for foreign mission work. Prince Edward county is one of the finest counties in Ontario. Last year it gave our church \$11.50 to help it carry on its great foreign mission work. Why so small a contribution from this fine county. Our church neglected it in the early days. The lesson is plain for all to read. Neglect home mission work to-day and our church of the future will look in vain for help to carry on its great foreign mission work. Northern Ontario will have great riches and when in the hands of Christian men and women will be given to advance God's work abroad. If the people are irreligious, the help is lost whatever their wealth.

#### MARKS THAT TELL.

Men carry unconscious signs of their life about with them. Those that come from the forge, and those from the lime and mortar, and those from the humid soil, and those from dusty travel bear signs of their occupation and their work. One need not ask a merry face or a sad one whether it hath come forth from joy or grief. Tears and laughter tell their own story.

Should one come home with fruit, we say, "Thou art come from the 'orchard';" if with hands full of wild flowers, "Thou art come from the fields;" if one's garments smell of mingled odors, we say, "Thou hast walked in a garden."

But how much more if one has seen God, has held converse of hope and love, and hath walked in heaven, should he carry in his eye, his words, and his perfumed raiment the sacred token of divine intercourse!—Henry Ward Beecher.



**THE LAYMEN'S MOVEMENT.**

Dear Record.

The outlook this Autumn, for the Laymen's Missionary Movement, both in the older East and the newer West, is even brighter, judging from the interest already shown, than it was in the stirring gatherings of a year ago. The West is to be congratulated on its bountiful harvest, but more on the reports that come of the enthusiasm with which they are entering into another and wider and more detailed and practical laymen's campaign, than even the memorable campaign of 1908.

There were fears that the enthusiasm might vanish when the less spectacular work had to be faced of reaching the individual congregation. But such fears were groundless. Our business men mean business and know how to do business.

They knew from the beginning that, in order to accomplish their objects, this inspirational work must reach the individual congregation and the individual layman.

This is an immense task, yet they are facing the problem with a purpose that will not accept defeat. Three men, Rev. A. E. Armstrong, representing our own church, and other two, representing other churches, are now in the West, arranging the programme for a deputation that will follow in October and November. They report an eagerness at every point that surpasses expectations. The only regret is that more points cannot be reached in the allotted time.

In Ontario, the campaign has already begun. In Harriston, a few nights since, five hundred men were present at a banquet, and after the addresses, they arose with the conviction that it can and will be done, and that, "we must do our share."

In Galt, Ont., a few evenings since, a similar meeting was attended by four hundred men. The spirit of the Movement possessed them. The splendid objective of the Gospel for the world in this generation, appeals to men in such an age as this when the thinking and the doing of life is on an ever enlarging scale. The magnitude of the effort is attractive. The smallness of the church's ideals in the past has repelled. A more worthy conception has dawned. Let the Presbyterian Church be found in the van of this grand movement.

—R. P. M.

**OBITUARIES.**

**Rev. James Thompson** died at his home at Durham, Picton Co., N.S. on the 27th August ult., at the good old age of more than four score years and ten. He was born at Nine Mile River, Hants Co., N.S., and received his special training for the ministry at the "West River Seminary," the "old log college" of Canada. In 1854 he was called and inducted as pastor at "Economy and Five Islands." From this he was called to Durham, West River, Picton Co., where he labored for the remainder of his long ministry, until his retirement from its active work. He was one of the earliest and eldest of the home born and home trained ministry of our church. His jubilee was celebrated at Durham five years ago.

**Rev. Robert Hamilton, D.D.**

Died at Stratford, Ont., 15 Sept., aged eighty-five years. He was born in Stirlingshire, Scotland, and received his training for the ministry in the University of Glasgow. On graduating he was sent by the U. P. Church as a missionary to Canada. Soon after he accepted a call to Motherwell and Avonbank, where he was ordained and inducted 30th June, 1858, and labored there for forty-three years until his retirement in 1891, his entire life of active service in the ministry. After his retirement he visited, in 1892, the Holy Land. He was honored by Knox with the title of D.D. About a year ago, his jubilee was celebrated by the congregations where he had wrought so long.

**Rev. George MacLennan** died at Caledonia, P.E.I., 2 Sept. ult., aged seventy-three years. He was born in Rosshire, 8 Apl., 1836. When a child, his family came to Canada and settled in Chingacousy, Ont. He graduated from Knox College in 1864 and was settled at Harriston, Ont., the same year. In 1875 he was called to Camlachie, Ont.; in 1885 to Pinkerton, Ont.; and later to Graniteville, Vermont. In January, 1907, Mr. MacLennan was inducted into the pastoral charge of Caledonia, P.E.I., where he labored until the end came. He preached as usual on the last Sabbath of his life, 29th August ult., and four days later passed peacefully to his rest.

**WANTED.**

One hundred thousand Presbyterians who will enter into a prayer covenant for the evangelization of the world. That is the appeal issued by our Foreign Mission Committee. It is a timely appeal. We have large schemes on foot, that are sure to miscarry unless they are backed up by a corresponding volume of prayer.

The Laymen's Movement is entering upon a new campaign. Who can estimate its possibilities if adequately supported by prayer! The vast army of young people in the churches is also organizing for aggressive work. It needs to be directed by the wisdom that comes in answer to prayer. The world is throbbing with a new life which needs to be nurtured by prayer. The doors are open everywhere, but to be entered effectively the church must enter upon her knees. There is no need to-day so urgent as the need of intercessor, men and women who will take up the burden of prayer—who will intelligently look at the boundless possibilities, and believe that what God has begun He will bring to completion if the church only prays.

It is because of that conviction, the Foreign Mission Committee has issued a "Prayer card," which will help to suggest thought for petition and thanksgiving and give definiteness to prayer. This card will be distributed freely to all who will apply.

Is it too much to expect that in the Presbyterian church, approaching a membership of 300,000 there should be 100,000 who will join in this fellowship of prayer? Ministers may not find time to do individual canvass but they can get some of their earnest young people to enlist twenty or fifty or one hundred in the congregation who will share in this covenant of prayer.

**Begin now.** Nobody can anticipate what may come to the congregation and the whole church if a vast multitude unitedly, daily besiege the throne.

It is not a new organization and there need be no meetings, although an occasional meeting for consultation and united prayer might be a good thing. It simply means that one hundred thousand are asked to make daily intercession for some corner of this great needy world and to use this prayer card as a help, so far as it may be

found helpful. Will you not be one of the hundred thousand? R. P. MACKAY.

**OUR OUTGOING MISSIONARIES.**

The additions to our Foreign Mission staff, that are going out this Autumn are as follows:—

Rev. H. P. Luttrell, B.A., recently minister of Hull, Que., and Mrs. Luttrell, B.A., of Brockville, Ont., to our Honan Mission, China. This young couple, recently married, are supported by the congregation of St. Giles Church, Montreal, and were formally designated to their work by the Presbytery of Montreal at a meeting of the congregation held in that church 13th Sept. ult.

Rev. J. D. McRae, B.A., of Ayr, Ont., and Mrs. McRae, of Winnipeg, recently married, and supported by Augustine Church, Winnipeg, were designated to Honan, in Augustine Ch., Winnipeg, 14 Sep.

Rev. Robert Duncanson, B.A., of Walton, Ont., and Mrs. Duncanson, of Toronto, recently married, and supported by the congregation of St. Andrews Church, Vancouver, were designated in that church, 24th Sept. ult., to Kongmun, South China.

Rev. J. M. McLeod, Scotland, supported by Mr. R. M. Boswell, Elora, Ont., and some of the Gaelic congregations of the Province of Quebec, was designated, 28 July, to Korea.

Miss Harriet M. Latter, B.A., Montreal, supported by the "Woman's Missionary Society," to be designated 29th September, in the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, to Kongmun, South China.

Miss M. Verne McNeely, of Zion Church, Carleton Place, Ont., was there designated, 15th Sept., to Shanghai, China.

Miss Annie O'Neill, Rutherford, Ont., was there designated, 17th Sept., to Honan.

Miss Agnes H. Hall, of Blackheath, Ont., was there designated 16th Sept., to Honan, China.

Miss Margaret Macdonald, Toronto, supported by College St. Church, Toronto, to be designated to Honan, China, date unsettled at this writing.

Miss Janet E. Sinclair, of Knox Church, Toronto, self-supporting, is appointed to our India Mission, designation unsettled at date of writing, will sail for India in December.



### "A MODERN MIRACLE PLANT."

Modern medical missions has been said to represent, in some measure, in our time, the miracles of Christ. The latter were the direct forthputting of His power and they commended His Gospel to the men of His time and led them to accept it. The former, in its loving helpfulness, commends the Gospel to the people of our time when they first hear it and leads many to accept it. Bodily healing was a part of the Good Tidings then, and it usually accompanies these same tidings to-day. And the work of the medical missionary sometimes seems almost as wonderful to the heathen as did Christ's miracles of healing to those who saw them of old.

The above heading is the title of a pamphlet telling the story of the Williams Hospital in Pang Chuang, Shantung province, China, founded by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The name given, "Modern Miracle Plant," speaking with reverence, is not a wholly unfitting name for a hospital, and as the conditions and needs of our own mission in Honan are much the same as at Pang Chuang, and our medical missionaries are asking earnestly for such a "plant" at each of the four main centres in our Honan Mission, to meet the medical needs of about eight millions of people, more than all Canada, we give some extracts from the pamphlet. A little change of Chinese names can be made by the readers to fit our own field.

Hospitals are needed in some of our other fields, but as the hospital of which the story is here given is in China, in a neighboring province to Honan, and the conditions are similar, it may be taken as a duplicate of the needs of that field and of what might be accomplished there.

It may be stated that the estimated cost of each hospital in Honan is about five thousand dollars.

If any one wishes to provide a hospital to be named in memory of the donor or a friend, this is a good opportunity for a memorial.

Here are some of the extracts from the pamphlet, argument and incident. Think of them as in Honan, our own field and

work, except that the hospitals are waiting to be built by some of our readers.

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"The value of the medical work is shown in the fact that healing takes the place of miracles in the economy of the Gospel. The healing of the sick is a powerful force in dissolving prejudice and is a direct means of awakening spiritual interest and desire. Disease and pain are constant factors in life. Christian sympathy and knowledge become pervasive and powerful influences. These are seen

(1) In the wide range of influence. We reach large areas in Shantung and Chihli.

(2) In the multitudes of patients—ten thousand to thirty thousand each year.

(3) In the dispensary preaching. Good seed on good ground.

(4) In the close touch with native life, through constant human sympathies, interests, and definite help given.

(5) In the large knowledge of native needs, desires, dangers, possible results.

"A well appointed hospital work brings closest contact with individuals at most impressionable times. This is especially true of women patients. Abundant leisure, daily listening to the Gospel story, and painstaking teaching give permanent results. A simple prayer, a Christian song, a simple creed in common words become priceless treasures in after years. These defend against prejudice and misapprehension. These anticipate the time of pre-entrance of the Truth and secure that loyalty and friendship which neither fierce hostility, persecution, nor even boxer tumults can undermine or destroy.

"Nowhere is the missionary more in harmony with the command and the example of the Master than when, as he goes, he preaches and heals the sick. As a means of dissipating prejudice the great advantage of the medical work is that it is a permanent agency (the sick, like the poor, we always have with us) that those who come do so of their own accord, and for an object; that they are influenced at a most susceptible time; that a single patient may not improbably communicate his good impressions to many others while under treatment, and to a much larger after he is discharged.

"The physician's soothing, healing touch

is the broad scythe which sweeps a harvest to his feet. What further word may he not speak to that grateful patient whom he has delivered from long bondage to suffering, aggravated by doctors, falsely so-called, and by a pathetic servitude of witchcraft and superstition. The simple waiting rooms of dispensaries are transformed into temples where the Lord God condescends to dwell; for some living missionary is beside the sufferer and turns his thought to those sweet words 'God so loved the world' or 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.' Hospitals become schools where heavenly lessons seem more easily learned than otherwise."

#### **Origin of the Williams Hospital.**

"Dr. S. Wells Williams, in 1884, twenty-five years ago, bequeathed five hundred dollars for medical work at Pang Chuang. Land was secured and the American Board made a grant of two thousand dollars for hospital buildings.

"In 1886 the several hospital wards, dispensary and operating room were built, all of sun-dried adobe brick. On a tablet, without the gate, was engraven in Chinese characters, 'The Williams Hospital.'

"The field of the Williams Hospital is now quite well delimited. With an area of about one-half of Massachusetts or nearly that of Connecticut, the hospital ministers to as many as both of these sections combined. There is no other aid to which they can appeal.

"If Boston, Detroit, St. Paul, Kansas City, Omaha, Indianapolis, Denver and San Francisco, all combined, with a total population less than that of this teeming field, had the wants of the sick supplied by one hospital consisting of two physicians and eighty mud beds, it would be sad indeed."

"The long open court-yard was an interesting sight, at noon or night, crowded with native carts bringing the daily patients, or closely packed with carts, animals and teamsters, which had brought patients four days' journey away to this centre of help.

"Men and women, rich and poor, singly or in family groups, with little ones crowded into the rooms assigned to them. Here

comes a father with a son in sad plight to watch over, an elderly woman with a daughter to nurse her, or a daughter-in-law to slave for her, or a mother with unfailing devotion to care for a distressed and petulant son, or a husband to show such devotion to an invalid wife as is supposed to be unknown in Oriental lands.

"The hospital became at once a Mecca for a vast region, covering at one time no less than sixty counties. The preacher in the daily waiting room often faced by actual count an eager crowd representing from twenty to twenty-five counties. No faith healing ever secured a larger following, or more determined adherents. The number of women became increasingly large, and in other ways the work steadily grew.

"Rains and floods melted down some adobe rooms in 1891. Additional land was secured, and a court for medical assistants was added. A three room building was also added for men's wards. In 1896 the executors of Madame Tank, a devoted friend, gave \$5,500 for the hospital. Of this \$2,500 was for immediate use, and the remainder for endowment. With this provision, necessary repairs were made, and a small surgical ward and operating room, and a commodious guest hall were built.

"The time spent by patients in the hospital reveals the opportunity for Christian work in the wards. In 1892 the patients spent an average of ten days, afterwards increased to fifteen and now thirty days, every effort being made to keep the patients at least as long as necessary. Coming thus into a circle of Christian thought and definite effort many accept the Gospel message. No field for personal influence could surpass such opportunity, nor unfold greater results than our dispensary and hospital service. In one year patients came to us representing 1,031 villages. Christianity went in a direct and especial form to each of these.

#### **Cases and Incidents.**

"The value of the medical work in presenting the Gospel may be seen in a few typical cases which might be extended almost indefinitely.

"In 1884 a man living 20 miles west of



us brought his son of twenty years, with a large solid tumor on the back of his head reaching from ear to ear. It was keloid. Our facilities being meagre then we sent him to Dr. McKenzie at Tientsin. The mass was removed, the patient barely escaping with his life. He became a Christian, and served in the Tientsin hospital of the London Mission. He took the Gospel to his home, and the London Mission now has a large work and a chapel in his village as a consequence.

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"In 1889 a woman blind from double cataract came from the banks of the Yellow River, led by her son of twelve, begging her way along. One eye was lost in operation. The other healed rapidly, glasses were provided, and she could see well. She stayed on, learned to read and soon was set to teach other women.

"In 1890 she became matron, and was remarkably useful as an elder sister to the women in the wards. She learned to advise them and became a very essential part of the work, patient, indefatigable, and helpful under the skilled guidance of the ladies of the station.

"Her two sons became Christians, one to be a school teacher, and the younger to take the long course of study in Academy and College, and still later in the Union Medical College, Peking, where he now is.

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"A man from Kao Tang brought his wife with a diseased foot. The leg was amputated, the woman remained months at the hospital, learned to read, and with her husband was baptized. As Mrs. Hu, she has been many years with Mrs. Smith as a Bible woman, a sweet, brave life, full of loving devotion and spiritual effort. Their village developed a small church and a valuable helper.

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"An intelligent artisan spent some months at the hospital. He renewed his youth in relearning the lost written characters. Mr. Smith gave him daily instruction. He became a true Christian and brought in a score of men in his village. They formed the nucleus of the outstation at Chiu Cheng.

Four years ago, well-dressed, though poor, Mr. Tang of Tehchow was led to Pang Chuang by a friend, for hardly a ray of light got past the dense scars on his eyes, caused by lack of care and Chinese mis-treatment. Needles thrust into the eyes by native "doctors" had produced quite the opposite effect desired, and we could hold out almost no hope.

Every effort was made, however, and he remained nearly a year. Toward the end of his stay a new patient, who had been listening to his clear and simple exposition of Scripture, asked him if he was not blind. "No," he replied, "when I came I was blind, but now my 'heart-eyes' are better than they ever were, and I can see the glory of God."

"No one ever turned an affliction to better account. For three years he has been one of the best students in the School for Chinese Blind in Peking, and will later come back to serve as one of the hospital chaplains.

"During his stay, among other victories, he conquered his opium habit, and gave up his partnership in the sale of the drug. To see him read, or play the organ and sing, during the summers when he helps here, is most interesting to his audience—all acquired since he lost his sight. The massive books of raised "point" characters he has made himself. His wife has learned to read very rapidly and will likely soon be of the household of faith. Mr. Tang led the richest man in Tehchow here last year, and he was also cured of a life-long opium habit.

#### Value of the Mission Hospital.

"A cold day in January, a rude couch of "one horse shay type" was "borne of four" into the hospital yard. After setting the bed and its faintly moaning burden of earthly rags by one of the wards, the bearers and other villagers who had come remarked that they were going home to dinner. The suspecting doctor thought not—at least till he had learned a little of the case.

"Mr. Li had been a carpenter and bean-curd maker in a village two miles north-west. He was taken sick with what proved to be liver abscess, and was now dumped in the hospital yard as it was 'incon-

venient' for him to die in rented premises, and, besides, it was the Chinese New Year season and who had time to help care for him?

"His beautiful little wife and baby were with him and explaining that there was but one chance in ten for recovery, we reluctantly admitted the family, a friend having given a small sum to provide for such a case. After good feeding and two operations he began to improve rapidly and is about to be discharged quite well. The gratitude of Mrs. and Mr. Li is balm indeed, and they wish to present their little girls to the doctors.

### CHINA'S MORAL REFORMS.

BY REV. R. A. JAFFRAY, OF TORONTO.

MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

First among the moral reforms may be mentioned the revision of a code of law over 2,000 years old, which did away with certain barbarous and horrible methods of capital punishment, also the abolition of the practice of requiring the family or clan, or even the whole district, of an offender, including the official in charge, to be responsible and to be punished for the crime of an individual.

The examination of prisoners by torture and the indefinite detention of offenders in prison without a proper trial have also been corrected. In the same connection an extensive prison reform movement is also under way. The abolition of slavery and polygamy is being strongly pressed; neither of these practices, however, has been very widespread in China.

### The Foot-binding Evil.

The movement for abandoning the cruel practice of foot-binding is making great progress. But while many of the Chinese are quite keen on changing their dress and adopting a kind of semi-European garb, wearing foreign hats, shoes, coats, etc., and even cutting off the queue (this latter has finally been sanctioned by the Government authorities), still the much more serious practice of foot-binding is held to tenaciously and has proved difficult to overcome. With the rapid changes in social custom in China, however, it is something that is bound to follow.

### The Opium Curse.

But now we come to the great moral vice of this people—the opium habit. Hon. J. W. Foster, formerly U. S. Secretary of State, has said with reference to this: "It has within the past hundred years become the crying social evil of the country, and it is a gigantic struggle which has been inaugurated for its eradication. No one who has not passed through the interior of China can appreciate the magnitude of the problem. It is held that nearly every family has felt the clutch of this monster vice, and it is known to have impoverished whole communities."

In September of 1906 an Imperial edict was sent forth terminating the cultivation and use of opium throughout the empire within a period of ten years. This most courageous crusade against the giant evil of opium on the part of the Chinese Government and people may well be called "the greatest moral reform of the twentieth century.

Every true Britisher must to a greater or less extent feel a sense of national shame that his nation was guilty of pressing on the Chinese the opium trade by the war of 1840.

Up to the present the British Government has tried to excuse itself, when appealed to by the Chinese Government to abandon the trade and thus help her to stamp out the horrid evil, on the ground that, inasmuch as the poppy is much more extensively produced in China than in India, so long as its production is permitted in China it is a legitimate trade for India.

But the time for the pleading of this lame excuse is past, for China has without mistake undertaken in earnest the cure of this pernicious habit, the plucking out of this deep-seated cancer, and thus the so-called Christian Government of Great Britain has at last been forced by the action of a heathen Government to admit that the opium trade is "morally indefensible."

Before this conclusion was arrived at Dr. Morrison telegraphed to the London Times that "every missionary in China, of whatever nationality, and the overwhelming mass of disinterested public opinion, both official and unofficial (British), will rejoice when the British connection with the opium traffic wholly ceases." The



Bishop of Hong Kong has asserted that twice the House of Commons has affirmed that this connection with the Indo-Chinese opium trade was wholly indefensible, and that the trade increased incalculably the misery of millions of their fellow-men and tended to the deterioration of a noble race.

#### International Opium Congress.

An International Opium Commission was recently held in Shanghai, at which Hon. Mackenzie King represented Canada. Its object was: (1) To devise means to limit the use of opium, (2) to ascertain the best means of suppressing the opium traffic; (3) to offer definite suggestions of measures which the Governments of participating powers may adopt for the gradual suppression of opium cultivation, traffic and use within their Eastern possessions, thus assisting China in her purpose of eradication of the evil from the empire.

At that Commission, Viceroy Tuan Fang, in his opening speech, said: "From the present outlook, together with the state of public opinion throughout our empire, there are great hopes that the consumption of opium can be stopped before the end of the prescribed limit of ten years."

Later on in his address the Viceroy said: "It was at first intended to limit the abolition of opium in the empire to ten years, but the various provinces have been able so to reduce the cultivation of the poppy, that it would seem that this cultivation may be entirely stopped within the next couple of years. Moreover, the sale of prepared opium has also been rapidly reduced to over one-half, and we may certainly be able entirely to stop the sale and consumption of the native-grown opium within the prescribed limit of ten years."

That the Chinese Government and people are desperately in earnest in their unswerving sincerity to rid themselves of this terrible yoke, and that they are undertaking the task, which is one of the greatest magnitude, and one from which the strongest Government might well shrink, in a spirit of undaunted courage and confidence, may be seen from the following quotations from some of China's own political leaders.

The Viceroy, from whose speech I have

quoted above, closes with these words: "I will, therefore, be the first to declare to this Conference that the Government and people of my country are determined to succeed in their object, and will not by any means turn aside from accomplishing the task before them."

In submitting the final resolutions to the conference on behalf of the Chinese delegation, Mr. Tong-Kai-Sun, in his eloquent speech says: "I wish to make clear in the very beginning that we realize that at last it is a question the solution of which depends on us, and us alone. However much help we may have from others, the largest part remains to us."

"I would not have you think, sir, that China comes to this commission in a spirit of impotence, crying to the world to rid her of a foe with which she had not the moral strength or courage to do battle. We understand the enormous difficulties; we have counted the cost; we are determined to rid ourselves of this curse."

Again he says: "Our investigations have convinced us that there are twenty-five million men in China addicted to the use of opium. But every day of further study into the question on the part of the Chinese commissioners—and we have not failed to face unflinchingly the difficulties—has more deeply convinced us that China can speedily stamp out this evil if she has the co-operation of the other civilized powers."—Christian and Missionary Alliance.

That there is room for reform along medical lines as well as others may be seen from the following,—

"Some of the substances known to be used in Chinese prescriptions are dried scorpions, rhinoceros skin, wood shavings, silk worm, oyster shells, maggots, cicada shells, asbestos, roasted barley, chalk, melon seeds, crushed pebbles, moths, centipedes, toads, lizards, caterpillars, tiger bones, powdered snakes, wasps and their nests."

"Not only is it true that the non-Christian faiths no longer meet the needs of the people of non-Christian lands, but Christianity is now, as ever before, making strides in those countries."

## PROGRESS IN CHINA.

By REV. P. W. PITCHER, AMOY.

Last year, 1908, was a memorable year in Chinese national affairs. Not alone on account of the supreme event that marked its closing days, but because of the general tendencies of this great people towards reform and national achievement, which has been more in evidence during the past twelve months than ever before. The year unmistakably shows that the movement of this vast nation, "admittedly in a state of transition," has been forward.

With the death of the Empress Dowager, Tsu-chi, within twenty-four hours after the demise of the Emperor, Kwang-su, there passes from the stage of contemporary life one of the most conspicuous figures in the Far East politics, one who for nearly half a century has been the real ruler of this nation.

Kwang-su, for thirty-four years the accredited ruler of China, died on November 14. A new reign under the title of Hsuan-Tung, has been successfully inaugurated. Until the child Emperor, Po-yi, who was born February 8, 1906, comes of age, the affairs of state will be under the control of the regent Prince Chun, his father.

That the new regime has been launched with so little friction, and a critical period passed without a political upheaval or letting slip the forces of disorder, demonstrates the character of the man who is in power as well as the grip he has on national affairs. With the support of men like Chang Chih-tung and others of like minds, there will be no halting in the cause of reform or national progress in every sphere of activity.

We watch this great phenomenon of progress and transformation with eager expectation. And while there may be clouds now and then arising on the horizon, yet the movement is forward, not backward. There are many things to indicate it. We may point to some of them very briefly:

(1) A demand for a constitutional government has been made, and steps taken to meet it. In due time, when the people are educated up to such a standard as to warrant it, the great change will come. The first dawn is here, the day is bound to follow.

(2) Opium Reform. In the field of reform there may be found much to fill one with disappointment and suspicion, but no one should be discouraged if the forward pace has not been with that acceleration which was expected and above all to be desired. No one can doubt the sincerity of the central government in its desire to put an end to the cultivation and consumption of opium. In good faith have the conditions of the British government been accepted for the suppression of the evil: viz., "that the gradual reduction of the Indian opium shall be coincident with the decrease of the production of the native drug."

The International Opium Commission met in Shanghai in February, 1909. It endeavored, among other matters, to discover the best means for the suppression of the traffic, cultivation and use of the death-dealing drug.

(3) A new journalism, and less and less anti-foreign, is fast taking the place of the old. A new literature is supplanting the old self-centered production of the past. A thousand publications of these new books are brought out in a single year. A firm—the Commercial Press—expends \$14,000 Mexican per month on salaries to its employees who dispose of these books among the eager buyers.

(4) Nothing indicates the change that is taking place more clearly than the constantly increasing number of post offices. Seven hundred and seven were opened in 1907, making a total of 2,803. In the Amoy district 29 new offices were opened, making a total of 128 in this district.

(5) Railroad extension during the year has increased rapidly. Nine of the eighteen provinces are now linked together by the iron bands, making a total of over three thousand miles of railroad—a matter of far-reaching importance, economically, socially and politically.

The Amoy-Chiang-chin Railroad, the first section of the Fukien Grand Trunk, has made appreciably good progress. The first locomotive arrived in Amoy February 10, 1908. Of the need of railroads there can be no doubt. Nor can there be much doubt about its being a paying investment, for the Chinese certainly are great travelers. One line of steamers between here and Foo-



chow carries alone 10,000 passengers, while the different launches that ply between Amoy, Chioh-be; Tong-an, and An-hai carry over 300,000 annually.

(6) Currency reform is being agitated, and we have no doubt that in the near future some standard coinage will be adopted. It will be a long step in advance when some method in dealing with currency can be devised to take the place of the present miserable and uncertain system.

(7) But it is in the field of education that the greatest change has occurred. The old antiquated system has passed away forever, and there can be no doubt that the government is doing its best to provide a system of education along Western lines—first-class colleges and universities—that will afford the best secular education possible. That difficulties have been already met goes without saying. It is a tremendous task.

But it should be borne in mind that such institutions alone will not meet our needs. In the first place they will not be founded on the Rock. In the second place they are not likely to afford a complete education. For we believe, with others, that a knowledge of science, art and literature alone, without knowing something about God and Jesus Christ as revealed in the Holy Bible, is not a complete education. Nothing less than institutions founded upon Christianity will meet our needs, and for that matter the real needs of this people, though they may not or do not now realize it.

Another thing to be borne in mind is the present opportunity to establish Christian colleges. There never was such a time as the present. A few years now will count for more than decades will a few years hence. We stand at the parting of the ways and the opportunity is ours, but no one can say it will be ours for many years. May we lose no time therefore in planting our colleges and gather in as many as we can of these young men and women within their walls and give them what they will not get elsewhere, a Christian education which means a complete education.

Humanly speaking, these colleges, along with our other graded schools, are indispensable, for the extension of Christ's

kingdom depends in large measure upon the men who are trained in them for pastors, evangelists, teachers, and for best citizenship.

Last, Idolatry is losing its hold. The old faiths or beliefs are slipping from their anchorages. A recent proclamation by the Viceroy of the Min-Che provinces (Fukien and Chekiang) not only pointed out the foolishness and evil of such practices as idol possessions and "joss" celebrations, but strictly prohibited them. This is but one indication of what is taking place. "Old things" are indeed passing away.

But what is to take their place? Will it mean simply the passing away of an old cult and the old form of worship for no cult or no form of worship? That will never do. Something must be supplied, and the followers of the cross should supply it, and speedily. Never was the opportunity more pressing, more inviting than now for us to come forward and give this people what they need, and what they in their blindness are groping after—the gospel. Get a tighter grip on the ropes. Keep up the supply at all costs—the supply of prayer, workers and money. "Ours is not a conflict with mere flesh and blood, but with the despotisms, the empires, the forces that control and govern this dark world—the spiritual hosts of evil arrayed against us in the heavenly warfare."—The Mission Field.

### WHAT THEY PUT ON THEIR FACES.

A Hindu trader in Kherwara market once asked Pema (an Indian Christian), "What medicine do you put on your face to make it shine so?"

Pema answered, "I don't put anything on."

"No; but what do you put on?"

"Nothing."

I don't put anything on."

"Yes you do. All you Christians do; I've seen it in Agra, and I've seen it in Ahmedabad and Surat, and I've seen it in Bombay."

Pema laughed, and his happy face shone the more as he said, "Yes, I'll tell you the medicine; it is happiness of heart."

"The external appearance of our people," said Bishop Caldwell (Tinnevely), "is so much more respectable than that of their heathen neighbours; they are so much cleaner and brighter looking."—Ex.

# Pulpit and Pew.

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## THE HARVEST OF THE REVIVAL.

### And Who Shall Reap It.

"The Southern Cross"—published in Melbourne, Australia, gives a description of the Chapman-Alexander Mission recently conducted there. The "Southern Cross" has published several "Special Mission" numbers, and the editorials and the reports of the meetings and addresses are of exceptional excellency and ability. The grasp of Evangelical truth and the clear strong presentation of it are seldom equalled. Blessed are the readers that have such a paper with such an editor. He writes as follows:—

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"Some of the results of the Chapman-Alexander Mission lie on the surface, and are plain to all men. Arithmetic is a clumsy, not to say a misleading, test to apply to spiritual facts; but it is certain that the revival has witnessed the conversion of multitudes of men and women hitherto outside the churches. It has raised to a new level of spiritual experience multitudes within the churches.

Many ministers will be surprised, and perhaps even a little disappointed, to find in the list of names handed in to them as a result of the Mission some who are already members of the Church, and supposed to be living definitely Christian lives.

But both surprise and disappointment in this case are unreasonable. In all the churches there are multitudes who are living by the ethics of Christianity, but know little of its gladness or of its power. They are servants in the spiritual household, and live in the spirit of servants, when they ought to be children of the divine family, with the free, glad, rejoicing confidence of children. It is one of the direct and enormous gains of such a Mission as that which has just closed that it lifts these multitudes up into a richer experience, and teaches them in its largest terms what the redemption which Jesus Christ has achieved for them really means.

As a third result, the missionaries have certainly awakened a new energy and ardour of service, a new conscience as to the obligations of such service, in all the churches, and this is a working asset for Christ's Church of simply priceless value.

## A New Spiritual Climate.

But there remain some general results of the revival whose value it is difficult to express. To say that the Mission has created a new spiritual atmosphere for all the churches is hardly adequate. It has created a new spiritual climate, a climate genial to every form of spiritual life. It has given a new vision of the power of religion. It has created everywhere a new expectancy as to the results of Christian work. Never before perhaps in the history of Melbourne was Christian work so easy, so sure of results, so justified in its courage.

In view of such facts to describe the Mission as having "ended" is absurd. It has only begun. In the spiritual realm opportunities are duties, and the new and richer opportunities which lie open to Christ's churches at the present moment are a challenge; they put every church on its trial. The great problem at the present moment is not merely how to garner the results of the revival, but how to continue its work.

Some churches, it is true, stand aloof; they lack vision to see what God is doing on every side of them. The revival might as well have taken place in Saturn or in Jupiter as in Melbourne as far as they are concerned; and these churches will pay the price of their indifference. But the great majority of the Christian churches, it is certain, are eagerly concerned to learn the lessons and share the spiritual results of the revival.

### Capture the Music!

One force in the revival may be instantly and visibly captured by the churches—its music. He must be strangely dull and blind who does not see that one of the lessons of the revival is the scale on which music can be made the servant of religion. A great revival naturally sets the church singing; and great and wise revivalists, like Wesley in the eighteenth century and Moody in the nineteenth century, have been quick to see the service that music can render, and diligent in securing that service.

But each new generation evolves its own type of music. The songs of the eighteenth century do not suit the twentieth century.



Sankey's hymns, it may well be suspected, have had their day; they are no longer an adequate expression of the religious emotions of this generation.

Mr. Alexander is not simply a conductor of matchless skill; he and Mr. Harkness have taught the Church a new type of music. They have given praise a new accent, and taught what can only be described as a new step to the marching songs of the spiritual host. And—not, it is true, for the ordinary worship of the Church, but—for all its evangelistic work—for its prayer-meetings, its Christian Endeavour societies, its Sunday Schools, etc., those churches will be wise who try to retain the music of the Mission.

Mr. Alexander's vast choir, some 1,500 strong, remains, and may well serve as a sort of musical heaven in the choirs of all the churches. Nay, Mr. Alexander turned nearly 10,000 people every night into a music-class, and the hymns he taught are still chiming like divinest music in the hearts of all these thousands.

Why should such a force be cast away? Why should not each church organise an "Alexander Choir" of its own, and conduct its prayer-meetings, and week-night services, etc., to the music Mr. Alexander taught? The very sound of these hymns constitutes a link of kinship betwixt these services and the Mission itself. The memories and associations of the music are spiritual forces of the utmost value.

#### **Leadership for the Workers.**

Then it is certain that throughout the whole Church the Mission has created a new conscience as to the duty of work which lies on all its members. All that the minister has to do is to supply leadership to that impulse. If he will frame some plan of work suited to his own congregation and neighbourhood, and will then call all the members of his church together, lay the plan of a spiritual campaign before them, and call upon every man and woman to take some part in it, he will find a response which will perhaps even amaze himself.

And what all the churches want, if only for the sake of their own health, is the tonic of work. An idle church is a scandal to Christianity. The surest way of serving and saving one's own soul is to be intensely concerned for the salvation of somebody else's soul.

The average Christian church is too often like the saloon passengers on a mail-boat. They eat too much and do too little. They are spoonfed and idle. It is, they selfishly imagine, the business of the staff and the crew of the boat to keep it going; they have nothing to do but to be carried. If what may be called the latent force in every Christian church in Melbourne could only be aroused and made to express itself in aggressive work of Christ, the gain to the cause of Christianity would be measureless.

#### **CHRISTIAN BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION.**

BY REV. F. N. CALVIN, ST. LOUIS, MO.

How to interest and hold men to the work of the church is the great problem in the church life of to-day. The Compton Heights Christian Church of St. Louis, Mo., is doing this with no small degree of success through their "Christian Business Men's Association."

The officers of the Association are president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, who, together with the pastor, form an executive committee.

The membership consists of all men over seventeen years of age who are members of this church—as active members; and other men not members of this church who are attendants upon its services, who, after being recommended to the Association by the executive committee, receive a majority vote of those present at any regular business meeting. These are known as associate members.

The object of the Association is to cultivate acquaintance and friendship among the men, and to develop a mutual interest in one another's welfare. The Association is divided into committees such as social committee, employment committee, relief committee, and such other committees as may be used at any time.

Our social committee is composed of five members, and serves three months. This committee is expected to prepare two business meeting programs, and one special program or entertainment during its term of office. The special entertainment is for an open meeting when our friends from the outside are invited in to spend the evening with us. The programs for the business meetings are, besides the regular business, a lecture or debate upon some live topic.

Our last open meeting consisted of a banquet, and musical and literary entertainment, at which all of the talent was furnished from our own congregation. It was a great success.

Our employment committee forms the channel through which we help those of our number who are out of employment to get positions.

Our relief committee takes the oversight of all cases of distress or sickness in our congregation, and sees that whatever assistance is needed is rendered.

Our work so far has been largely local, but we hope as we grow in service we shall be able to reach out to many fields of usefulness beyond our local congregation.

This plan is practicable in any church that has a membership of twenty or more men. It has proven a great success so far in this church.—Hom. Review.

**THE BEYOND.**

It seemeth such a little way to me,  
 Across to that strange country, the Beyond;  
 And yet not strange, for it has grown to be  
 The home of those of whom I am so fond;  
 They make it seem familiar and most dear,  
 As journeying friends bring distant coun-  
 tries near.

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,  
 I think I see the brightly gleaming strand;  
 I know, I feel that those who've gone from  
 here

Come near enough to touch my hand.  
 I often think, but for our veiled eyes,  
 We should find heaven round about us lies.

I can not make it seem a day to dread  
 When from this dear earth I shall journey  
 out  
 To that still dearer country of the dead,  
 And join the lost ones so long dreamed  
 about.  
 I love this world, yet shall I love to go  
 And meet the friends who wait for me, I  
 know.

I never stand about a bier and see  
 The seal of death set on some well-loved  
 face,  
 But that I think, One more to welcome me  
 When I shall cross the intervening space  
 Between this land and that one over there—  
 One more to make the strange beyond seem  
 fair.

And so for me there is no sting to death,  
 And so the grave has lost its victory;  
 It is but crossing, with abated breath  
 And white, set face, a little strip of sea,  
 To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,  
 More beautiful, more precious than before.  
 —Anon.

**FRONT THE SUN!**

An Eastern story tells of a king that  
 tried in vain to mount his horse. The  
 mettlesome animal plunged and reared and  
 could not be controlled. But there stood  
 near by an observing groom who quietly  
 said: "The horse has caught sight of his  
 own shadow stretching in front of him.  
 Turn him round so that he faces the sun,  
 and his terror will pass away." This was  
 done, and the groom proved to be right.

It is easier to moralize over this little  
 tale than it is to practise one's moralising,  
 for it teaches the folly of facing our worries  
 instead of our joys—the sin, indeed, of fac-  
 ing our unrighteous self, when we should  
 be facing the Sun of righteousness. "He is  
 standing in his own light," we often say of

a man who hinders his own worldly advance-  
 ment. Is any "standing in one's own light"  
 half so serious a misfortune as turning one's  
 back on the sun of faith and hope and good  
 cheer?

In one of Matthew Arnold's most beauti-  
 ful poems, he pictures a pale weaver work-  
 ing disconsolately at his task in a squalid  
 street. Soon after meeting him, he comes  
 upon a Christian preacher, cheery and hope-  
 ful in the same disheartening surroundings,  
 with sickness and overwork pulling him  
 down. "How fare you in this scene?" asks  
 the poet. "Bravely!" is the reply, "for I  
 have been much cheered with thoughts of  
 Christ, the living Bread." And the poet's  
 conclusion is the sum and substance of it  
 all.

"O human soul! so long as thou canst so  
 Set up a mark of everlasting light  
 Above the howling sense's ebb and flow  
 To cheer thee and to right thee if thou  
 roam,  
 Not with lost toil thou labourest through  
 the night  
 Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed  
 thy home."—The Christian Age.

**SALVATION FOR TO-DAY.**

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

I was once in a country town, and I said  
 to my host when I went to bed:

"I have to be in London to-morrow, and  
 I can not get up in time for my work unless  
 I leave by a train which I can catch readily  
 enough if you wake me at six."

Well, my host was an Irishman, so he  
 woke me at five o'clock and told me I had  
 only an hour to sleep. The consequence  
 was that I missed my train. If he had only  
 wakened me at the proper time and said,  
 "Now you must get up," I should have  
 dressed at once; but as he said, "You have  
 only another hour to sleep," of course, I  
 slept, being weary.

The same principle applies to you. If I  
 say to you, "Go home and think it over all  
 the week," I shall be giving you a week in  
 which to rebel against God, and I have no  
 right to do that. I shall be giving you a  
 week to continue an unbeliever; and he  
 that is an unbeliever is in peril of eternal  
 ruin, for "he that believeth not shall be  
 damned."

Worse than all, the week may lead to  
 many other weeks, to months, perhaps years,  
 perchance a whole eternity of woe. I can  
 not give you five minutes. God, the Holy  
 Ghost, speaks by me now to souls and He  
 says, "To-day if ye will hear his voice,  
 harden not your hearts." The Holy Ghost  
 says, "To-day, even to-day."



### A SCOTTISH COMMUNION.

The birds were singing blithely this morning, and the dew, sun-lit, was sparkling on the grass. We were all up betimes; there was no lying long in bed to-day; for this is our Sacrament Sunday.

There is a stillness over all the land as we wend our way down the quiet country roads to the kirk. The service is at twelve; but at half-past eleven the area is well filled with silent reverent people, waiting with a hush of expectancy for the coming of the minister. To-day the men do not linger in the churchyard, as usual, to discuss the local news; but parents and young people all come up to the house of God together.

The Sacrament is the occasion of a happy family gathering in nearly every house in the village. The daughters are home from their "places" in the town; the sons from factory and shop and office are with their parents to-day. Some are just arriving on bicycles as we enter the church. There is Johnny, the grieve's son, looking so smart in his city clothes; and waiting for him at the church gate is his mother, proud and happy to sit down at the table with her laddie. There is his sweetheart too, with pink roses in her hat, matching the colour of her cheeks, as she walks shyly at his side. They are to be married at the term.

In the church are many old folk, seldom there betweenwhiles, who never neglect to keep the feast. For we have a kind of superstition up here among the hills, that though we may pay little heed to certain everyday Christian duties, yet, if we attend the Sacrament regularly, somehow it will be well with us.

The book-boards are covered with fair white linen—so in Scotland we do honour to the "table" of the Lord.

Not a sound is heard. Hardly any one ever dares to look round; although we know by a kind of instinct who are there.

Now our fair young organist begins her voluntary. Surely even in the town no one with a sweeter face leads the praises of the sanctuary.

Here is the beadle with the "buiks." He has been specially "clippit" for the occasion by Tammas, who keeps the odd shop in the village, and does a great trade in hair-cutting on Saturday nights.

When the minister enters there is a general rustle; meditation is over and the service begins: "Let us worship God. Let us sing the 100th Psalm." We have no liturgy in the Kirk; yet for our Sacrament day we have an unwritten order of service, which includes the 100th and 103rd Psalms, the 35th Paraphrase, and the 53rd chapter of Isaiah.

While we sing the elders come slowly in

all dressed in black, with white ties, in honour of the sacred feast. The Earl and his head-gardener, the schoolmaster and the blacksmith, the factor and the farmer, without social distinction to-day, as they reverently bear the bread and wine.

So in almost unbroken silence we "do shew forth the Lord's death." Our hearts are moved as the minister reminds us of those who have gone before, and of those who, all unwitting, may be partaking for the last time. The thought of death is always with us at the Sacrament, sometimes also the thought of heaven; but too seldom the thought contained in the words, "Till He come." That glad hope, which nerved the early Christians for their fight, is too little present in our Christian teaching—to our inestimable loss.

Soon, too soon, the solemn service is over. One by one we pass out into the sunshine, to linger for a moment by the graves of our beloved in the beautiful churchyard. The primroses and daffodils make the green grass golden at our feet; instinctively we pause to collect ourselves and to get back to the atmosphere of every day. "It's a fine day for the time of year," says one—and the spell is broken. We travel slowly home with our neighbours, discussing the things which interest us most—the weather, the crops, the beasts. But never a word of spiritual experience passes our lips, never a word of Jesus and His love—for we are a silent race.—Life and Work, the Church of Scotland Magazine.

### SHAPING STONES FOR THE TEMPLE

Slowly, throughout all the universe, that temple of God is being built. Wherever, in any world, a soul, by free-willed obedience, catches the fire of God's likeness, it is set into the growing walls, a living stone.

When, in your hard fight, in your tire-some drudgery, or in your terrible temptation, you catch the purpose of your being, and give yourself to God, and so give him the chance to give himself to you, your life, a living stone, is taken up and set into that growing wall. Wherever souls are being tried and ripened, in whatever commonplace and homely ways—there God is hewing out the pillars for his temple.

Oh, if the stone can only have some vision of the temple of which it is to lie a part forever, what patience must fill it as it feels the blows of the hammer, and knows that success for it is simply to let itself be wrought into what shape the Master wills.—Phillips Brooks.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—Pope.

### A HIGH STANDARD.

The following from a letter of James Chalmers of New Guinea, one of the world's many missionary heroes, shews the high estimate he sets on Foreign Mission Work, and the high type of men that he craves for it; a type of which he was a good illustration. But high as it is, it is all summed up in the command of Christ to every one who would name himself by Him, "Follow me." The extract from James Chalmers' letter is as follows:—

Is it impossible to find missionaries who will gladly dare all for Christ? Not the "life in hand" business, or the "sacrifices I have made;" but men and women who think preaching and living the Gospel to the heathen the grandest work on earth, and the greatest of Heaven's commissions. We want missionaries like the men General Gordon defines. He says: "Find me the man, and I will take him as my help, who cares not for money, name, honor, and glory; one who looks to God as the source of good and controller of evil; one who has a healthy body and energetic spirit."

Leave the twaddle of sacrifices for those who do not appreciate the sacrifice of the Cross. Let the Church give her very best in heart, mind, and body for Christ's world work. The best and greatest of all works requires the best and greatest men. We want men who will thoroughly enjoy all kinds of roughing it, who will be glad when ease and comfort can be had, but who will look upon all that comes as only the pepper and salt, giving zest to work, and creating the appetite for more."

### TEN WAYS OF GIVING.

Among our duties we put in the front rank a proper and scriptural standard of giving, based on the conception of a Divine stewardship in all property, which is the only solution to the present inadequacy of our gifts. We have giving, but not of the right sort.

There are at least ten ways of giving:—

1. The *careless* way—giving something to any cause presented, without inquiry into its merits or claims, or proportionate value as to other causes.

2. The *impulsive* way—giving as the feelings and caprices of the moment dictate, as often and as much as love, pity, or awakened sensibility prompt.

3. The *easy* way—lazily to shirk all real self-denial by a resort to fairs, festivals, and other panderings to the flesh, to raise money for the Lord's cause.

4. The *selfish* way—giving because there is promised some reward of praise, prominence, or human glory.

5. The *calculating* way—giving with reference to some returns in prosperity or material benefit.

6. The *systematic* way—laying aside as an offering to God a definite portion of income; one-tenth, or fifth, or third, or half, as conscience dictates. This is adapted to both rich and poor, and if largely practised would indefinitely increase our gifts.

7. The *intelligent* way—giving to each object after a personal investigation into its comparative claims on our beneficence, and without regard to the appeal of men.

8. The *self-denying* way—saving what would be spent in luxuries and needless expenditures, and sacredly applying to purposes of religion and charity.

9. The *equal* way—giving to God and the needy as much as is spent on self, balancing personal expenses and benevolent outlay. What a corrective to all extravagance!

10. The *heroic* way—limiting our expenditure to a certain sum, and giving away the entire remainder. This is stewardship actually in exercise. This was John Wesley's way. It makes of a disciple an habitual, conscientious, proportionate, prayerful, liberal, unselfish, consecrated giver.—Selected.

### THE HEART OF A FRIEND.

"Broken friendship, like china, may be repaired, but the break will always show," is a bit of real truth and wisdom. Friendship is a precious thing—too precious a treasure to be carelessly broken or thrown away.

The world handles the word "friend" lightly; its real, true, deeper meaning is forgotten, and the acquaintance of an hour or the chance comer is designated by the term which in itself bears a wealth of meaning.

Your friend is the one who appreciates you—your faults as well as your virtues—who understands and sympathizes with your defeats and victories, your aims and ideals, your joys and temptations, your hopes and disappointments, as no one else does or can. It is your friend to whom you turn for counsel, for comfort, for praise; he may not be as learned as some or as wise as others, but it suffices that he understands you, and even his quiet listening gives strength and renewed courage.

Blessed is the man or woman into whose life has come the beauty and power of such a friendship. Prize it well. Do all in your power to keep such a friendship unbroken. Avoid the break, for when it comes it cannot be easily mended, and the jarring note mars the harmony of the whole glorious symphony. It is not alone a question of forgiveness; that may be full and complete. It is the hurt in the heart that will not readily heal and the confidence that will not fully come back!—The Pilgrim.



**LIVING BY THE DAY.**

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"My house was well built," said a farmer once to me, "for it was built by the day." That is the way in which the best, strongest and happiest lives are built; they are not constructed "by the job," but one attainment in grace is laid upon another like the blocks of granite in a solid house wall. Each day brings its duty to be done, its temptation to be met and conquered, its burden to be carried and its progress to be made heavenward. There are 365 days in every year, but really there is only one working day, and that is to-day. Sufficient to each day is the evil thereof.

This is just the sort of living that I commend to my readers. God means to shut you up to this style of thinking and planning and doing when He makes His gracious promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." The journey made up a mountain is simply a succession of steps. If the climber attempts to leap upward he exhausts his strength, if he looks down he grows dizzy, and if he looks too far forward he gets discouraged by the distance to be surmounted.

So in accomplishing each day's work you have simply to take one step at a time, and to take that wisely is all that you need to think about. Take no anxious thought for the morrow. God never made a Christian strong enough to stand the strain of to-day's duties and all the load of one's anxieties piled upon the top of them. Paul himself would have broken down if he had attempted the foolish experiment. We have a right to ask our Heavenly Father for strength equal to the day, but we have no right to ask Him for one extra ounce of strength beyond it.

My friend, learn to take short views. If you have money enough to-day for your daily wants, and something over for Christ's treasury, don't torment yourself with the idea that you will yet fetch up in the almshouse. If your children cluster around your table to-day, enjoy the music of their voices, train them for God and trust them to God, without racking yourself with a dread that the little ones may be carried off by scarlet fever, or the older ones may fall into bad marriages or some other disaster.

Faith carries present loads, meets present assaults, feeds on present promises, and commits the future to a faithful God. Its daily song is:—"Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me."

So we exhort you again most earnestly to take short views. Let us not climb the high wall till we get to it, or fight the battle till it opens, or shed tears over sorrows that may never come, or lose the

joys and the blessings that we have by the sinful fear that God may take them away from us. We need all the grace that He can give us for to-day's battles, I would not penetrate into the secrets which to-morrow hides if I could. It is far better to know Whom we trust, and that He is able to keep all that we commit to Him until the last great day.

"Why forecast the trials of life

With such sad and grave persistence,  
And look and watch for a brood of ills  
That as yet have no existence?

"Strength for to-day is all we need,

For we never will see to-morrow;  
When it comes the morrow will be a to-day,  
With its measure of joy or sorrow."

The earnest Christian who lives by the day not only faces each duty or each trial as it comes, but he also is on the lookout for each day's opportunities in serving his Master. Almost every Christian promises himself that some time or other he will be very holy-minded and very useful. The growing, productive Christian is he who is on the watch for opportunities and grasps them when they come. The beautiful morning-glories which opened in my little garden yesterday are all withered away.

So with some precious opportunities to serve my Saviour and to do good to my fellow-man—they will never bloom again. But there were fresh flowers that opened with this morning's sun; even so doth our Master give us a fresh chance to serve Him and to bless others every day we live. Here lies the generic difference between profitable and unprofitable Christians. The one class are always looking for opportunities to do a kind act, to gain an influence, to win a soul to Jesus.

The Earl of Shaftesbury in England and William E. Dodge in America were two men whose lives illustrated grandly the principle of grasping every day's opportunities to strike a blow for Jesus Christ. The holy and heroic Gen. Samuel C. Armstrong, of Hampton Institute—the noblest benefactor the negro has had, next to Abraham Lincoln—left a remarkable paper, written just before his death, in which he says, "I have never made any sacrifices." It was joy and ecstasy, the very life of his life, to be doing good; the "sacrifice" would have been to miss the precious opportunity which each day brought him. Harlan Page made it a rule never to talk to any person even for fifteen minutes without saying something helpful to profit that person's soul. Our days are very much what we choose to make them.

The happy days are those in which we improve the golden occasions, and the most terrible spectre that can haunt us is the ghost of a lost opportunity. That is what

will make hell so unendurable to those who fling away Christ's loving offers and their time for repentance.

With new duties come new supplies of grace every morning to those who seek it by earnest prayer. We cannot live on yesterday's meals. As the children of Israel gathered fresh manna every morning, so must we look upward for a fresh supply of heavenly "rations" for the day's march. The early hour is the best for prayer and for feeding on God's Word.

That godly-minded Christian, Garret Noel Bleecker of New York, used to go home at noonday, not only to take his meal with his family, but to have a few quiet moments with his Master. Arthur Tappan had a room up near the roof in his store for noontide devotions.

In these times of awful stress and strain on business men, would it not clear their heads and nerve their faith if they would stop, amid the heat of the day's toil and hurry, to have a few minutes face to face with God?

The secret of happy days is not in our outward circumstances, but in our own heart life. A large draught of Bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the soul's windows to the precious promises of the Master, a few words of fervent prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the first person you meet, will brighten your countenance and make your feet "like hinds' feet" for the day's march.

If you want to get your aches and your trials out of sight bury them under your mercies. Begin every day with God, and then, keeping step with your Master, march on toward home over the roughest road, or in face of the hardest winds that blow. Live for Jesus by the day, and on every day, until you come where "the Lamb is the light thereof" and there is no night there.

### CLAIMING OUR RIGHTS.

To give up some precious thing which is legitimately yours, to shut your eye upon visions of glory or safety or luxury which you might make your own without a shade of blame, that is so truly one of the marks of nobleness that no man is accounted by the best standards truly noble who is not doing that in some degree. The man who is taking all that he has a right to take in life is always touched with a suspicion and a shade of baseness.

There is a paradox in it, no doubt—one of those moral paradoxes which make the world of moral study always fascinating. Man has no right to take his full rights in the world; he is not wholly noble unless he sees the higher law which declares that all is not his to take which is his legitimately to own.—Phillips Brooks.

### THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

The missionary spirit is a *hopeful spirit*. It has no sympathy with gloomy views of the world. It believes that it is growing not worse but better. It looks upon it as a heritage which has been given to Christ, and which He is already reclaiming, and will bring wholly under His benign sway.

The missionary spirit is a *philanthropic spirit*. It is the reverse of that arrogant pride of race which looks with contempt upon inferior types of men. It has learned to look upon all men as an ultimate brotherhood in Christ. It knows no man after the flesh.

The missionary spirit is a *compassionate spirit*. There are those who deny this—who charge on the friends of missions a hard, relentless creed, which condemns the heathen to perdition. *They* are more benevolent; *they* don't believe in the condemnation of the ignorant and therefore innocent. It was easy for Satan to say "Thou shalt not surely die;" but Christ condemned the world, and then died for its ransom. So the enemies of missions abound in cheap theories; but it is only the missionary spirit that actually *does* anything for the heathen. That alone really loves and pities them.

The missionary spirit is a *broad and intelligent spirit*. Its scope extends beyond our immediate neighborhood—certainly beyond our own selfish interests. It takes in the nations, becomes interested in all lands and races, watches the great moral movements of the world and rejoices in the advancement of men everywhere.

The missionary spirit is a *grateful spirit*. It does not easily or selfishly forget that through all its history the Gospel has been transmitted by one generation to another and by one nation to another; that we ourselves were a heathen race when the Apostles were sent to the Gentiles, and that we owe all that we enjoy to just such missionary efforts as we in turn are called upon to put forth.

It takes as its sublime motto those words of Christ's: "Freely have ye received; freely give."

The missionary spirit is a *prayerful spirit*. It has learned to call on God *for men*; it is intercessory; it offers real prayer. Prayer that only asks, with endless repetition, for one's own little selfish matters is not worthy of the name; it is only saying grace. And when a church can only pray for showers of mercy large enough to fill its own little spiritual cistern it can scarcely be said to pray; it certainly is praying without the Spirit.

"*Thy kingdom come*" is the epitome of true prayer, and no one who disclaims the missionary spirit can rightly offer that petition. It is a meaningless mockery upon his lips.—The Foreign Missionary.



**HER GOOD INTENTIONS.**

BY ELIZABETH CHENEY.

*Sunday, April 12.*—That was really a great sermon on Missions that our pastor preached this morning! I never realized before that I am personally responsible for some of the darkness of heathen lands, or that my few dimes and prayers, and my interest, may be like the loaves and fishes that were blessed by Jesus to the feeding of five thousand.

The pastor told us about a Bible woman in India whom a few poor factory girls in this country supported at thirty dollars a year. She was the means of the conversion of a Hindu young man who became a preacher and has brought hundreds to Christ. Oh, it just thrills me to think of being the means of saving even one soul! "Will there be any stars in my crown?" Well, at least, I will try to go to our monthly missionary meeting from this time forward. I am so glad I am interested.

*May 17.*—Dear me! This is the day for our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society meeting, and I declare if I hadn't forgotten it, and now it is half-past four o'clock! Something says to me, "did I ever forget my club?" Well, I'll go *next* month sure.

*June 15.*—What a pity it rains to-day! Of course I cannot go to the missionary meeting in this storm. But I'm not responsible for the weather, that's certain.

There's the 'phone. Hello! Why, yes, Molly, I'll run down. No, it won't put me out one bit. You know I have a new silk rubber-lined storm coat and high overshoes. It's a good day to teach you that new stitch, for no one will be apt to disturb us. I'll be there in half an hour. Good-by! Oh, dear, there's that Voice again! Yes, Molly does live two blocks beyond the church, but—I'll go next month to the meeting.

*July 16.*—How nice and comfy it is out here on the veranda in the shade! There goes little Mrs. Merrill to the missionary meeting this warm day. She looks just sweltering. I don't think the Lord requires me to endanger my health by exposing my head to this fierce sun. Besides when I was in bathing this morning at the beach my head got so wet that my hair isn't dry yet.

*August 15.*—There wouldn't have been any meeting this month only for the fact that Mrs. Allen's cousin is visiting her, and the cousin was a missionary in China, and our ladies thought they ought to make

the most of it. I'd really go to-day, if it wasn't at the Allens', but I know that Mrs. Allen is dying to have us see her new mahogany sideboard, and besides, I heard that she said that Sarah Perry said that Mrs. Peck said that we are living beyond our means. I can't endure people who gossip. I mustn't forget to tell Molly about the trouble between the Adamses.

*September 18.*—This is a lovely day, cool and bright. I really ought to go to the missionary meeting, but last night's paper had a great "ad." about some summer challies reduced from sixty to fifty-nine cents. They make such pretty house dresses, and will be picked right up. Tomorrow will be too late. If there is a heathen woman waiting for me.—Oh, dear, it's so inconvenient to have a conscience! Perhaps it is some woman who has lost a dear little baby, and doesn't know one bit about Jesus or heaven, Oh, I must go to the meeting next time!

*October 15.*—Well, this is missionary day, but here is the dressmaker at three dollars a day, and she says that if I want that lace insertion in the flounce I must put it in myself while she is trimming the sleeves. I can think about the heathen while I sew.

*November 17.*—I certainly seem fated to be kept away from that auxiliary meeting, and it does seem strange that a person whose heart is so in the work should be so often hindered from attending.

To-day I was just starting to put on my hat to go when my eyes fell on my library book, and I happened to recall that it must have run out, and I had not quite finished it. I had left off in a very exciting place, and I thought I would sit down and read the last chapters, and then take it back to the library on my way to the church. It wouldn't matter if I were fifteen minutes late, for I'm always afraid that the president will ask me to lead in prayer.

Of course it took longer to finish the story than I had imagined, and I became so absorbed in it that I lost all track of time. Anyway there was an excellent moral. It taught one never to swerve from the path of duty. Wish I didn't hear that voice, "Lovest thou Me?"

*December 18.*—Here we are in the thick of the Christmas struggle. I always emerge gasping for breath, but we all have to go through it. Mrs. Wilcox had the absurdity to call for me to go with her to the missionary meeting, when I have all those ruffles to sew on Maude's doll's dress. "It is a pretty note," I said rather crossly, "to hold a missionary meeting at Christmas time."

Mrs. Wilcox quietly observed that Christmas celebrates the coming of the first foreign missionary, and her voice was so sweet and kind that I relaxed enough to say that if I lived through the holidays I would really make an effort to attend the first meeting in the New Year.

*January 15.*—Here's that missionary meeting day again! It does seem as if those women held it every single week. We have tickets for Burton Holmes this afternoon and of course I can't afford to miss the lecture. I may never have another chance to hear him, and one can go to a missionary meeting any time. We must improve our minds as well as our souls.

*February 17.*—This is the day I am to lunch with Mrs. Ives in town. To be sure, she gave me my choice between Thursday or Friday, the meeting day, but Mrs. Moberly's afternoon tea was yesterday, and I could not miss that because I must try to keep in with the Moberlys. One has a duty to society.

*March 13.*—I'm truly sorry to have to miss the missionary meeting again, but there is such splendid sun and wind to-day that I've put out all the blankets, and I cannot trust the maid to bring them in without dragging them on the ground. Yes, I know there will probably be other days this month when the sun will shine and the wind will blow, but I feel like having this done to-day. What is that? "Waft, waft ye winds his story"? Well, I really would love to see the world converted. The church ought to work harder for it.

*April 15.*—Our pastor preached his annual missionary sermon this morning, and I sat there and thought of my good intentions of last year, and how I had not been able to attend a single meeting all the year. But I always stayed away for some good reason. I hope to do better this year I wonder why I recall those lines,

"What kind of a church would our church be,

If every member were just like me?"

Perhaps I ought to go further and say,

"What kind of a world would this world be,

If every Christian were just like me?"

—Woman's Missionary Friend.

A little fellow who had his wits about him when the collection was being taken, said to his mother, who on the way home was finding fault with the sermon. "Well, mother," he said innocently, "what could you expect for a penny?"

## COSTLINESS OF GOD'S GUIDANCE.

God's guidance is not a cheap thing, to be disregarded one day and confidently expected the next. It is one of the costliest possessions in the world, and only they have it in its fulness who pay the highest price for it.

That price is the continued doing of God's will. Every time we follow God's guidance we increase the sensitiveness of our ability to know it when we see it; every time we break with it, we dull that sensitiveness. Judas Iscariot could not receive the teachings of Jesus during those last few days of his life as could John and James and Peter; and even John and James and Peter could not perceive their meaning then with the fulness of understanding that came after years of doing the will of their crucified Lord.

We are the less able to know what God would have us do in the difficult question that confronts us to-day, because of yesterday's sin. But to-day's victory over temptation will give us increased ability to know that guidance in to-morrow's duties.

Sin has terrible penalties, in this world. Duty-doing has wonderful rewards, now and here.

No matter how seared and calloused our life may be by our past failures, we can commence to-day to enter again into that unbroken fellowship with the Father which can come only through duty-doing, and which alone can sensitize our mind to the recognition of his will for us in all our ways.—S.S. Times.

## IGNORING THE FAILURE.

When a person has utterly failed, the best way to help him may be to show just as much confidence in him as though he had never failed.

God uses this method to help us up from our failures a great deal oftener than we use it with our fellow-men. If God dealt out to us only condemnation, and instant condemnation, every time that we fail in his sight, we should not last long.

Yet that is the way we are inclined to treat each other.

And that is one reason why we help each other so much less than we might. A man who was failing badly in ways that undermine character was unexpectedly given a halt in his failures, put squarely on his feet, faced right about, and enabled to replace his defeats with victories, by the fact that God sent him, not condemnation, but blessing of a rich and undeserved sort.

We have all had that experience at our Heavenly Father's hands. He trusts and encourages us a hundred times for once that he rebukes or condemns. Why should we not help others toward victory in God's own way?—S.S. Times.



# The Children's Pages.

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## AN ALPHABET OF LIFE.

Attend carefully to the details of your business.

Be prompt in all things.

Consider well, then decide positively.

Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.

Endure trials patiently.

Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.

Go not into the society of the vicious.

Hold integrity sacred.

Injure not another's reputation or business.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

Keep your mind from evil thoughts.

Lie not for any consideration.

Make few acquaintances.

Never try to appear what you are not.

Observe good manners.

Pay your debts promptly.

Question not the veracity of a friend.

Respect the counsel of your parents.

Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.

Use your leisure time for improvement.

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

Watch carefully over your passions.

Extend to every one a kindly salutation.

Yield not to discouragement.

Zealously labour for the right:—

And success is certain.

From "The Young Man."

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## RESPECT THE MOTHER.

Mark the young man who is coarse and disrespectful to his mother. No roseate pathway can be hers who shall sustain to him the relation of wife. Not the happiest will be the lot of those who shall come to be his children. Not to be envied is the neighborhood in which he must be reckoned as a citizen.

It does not matter what the mental stature of that mother is, how old, how bent, how decrepit, the man to whom she is mother owes to her gentleness, kindness, tenderness and consideration. Did she fall back, and did the children, by means of superior advantage, pass her in her race?

But think of the toil and trial, her devotion and denial, her mind and her years that she gave that the children might derive the benefit. Think of her sacrifice;

no wonder if she fell behind, with her heart in her home, in the buds that were hers. There is no rank, no station, no condition, that may exempt a manly man from a kind regard for his mother.—The Weekly Bouquet.

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## THE LITTLE BOY IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

Out in the fields in the midsummer heat,  
The reapers were busy binding the wheat,  
And the farmer looked with an anxious eye  
At the "thunder caps" in the western sky;  
"All hands must work now with a will,"  
said he;

"For a storm is brewing up there, I see."

Then the bright-faced boy at his father's side

To help bind the sheaves most patiently tried;

But he could not manage the work at all,  
For those willing hands were too weak and small;

"I can't do this," said the brave little man,  
"So I'll give it up and do what I can."

The men are thirsty and far from the spring;

"It will give them a lift," thought he, "to bring

A drink of that clear, cool water that flows  
Down the mountain side where the sweet fern grows."

And soon he was dipping his little cup  
In the mossy place where it bubbled up.

And the joy of doing something he could  
Shone on his face as he came through the wood.

"God bless the boy!" every man cried out,  
As he passed the pure, cold water about.

'Twas sustaining power—they bound the grain

Just in time to save it from drenching rain.

Then the father said that night with a smile,

While the mother listened with gladness the while,

"My boy, you helped harvest the field of wheat,

Bringing water when we were parched with heat;

Remember through life, my dear little man,  
God only bids us to do what we can."

—Susan Teal Perry.

**HE FEARED THE GATE.**

Late one stormy evening the old doctor was summoned to see a man who had been attacked with sudden illness on the cars, and had stopped at a little inn near the railway station about three miles from the village. The patient proved to be 'Squire Joyce, from the neighboring county, whom the doctor slightly knew. He examined him carefully, and gave him medicine taken from his saddlebags. Then he arose to go, smiling cheerfully down at the anxious face of the sufferer.

"You will, I think, find yourself better in the morning—able, I hope, to go on your journey," he said.

"Yes. Stay a minute, doctor. I want you to be honest with me. I have had seizures like this before. Shall I see them again?"

"It is probable."

"I want the truth—all of it.

"I may die in one of them—to-morrow?"

"Yes. Or it may not be for years. It is uncertain. Do not waste your life in anticipating them. We must all go through the same gate some day."

"The gate—yes! But beyond the gate—what is there?"

His eyes were on the doctor's face, full of doubt, almost of pain.

The two men were silent a moment. "What is there?" Joyce repeated harshly. "You are a member of a church—a Christian. I have no religious belief. Tell me, for the love of God, what is there beyond? If I may go to-morrow, what shall I find?"

"I do not know."

Joyce did not speak for awhile, and then gave a forced laugh. "I need your help more for this than for my disease. You are a shrewd man of the world, a good man. Sometimes I am greatly depressed thinking of this darkness into which I am going. For thousands of years men have gone out into it, leaving their loved ones behind, and not one has sent back a word to say how it fared with him—not one.

"You are an old man, doctor," said Joyce, turning quickly on him. "You are not far from the gate yourself. Are you not afraid of what may be beyond?"

"No," said the old man. "No, I am not afraid. May I ask you to look here?" He arose and opened the door. Outside, in the dark hall, lay a little fox terrier, drenched with rain. He was crouched on the floor, his eyes fixed on the closed door.

"This is my dog, a bright, affectionate little fellow. He has followed me through the storm, and has been lying outside the door, knowing that I was in this closed chamber. He never was here before. He

did not know what was in this room. He did not care to know. I was in it, his master, whom he loves, who has cared for him. He was not afraid."

Joyce looked at the doctor keenly for a moment before he spoke.

"You mean"—

"I mean that I am like poor Punch. I am not afraid of the dark room to which I am going. I do not ask to know what is there. In all these later years of my life I have felt that He cared for me. My confidence has been such that I have been assured that in my hours of trial He has never failed me here. I sincerely believe He will not fail me yonder."

"But—I—I—do not know Him."

"He knows you. I think I am authorized by the declaration of the Bible to say that his hand is stretched out to you. I think, too, that I can reverently ask you to take it. You can accept Him as your guide and your teacher if you will. That done in sincerity, you will not fear the gate nor all that lies beyond."—Youth's Companion.

**FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.**

The florist's boy had just swept some broken and withered flowers into the gutter when a ragged urchin darted across the street. He stopped over the pile of mangled flowers, came at last upon a rose seemingly in better condition than the rest. But as he tenderly picked it up the petals fluttered to the ground, leaving only the bare stalk in his hand.

He stood quite still, and his lips quivered perceptibly. The florist's boy, who had been looking at him severely, felt that his face was softening. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he asked.

The ragged little fellow choked as he answered: "It's for my mother. She's sick, and she can't eat nothin', an' I thought if she'd a flower to smell it might make her feel better."

"Just you wait a minute," said the florist's boy, as he disappeared. When he came out upon the sidewalk, he held in his hand a beautiful, half opened rose, which he carefully wrapped in tissue paper. "There," he said, "take that to your mother."

He had meant to put that rosebud on his own mother's grave, and yet he knew he had done the better thing. "She'll understand," he said to himself, "and I know this will please her most."—The Midland.

To persevere is one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny.—Barron.



### A FAMOUS "DOG SPEECH."

Some years ago, the late Senator Vest was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested, he was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. He was paid a fee of \$250 by the plaintiff. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked the defendant.

Vest took no part in the trial, and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to make a speech, else their client would not think he had earned his fee. Being thus urged, he arose, scanned the face of each jurymen for a moment, and said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith."

"The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads."

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog."

"A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come from encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince."

"When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and fall to pieces, he is constant in his love as the sun in his journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world—friendless and homeless—the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight his enemies."

"And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pur-

sue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Then Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without a gesture. He had made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished, judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out, but soon entered with a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$500.—Philadelphia Presbyterian.

### TOO BIG FOR HIS BOOTS.

With great trouble, a small body of men were busy hoisting a heavy log to the top of the blockhouse that was being repaired after an assault in one of the campaigns of the war of American Independence.

As the log swung to and fro the voice of a little man was heard encouraging the workers with a "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!"

By-and-by there rode past an officer in plain clothes, who asked the little man why he did not help the others.

"Sir," was the pompous reply, "I am a corporal!"

"Indeed," said the other, "I did not know that; I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Dismounting without further ado, the officer lent a willing hand till the job was done. Then wiping the honest sweat from off his brow, he turned to the little man and remarked:

"The next time, Mr. Corporal, you have a bit of work like that in hand and too few men to do it, send for the Commander-in-Chief, and I'll come again and assist you."

With which offer and rebuke General Washington left the astounded corporal to his own reflections.—Little Folks.

### BEFORE AND AFTER.

A little girl had a great desire to join the Church; consequently she went to the minister, asking to be received into the Church. He inquired if she had experienced a change of heart, and she answered affirmatively. The minister inquired further, "Were you a sinner before?" "Yes." "Are you a sinner now?" Again she answered, "Yes." "Where, then, is the difference between your former and your present condition." After some moments meditation she said, "Before I was converted to Christ I was a sinner that runs after sin; now I am a sinner that runs away from sin."—Mission Friend.

**CHINESE SURGERY.**

"The only surgical (!) procedure practised by Chinese doctors to any extent is 'needling.' In blissful ignorance of anatomical or aseptic considerations they stab the affected part with long dirty needles, largely with the view of skewering the evil spirit which has taken up his abode there. Hence much of the misery we are called upon to treat, and hence untold mischief which we never see, gratuitous crippling, and premature death.

"Perhaps it is this custom which creates such interest among our patients when the 'foreign doctor' actually does use a needle. They don't worry much about the preliminary antiseptic precautions, nor about the construction of the needle nor the purpose for which it is used. To them a needle is a complete surgical equipment, and their faith in it is extraordinary.

"Recently we happened to have a case in the hospital in which it was found necessary to draw off a collection of fluid from the chest by means of a hollow needle. No remarks were made as the needle was inserted, and the patient himself appeared as if he were quite used to it; but when the fluid began to pour out wonder took possession of the onlookers and found expression from some: 'Hey, look at the water coming out'; 'Our Chinese doctors can't do that'; 'He knows what the illness is.' The patient, looking gravely round, assured them that it did not hurt at all, seemingly very proud to be the centre of interest."

It will be seen that the evangelistic work done in the hospital has been much blessed, and this has been due not to the labours of the doctors alone, but to the persistent and earnest work of the hospital evangelist and Biblewoman. Among the students the spiritual work has been encouraging. Bible Circles for the study of the Gospel of St. Mark, daily prayers, morning and evening, with systematic Bible instruction in the College, and preaching and dispensing in and around Peking every Sunday carried on by doctors, the secretary, and the students, have resulted in great good to all engaged as well as to those outside.

Certainly a new order of things has arisen in China. We compare the teaching work of the ordinary medical missionary with his little group of students, provided with but meagre teaching appliances, with no colleague to help him, he himself often overburdened with his medical and evangelistic duties, with this well-staffed college, its five years' course, its large body of students from all parts of the Empire, a charter from the Imperial Government; surely here is a college that needs and merits the full and hearty support of all in Christian lands!—From Report of Union Medical College, Peking.

**INCIDENTS IN A MISSION HOSPITAL, PEKING.**

"A case which created a great deal of interest was that of a Lama high priest, who came some hundreds of miles to try and obtain relief from his most painful and distressing malady. He suffered from convulsive attacks of excruciating facial neuralgia, which recurred every ten minutes or so, and made his life a burden to him. In fact, he had come prepared to commit suicide if we could not cure him.

The Dr. removed a small structure at the base of his brain, called the Gasserian ganglion, which was responsible for his sufferings, and at once he was cured, and free from pain.

This made a great impression on him and his friends, and he has sent many more patients to us from Mongolia since his return. He read the Scriptures in his own language while here, and took away copies with him. He is an influential man and we trust will be the means of carrying the good news, in which he was deeply interested, to many of his fellow-countrymen in Mongolia.

"A Manchu lady of good position came to the Women's Hospital for treatment of an internal tumour of some years' standing, which laterly was causing her great pain. A serious operation was the only means of saving her life. Being of Christian family, consent was readily given, though her husband found it very hard to believe that the doctors could possibly tell exactly what the state of affairs was inside.

He remained in the theatre during the operation, and when the diagnosis was verified he marvelled that 'the foreigners' could have given such an accurate account of what would be found after what he considered to be such a cursory examination of the patient.

She was completely cured, and the whole family manifested the most genuine gratitude to God for His goodness. They are doing good work for the Master now in their native city.

"A young man of twenty-six came from the provincial capital suffering from complete rigid closure of the jaws, which were clenched so tightly that the lower teeth had deeply indented the upper gums. For many years the poor fellow had subsisted on fluid food sucked in between the teeth.

After the removal of a portion of the jaw on each side, he returned home with a movable jaw, and able to masticate his food.

He, too, was interested in the Gospel story.—Medical Missions.



## "SWEET PLUM" AND THE "FOREIGN DEVIL."

"Foreign devil! foreign devil!" screamed a plump brown, naked Kobold with four pigtails with red ribbons on them, after a man who was riding a tired pony through a village in Manchuria. "Foreign devil! foreign devil!" Sweet Plum screamed, but thought nothing bad. It was only the speaking out of his astonishment at the strange man with wonderful fair hair and curious trousers.

The stranger also thought nothing of the mocking name—he had lived long enough among the Chinese to grow used to that. Sweet Plum, with father, mother, a brother and two sisters, lived in "three house village." The brother, already a young man, was "Happy Day," the older sister, a sickly girl, with feet quite crippled by tight binding, was "Cinnamon Cloud," and the mother named the youngest "Little Beauty."

Some time later, Sweet Plum indulged in the pleasure of hanging on the rear board of a cart passing through the village. The board was smooth, the hands slipped, and he fell to the ground. Before he could spring up the mule of the next cart put his hoof directly on the boy. He cried, "Ma ya," and fainted.

When he came to himself he was in the house, the mother was weeping, and the room was full of women, all chattering and each giving different advice from the other. Finally they put a great plaster on the broken leg and bound it firmly with straw. But the mother wept straight on, and only stopped now and then to scold the unfortunate little fellow for his foolish trick.

All through the New Year festivities, which he usually enjoyed so much, and through the spring, the poor child lay motionless on the brick floor, moaning and groaning with pain.

They tried every possible cure. A Chinese doctor, with great spectacles, came and pushed a long needle into the swollen leg to let the wind out; but the child only cried the more.

Then his father, equipped with a great present, brought another doctor with frightfully long fingernails. He looked at the leg and promised to drive out the wind. He then danced in frightful fashion, swung burning sticks and cried out to the evil spirits that they should come and help him to heal the leg. Sweet Plum screamed with terror and the father turned deadly pale. The magician went away and the leg was no better.

Finally Mr. Plum said to his wife, "There's no other way but to send for the foreign doctor." "No, no," said the wife, "he will cut the leg off." But the father would not yield; he had seen a man who

had been cured in a foreign hospital. So he fastened a hammock to a pole, wrapped the child in warm blankets, and so carried him to the mission hospital, whither the mother followed with Little Beauty.

After two days they stood before the foreign doctor. "He does not look so frightful," whispered the mother to her husband. "Why didn't you bring him before?" asked the doctor sternly. The child looked up and saw the very "foreign devil" who had ridden by his home. "Oh, don't, don't cut off my leg," he cried in terror.

Soon the patient lay in a clean bed in a great, pleasant room. Near by sat his mother, smoking her long pipe and muttering, "Strange place this is! they will not even let one spit on the floor."

Then they carried the boy through a long passage to another room. The doctor came in a long white robe, and said with a friendly smile, "You needn't be afraid." But still it seemed strange, such a peculiar, penetrating smell filled the room.

Soon Sweet Plum wakened from a heavy sleep. The pain was gone. He felt cosy and comfortable in the clean bandages. Every day he grew better, could sit up and laugh when the doctor came, and all his fear had vanished.

Every day came a strange woman, curiously dressed, not at all like a Chinese woman. She told strange stories of a certain foreign Teacher who had taken little children in His arms and blessed them. The mother listened carefully and asked many questions about the strange doctrine. The father even bought a little book that he might read aloud much about this Jesus teaching. It must be good as it made men so very kind.

When the time to go home came, Sweet Plum looked quite well as he sat in the waggon and said good-bye to his hospital friends. Mr. Plum fell down before the doctor and beat his forehead on the ground to show his gratitude.

Some years have passed since that time, and a little Christian community has sprung up in the village. In the house of Mr. Plum assemble perhaps a dozen persons to sing, to pray, and to hear him tell what he learned in the hospital and read from his little book. They have not much knowledge, these Chinese Christians, but when conversation lags, the little lad speaks up, "Jesus? Oh, yes, He cured my leg."

After awhile he sees once more the strange man ride by on his pony. "Mother, mother," he cries, rushing into the house, "the foreign doctor is here." Mrs. Plum comes as fast as her crippled feet will carry her, and full of joy says, "Run, bring your father. Please, doctor, will you not stop and drink a cup of tea, and tell us more of the Jesus teaching?"—*Missionsblatt für Kinder.*

### JIRO'S SHARE OF THE BOX.

He was such a poor, neglected little Japanese boy. For the last few days he had climbed the stairs to Miss Adams's room many times. She had told Jiro that something was coming for him from away over the sea. Each morning he came clumping up the stairs to ask if it had come yet. Each time Miss Adams had to say, "Not yet; but I am sure that it will come some day soon."

One day Jiro sat down on the floor beside the teacher and asked many questions about the little brothers and sisters over in America who were going to send the box.

"Have they nice kites to sail whenever they want to?" he asked, as he thought of how many times he had wanted a kite that was bright and pretty, like the other boys.

"Do they have all the rice that they want to eat always?" Miss Adams had to say that they always have enough to eat. Then he drew a long sigh and said, with a hungry look in his little black eyes, "I wish I did."

Then, looking down at his dirty, ragged kimono, he said: "They have bright, new kimonos, too, when they want them. Jiro has not had a new kimono since many, many, many suns have set in the west."

Tears almost came into Miss Adams' eyes as she thought what a dirty home he came from. The street around his home was always dirty, too. Everybody that he saw was dirty, except Miss Adams and the kind Japanese nurse and doctor at the dispensary.

Miss Adams was trying to teach him about the beautiful, pure things that you and I have always known about. He was too little to learn much out of books, but he could learn much from her face and her kind, gentle ways. Now she was trying to teach him to love by telling him about the loving children in America who were his little brothers and sisters, and who were making something for him and sending it across the sea.

One evening, a few days later, the box came. It was such a beautiful gift. There were dolls and pencils and blocks of paper, bars of nice white soap, and little bags filled with pins and needles and thread for the little girls. And tucked down in one corner was a pretty little scrapbook made on red cambric. The eight pictures were so pretty and bright, too. It was the gift for Jiro. Miss Adams knew it as soon as she saw it, though the American boys and girls had not known to whom it was to go.

Miss Adams listened eagerly next morning for the clump on the stairs. At the regular time she heard the familiar sound. Jiro came in with the same question that

he had asked so many times before. This time Miss Adams held out to him the red scrapbook.

The little boy took it eagerly, and then sat down on the floor to look it all over. Back and forth he turned the pictures. The bunch of white lilies on the third page held his attention for the longest time at first. But when he found upon next to the last page the picture of a mother holding a baby in her arms and some shepherds watching them, he could not get any further. He looked long at the baby and then asked Miss Adams: "What is that? Tell Jiro about it."

You know the story she told, I am sure, so I will not tell it to you. But it made Jiro's little heart grow so warm. After she had finished, he smoothed the picture lovingly with his half-clean little hand, and then turned to go downstairs.

"Aren't you going to take your book home?" asked Miss Adams.

"My book; is it mine to have always?" he asked, looking up into her kind face.

"Yes, it came for you in the box; it is your own."

The little boy took the book, hugged it close to his little, dirty kimono, knelt and bowed, very low. (This was his way of saying "Thank you.") Then he got up and backed toward the door. He was just about to step out into the hall when he asked again:

"Is it my very, very own to keep always?"

"Yes, to keep always," answered Miss Adams, smiling.

Halfway down the stairs she heard him call back, to make absolutely sure:

"Are you very sure it is mine?"

"Yes," called Miss Adams, "very sure."

Then the door closed, and he was out in the sunshine in the dirty street. What joy the little book carried.—Missionary Dayspring.

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The children of Mission Bands in Canada often send picture cards, picture books, and other things to the neglected children in home and foreign lands. The above story pictures the joy and help thus given. Ed.

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Never mind whereabouts your work is; never mind whether it be visible or not; never mind whether your name is associated with it; you may never see the issues of your toils. You are working for eternity. If you cannot see results here in the hot working day, the cool evening hours are drawing near, when you may rest from your labors, and then they may follow you. So do your duty, and trust God to give the seed you sow "a body as it hath pleased him."—Alexander Maclaren.



**AFRAID OF A SHADOW.**

"I was sitting in my study on a Saturday evening, when a message came to me that one among the godliest of the shepherds who tended their flocks upon the slopes of our Highland hills was dying, and wanted to see the minister. Without loss of time I crossed the wide heath to his comfortable little home.

"When I entered the low room I found the old shepherd propped up with pillows and breathing with such difficulty that it was apparent that he was near his end.

"Jean, gie the minister a stool and leave us for a bit, for I wad see the minister alane," said he. As soon as the door was closed he turned the most pathetic pair of gray eyes upon me that I had ever looked into, and said with a voice shaken with emotion:

"Minister, A'm deein,' and A'm afraid.'

"I at once began to repeat the strongest promises that God's Word turnishes us; but in the midst of them he stopped me.

"I ken them a'," he said mournfully, 'but somehow they dinna gie me comfort.'

"Do you not then believe them?" I said.

"Wi' a' my heart," he said earnestly.

"Where then is there room for fear with such saving faith?" said I.

"For a' that, minister, A'm afraid; A'm afraid.'

"I took up the well-worn Bible which lay on his bed, and turned to the psalm which I have read to-day.

"You remember the Twenty-third Psalm," I began.

"Remember it," he said vehemently. 'Aw kenned it afore you were born; ye needna read it. Aw'v conned it a thoosand times on the heather.'

"But there is one verse you have not taken in." He turned on me with a reproachful and half stern look. I slowly repeated the verse: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the hills, hiding for a little time the light of the sun. Did the shadows ever frighten you?"

"Frighten me?" he said quickly. 'Na, na! David Donaldson has Covenanters' bluid in his veins; neither shadows nor substance can frighten him.'

"But did these shadows ever make you believe that you would not see the sun again; that it was gone forever?"

"Na, na, I couldna be sic a simpleton as that.'

"Nevertheless, that is just what you are doing now," and he looked at me with incredulous eyes.

"Yes," I continued, 'the shadow of death is over you and it hides for a little while the Sun of Righteousness, who shines all the same behind; but it is only a shadow, and that will pass, and when it has passed before you will be the everlasting hills in unclouded glory.'

"The old shepherd covered his face with his hands, and for a few moments maintained an unbroken silence; then letting them fall down straight before him on the coverlet, he said, as if musing to himself:

"Aweel, aweel; Aw'v conned that verse a thoosand times amang the heather, and I never understood it afore. Afraid of a shadow! Afraid of a shadow!' Then turning to me with a face bright with an almost supernatural brightness, he exclaimed, lifting his eyes to heaven:

"Aye, aye; Aw see it a' noo. Death is only a shadow with Christ behind it; a shadow that will pass. Na, na; I'm afraid nae mair.'"—Ex.

**A YOUNG OLD MOTHER.**

Seventy years of living have beautified her face

With lines whose tender meaning her dear ones love to trace;

And still the smile of girlhood lights up her lips and eyes,

And youth's immortal spirit within her never dies.

Seventy years of working have strengthened hand and brain

In all the services of love and ministry to pain;

Her patience knows no limits; she labors ever still

With unabated ardor and unremitting skill.

Seventy years of loving have taught her gentle heart

To sympathize with all who bear in life the harder part,

Some burden of another she lightens every day,

And never turns a weary or a troubled soul away.

Seventy years of praying have purified her soul

And brought her stainless spirit within divine control;

Meet company for angels, she tarries still on earth

To show all those who know and love her best what life is worth.—Ex.

### WHAT A SMILE IS WORTH.

The thing that goes the farthest toward  
making life worth while,  
That costs the least, and does the most, is  
just a pleasant smile.  
That bubbles from a heart that loves its fel-  
low-men,  
That drives away the clouds of gloom and  
brings the sun again.  
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with  
manly kindness blent—  
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't  
cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when you see  
a cheery smile;  
It always has the same good look—it's never  
out of style;  
It nerves us on to try again when failure  
makes us blue;  
The dimples of encouragement are good for  
me and you;  
It pays the highest interest, for it's merely  
lent—  
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't  
cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle  
up with cheer,  
A hundred times before you squeeze out a  
soggy tear;  
It ripples out, moreover, to the heartstring  
that will tug,  
And always leaves an echo that is very like  
a hug.  
So smile away. Folks understand what by  
a smile is meant—  
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't  
cost a cent.

—Charles Kruse in S. S. Visitor.

### A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY REV. JAS. LYALL.

A very touching incident occurred in our  
tent in Sydney, New South Wales. One of  
the lady workers starting to go home late  
in the after-meeting noticed a very young  
girl still in the tent, and said to her, "My  
girl, is it not time for you to be going  
home?" The girlie looked up and said,  
"Please, I am waiting to become a Chris-  
tian."

The worker at once asked the girl to kneel  
with her and accept Christ. The girl did  
so. Rising from their knees the worker  
noticed a woman sitting quite near in tears  
and spoke to her about Christ. The woman  
said, "I am this girl's mother. I should like  
to be a Christian too." So down they went  
again, worker, little girl and mother, and  
mother settled the great question.

When they had risen to their feet, the  
lady saw for the first time a man standing  
quite near looking serious and interested,

and it occurred to her he might be the  
father of the girl; so she spoke to him.  
"Yes," said the man. "I am the girl's father  
and I would like to come to Christ too."  
Down they all knelt and the father found  
peace with God through our Lord Jesus  
Christ.

Once more rising from their knees the  
worker observed an aged, withered, wrink-  
led woman sitting in tears on the pew, and  
spoke kindly to her, asking at the same  
time if she had come to Christ yet. The old  
lady said, "No, I have not, but I'm that little  
girl's grandmother; I have held out against  
the Saviour many a weary day, but I'll come  
to Him to-night."

So at last, little girl, mother, father,  
grandmother and worker all knelt together  
on the floor of the tent and four immortal  
souls in the closing moments of a memor-  
able service found peace at the cross. "A  
little child shall lead them."—Ex.

### A SIMPLE QUESTION.

An aged gentleman at a watering-place  
said to a lady, a stranger to him, as she  
came up to take her usual draught of the  
water, "Have you ever drunk at the Great  
Fountain?"

The lady colored and turned away with-  
out replying.

The following winter, in another place,  
he was asked to visit a lady who was dying.  
As he entered the room, she said with a  
smile, "Do you not know me? Do you not  
recollect asking a woman at the spring  
last year, 'Have you ever drunk at the Great  
Fountain?'"

"Yes," said he, "I do remember."

"Well, sir, I am that person. I thought  
at the time you were very rude; but your  
words kept ringing in my ears. I was  
without peace or rest till I found Christ. I  
now expect shortly to die, and you, under  
God, have been the means of my salvation.  
Be as faithful to others as you have been  
to me. Never be afraid to talk to strangers  
on the subject of religion."—The Christian.

Procrastination has been called a thief—  
the thief of time. I wish it were no worse  
than a thief. It is a murderer; and that  
which it kills is not time merely, but the  
immortal soul.—Nevins.

Uphold me, O God, with thy free spirit,  
strengthen me with might in the inner man,  
that, being emptied of all selfish solicitude,  
I may no longer be the slave of restless and  
tormenting desires.—Thomas A Kempis.

"Enlarge my heart so that I may have  
room for my brother."—Jowett.



### CHARLEY RAND'S CHERRIES.

"Mrs. Evans! Mrs. Evans!" Ned Tillman's shrill, childish voice caused Mrs. Evans to open her eyes with a start.

She sighed as she went to the window. It was just half an hour before, that she had come up to the pretty blue and white room for a rest. "I shall have two good, long hours before I must dress," she had told herself. That was the reason she asked rather impatiently, "What do you want, Ned?"

"Mother sent me to tell you that some boys are stealing your cherries. Three boys are in the trees, and they are throwing the cherries down to the rest. I peeked in at the front door, and I thought you were upstairs, so I just called," Ned explained.

"Well, wait for me, I'll go back with you," she returned. Ned sat down on the porch and fanned himself with his hat while he waited. "That's just the way I thought it would be," complained Mrs. Evans, as she turned from the window. "I knew, when mother went to California and left us to look after the fruit, that we would get precious little of it. I wish Jerrol was home," but there was no use wishing that, for Mr. Evans had taken the "Express" to Greenfield that morning, and would not be home until the last of the week. "If I had those boys—" but she had reached the porch and the thought was not finished.

"Mother tried to make the boys get out," Ned remarked, "but they said the cherries did not belong to her."

"They are bad boys to cause so much trouble. You wouldn't steal anybody's cherries, would you, Ned?" Mrs. Evans asked, smiling down at the boy.

"I might," he admitted honestly, "if I thought father wouldn't find it out, but he would be sure to, and then I would get a thrashing. Some folks don't care if their boys do steal," he added.

Mrs. Evans laughed at his frankness. "Thank you, Ned, for telling me about the boys. I am going down the alley, perhaps I can catch them, and it is nearer, anyway." She had gone a short distance when she saw Charlie Rand coming toward her with something in his hat. "Cherries," she said, under her breath, aloud she remarked, "Good afternoon, Charlie."

"Good afternoon," returned Charlie, as he whisked the hat behind him, and started to hurry on.

Mrs. Evans stopped him. "Mrs. Tillman sent me word that some boys are stealing my mother's cherries," and she tried not to notice the tell-tale flush that spread over the boy's face. "I want those cherries to can," she continued, "I am so fond of them. I can't watch them, they are too far from

my home, and I thought perhaps you would do it for me. I would make you a 'cherry policeman.' Would you be willing to do this for me?"

"Yes'm, if you wanted me to," the tone was low, and Charlie looked crestfallen.

"All right, I shall not worry another bit about them, and I'll pay you for your work." She smiled as she went in at the back gate. "Charlie is a leader in his crowd, and if he lets the cherries alone, the others will too," and she smiled again at the cleverness of her plan.

When Charlie left Mrs. Evans, he went to a little park opposite his home, where he was soon joined by the other boys.

"We got out just in time," giggled Guy Thurston, "I'll bet you got a good lecture."

"I didn't either. She just asked me to look after her cherries, and—and—I promised to do it. I guess she didn't see the hatful I had," Charlie ended sheepishly.

"No, I guess not," Joe Knowles responded, "she would never have asked you, if she had. You're easy, if you really said you would do it."

"I did promise, and I mean to keep it. You boys won't steal any more cherries, will you?"

"Getting awful good, aren't you? Well, I think before you watch any cherries, you had better tell Mrs. Evans about the ones you stole. You were too big a coward to do that," taunted Fred Burrus.

Charlie's face grew sober. "Perhaps I ought to, I never thought of it." The boys returned winks, then they had more to say. Charlie sat deep in thought, and did not heed them. "You're right, boys," he said, finally, "I ought to tell Mrs. Evans, and I will."

He started down the street, and as he turned in at the Evans' gate, he heard the jeers of the boys in the distance. His hand trembled as he rang the bell. He secretly hoped Mrs. Evans would not be at home, but in a moment she opened the door. "I came to tell you that—that—" he faltered, "that I stole cherries, too. I don't think you will want to trust me to watch the rest."

"I know you did," and Mrs. Evans smiled into the troubled face, "but I knew, too, that you would not take any more when you had promised to watch them."

"Oh," and Charlie was puzzled. He couldn't understand why he should be trusted, when his fault was known. That was not the way folks usually did with boys.

"I want you to pick my cherries, if you will," Mrs. Evans continued. "I will pay you what other pickers get."

"I will do it, but I ought to do it cheaper because—well, you didn't scold or anything."

"And I should pay you more, because you were brave enough to confess that you took some," she returned. "I will let you know what day I want them picked."

The next few days were trying ones for Charlie. His boy friends teased, taunted, and threatened to "clean up every tree," but he prevented it. One night he had to watch until midnight, but the trees were safe. On Monday the picking was begun, and it was Friday night before it was finished. Charlie thought he never saw four trees have so much fruit. "I'm through," he announced to Mrs. Evans, as he brought over the last bucketful at dark. "I was just bound to finish to-day."

You have picked a hundred quarts," Mrs. Evans said, as he emptied the bucket, and she handed him two dollars. "I hope you can help me when the peaches are ripe."

Mr. Evans had come to the porch, and he watched Charlie with interest. "My office boy left this morning," he said suddenly, "do you happen to know where I could find another?"

"I would like the place," said Charlie eagerly, then his face fell. "You might think I would take things because I took some cherries."

"You may have the place if you wish it" was the hearty answer. "You proved true to your trust in case of the cherries, and that is a good enough recommendation for me. I don't think you will disappoint me when you know I am trusting you. You may come in the morning," and Mr. Evans went indoors.

"Oh, thank you!" Charlie called after him, then he ran home to tell his big brother the news. He couldn't tell his chum, for there had been a coldness between them since he refused to take any more cherries. "I think it is better to be kind to a boy when he has done wrong," he finished thoughtfully, when he had told Don about his good fortune. "If Mrs. Evans had scolded me, I believe I would have taken some more cherries. When I found out she trusted me, anyway, it gave me—" he hesitated.

"Respect for yourself?" suggested Don.

"Yes, I couldn't think of that word. It made me respect myself too much to do a mean thing. And I think I got this place because I had the grit to tell what I had done," ended Charlie.

"I know you did," was Don's answer.—Sarah M. McCreery, in *The Advance*.

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There are about two million Jews in America, and nearly one million of them are in New York City.

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"Live with wolves and you will learn to howl."

## BRAVE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

Come with me in the Alpine diligence for a drive up the queer zigzag road that goes twisting and climbing until it pierces the wet and misty clouds and reaches a region of eternal ice and snow. Here, in a climate almost as cold as Greenland, we shall find a band of men who do a great and good work, assisted by dogs, as Bernard de Menthon did long years ago.

We start from the lovely village of Chamonix, at the very foot of mighty Mont Blanc, and drive to Martigny. This "diligence" is the road-coach to the Alps, drawn by five big horses all decked with bells and fly-flickers. The air is like wine for its bracing sweetness, and all around us are roaring cataracts, glistening glaciers, or moving ice-seas; gloomy ravines and towering peaks, below whose topmost crags thin wisps of cloud float like wreaths of gauze.

Round and round, up and up. It grows colder as we ascend, and the smiling landscape fades away. The pretty flowers disappear, too—the anemone and gentian; dark-leaved saxifrage and sweet alpenrose. We shiver, even in August, and put on our wraps and furs.

We have passed from summer to winter in a few hours. Now we enter the Valley of Death, so called from its many fatal memories. Here, at the most dangerous part of the St. Bernard Pass, a little shelter-house has been built; and parties climbing still higher to the famous hospice or monastery can now telephone their coming. This has saved hundreds of lives. For, nowadays, after such a message, the good monks at the top look out for the travelers, and if they fail to appear after a certain time, search parties of dogs are sent out to look for them.

Here is deep snow even in August. It is so bitterly cold that we get off and walk to warm our benumbed limbs; and soon the bare, bleak walls of the world's loftiest house of charity loom through the damp mist. Winter lingers here for ten long months; and the few weeks of "summer" do not suffice to melt the wilderness of ice and snow. We are here nearly nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the slightest exertion distresses our breathing apparatus, so rarefied is the air. No sooner are we at the door, than a dozen monstrous dogs come baying forth to greet us. No questions are asked. It is understood we require dinner, and warm and comfortable bed, breakfast next morning, and full directions and protection for our onward journey.

In the reception room is a big piano which King Edward, then Prince of Wales, gave the monastery nearly fifty years ago. The Emperor Frederick of Germany and his consort also passed the night here, as also have a host of world-famed celebrities



For nearly ten centuries, from generation to generation, some fourteen monks and eight or nine attendants have occupied the monastery and helped travelers crossing over the summit of the Great St. Bernard.

It is sad to think that even these helpers have to descend periodically in search of health, so terribly trying is the climate. The dogs themselves, even, suffer severely from rheumatism.

At present, the monastery costs about \$9,000 a year to keep up, and this money is partly collected in Switzerland and partly derived from the revenue of the monastic order. But in the Middle Ages, the monastery was stripped of all its wealth, though it still continued and continues to this day to carry out the work of St. Bernard. Over thirty thousand travelers pass this way every year, and hundreds of these, at least, would lose their lives were it not for the guardians of the mountain.

The poor emigrant laborers from Switzerland are often found by these faithful dogs, in the snow, utterly exhausted from hunger and fatigue, and often with badly frozen limbs. These are tenderly nursed in the spotlessly clean infirmary of the hospice. I visited this lofty house of charity in the clouds.

Of course the great attraction is the kennels of the famous St. Bernard dogs. One is grieved to learn that even these, hardy and intelligent as they are, often perish in terrible storms. They are big, powerful, short-haired animals, most of them—white, but with a few brown patches. Last winter five magnificent creatures were lost in a furious blizzard.

I saw one or two aged veterans over twenty years old; these are now privileged to lie before the kitchen fire, and each of them has saved over twenty lives in the snowy wastes. The monks are not now so dependent on the dogs for news of travelers in distress, because of the telephone I have already mentioned. The scent of these dogs is so wonderfully keen they can track a man's footsteps in the snow two or three days after he has passed.

It is a grand sight to see the monks and their attendants go forth in their big fur coats, high rubber boots, helmets and swan's-down gloves. Behind them come assistants with long ash poles, ice-axes, alpenstocks, spades, wine and provisions.

When the first snow comes in September, the paths are marked with posts twenty feet high. But these soon disappear and other posts are fixed on top of them, and so on. Soon the winter paths lead indifferently over enormous rocks and buried alpine huts. The greatest danger comes from the furious gales shifting the snow and making return impossible. The rescue parties are always led by dogs, whose intelligence is never questioned.

Sometimes the dogs go prospecting on their own account, and each carries a supply of good red wine in a flask about his neck. Should he track and find some wayfarer in the snow, or fallen down a precipice, he gallops back to the hospice with a message that is unmistakable. Then the rescue party goes out, rubs the frozen limbs of the unfortunate with handfuls of snow, and encourages him to rise and walk a little. If this be impossible, or the victim be dead, he is borne back on the stalwart shoulders of the monks' attendants.

I was most interested to learn that the pure race of St. Bernard dogs cannot live away from the mountain they have been associated with for so many centuries. In the plains they degenerate in size and strength, and their wonderful sagacity grows duller. Under no circumstances will the hospice sell or part with the dogs, although they have had many tempting offers from foreign travellers, who will pay a high price.

Most notable among these four-legged saviors is Oliver, with a record of fifty-six rescues. He is to be sent to Martigny, where the monastery has a kind of sanatorium in which the dogs try to regain the health and strength they have lost in the service of strangers.—W. G. Fitz-Gerald, in August St. Nicholas.

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### THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,  
Can crash and kill," declares the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"  
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,  
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead,  
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose  
speed,"  
Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart,  
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,  
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the  
tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole.  
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."  
—Ex.

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Whatsoever does anything to depreciate Christianity is guilty of high treason against the civilization of mankind.—Macaulay.

# World Wide Work

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## THE HARVESTERS.

*"Lift-up your eyes;  
Look upon the fields;  
They are white already to harvest."*

The people of the city of Sychar came to see the man of whom they had heard so much. But Jesus turned to them and said, "Say not there are yet four months and then cometh the harvest. Look upon the fields white already to harvest." His appeal was to men whose eyes were holden, who lacked vision, who did not see the opportunities around them.

More than ever does Jesus say to men, "Look!"

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*The need of vision is great to-day.*

Jesus was always appealing to the imagination, through it he was reaching the heart. Jesus himself was a man of vision. He saw in the ordinary men and women around him possible saints. He saw in what seemed to others a hopeless world the possible kingdom of God. Paul was a man of vision; he saw great possibilities where others saw only hopeless nations. The disciples were men of vision; they went out not so much because of Jesus' command, but because they had caught somewhat of his vision.

The lack of vision is the failure of the Church. A man does not believe in missions because he lacks vision. He fails to see what Christ sees; that out of this old world of sin there is to come a new world of righteousness; that out of this despairing race is to come a new race of hope. We need to climb the mount of vision until we can see somewhat with Christ's eyes, and feel somewhat with Christ's heart.

In Chamouni, hemmed in by walls of ice and snow, the world appears a small place, but when one has climbed Mt. Blanc, where all boundaries are swept away, he gets a new vision, the world seems a different place.

So men dwell within the narrow circle of their own lives, hemmed in by walls of work and self-interest, and know not how large a world they live in, nor how great are the movements around them. When once they climb the mount of vision with Christ and see what He sees and feel what He feels, they realize that a world waits the coming of Christ, and cry, "Here am I; send me." From this mountain top of vision we hear Christ say "Look!"

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*We need a vision of the world's great need.*

We cannot forget the needs of our own nation. We must see that it is always a Christian nation.

The cities of our land present a problem that challenges the faith of the Church. There is a tidal movement toward the city that cannot be stopped. These great aggregations of people present great problems for the Church, problems our fathers knew nothing about. These cities are the heart of the nation, from which pulsate the forces of our national life. If we make the nation Christian we must begin with the city. The Church must inaugurate a system of Christianizing work for the unchurched masses of the city. Jesus wept over the city, and we have great need to do the same.

Foreigners are pouring in upon us. Many of them have no sympathy with our institutions. We are getting many of these people who are undigested and some of them are indigestible. Unless we can leaven these people with the gospel we are in danger.

No small problem is that of the future character of the great new territory of the West. There every interest is alive to the great possibilities except the church. The West is becoming more and more a factor in our national life. This new territory is to hold a vast population. What kind of a population will it be?

The vision does not end with our own land. China waits at our door. Before Abraham was China had a civilization.



For four thousand years she has had a government. This ancient nation is reaching after God.

India, the mother of religions, is waiting at our door. She has borrowed little from others. She has been self-contained. But to-day India is restless and waits the coming of the Christ.

So wait other peoples of the East. What are we going to do for them? The world waits for Christ. A thousand altars testify to this. Will we see the world's need as Christ sees it? "Look unto the field ripe already to harvest."

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*We need a vision of the world's great worth.*

These peoples of the East, of China, Japan and India, have the same generous impulses and faithfulness to what they believe right as we have. The same motives govern their lives. One has only to read the story of many of the native Christians in these lands to realize the kind of stuff they are made of—the stuff of which martyrs are made. We need the vision of the Christ who sees in each man the possible glorious man. We need Peter's vision, telling us that nothing God has made is unclean.—Sel.

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### A PEDDLER EVANGELIST.

About fifteen years ago, in a small congregation of the district of Oaxaca, Mexico, there was converted a man by the name of Fermin Garcia. This man, who was of a very humble origin, had not had the opportunity for even sufficient study to enable him to learn to read, and he supported himself and his family by rude manual labor.

At the time of his conversion he was about fifty years old, and was then engaged in travelling from town to town as a peddler of various kinds of merchandise. He is a devoted and consecrated Christian worker, and when he gives testimony of his faith he does so with earnest eloquence and genuine spiritual emotion. In his travels he makes good use of every opportunity to speak of his Master, Jesus Christ, and of his infinite love.

Notwithstanding his inability to read, he always carries with him a New Testament, and makes use of it in the following rather

unique manner. Whenever he has opened a conversation with a stranger, after the usual preliminaries, he will say, "Sir, can you read?" If his new acquaintance says yes, he will immediately present his New Testament and, with a smile of sincere satisfaction, will request that "you will please, then, read me some passages from this book, for it tells of our Lord, Jesus Christ."

The stranger will in nearly every case comply with the request, and, taking the book, will read those passages which are pointed out, Brother Garcia tactfully calling attention to the special significance of this or that occurrence or new thought in proportion to its importance.

"It is not a rare occurrence," says Brother Garcia, "for my companion and myself to spend half a day or half a night in reading and discussing the sacred Word."

At other times it happens that the person with whom he has become acquainted does not know how to read, and then Brother Garcia will say, very sympathetically, "It's too bad! I too am unable to read, and here I have a most interesting book relating to the life of Christ and his apostles. If you wish, let us try to find someone who is a reader, and you will see what a pleasant and instructive time we will pass with this book."

And so it happens, if no difficulties arise as to the reading, and the result is that Brother Garcia goes about evangelizing his fellow citizens.

Many intimate friendships have been born of this method of procedure, and many of his acquaintances he has never seen again, but who knows how many of these have been converted through his efforts.—Bible Society Record.

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The brewers in Quebec Province have united, forming a \$10,000,000 brewing syndicate. Probably this is for business reasons, but no doubt one of these business reasons is the need of united action in stemming the tide of temperance sentiment now sweeping across this continent. \$10,000,000 is a lot of money, but it will take more than that to fight the battle against the home, the state, and the church, and these are the real foes against which the traffic must contend.—Ex.

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The crucifix has been removed from every day school in France.

## A MISSIONARY'S FAITH.

Fred S. Arnot, the founder of the Garenzanze Mission in West Central Africa, after years of physical disablement, has returned to the land of his great life work and is now residing with his family in Johannesburg. From here he goes on long trips into the interior, visiting the stations, looking after converts and infusing new courage into his missionary yoke-fellows.

Lately he proposed a journey via Kalone into the heart of the mission territory, but had no funds, and he has been wont from the first to wait on God for all financial help, making no appeals to man and taking no collections. Accordingly, every step was taken in faith and prayer. Fully persuaded of the Lord's leading, however, he got his luggage ready with the supplies he was to take for the wants of the mission and the helpers, and a small sum of about fifty-five dollars, arriving from his friends in Bristol, helped him to send on his baggage and supplies, but left him with no money to pay his own fare.

This was just before the day of his proposed starting—Monday, April 5, being that day. Saturday previous his baggage and freight had gone forward, and he was awaiting further help from God to begin his own journey two days later.

On Sabbath evening, he was announced to preach at the Central Hall, in Johannesburg. A gentleman from Glasgow, an entire stranger, passing the door of the hall, on his way to the Railway Mission with his daughter, who was to sing a solo at the latter meeting, seeing Mr. Arnot's name on the announcement board, left his daughter to go on and himself turned in to hear the missionary.

After the service he introduced himself, and invited Mr. Arnot to a mid-day luncheon with him the next day, which he attended at the hotel where his new acquaintance was stopping. After lunch, when Mr. and Mrs. Arnot rose to go, his host followed him to say that it had been laid in his heart, as a memento of the Sabbath night's meeting, to give him one hundred pounds, to use as he might see fit.

So he and his wife went straight to the railway office and he took his passage; then, with the money remaining, arranged for the payment of carriers (fifty pounds in silver), bought a few extras, and had still what was requisite to meet housekeeping expenses during his absence. So manifestly had the Lord interposed that he writes he "felt like a ball rolled along out of God's own hand; and that in this case the value of the money seemed as mere chaff, compared to the strong assurance, conveyed by the fact of the money coming just at that time and in that way, that God was sending him."—*Missionary Review of the World*.

## CHINA'S POVERTY.

It has been said that about one hundred million of India's population never know what it means to satisfy fully the cravings of hunger.

China's poverty is less pronounced and less extensive, but there is a general poverty, compared with which the commonest life of the West seems supremely luxurious.

The houses are virtually monuments to the poverty of the people. They are made oftentimes of clay and straw, having an earthen floor. In one corner of the room is the bed, which is really only an elevation of the floor, covered by a reed mat. The sole furniture is a tiny table, a wooden bench which has no back and perhaps a box to store clothing, etc. What the "etc." in most cases can be, I am sure I do not know. Sometimes a grotesque and amusing picture is pasted on the dingy wall. And all this inner splendor is set forth in the dim light which comes through the paper windows.

The fields of this land are very fertile; but in the Fall, when the harvest is over, every straw and spear of grass and all the roots of the grain are dug up and husbanded for Winter fuel. Thus even the land is impoverished by being denuded of its natural fertilizer. But it seems necessary. The poor never use coal. Indeed, two or three acres must support a number of "mouths," as the Chinese significantly style the members of his family.

The food, too, is very plain and not nourishing. Most of the people eat but two meals a day, and one of these can be called a meal only by courtesy. In different locations naturally the diet differs, but as a sample we might say that the first meal consists of cooked millet, and the principal meal of a stew of bean-curd, some vegetable perhaps (but by no means always), a little unleavened biscuit or bread, and possibly, a few times a week, a piece of meat one-half inch in all dimensions, minced into the stew for flavor and strength.

The dress is only too often scanty. It is customary for the people to borrow clothing freely. When one sees a finely dressed person in the country, he at once suspects that the clothes are borrowed and that the person inside of them is going to a feast, a wedding, or the like. I heard of several men making a New Year's call together. Only one of the company had the proper kind of hat; so, one by one, would don this and make his call in style, while the others remained hidden outside the courtyard wall until their turn came.

The pawn-shop in China is a revelation of the poverty of the people. Making a living is called "Kuozihtze"—"crossing the day"—which to the masses is as precarious



as crossing many fords. When Spring comes multitudes take their winter clothes to the pawn-shops and take out their Summer garments, which have been there since Fall. Often even implements which are not needed in the Winter will be put in pawn until the Spring for a small sum of money.

Poverty is one of the causes which have made the people fatalistic. When a man is poor and knows he always will be poor, there is a tendency to become shiftless and indifferent. When I remonstrated with my cook for his personal extravagance in not laying by any of his wages, he replied that it made no difference. Sometimes he made as much again as at others, but he was always able to easily use it all. In other words, there was no future for him.

Housed poorly, clothed scantily, fed improperly and insufficiently, the masses of the people seem nevertheless strangely cheerful, and put those who trust too much in things to shame.

In America begging is hardly ever necessary. Not so in China. With her teeming people, only the fittest find employment, and this means that a considerable class of the bodily and mentally ill-favored are driven to beggary and starvation.

I am not enough of an artist to picture this Oriental beggar to you. He may be an urchin, naked in summer and clothed with a gunny-sack in winter; he may be a man of middle age, with long, unkempt hair which has become bushy and matted; or he may be an old man with a nondescript heap of rags covering him.

During his business hours, perchance, he sits by the side of some wall along the highway, unceasingly bowing and striking his calloused forehead to the ground, calling the passer-by, though a mere youth, "ta lao yeh"—"great old grandfather"—a term of utmost respect.

In his idle moments he is still never at leisure from himself, for his hair, body and clothing are simply infested with those little impudent, ubiquitous denizens of the Orient. To see these beggars picking their clothes is a foul and disgusting sight, though in the wise economy of the world it affords a pastime without which many would feel lonesome.

One day I found what seemed to me nothing but a heap of cast-off rags, but I knew that no rags are unclaimed in China, and there was an inhabitant inside. As I spoke there was a stirring, and a frail lad raised himself. He pushed back his rags and crouched before me, a naked sufferer. To my surprise, he had a small earthen bowl in which were a few chips of charcoal, over which he was trying to warm himself, and the rags were only a sort of tent which was over him.

In Peking there are wild, homeless dogs as well as homeless beggars. Passing through the city gate one morning I saw what was even more grewsome than sad, an old woman fight with a dog for a bone.

The Chinese humorously call "beggars" the "flower ones," because their garments, wadded with cotton, when old and torn, open up like the petals of a flower.

The missionary can hardly devote his strength to this class. It would be a great act of mercy, but there are bigger problems and more important. In some places there are soup-houses, or rather porridge dispensaries, where once a day a bowl of cooked millet is dished out to every one in the long line waiting for it.

But I am glad that the Chinese are getting at the root of the evil. Last Spring I visited an industrial school where some hundreds of beggars were learning a trade at the city's expense. This sign of municipal sponsorship of the unfortunate is a sign of the times which is most hopeful, but it is a recognition that the nation is made up of individuals, and that the individual has sacred claims and rights.

Only a few days ago "Yuan Shih Kai," China's leading statesman, said: "Women are the doors of a nation, and the education of girls is even more indispensable than that of boys. Poor and rich alike must be educated."

A few years ago it was reported that one cold night several hundred beggars perished. It was in the Orient where the Master said: "The poor ye have always with you," and it is in that Master's name that poverty will some day cease.—In The Assembly Herald.

### AFRAID OF THE DRAGON.

The Chinese are very much afraid of the anger of the dragon that is thought to live in the earth and may be troubled by deep digging. A fine road was begun, running over a hill in a city. At the top of the hill some rocks were blasted away. But a high officer soon had a sore mouth, and another had a sore on the back of his neck. A soothsayer said that these troubles were because the back of the dragon had been hurt in cutting through the hill. So a large number of men were at once set to work to fill up the cut, and did so in three days. It cost several hundred dollars. All this happened because they were afraid of something that was not there at all.—Junior Endeavor World.

That time is the worst employed which we give up to regrets, unless we learn from them lessons for the future.—Duc de Levis.

**"Pulpit and Pew,"****Continued from page 457.****THE BLESSED HUNGER.**

A little hunger is more nealthful than much satiety. Only hungry people can enjoy wholesome food. Persons who never hunger are scarce normal.

"Blessed are they that hunger." The blessedness lies in the sequel. The hungry eat and are satisfied. The satisfaction flows from gratifying a demand of nature.

There are more kinds of hunger than one. Soul-longing is as real as natural craving. And it is as blessed to satisfy the former as the latter.

In material hunger some foods do not satisfy. Food must be adapted to the condition.

Foods that nourish and strengthen are the foods that comfort and satisfy normal hunger.

Even so, there is proper food for the heart life. Righteousness is to the soul what bread is to the body. It satisfies, up-builds, cheers, sustains.

Justification is one part of this righteousness, and justification brings peace.

Regeneration is another part, and this brings the conditions of purity.

Adoption is still another part, and this gives a new relation to God and a title to heaven.

Entire sanctification is an additional part, and this gives rest of spirit.

Fruit-bearing is the crowning part, and this glorifies life with a mission, and its fulfillment.

Blessed is such hunger! It brings the participant into conformity with the holy will of God, and gives a satisfaction superior to all other forms of fulness and repletion.

Such persons grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the truth. They are blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. There is no realization on earth superior to this, and none other to compare with it. It is the acme of bliss, the crown of life, and the foretaste of heaven.

In its application to the soul life, the word "hunger" implies that righteousness appears as sweet and desirable as bread does to a starving man.

The word also indicates an active condition of mind, something more than a tranquil readiness to receive food.

A hungry man will bestir himself to find food. The gnawing sensation impels him to do his best to acquire that which nature craves.

So with hunger for God and the things of God. It is an ardent longing, a vehement desire, a holy appetite for all that is right and good. It seems unable to en-

dure until the blessings craved are found. It drives to action. It uses the means to gain the objects longed for. And only where it thus acts and insists are the consoling blessings of the Christ-life found.

Blessed is such hunger. Blessed are they who know it, feel it, act upon it, and who gain the gifts it leads to!—Michigan Advocate.

**THE WORKING MAN'S REST DAY.**

Not so long since it was the working man with the slogan of personal liberty on his lips who demanded Sunday for his recreation. "Yes," public sentiment said, "he has worked six days; let him enjoy the seventh." So there were handed over to him, seldom legally, but rather by common consent to his need, the Sunday saloon and the Sunday ball game, and the Sunday excursion and the Sunday theatre.

Now witness the anomaly—he brings these privileges back, urging, "Take them away!" And, lo, it is the Church Militant that leads him.

To the ordinary citizen who carries neither a dinner-pail nor a Bible, the paradox demands explanation.

It was the laboring man who sells the Sunday cigar and the Sunday drink, who runs the Sunday train and the Sunday steamboat, and who does the Sunday vaudeville turn, who first began to ask the others, where did he get off in the personal-liberty galaxy of pleasures?

For a while his brothers in other callings ignored these petulant queries of protest. But of late they have been increasing their volume. Larger and larger have been the numbers drawn into the ranks of Sunday labor to make the holiday of others.

To take care of the crowds abroad on Sunday one industry after another has been summoned; employees of hotels, restaurants and eating-houses, butchers, bakers, confectioners, florists, candy and popcorn venders, barbers, druggists and small shopkeepers. And since the community has lost the habit of providing for itself in advance on Saturday, there are others—ice-men, milkmen, coalmen and delicatessen dealers.

Thus the list widened until so many laborers were employed on Sunday that it seemed that a few more might as well be. Then the factory belts began to turn.

How large do you suppose is become this army of Sunday laborers in the United States? In the last ten years they have increased fifty-eight per cent. Statistics probably haven't counted them all, but it is known that they are more than four million. And these are four million men who want their Sunday back.—Delineator.



### THE STEADY PULL IN CHURCH WORK.

It will be the steady maintaining of his study of the Bible which will make the minister the best and most fruitful preacher. It is the ceaseless distractions of the modern minister's life, taking him away from his continued counselling with the Word, which sap his strength and require him to be continually making new starts. Not seldom he is drawn off by other concerns until he is no longer able to make a new start on his study of the Book, and he becomes a preacher of the ephemeral topics of the times. It requires a steady pull to keep a minister in the doing of the best work in preaching in these busy, noisy days.

It will be the serious devotion of time and labor to the sacred work of the Kingdom which will make a church ready to receive the highest gift of the Spirit. Faithfulness to the continuing duty, steadfastness in prayer, the steady pull of Christian life and testimony are the forces through which the Spirit's sanctifying and convincing work is done. The church whose spiritual life is manifested chiefly in occasional and strenuous appeal to the multitude, to hear the Word and join the church, is not the one in which the Word has free course. The falling away which too often follows the mechanically contrived revival paralyzes the church itself and gives the world occasion for disbelief. It is the steady witness, the continued endeavor, the sustained life of the Lord's people that convince gainsayers.

There is little that is spectacular in the steady pull. The new start, the special effort, attract much more attention. But it is the constant force that tells, that accomplishes the work. The new start, the special effort, are for the overcoming of inertia, for getting under way. When the locomotive has coughed forth its smoke and steam, in the sudden turmoil of starting the heavy train, the driver eases off the strain, and the huge machine devours the miles with a steady pull. The church that is always starting something new and abandoning it while incomplete, for some further novelty, attracts attention, perhaps, but does not make much progress.

It is, therefore, for the steadiness of well-considered, wisely planned and seriously undertaken duty that we would plead, in the pleasant days when churches and pastors together are taking a new start. The work of the Kingdom is great. The time may yet be long. While we pray for its speedy coming, and look eagerly to the horizon for the harbinger of the coming day, let us not fail to bend ourselves to the simple work required of us, and cover our own way with the cheerfulness and faith of a steady pull.—Philadelphia Presbyterian.

### "A SERIOUS MINISTRY."

On this subject the "Lutheran" says:—

"Now it is not necessary that a minister of the Gospel should wear a long face, or eschew all that makes life sunshiny and happy. Some of the brightest and best lights the world has seen in the Christian pulpit have been men who were true children of nature as well as of grace. They could not only weep with those who weep, but could also laugh with those who laugh.

And yet there was a certain something about them which impressed even worldly men as calling for reverence and respect. Underneath the surface of their human, social life there flowed the deep current of their religious life.

They were spiritually-minded men and impressed themselves as such. They were men of deep convictions, intense moral earnestness, guided and controlled in their intercourse with men by a great life purpose.

They were in no sense hail-fellows-well-met, whom worldlings could applaud, but neither reverence nor respect; they were not time-servers, moral weaklings, flatterers of men, trimming their sails to the popular winds. They were spiritual prophets, forces that made for righteousness.

"The ministry, if it is anything, is serious business. It cannot be taken lightly by any man who believes himself called of God to proclaim a living Gospel to dying men. Great issues are at stake—issues of life and death—any man who fails to realize the seriousness of these issues and makes the impression on worldly men that he takes them lightly, is manifestly out of his place in the ministry.

It is to be lamented that this lack of seriousness and moral earnestness in not a few otherwise amiable pastors often become so apparent as to rob an otherwise seemingly prosperous ministry of its influence and power. If there is any truth in the charge that the ministry has lost caste among men, it must be traced chiefly to this source—the lack of making our ministry seem anything but serious business."

The spectre that I am most afraid of at the last is the spectre of lost opportunities. The keenest regrets that I feel to-day are born of neglected duties—of neglect to do all that I might have done for the sick, the sad, the suffering and the sinning; above all for the immortal souls that are now beyond my reach.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

"Two things the Puritan preachers did: First, they declared man a sinner and under God's wrath and curse; and second, they held the one way of salvation to be faith in a crucified but risen Redeemer. That is the leaven, which, beginning with the individual, is to leaven the lump. It is the initial in the mission and work of the Gospel Ministry."

### SELECTED BRUTALITY.

The ornaments of our homes are a part of the mental training of our children, our domestics, and even our young friends who favor us with their frequent presence.

What pleasure is there in gazing on graphic representation of carnage, in looking at lifelike pictures of agonized men and animals in their death throes? Such work may prove an artist's skill, but it does nothing for the betterment of humanity.

The realistic in literature, in the descriptions of scenes of vice or murder, may serve a useful purpose as the plot proceeds and unfolds the mechanism of cause and effect.

There can be no purpose in a realistic picture of brutality and bloodshed.

What good end is attained by blemishing our fair walls with the picture of dying deer, seized by a pack of hounds, or two wild beasts tearing each other to atoms, or a frenzied bull goring a horse, while the bull is pierced by the spear of a human monster, or two men bruising each other in the prize ring, or dying men and horses flung in horrid heaps upon the battlefield?

All these things occur; and it is terrible enough that they do, and that we must read about them and hear the details. But why should we perpetuate them in art for unborn generations to gaze upon?

There is so much that is sublime, dramatic, tender, beautiful and exalting in the world for painter and sculptor to depict, so much that acts as an inspiration to the beholder; that soothes, rests or stimulates the mind, heart, and eye instead of merely arousing a sensation of fascinated repulsion!

Why do people put pictures of dead birds or fish on their dining-room walls? I can imagine nothing more calculated to spoil the appetite and upset the digestion.

One likes to forget the market stalls while at dinner.

In a lady's boudoir, sweet with suggestions of refined femininity, I have seen the picture of a deer at bay which tore the heart of any sympathetic observer. Possibly the lady attached a symbolic meaning to it, and as a successful hunter of hearts she may have often seen her game "at bay."

I have had my call spoiled by an almost life-size bull-fight scene on a drawing-room wall, and I have had a bleak winter day suddenly bloom with glory of a summer afternoon at the shore by a bit of marine view opposite me as I waited the arrival of my hostess.

Why not select the things which shall delight and please our own eyes and those of our friends when we are adorning our homes?

The sad, awful side of life will force itself upon us fast enough as we go along, without buying it and putting an expensive frame about it!—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in "Philadelphia Press."

### MOTHERS, AND MANNERS.

BY A MOTHER.

This subject seems to divide itself into two classes, viz., non-essential and essential, or, non-ethical and ethical manners.

To the first class belong many of the social forms which are provincial, varying in different countries, and even different parts of the same country. For instance, what is considered polite in France would be considered bad form in China. What Westerners consider foolishness is strictly adhered to in New York and Boston.

As a further illustration of these two classes I want to give you this fact.

"Over the triple doorway of an Italian cathedral, there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath it is the legend, 'All that pleases is but for a moment.' Over another is sculptured a cross, and there are the words, 'All that troubles is but for a moment.' But underneath the main arch is the inscription, 'That only is important which is Eternal.'"

Applying these inscriptions to our theme, we soon come to the climax of our thought, Courtesy, which in its breadth and depth of meaning not only encircles and enfolds the subject of Manners, but is so expansive in its nature that we readily perceive that it lays hold of Eternal things.

As an illustration of this Courtesy thought, I will give an incident. A boy, almost a young man, who was and still is conspicuous not only among boys, but among men for his fine, manly bearing, had occasion to come frequently to my attic in all kinds of weather. Sidewalks were then scarce, and he often encountered mud. When he appeared, he would say, in a courtly manner, "I am very sorry to track up your stairs," but never think of removing his overshoes, or taking great pains to clean his feet.

He certainly had manners, but how much courtesy, which is consideration for others?

Of all the definitions of a gentleman, the one that Hopkinson Smith gives us in one of his stories, pleases my thought and fancy best. It is this: "A gentleman is a man who tolerates other people's mistakes, and who sympathizes with other people's troubles."

I have read somewhere of there being a bad manner germ. Independence is certainly a characteristic trait of the American



people, but in its large and unrestrained development it has begotten a child whose life principal is, "I am just as good as everyone else." Now the antidote for this germ of bad manners is—"Everyone else is as good as I am," and should be taken in large and frequent doses. How naturally these thoughts lead us to the "Rule of Life and Practice." "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

As parents, we expend much energy vainly, and do much damage in trying to instill into the child's mind the result of actions. We are unwittingly planting seeds of hypocrisy, instead of seeing that the motive power is pure. And then we are discouraged and dismayed at results. We have expected to gather roses and violets when only thistle roots are in the heart soil.

No, mothers, after giving our children a good inheritance, as good an example as human parents can, and courageously gentle precepts, the place for us is in our closets, where we, in intercessory prayer, do plead for that change of heart, that deliberate change of purpose on the part of each child, after which comes the natural development of a beautiful life. Ian MacLaren presents this same thought in the following glowing words:

"Surely there is no one who does not desire to live after the rule of courtesy, and there is no way of attaining this fine spirit except by keeping high company. Just as we live in the atmosphere of nobility where people are generous, and chivalrous, and charitable, and reverent, shall we learn the habit of faultless manners, and acquire the mind which inspires every word and deed with grace. And the highest fellowship is open unto every man, and he that walks therein catches its spirit. For the very perfect knight of human history, who carried himself without reproach from the cradle to the grave, was our Lord and Master, Christ, and the rudest who follow him will take on the character of his gentleness."

I have found this same thought expressed in picture words elsewhere. "As carnations betray their location in a room, even though hidden from our view, so a human life, lifted by some great need into the larger dependence upon God, becomes fragrant with that which men recognize instinctively to be a reflected glory."

Some may think that my thought is not practical, and that my ideal is too high, but as Archer Brown says—"Why be content to hook on to a garbage cart when you can hitch your chariot to a star?"

If our child's life is keyed to a clear, pure note, that of love for the less favored of his kind, will he not enter a drawing room in a less conscious manner? If unselfishness is the dominant tone of his life, will he not offer the most comfortable place

to those who are his seniors or superiors? In other words will not the grace of all graces—love in the heart—make his life gracious?

After this act of dethroning of self and enthroning of the spirit of love in a child's heart, culture is needed, guidance is necessary.

Before speaking of example and precept as a means of growth, please permit me just a word about inheritance as the commencement of nurture. Take from your shelf that religious classic given us from the heart of Horace Bushnell and read his chapters on nurture. This volume, "Christian Nurture," should be the treasured possession of every one who touches child life.

In presenting the benefits of precept and example, I always like to place the example first, and there is no truer thought on this sub-division than that contained in the lines:—

"O'er wayward childhood would'st thou  
hold firm rule,  
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?  
Love, hope and patience, these must be thy  
graces,  
And in thine own heart, let them first keep  
school."

The realm of precepts is one of detail, and here we must encounter the "little foxes that spoil the vines." Oftentimes we are so absorbed in the little matters of removing cap, blacking shoes, cleaning nails, thank-yous, if you please, excuse me, sir, etc., that we lose our perspective and forget the largeness of our work.

Remember it is the continual dropping of water, not a tremendous downpour, that wears the stone away. A babe is lulled, not forced to sleep. A sweet, gentle voice has more power than the blare of trumpets. There is strength in gentleness in every sphere of human influence.

As mothers, one of our cardinal mistakes or sins is discouragement. We forget that our little world is peopled with real true queens and knights, capable of just as heroic deeds as ever King Arthur's were for he who conquers himself is greater than he who taketh a city.

Do not let us grow pessimistic by allowing one forgetfulness or even intentional rudeness to blind us to what is bright and helpful in the outlook.—Ex.

"Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have in a home. But we must also have serenity, peace and the absence of petty fault-finding, if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven-growing plants."

"Human nature is about as sure to show itself in a collection as it is in horse dealing."

**CALLS, INDUCTIONS, ETC.****CALLS FROM**

First Ch., Truro, to Mr. A. J. Macdonald, of Sydney. Accepted.

St. Paul's Brandon, to Mr. R. Laidlaw, of Belleville. Accepted.

Atwood, to Mr. W. A. Amos, of Allandale.

N. Lunenburg, etc., to Mr. Cliff.

Montague, P. E. I. to Mr. David Wright, of Wolfville. Accepted.

Smithville and Grassie, Hamilton Pres., to Mr. A. Wilson, of Allanford and Elsinore. Accepted. Mr. W. Johnston, Shallow Lake, Ont., Moderator of Allanford.

Whitechurch and Langside, to Mr. McEachern.

Ross, to Mr. Hugh Craig, of Theresa.

St. Andrews Ch., Winnipeg, to Mr. A. G. Sinclair.

Greenfield Ch., Carleton Co., N. B., Mr. A. D. Fraser, of Blackville, N. B.

Thompson, Wallace Presby., N. S., to Mr. J. W. Britton.

Elgin and Athelstan, Montreal Pres., to Mr. T. B. Crombie.

Little Current, Algoma Pres., to Mr. J. C. Tibb.

St. Jas. Sq. Ch., Toronto, to Dr. Andrew Robertson of St. John's, Nfld.

**INDUCTIONS INTO**

Wellesley, etc., Ont., 1st Sept., Mr. A. G. McLaughlin.

Mt. Stewart, etc., P. E. I., 1 Sept., Mr. R. P. Murray.

Cheltenham and Mt. Pleasant, 28 Sep., Mr. I. G. Thomson.

Dorchester and Crumlin, Ont., 23 Sep., Mr. John Burnett.

Victoria Ch., Montreal, 6 Sep., Mr. John Chisholm.

Salem Ch., Riv. John, N. S., 9 Sep., Mr. C. D. McIntosh.

Calvin Ch., Montreal, 17 Sep., Mr. Jas. McKay, called from Chippewa, Ont.

Chalmers Ch., Woodstock, Ont., Mr. H. M. Paulin, B.A. Accepted, Induction, 12 Oct., 8 p.m.

First Ch. Chatham, Ont., 14 Sept., Mr. Henry Dickie.

Chateauguay Basin, Que., 7 Oct., Mr. G. MacLennan, called from Norwood, Ont.

Royce Ave Ch., Toronto, Ont., 8 Oct., Mr. R. M. Dickey, called from Selkirk, Man.

**RESIGNATIONS OF**

St. Luke's, Dominion, No. 6, C. B., Mr. Norman McQueen.

St. John's, Port Morien, C. B., Mr. J. W. McPhail.

Weston, Mr. R. M. Hamilton.

Bloomfield, etc., P. E. I., Mr. T. McDonald.

Thornbury and Heathcote, Ont., Mr. K. W. Barton.

Queensville, Ont., Mr. Hugh Ferguson.

St. Paul's Ch., Ottawa, Dr. W. D. Armstrong.

Bristol, Mr. G. A. Hackney.

Longueuil, Montreal, Dr. Amaron.

St. Gabriel Ch., Montreal, Dr. Robert Campbell.

St. And. Ch., Stirling, Ont., Mr. F. A. Robinson.

Up. Londonderry, Truro Pres., Mr. Wm. Dawson, B.D.

Black River and Napan, N.B., Mr. A. J. W. Myers, B.D.

The peace of mind that has lived near to God is like the quiet, steady lustre of the lighthouse lamp, startling no one, ever to be found when wanted, casting the same mild ray through the long night cross the maddest billows that curl their crests around the rock on which it stands.—F. W. Robertson.

When the outlook is not good try the up-look.—Anon.



**DATES AND PLACES OF MEETING  
OF THE SYNODS AND PRESBY-  
TERIES OF THE CHURCH.**

*Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given here it is because they are not received.*

**The General Assembly meets in  
Halifax, First Wednesday of June, 1910**

**Synod of the Maritime Provinces,  
St. John, 1st Tues. Oct., '09.**

1. Sydney, Sydney, 30 Nov., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 2 Nov., 1.30 p.m.
4. Wallace.
5. Truro, Truro, 9 Oct.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 21 Dec., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, Clyde River, 18 Oct., 4 p.m.
8. St. John.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, 14 Dec., 11 a.m.
10. P.E.I., Charlottetown, 2 Nov., 10 a.m.

**Synod of Montreal and Ottawa,  
Cornwall, 2nd Tues. May, 1910.**

11. Quebec.
12. Montreal.
13. Glengarry, Lancaster, 2 Nov.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 2 Nov., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Arnprior, 30 Nov., 10.30 a.m.
16. Brockville, Winchester, 2 Nov.

**Synod of Toronto and Kingston,  
Toronto, 2nd Tues. May, 1910.**

17. Kingston, Kingston, 14 Dec., 2 p.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 14 Dec., 2 p.m.
19. Lindsay.
20. Whitby, Whitby, 19 October, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville 9 Nov., 10.30
23. Barrie, Barrie, 14 Dec., 10.30 a.m.
24. North Bay, Huntsville.
25. Algoma, Sault Ste. Marie, 1 Mar., 8 p.m.
26. Owen Sound, Owen Sd., 7 Dec., 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Palmerston, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 16 Nov., 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Hamilton and London,  
Stratford last Monday of April, 1910**

29. Hamilton, Hamilton, 2 Nov., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Brantford, 9 Nov., 11 a.m.
31. London, London, 7 Dec., 10.30 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 7 Dec., 11 a.m.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Blyth, 9 Nov., 11 a.m.
36. Maitland Wingham, 21 Dec., 10 a.m.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 7 Dec., 11 a.m.

**Synod of Manitoba,  
Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov., 1909.**

38. Superior.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake, Pilot Md., 2nd Tues. Feb.  
3 p.m.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage La Pra. Portage La Pra., 1st  
Tues. Mar., 2 p.m.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, Feb.
44. Minnedosa, Strathclair, 8 Feb., 2 p.m.
45. Brandon, Brandon, 3rd Mon. Feb., 7.30

**Synod of Saskatchewan,  
Saskatoon, 1st Tues. Nov., 1909.**

46. Yorkton.
47. Arcola, Redvers, Feb.
48. Alameda.
49. Qu'Appelle.
50. Abernethy.
51. Regina, Regina, 2nd week Feb., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon.
53. Prince Albert.
54. Battleford.

**Synod of Alberta,  
Edmonton, last Wed. April, 1910.**

55. Vermillion.
56. Edmonton, Edmonton, 19 Oct. 10 a.m.
57. Lacombe.
58. Red Deer.
59. Calgary, Calgary, 7 Dec. 9.30 a.m.
60. High River, High River, 14 Dec., 11 a.m.
61. Macleod.

**Synod of British Columbia,  
Vancouver, 1st Wed., May, 1910.**

62. Kootenty, Nelson, Feb.
63. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
64. Westminster.
65. Victoria, Victoria, at call of Mod'r.

# The Church Funds, West.

Received during Aug. Rec. Mar. 31 to Aug. 31.

Home Missions....\$	6,052.24	\$19,790.05
Augmentation.....	83.84	1,869.65
Foreign Missions...	762.49	20,587.37
Widows' & Orphans'	39.95	686.17
Aged Ministers....	95.30	617.40
Assembly Fund....	39.70	366.81
French Evangeliztn	162.10	1,364.03
Pt-aux-Trembles...	91.50	1,148.80
Tem. Moral Reform.	123.27	669.27
Knox College.....	21.00	266.24
Queen's College....	1.00	131.44
Montreal College...	11.00	59.90
Manitoba College...	12.00	172.95
Westminster Hall..	5.25	17.18

Received during August  
at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,  
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the Donors.

## Ontario.

Milverton, Burns	71 75	Swansea, Morn	8 45
Westmeath, St And	18 70	Clinton, Wills	28 75
Kintore	65	E. Zorra, Burns'	39 61
St. Pa, Beth, Ridge ypg	20	Thomas Ramsay	20
Dracon, Knox	37	Annan	24 10
Kirkhill	25	Seymour E., St. And.	41 60
Zephyr	51 20	Seaforth, st.	78
Brucefield, Un.	28	E. Puslinch	60
Sunderland, St. A.	20 55	Burgoyne	62 75
Kirkwall, y.p.s.	55	Wmstr., First	150
W. Bentinck	3	Rev. Jas. Hamilton	8
Kirkwall, Beverly	65	Harrington, Knox	40
Stirling, St. And.	14 95	Cedar Grove, Zion	15
Lanark, St. And.	60	Shower's Cors., c.e.	10
Barton s.s.	5 60	airbairn	22 45
Shelburn, Kx	70 05	Toronto, Emmanuel	13 84
Dorchester	17	Oro, Central	1
Forest	50	Dunnville, Knox	46 65
Nichol, Zion	4 30	Mrs. R. M. Boswell	250
Peterboro, St. And.	250	Rylstone	19 51
Rv. Ng Mon Hing	5	Matawatchan	5
Wellesly, Zion	22	Grand Bend	10
Stratford Kx	300	Motherwell ss.	25
Claremont	5 10	Sunnidale Cors.	11
Berlin, St. And	205	Miss McIntosh & cl.	6
		Claremont	15
		Toronto, Rosedale	45

Gordonville	11 49
Brockville, First	101 35
Clifford, Knox	184 95
Billings	11
MacLennan	15
Newburgh, Camden	5
Castleford	50
Barrie	50
Blackstock ss.	20
Drumbo, Willis	66
St. Cath., Knox	125
Snow Road	16 35
Atwood	17 83
Rv. A. MacVicar	8 60
Mary E. Campbell	15
Durham	113
Brantford, St. And.	100
Iroquois, Knox	28
Garafraxa, St. Jno.	50
Queensville, lad. aid	10
McDonald's Cors	45
Indian Lands, Gordon	26
Elora, Knox	50
Eden Mills	8
St. Ann's	47 30
Nairn, St. And.	9 61
W. Huntingdon	8 70
Hespeler	100
Rev. Arch. MacVicar	50
Kew Beach	150
N. Caradoc	2 25
Belleville, St. And.	100
Camlachie, Knox	13 30
Dunbarton	18 60
Scarboro', St. And	20
" " ss.	37
Napier, St. And.	10 30
Listowel, Knox	178 81
Ottawa, Knox	250
St. David's	15 04
W. Adelaide	5
Rev. D. Stewart	7 07
Owen Sound, Div	500
Tor., Dovecourt	180
East Ashfield	10
Strathroy, St. And. ss.	20
Hawkesville, St. A. ss.	4

## Quebec.

St. Lambert, St. Cuth.	40
Valleyfield ss.	45 46
Valcartier	4
Ormsdown, St. Paul's	100
" " ss.	21 86
Kennebec Rd., St. Geo.	24 50
" " Marlow	24 50
English River	46
Lachute	74 50
Wakefield	6
La Guerre	5
Gore	10 50
Inverness	85
Mont, Stanley	20
St. Columba	9 70
Mrs. A. Boulter	5,000

Kennebec Rd., Marlow	14
" " St. Geo.	7

## Manitoba.

Elm Creek	8 10
Annie Kilpatrick	8
St. David's c.e.	25
Melbourne	13
Clegg	1 90
Prospect	14
Misses Kilgour	18
Macdonald	16 20
Brandon, Knox c.e.	60
Pilot Mound, Kn x	65

## Alberta.

Strathcona, Knox	50
Cowley	1
Hillhurst ss.	4 50
Gleichen	32 50
Claresholm East	7 70
Pincher Creek	13 70
Lille ss	12
Gladys	60
Shepard	2 20
Ryley	1 45
Beddington	3

## Saskatchewan.

Fleming	2 50
Dubuc ss	15

## British Columbia.

Union Bay	5
Field	10
Quesnel, Cariboo ss	10
Victoria, St. And.	150
Cumberland ss	12
E. Clover Bar.	7 80
Field, St. Stephen's ss.	6
Lumby	5
Rev. R. G. Vans	20
Field, St. St phen's	10
Prince Rupert	17 50

## Miscellaneous.

Pr. Agent, Hx	518 70
Mrs. N.F. McCormick	2,000
Rev. Dr. Wilkie	14 65
Est. And. Connell	10,000
"M.M.A."	15
W.H.M.S.	1,736
Anonymous	75
A Friend	10
Salcoats, Scotland	24 35
Hugh C.	10
A Friend	20
Dr. C. A. Webster	8 12
Woman's Miss. Soc.	1,000
A Friend	20

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

An eastern tale tells of two brothers, who both wished to perform a deed which should never be forgotten, and which, as years passed by, would make them famous far and near.

One, with immense toil and great ingenuity, erected a splendid monument, carving it into beautiful forms, and engraving many strange inscriptions on its sides. At last the monument was finished and stood in the hot desert.

But Ahmed dug a deep well in the sandy waste, and planted it round with tall date palms, to form a cool shade for the weary traveler and shake down their pleasant fruit to satisfy his hunger.

It is easy to see which of the two bro-

thers took the surest way of having his name remembered and his fame spread abroad. For one who admired the monument of Omar, a hundred thirsty pilgrims would give thanks for the well of Ahmed.

And long after the granite monument should have crumbled into dust, the well would continue its supply of cool, refreshing water.

Like that clear, blessed water in the desert, are the deeds of love that each one of us may do. It is by such deeds that we make others happy, and it is by them that we shall be longest remembered.

More blessed is it to give time and means and effort for the the world's uplift, than for anything that centres on self and ends with self.



# The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Aug.	Rec'd Mar. 1 to Aug. 31.
Foreign Missions...	\$2,173.63	\$9,555.87
Home Missions.....	1,225.62	2,713.76
Augmentation.....	426.63	1,636.22
College.....	4,303.02	6,682.85
A. and I. Ministers..	1,571.52	1,717.37
French Evangelizatr	237.53	471.26
Pt-aux-Trembles....	3.00	124.00
For North West.....	350.00	757.88
Children's Day Col...	—	102.78
Assembly Fund.....	21.00	65.10
Bursary Fund.....	413.10	783.10
Library.....	10.31	207.89
Manitoba College....	—	—
Widows' & Orphans.	10.00	26.00
Temp., Moral Reform	18.00	113.07
Unallocated.....	—	1,164.08
Total.....	\$10,763.36	\$26,121.23

Received during August,  
At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,  
by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the donors.

Reported .....	\$15,357.87	Bloomfield, O'Leary, &c.	42.75
Bedeque.....	30	Hopewell, St. Col.	43
D. McGillavery.....	50	Halifax, Park St.	79
Refund.....	20	A Girl.....	1
Bedford.....	5	Red Bank.....	35
Malagash, Aux.....	20	Eureka, friend.	40
Glencoe ss.....	3	Mrs. M. M.....	6
Clifton, New Lond.	47.80	J. A. McCaulay.	10
Canard.....	15.50	Rev. Wm. McLeod...	10
Harvey, Acton.....	16.60	Sackvil, Dorchstr.	7
Harvey Sta. c.e.....	8	P. E. I. Presby....	375
Chatham, St. Jno.	20	Metapedia.....	24.50
Riv. John, W. Branch	15.65	Renton.....	105
Gairlock.....	57	Moncton Ladies.....	7.50
Middle River.....	23	Board.....	11.42
Strathlorne.....	97	W. Br. Riv. John	70
A subscriber.....	2	"Helper".....	5
E. A. O'Brien.....	100	Refund.....	15
Sherbrooke.....	11.98	New Mills.....	50
Goose Cove ss.....	2	Merigonish, wfms....	5
Sydney, St. And.	37.95	New Richmond.....	58
Hopewell, friend	20	Noel.....	14.65
Englisht'n, S. Gut...	15.75	Gairlock.....	1
Bathurst ss.....	2	Middle River.....	1
Wolfeville.....	60	L. M. Craig.....	5
Arch, McKenzie.....	10	Murdock McKinnon	10
M. A. E.....	5	Antigonish.....	41
Mrs. Firth.....	5	Riley Brook, Dow Flat	7
Sydney, St. Jn.	40.70	J. R. Cowans.....	17.50
New Glasgo, United.	54.15	Woodville.....	20
St. John, St. David's.	1.5	Parsbor., friend.....	5
Truro, First.....	350	Riverside.....	23
Earltown, Falls.....	5	Hampton.....	1
Maitland.....	37.08	Refund.....	10
Mrs. Geo. Hattie.....	5	Shediac.....	15.04
Musq'd'b't Harb.....	17.04	New Lublin, Conq...	13
Geo. H. Moser.....	5	Miss M. A. McLeod...	5
Sheet Hrbr.....	30	Board.....	34.25
Barneys Riv.....	8	Two friends.....	10
Mabou.....	30.50	Oldham.....	9.40
Strathalbyn.....	15	Jessie Dunbar.....	1
St. John, St. Matt.	25	Interest.....	7.338.62
Golden Grove, &c.	4.15		
Widow's Mite.....	10	Total.....	26,121.23

## The Presbyterian Record

Published by the Presbyterian Church in Canada.  
Edited by E. Scott, M.A., D.D.

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MONTREAL.

Christianity would sacrifice its divinity if it abandoned its missionary character and became a mere educational institution. When the power of reclaiming the lost dies out of the Church it ceases to be the Church. It may remain a useful institution, though it is most likely to become an immoral and mischievous one. Where the power remains, there, whatever is wanting, it may still be said that "the tabernacle of God is with men."—Professor Seeley.

As indicating how intense is the interest in foreign mission, Dr. A. W. Halsey says that no less than 800 new missionary books were published in the United States last year.

## Our Weekly Offering Envelopes

(Recommended by the General Assembly)

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"When did your reformation begin?" a gentleman asked a Christian man who had formerly been a great criminal.

"With my talk with the Earl" (Shaftsbury, noted for his devotion to discharged criminals).

"What did the Earl say?"

"It was not so much anything he said, but he took my hand in his and said, 'Jack, you'll be a man yet.' It was the touch of his hand electrified by his soul of love."

There are living in your town, on your street, perhaps men and women who are in despair. Yes, long ago they went away

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The three great appetites of the average public as exhibited in the popular Press, are the appetite for hearing about crime, the appetite for sport, and the appetite for gambling.—The Nation.

# GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER

CLEANS EVERYTHING

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The N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal

from God. Courage is gone. Faith is gone. Hope flickers but feebly. They could be saved if some one would only show them compassion.

A gentleman visiting a glass manufactory saw a man moulding clay into the great pats which later were to be used in shaping the glass. Noticing that all the moulding was done by hand, he said to the workman:

"Why do you not use a tool to aid you in shaping the clay?"

"There is no tool that can do this kind of work," replied the artisan. "We have tried a number of tools, but somehow it needs the human touch."—Selected.



Question not the veracity of a friend.

"Greater than what we give, greater is what we are."

"The best commentary on the Bible is the one who reads it."

Character of the divinest sort can always be built with tools right at hand.

Prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night.—Bishop Berkeley.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Give me the man who sings at his work; he will do more, he will do it better, he will persevere longer.—Thomas Carlyle.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Lincoln.

He who is rich for himself, laying up treasure for himself, is by so much robbing his real inward life, his life in and toward God, of its resources.—Alford.

The habit of strict truth, like the habit of strict honesty, is rarely learned after youth is past. These foundations should early be laid by every boy and girl.

Men are sinners, or else there is no need of the Gospel. If they are sinners, then justification by faith is the only way by which offending men can be put right with God.

A good rule to act by is before you do or say things, to ask yourself, "Is this the best I can do?" If not, do not do it, for the best is none too good for you.—The Young Evangelist.

A wise man once said, "Every day is a little life." Moses asked to be taught to number, not his years, but his days. If the days are all right, the years will be full of success and joy.—Exchange.

After sixty years of public life I hold more strongly than ever to the conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience, of the reality, the nearness, and the personality of God.—Gladstone.

There is no life which in the past has testified to the power and beauty of the Gospel, but what lives to-day and shall continue in our future, unfolding life. There has never been a shrinking from duty or sluggishness but has left its impress on us; and, on the other hand, no gift, no act of self-denial, which does not still work in us as a beneficial power.—R. S. Storrs.

The highest ambition of love is to be a servant. It is the nature of love not to be waited on, but to serve.

Courtesy wins a path straight to people's hearts. The boy who is sincerely and always courteous has the best pass-port to success. Gentle consideration for the welfare of others is a habit to be earnestly cultivated.—The Young Evangelist.

It is possible, of course, to be a Christian outside of the Church; but it is both difficult and dangerous to try the experiment. Inside the wicket gate is instruction, fellowship, protection and guidance.

Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or suffering, is largely beyond your power to determine; whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—George L. Merriam.

"Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether that be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem.—Lincoln.

When one stands at a point at which he may refuse or choose to give another help or kindness, he is in reality also where he may choose for himself a lifelong sting of pain and remorse, or a bright, happy, inspiring memory.

"It cannot be that I was made so that my thirst should run to the river, and my curiosity to the book, and my friendship to my friend, and yet that my soul should hold back and hesitate when it is offered the chance to go to God.—Phillips Brooks.

"There is a great deal of railing against Christians for inconsistency and hypocrisy. But a man whose temper is sweet and whose life is helpful to others is seldom one of the cawing chorus. He knows that the vast majority of Christian people are worthy of confidence."

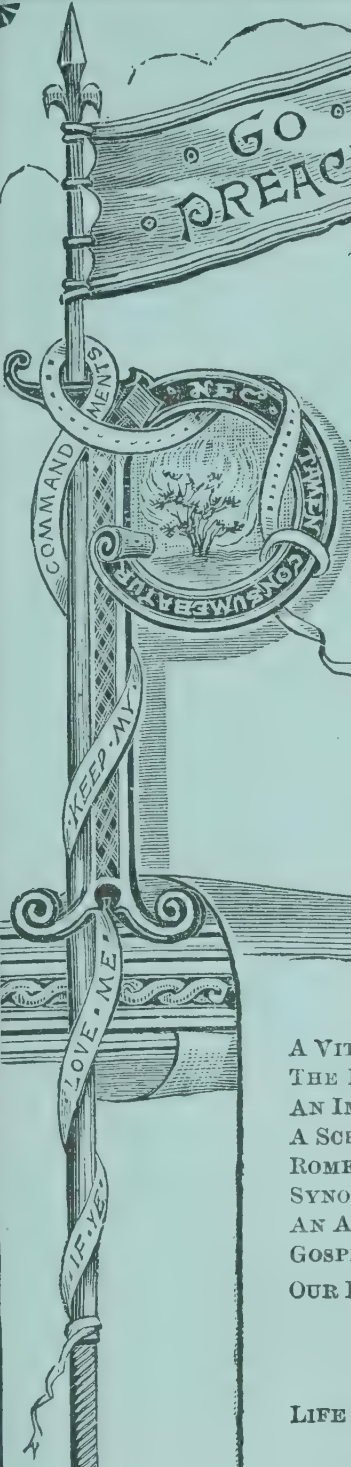
If you look into a mirror with a scowl on your face, what will you see? Why, another scowl, of course. If you meet others with a scowl, you may be sure some will scowl at you. Try a smile, and see how many more it will bring to faces which meet yours.

"A brother with moderate means who juggles with his conscience by persuading himself of the large gifts he would offer to the cause of Christ if he were possessed of abundant riches is self-deluded. The covetousness that closes his heart now would close it all the same then."

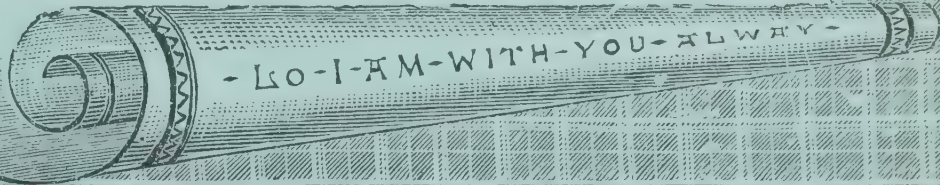


GO YE INTO  
PREACH THE GOSPEL  
ALL THE WORLD AND  
TO EVERY CREATURE

The  
PRESBYTERIAN  
RECORD.



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It is better to make a thousand mistakes and suffer a thousand reverses than run away from battle.—Henry van Dyke.

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# Presbyterian Record

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NOVEMBER, 1909.

No. 11

## A VITAL ARTICLE IN THE CHRISTIAN'S CREED.

An outstanding doctrine that should head the creed of every Christian is that every man, according to his ability and opportunity, is responsible for telling the members of the human family that do not know it, the good news of a Saviour from sin. Home Missions is as much the work of the merchant or machinist, the banker or baker, as of the home missionary on the frontier. Foreign missions is as much the work of the farmer and fisherman, as of the foreign missionary. Every Christian is saved to serve, as opportunity offers. "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price."

The only difference is that one gives all his time, his work, his life, to go and tell the glad story to those who have it not; the others give a part of their time, their work, their life, or the proceeds of it, to send and support the one who goes. The work is the work of all.

In proportion as one recognizes this great truth and lives by it, or up to it, in that proportion is he a Christian, like-minded with Christ, who gave not merely something he had, to save the world, but gave Himself. Likeness to Him means thinking as He did, acting in His spirit.

True Christianity does not all consist in pious, contented meditation on what Christ is, or what He has done for us; it consists in being like Him, surrendering to His will, so that His will dominates and our will is merged in His will. It consists in doing what He did as opportunity offers, doing what He would have us do now. "Be ye doers, not hearers only, 'deceiving your own selves.'"

A worthy Canadian lady of the twentieth century said of a church she had left, for another more congenial,—“It costs so much to carry on that church, with its missions, Home and Foreign. I was often sorry for the minister, having to talk about so many different objects of work, something nearly every Sabbath.”

She was a Christian woman, but did not realize what Christian means, a Christ-one, one like-minded, like-willed, like-motivated, like-actioned, with Him. She made the all too common mistake of looking upon the Church as a place of comfortable, pleasant, religious entertainment, and mental, emotional and moral feasting, something to enjoy, like a pleasant home, sweet music, or pleasant food.

It may be said that the Christian is saved by faith, not by works. That is true, or to put it more correctly, he is saved by Christ, and faith is the act of surrender of heart and will to Christ, that union to Christ, that oneness of mind and heart with Him in which being "saved" consists; and if, in life, a so-called Christian does not find in himself something of the mind that was, is, in Christ, with regard to giving the Gospel to the world, then he is not one with Christ, not in union of aim and motive with Him, and may well examine again his title to the name of Christian, to see if that title be a valid one. All of which brings us back to the proposition with which we started, that mission work is the work of every Christian.

But responsibility does not stop with the Christian. Every man who hears the good news of a Saviour from sin, whether he accepts that Saviour for himself or not, is responsible for passing the news on to others that do not know. A man may refuse his own opportunity, but he has no right to refuse the opportunity to others. "Let him that heareth say, 'Come.'"

It is a matter for thankfulness and hope that men who call themselves Christians are realizing more than ever before that the work of missions is their work, and are taking hold of that work more earnestly than ever in the past. The Laymen's Missionary Movement is at once an agency to this end and an illustration of it. May the vision get clearer till all who name the name of Christ see as He sees, think as He thinks, and do, in their way and means, as He did, to this end.



### THE MARITIME SYNOD.

Unique among the eight members of our Synod family is this one by the sea, in that it represents in itself what is called the Eastern Section of the Church, the other seven synods together making up the Western Section. It has thus its own Home, Augmentation, Foreign and College work, within itself, which it maintains and practically controls. This gives its synod meetings an interest that other synods cannot have, and insures a large attendance. This year, at St. John, N.B., October 5-7, there were 175 ministers and 80 elders, a fair-sized General Assembly.

The roll call of the dead is always a solemn moment; especially so when it tells the passing of old-time friends and fellow-workers. It combines solemn warning and the "sadness of farewell." This year it numbered five, Revs. Dr. E. D. Millar, H. Crawford, J. McLellan, Thos. Fowler, and James Thompson. For some of them longer days were hoped; others were away beyond the three-ten and four score.

Moral and Social Reform, which had its share of the time and energy of Synod, is partly old problems with new names, and yet there is change as the forces of evil take on new forms. "Bridge" was reported as a craze and a curse. Race-track gambling, suppressed in most of the U.S.A., has received fresh authorization in Canada. Synod was asked to support the petitions made to Parliament against it. Liquor traffic came in for its deserved share of condemnation, and resolutions were adopted, calling for prohibition.

Mission night was one of the best in the Synod's long history. Two things combined to give it interest. One of these was the large deficit in their F. M. Fund, the work pressing upon them faster than they have overtaken it, and the conviction that more strenuous effort must be made in some direction, in one direction, for in no other would the Synod think of moving. The other thing that gave interest was the call from the field; addresses by Revs. Dr. Grant, A. W. Thompson, S. A. Fraser and others.

It was resolved that the second Sabbath of November be devoted to special effort for the removal of the debt, that special envelopes be sent to every congregation, that

a special statement with fullest information be issued, that Presbyteries assign to themselves a proportionate amount of the whole. The attitude of Synod was "we can do it and we will."

No one for a moment doubts the ability. If the poor give little of their little, and the richer, in proportion, of their much, that debt, with its unwelcome presence, will get itself out of sight very quickly.

The Synod has had a long and honorable mission history. It began at the work of world-evangelization when its numbers were small, a few congregations, mostly weak and poor, and when no other part of the Britain beyond the seas was thinking of doing so. The same spirit and effort in the next few weeks will meet the claims of the larger work they have now on hand, and the effort will be twice blessed..

The duplex envelope came in for consideration, with its regular contributions for missions at home and abroad every Lord's Day, and was cordially recommended.

All the other Funds of the Synod are in excellent condition.

---

Croft is a little nook in the Magnetawan mission field of the North Bay Presbytery. Early in August of this year a church building to accommodate two hundred was commenced, and by the efforts of the few settlers there it was completed in less than two months. It was opened the first Sabbath of October by Rev. Dr. Childerhose, Home Mission Superintendent of Northern Ontario. It is free of debt and the subscriptions for stipend are practically doubled. The congregation is increasing in interest and numbers now that they have a comfortable place to worship in. An old log school house answered the purpose for many years. It is a frame building, all lumber, but most suitable, neat and very comfortable place to worship in. Thus do mission stations grow into congregations.

---

It is but a short time since the Grand Trunk Pacific offered a prize for a name for their Pacific terminal city. Now, Prince Rupert, having passed quickly through the Home Mission station stage, under the care of Rev. W. J. Kidd, is a self-supporting congregation, and is about to call a settled pastor.

### AN IMPRESSIVE CONVOCATION.

On the 6th October ult., we were privileged to attend for the first time a Convocation of Queen's University, Kingston, and seldom, if ever before, has a Convocation seemed so impressive. This was not because of pomp and parade and circumstance, for while dignified, as becomes a great University, all was simple. The impressiveness consisted rather in the appearance and attitude of the body of students, hundreds of them, seated tier above tier in the capacious gallery of the Convocation Hall; a splendid body of men, listening with appreciative interest to the addresses of the evening.

There was noise, plenty of it, college song and yell, before the regular proceedings began, but it was only health and vigor brimming over, steam blowing off, when there was nothing else to do, and when Principal Gordon arose at the desk, and the Moderator of Assembly, Dr. Lyle, in words fit and few, opened the proceedings with prayer, there was a reverent quiet as becomes strong, true men in the presence of the Divine, and from first to last no other audience could show more fittingly their interest.

On the other side, in cap and gown, was Queen's student and graduate womanhood, an honor to their Alma Mater.

When all was over the students again had their innings, but the spectacle of that gathering of Canada's young manhood, with their keen and earnest appreciation of high ideals, and the thought of their possible influence on their country's destiny will not soon be forgotten.

The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Eastern, Middle and Western Canada, in the persons of Governor Fraser of Nova Scotia, Mr. Coyle of St. Thomas, Ontario, and Dr. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor) of Winnipeg.

Fitting response was made by all three; by Governor Fraser on what college men owe to their country, by Mr. Coyle on the value and importance of the study of history, and by Ralph Connor on the Call of the West, especially for men for the Christian ministry, and nowhere could such themes be given more sympathetic response.

One conviction branded deep by the even-

ing's function was that in so far as Canada entrusts to Queen's her sons and daughters or her wealth, the trust is not misplaced.

### A SCHOOL FOR MISSION CHILDREN.

One of the trials of missionary life in all pagan countries has always been the early separation of the family, when the children had to be sent away, often among strangers, for their education.

A very sad case occurred recently. Mr. and Mrs. Foote, of our Korean mission, had to leave their two eldest children, a boy and girl, in Nova Scotia to go to school, while the parents returned to their work in Korea. Not long after the mother's leaving, the boy, a fine, healthy lad, was stricken down with sudden illness and soon passed away. Only parents who have passed through similar experiences can understand what it means to work on there among the heathen and send their children so far away at a tender age.

The sending away is necessary, for two reasons, first to get some education. The parents are busy with the work of the mission and cannot themselves take the time to teach their children. Secondly, if they had time, it is almost impossible to keep the children, when parents are otherwise engaged, from associating with the natives and learning bad language and habits.

In Honan, our missionaries have for some time had under consideration the establishment of a school, and at the last meeting of their presbytery they adopted a plan providing for a boarding school at one of the central stations, Weihwei, for the younger children of the mission. They ask the church at home to provide a building, the land, building and equipment will cost about \$4,000, while the parents there will undertake the support of a teacher and matron from Canada and the running expenses of the school. Even this will be a heavy tax upon them when the building is provided. They are our representatives and, as such, they endure a great many deprivations, and it is a small thing that we should provide a school building which will be a permanent one for the mission staff for years to come.

Dr. R. P. Mackay, our Foreign Mission Secretary, Toronto, writes thankfully, "Got



the other day one thousand dollars for school for missionaries' children in Honan. I wish it would all come."

If any others wish to share in the work, Dr. Mackay and the missionaries would be glad of it.

### TRAINING NATIVE TEACHERS.

At its last meeting the Presbytery of Honan adopted a resolution which tells its own story of large giving and larger opportunity.

"The Presbytery of Honan feels deeply grateful to Almighty God for the way in which our urgent needs for fuller educational equipment have been met. At a time when China is changing so rapidly and moving on into unknown paths, a grave responsibility is laid upon the Church to guide the young in their pursuit of knowledge, to provide them with an enlightened Christian education and to train them for efficient service for J sus Christ among their fellow-men. Mrs. Maxwell's generous gift of five thousand dollars for the High and Normal School at Weiheifu is most opportune, making possible the erection of commodious and substantial buildings, and greatly assisting in the development of our educational policy. The very sincere thanks of the Presbytery are tendered to Mrs. Maxwell."

The above refers to the donation of five thousand dollars by Mrs. Mary A. Maxwell of Peterboro, Ont., for the erection and equipment of the Normal School in Honan.

The aim of all the great Missionary Societies is to establish a self-supporting, self-propagating, native church, to train up natives to preach the Gospel to their fellows; hence the great value of an institution such as Mrs. Maxwell has given.

### AMONG THE FIORDS IN B. C.

Dr. W. Bell Dawson of Ottawa, in a private note inclosing the interesting article on another page, says:—

"I have spent the Summer on the coast, and in the work I have been carrying on, I have been in every nook and corner, have travelled with lumbermen and lived at the hotels they frequent. I thus feel that my

information is correct, and the statements below the mark rather than otherwise.

These good works on this coast should be better known, and if the need were realized there would surely be more support forthcoming for it.

Mr. MacAulay's method of visiting the scattered places by a motor launch is far the best. But there is ample work for two or three more such launches; or, at least, Mr. MacAulay should have one or two assistants to land at other points where he could pick them up again. For, on this coast, after leaving the little towns which are within fifty miles of Vancouver, there is a stretch of some four hundred miles of coast right up to the Skeena River where there are only two churches. One of these is an English Church mission at Alert Bay, and the other a Methodist chapel, at a cannery, which is open during the fishing season only. Both of these are primarily for the Indians.

On this stretch of coast little places are continually springing up; not only new logging camps, but manufacturing establishments, run by water-power, besides the canneries which have been established for some years.

### Our Jewish Mission.

On September 28th, in Toronto, the Superintendent of our Jewish Mission, Mr. S. B. Rohold, was ordained, the first Hebrew Christian pastor in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Rev. J. McP. Scott, Convener of the Jewish Committee, emphasized two things, (1) that this is not merely a mission local to Toronto, but the inception by the General Assembly, of work amongst the Jews in Canada, and (2) that the work is maintained by a separate fund of its own, only moneys specially designated for this work can be used for its maintenance.

The significant statement was made that in the last eighteen months, since the Presbyterian Church in Canada has started this new mission to the Jews the sale of Hebrew and Yiddish Scriptures is five times greater than ever before.

Greater visibility will be given to this mission by the Hebrew Christian Church, soon to be erected in the Jewish quarter of the city.

### ROME AND THE RUTHENIANS.

Under the general term Ruthenian may be included more than a hundred thousand foreigners in Western Canada, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. They are sometimes subdivided into Galician, Ruthenian, Buckovinian, etc., but for the object of the present writing the term Ruthenian will suffice.

Many of them belong traditionally to the Greek Catholic Church, but they have little liking for it. Their clergy usually treated them as an inferior order of beings and had none of that missionary spirit or sympathy which would lead them to follow their flocks to the privations of a new world.

There were consequently no religious teachers among them when they came, or teachers of any kind. They were mostly in dense ignorance, few of them being able even to read. They looked with distrust and dislike on all the ecclesiastical authority of the old world, and, realizing that they were free to worship as they might choose, most of them would not acknowledge either Greek Patriarch or Roman Pontiff.

A few of the more intelligent among them, while thus unwilling to recognize the ecclesiastical authority they had left behind, did not wish to be without church or worship of some kind, and they sought counsel of some of our ministers in Winnipeg, with the result that they decided to organize as an Independent Greek Church. Many of them wished to be taken into the Presbyterian Church in Canada, but they were not received. It was felt that they had better join with their own organization.

This organization was decided upon six years ago, in the summer of 1903, at Manitoba College, Winnipeg, where about a dozen of their leaders gathered, and, with the advice and assistance of Drs. Bryce, Kilpatrick, and C. W. Gordon, they finally decided on their form of organization and their statement of doctrine. The latter contains the main truths of the Christian religion. The former, the government, is not by bishops and priests, but by a consistory, composed of some of their leading laymen, with ministers when they have them.

Our church, while declining to receive them, and encouraging them to remain in their own organization, has from the first

sought to educate and help them. Several of their young men have come to Manitoba College, have been educated for the ministry, and are now preaching among their own people. Quite a number of them have been trained as teachers and are similarly at work. Last year there were thirty of their young men attending Manitoba College, fitting themselves to be teachers and preachers among their own people.

Our church has also established hospitals among them, for they had no physicians and most of them were very poor.

To leave hundreds of thousands of these newcomers in ignorance, with the low ideals and morals that many of them had, would be to allow a menace to our country. Western Canada will perhaps some day not only hold the balance of power, but will control the Dominion, and it is of the first importance that the incoming multitudes be fitted for the exercise of free intelligent citizenship, by training them in knowledge and in righteousness. This, not to speak of higher motives, compassion for the suffering and sympathy for the ignorant, should appeal to every patriot.

Our church has sought to help, to educate, to uplift, not to proselytize. She finds people without medical help and establishes hospitals. She finds them ignorant and is training some of their young men as teachers and leading the people to establish schools. She has found them without religious teachers; they have come asking guidance, and she has helped them to organize a church of their own and has helped them in the training of their own young men for service in that church.

She has thus sought to uplift them physically, intellectually, morally and spiritually, to make them a help rather than a hindrance to the Canada to be.

Such is the work which some Roman Catholic papers and priests have been denouncing in such unmeasured language during the past weeks. No doubt the bitterness of the denunciation is largely owing to their displeasure because the Ruthenians will not acknowledge the authority of the Roman Catholic Church.

But so long as the Presbyterian Church finds incoming strangers needing help, she is likely to continue helping them.



**DATES AND PLACES OF MEETING  
OF THE SYNODS AND PRESBY-  
TERIES OF THE CHURCH.**

*Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given here it is because they are not received.*

**The General Assembly.**

**Halifax, First Wednesday of June, 1910.**

**Synod of the Maritime Provinces.  
1st Tues. Oct., 1910.**

1. Sydney, Sydney, 30 Nov., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Port Hood, 2 Nov., 7.30 p.m.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 2 Nov., 1.30 p.m.
4. Wallace, Oxford, 21 Nov., 8 p.m.
5. Truro.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 21 Dec., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg.
8. St. John, St. John, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, 14 Dec., 11 a.m.
10. P.E.I., Charlottetown, 2 Nov., 10 a.m.

**Synod of Montreal and Ottawa,  
Cornwall, 2nd Tues. May, 1910.**

11. Quebec, Richmond, 7 Dec., 4.15 p.m.
12. Montreal.
13. Glengarry, Lancaster, 2 Nov.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 2 Nov., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Arnprior, 30 Nov., 10.30 a.m.
16. Brockville, Winchester, 2 Nov.

**Synods of Toronto and Kingston.  
Toronto, 2nd Tues. May, 1910.**

17. Kingston, Kingston, 14 Dec., 2 p.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 14 Dec., 2 p.m.
19. Lindsay, Beaverton, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Whitby, 19 October, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 9 Nov., 10.30
23. Barrie, Barrie, 14 Dec., 10.30 a.m.
24. North Bay, Huntsville.
25. Temiskaming, Cobalt, March.
26. Algoma, Sault Ste. Marie, 1 Mar., 8 p.m.
27. Owen Sound, Owen Sd., 7 Dec., 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen, Palmerston, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
29. Guelph, Guelph, 16 Nov., 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Hamilton and London,  
Stratford, last Monday of April, 1910.**

29. Hamilton, Hamilton, 2 Nov., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Brantford, 9 Nov., 11 a.m.
31. London, London, 7 Dec., 10.30 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 7 Dec., 11 a.m.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Blyth, 9 Nov., 11 a.m.
36. Maitland, Wingham, 21 Dec., 10 a.m.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 7 Dec., 11 a.m.

**Synod of Manitoba,  
Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov., 1909.**

38. Superior, Port Arthur, Mar., 10 a.m.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake, Pilot Md., 2nd Tu. Feb., 3 p.m.
41. Glenboro, Holland, Feb.
42. Portage, P. La Pra., 1st Tu. Mar., 2 p.m.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, Feb.
44. Minnedosa, Strathclair, 8 Feb., 2 p.m.
45. Brandon, Brandon, 3rd Mon. Feb., 7.30.

**Synod of Saskatchewan,  
Saskatoon, 1st Tues. Nov., 1909.**

46. Yorkton, Yorkton, Feb.
47. Arcola, Redvers, Feb.
48. Alameda, Estevan, 1st Tu. Feb., 9.30 a.m.
49. Qu'Appelle.
50. Abernethy.
51. Regina, Regina, 2nd week Feb., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, last Tu. Feb., 3 p.m.
53. Prince Albert.
54. Battleford.

**Synod of Alberta,  
Edmonton, last Wed. April, 1910.**

55. Vermilion.
56. Edmonton, Strathcona, 7 Dec., 10 a.m.
57. Lacombe, Lacombe, Dec.
58. Red Deer, Innisfail, Feb., 2 p.m.
59. Calgary, Calgary, 7 Dec., 9.30 a.m.
60. High River, High River, 14 Dec., 11 a.m.
61. Macleod, Macleod, Feb. 10 a.m.

**Synod of British Columbia,  
Vancouver, 1st Wed., May, 1910.**

62. Kootenay, Nelson, Feb.
63. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
64. Westminster, Vancouver. 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
65. Victoria, Victoria, at call of Mod'r.

## CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.

### Calls from

- Florenceville, St. Jno. Pres., to Mr. D. A. Fraser.  
 Kennetcook Corner, N.S., to Mr. A. D. McIntosh, of Little Harbor, N.S.  
 Duffs Ch., Walton, Ont., to Mr. R. A. Lundy.  
 Zion Ch., Hull, Que., to Mr. J. F. MacFarland.  
 Ross Ave. Ch., North Toronto, Ont., Mr. R. M. Dickie. Accepted.  
 St. James Square Ch., Toronto, to Dr. Andrew Robertson, St. John, Nfld. Accepted.

### Inductions into,

- Sperling, Man., 1 Oct., Mr. D. D. Millar.  
 Fairfax, Man., 1 Oct., Mr. R. Ashcroft.  
 Tara, Ont., 1 Oct., Mr. J. R. Kay.  
 Sanford, Man., 1 Oct., Mr. Jos. Hunter  
 St. Andrews Ch., Winnipeg, Man., 30 Sept., Mr. R. G. Sinclair.  
 Smithville and Grassie, 14 Oct., Mr. Alex. Wilson.  
 First Ch., Ladysmith, B.C., 14 Sept., Mr. W. J. F. Robertson.  
 Atwood, Ont., 5 Oct., Mr. W. A. Amos.

### Resignations of,

- Banff, Alta., Mr. S. B. Hillocks.  
 Knox Ch., Revelstoke, B.C., Mr. J. R. Robertson.  
 Cypress River, Man., Mr. A. P. Gillespie.  
 Orr, Roseile & Ravenswood, Glenboro, Pres., Mr. R. E. Pow.  
 River Hebert and Maccan, Wallace Pres., Mr. Geo. S. Gardiner.  
 Knox Ch., Grand Forks, B.C., Mr. T. G. MacLeod.  
 St. Columba Ch., Greenwood, B.C., Mr. M. D. McKee.  
 St. Andrews' Ch., Kaslo, B.C., Mr. Allan Simpson.  
 Thornbury and Heathcote, Ont., Mr. Kenneth W. Barton.

Any strictness which sours our temper, which makes us dislike our fellow-creatures, which shuts us up in ourselves; or, again, any which interferes with our duties, and oppresses us with little fidgety difficulties, instead of carrying us along in obeying the laws of our state of life, is almost certain to be a morbid strictness."—Bishop Temple.

## AN APPEAL TO CANADA'S WOMANHOOD.

BY MRS. BLANCHE JOHNSTON, DOMINION PRESS SUPERINTENDENT, W. C. T. U.

### For the RECORD:

There has never been an hour in the history of morality in the Dominion when the necessity for vigilance on the part of the nation's moral watch-men and watch-women was greater than at the present time.

With the marvelous development of the country's resources, the commercial advancement and the general expansion of our fair land, certain evils seem to have taken deeper root and to be spreading out their baneful branches and bearing fruit with dangerous and alarming rapidity.

One has only to remind readers of the religious press of the fearful revelations which are being made with regard to what has, most appropriately, been designated the "White Slave Traffic."

There is only space for a bare reference to it. But from the facts before us, we can no longer look upon the subject as remote or as of interest only to foreign lands, or the older countries across the sea, or even to our friends of the United States.

Most appalling facts have been presented to us of the terrible conditions prevailing, and we are informed, beyond doubt, that young girls and women from sweet Canadian homes are the victims of this horrible system. We are told by those who have the authority of experience to justify their statements, that the extent of the ramifications of this heinous business are beyond the conception of our belief. Young girls are decoyed by all manner of subtleties and deception. The young womanhood and precious girlhood of our land is in imminent peril.

Years of labour for the rescuing of the unfortunate and fallen ones have given the writer a keen sympathy for the victims, and a knowledge—gained in that work—of the sufferings and anguish often endured by this sad and outcast class creates an earnest desire to save them. While leaders of moral reform are taking an interest in this great social blemish upon our Dominion's escutcheon and church conferences, conventions and assemblies are discussing it, surely there is here a work for women, by women,



which appeals to the whole Christian womanhood of the Dominion!

### What Can We Do ?

There seems little, and perhaps we feel helpless before this insidious evil. There is much for us to do. The homes where the sweet, happy girlhood dwells must be watched and guarded.

In workshop, factory and school, young women must be warned and gently and delicately educated, and prevented, if possible, from venturing alone into strange towns and cities. While, of course, we appreciate any improvement in the Criminal Code, and the one recently introduced and passed by the Dominion Government as an amendment which increases the penalty for this crime from two to five years' imprisonment is good so far as it goes, yet it is not punishment commensurate to the offense.

A comparison or two will prove this. For burning a house a man is liable to imprisonment for life; for injuring a hop vine in a plantation of hops he may be incarcerated for seven years; for injuring a tree or shrub to the extent exceeding in value \$5.00 he is liable to five years' penal servitude. And this is the penalty for the offenders, if captured and convicted, for entrapping a guileless young girl and plunging her, against her will or wish, into a life the horrors of which one's pen dare not write.

This law must be changed. A severer punishment must be meted out to these human vultures (one clergyman suggests capital punishment), and in some severer way than at present, if possible, this evil must be stamped out.

Then we must pray! Not only must we educate the girlhood and protect the young womanhood in the homes and places of industry and activity, and have the law changed for the greater punishment of those who traffic in the bodies and souls of innocence, but we must pray earnestly that this abomination be ended.

Another question of vital interest to us at the moment is the housing of the "stranger within our gates." We are assured by Prof. Osborne, and other citizens of Winnipeg, and by those who have investigated the matter in Toronto that terrible conditions prevail.

This doubtless is true to a greater or less

extent of all our cities where there has been an influx of foreign peoples. The women of Canada must, in the interest of the future welfare of our beloved land, seek to protect this new womanhood from drifting away from virtue's white path, and the dear eager childhood from the knowledge of the evil which comes from the association and influence of unhealthy moral, as well as physical, environment.

I do not venture here to formulate plans of action or offer suggestions. I merely draw the attention of our reading constituency to the great need as it presents itself, with the hope that personal responsibility for its amelioration be taken seriously to heart by every woman under whose eyes these lines fall.

"Love will find a way or make one." If the hearts of our Canadian women are filled with the compassion of our Divine Master, He will give wisdom; and ways and means according to local or provincial conditions will be devised for the improvement and happiness of our sisters who are flocking to our shore to make homes for themselves, their husbands, and little ones.

These and many other topics are of vital interest, but I only plead that every earnest woman constitute herself a member of a vigilance committee to watch, work and pray.

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### "THE ONE THING."

BY A CONGO MISSIONARY.

Sometimes I think there is too much of an appeal to the senses—the need of the heathen, romance of missions, the results which are seen in some parts but *not* everywhere—and not enough in the way of appeal to Christians to go, give, pray, etc., for the glory of Jesus. It is that which keeps us going day after day on the field—the certainty that we are called and sent by Him, and whether we see results or not we are glorifying Him by our witness.

The romance is seen by those who look on from afar. There is not much of it in the field, but there is the joy of service in a degree never known before, and that more than makes up for the lack of everything that we miss out here. We would not change this life for a life of ease at home!

## GOSPEL WORK AMONGST THE LUMBERMEN OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By DR. W. BELL DAWSON, OTTAWA.

For the Record.

To appreciate the need for Gospel work amongst the lumbermen of British Columbia, and the difficulties to be met, the conditions of the industry and the surroundings of the men should first be understood. One of the most important lumbering regions is among the islands which lie between the northern end of Vancouver Island and the mainland. This region is about 120 miles in length and 50 in width, and consists of a labyrinth of channels and inlets which give ready access to every part. These passages are natural deep-water canals on a gigantic scale, which ocean steamers might navigate. Their importance is shown by the usage of names; for although the blocks into which they cut up the region are necessarily islands, the names of these are never heard; but it is the channels themselves, the passages, narrows, and bays that are constantly spoken of by name. This is natural when the land is mountainous and devoid of communication. The population, including the lumber camps, is about 4,000.

This region appears to have a long future before it, for lumbering; because the channels act as fire breaks to prevent the spread of forest fires; and at present, the timber cut is only the best and largest. A tree of the nine-inch eastern limit would here be despised as a mere spar or pole. There is, consequently, a large reserve for the future. It is also only in spots on these vast hillsides that any impression has yet been made.

We must pass over the interesting methods used to handle these large trees except so far as they affect the men. The heavy character of the work and the common use of donkey engines and wire rope to haul the logs out to the beach, is often the cause of serious accidents; as well as injury from falling trees. This emphasizes the importance of the hospitals which have been established in the region itself, within accessible distance.

A logging camp consists usually of two

buildings or sheds; one is the "bunk house" fitted with berths as closely packed as in the forecastle of a sailing vessel, and the other is the "cook house" where the meals are served. The fare is usually of high quality; every purchasable luxury in the way of canned vegetables and fruit being used freely; and even the pickles and sauces are of the best brands extant. The days of pork and beans are quite a thing of the past. Fish is abundant, and fresh meat is readily obtainable by the coasting steamers. Where the accommodation is of a better grade, it is afforded by houses built on rafts, which do not have to be abandoned, but can be towed to the next camp opened up.

It is the arduous character of the work and its monotony which is the chief disadvantage. It makes the men restless and desirous of change and diversion; and unfortunately the diversion that offers is of quite a demoralizing character. As soon as the men have a little money due them, they want to "lay off" for a few days; and if the amount is sufficient, they go to Vancouver, about 24 to 36 hours by steamer; and too often they become a prey to the saloon keeper, and in less than a week the earnings of a month or two have disappeared. They are thus in need of a pass from some lumber company, to get back to a camp. If the money on hand is not sufficient for going to town, they resort to one of the local hotels, of which there are half a dozen scattered through the region; and the bar is again the door through which their money vanishes. Careful estimates show that quite 85 per cent. of their wages are spent in drink. The moral conditions of this region may be estimated from its having nine saloons, four schools and no church in an extent of 120 miles.

The men who work in these camps are as diverse in nationality as in the trade or business that they originally followed, though some of them were formerly lumbermen in Eastern Canada. They are able-bodied and hardy, and their physique must be high to withstand the dissipation they indulge in. This can only be remedied by providing some counter-attraction; and no doubt there are some who would be glad of



a helping hand to resist the evil. Any outdoor sports would be superfluous, as a lumberman is in no want of physical exercise. But reading matter, magazines and games would enliven the evenings in camp, and relieve the monotony that makes a visit to the city or a few days in a bar room appear such an irresistible attraction.

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The spiritual destitution in these isolated camps is greater and more serious than the want of recreation. Something is being done to meet this; but it should have much stronger support and better facilities. The Presbyterians have a missionary in this region, who is exactly the stamp of man needed for the work. It requires tact and friendliness, and a kindly sympathy, free from any shadow of condescension, which would be a fatal hinderance. This Gospel work is carried on by means of a well-equipped launch; and the missionary, Mr. McAulay, is accompanied by his wife and daughter, which contributes a further element of human sympathy to the effort. The meetings, the singing, the Gospel addresses, are really appreciated by the men. Many strange instances are met with; someone who may not have been in church for many a year; or another who was a leader in an Epworth league, or who sang in the Church choir in bygone days, and has become careless or even dissipated. Great, indeed, is the need; and it is being well met so far as the force and equipment allow. The accessory means are not overlooked, as a large quantity of reading matter and back magazines are distributed by this launch.

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The Methodists are carrying on similar evangelical work among the mining camps further north. This was originally started on the personal initiative of one devoted man, Captain Oliver, who provided a launch for the purpose at his own expense, but soon found his means at an end in carrying it on. If the work of these launches were adequately described, including the many incidents met with, it would make a narrative deeply interesting, and as spiritual as the Gospel-boat work of the McAll Mission on the rivers and canals of France. These efforts in British Columbia deserve to become as widely known. The motor

launch is eminently adapted for these regions, as it can make its way everywhere along these sheltered and silent channels among the majestic mountains.

The good work done in visiting the camps must be supplemented by providing wholesome surroundings for the men when they come to the city, or it will be largely undone. Some steps have already been taken in this direction, but like many things in this Province, it requires further development. It is now time that both aspects of this work were seriously considered and provided for, so that the higher interests of the men engaged in one of our most important industries may no longer be neglected.

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#### THE TRAINING OF MISSIONARIES.

Charges as to insufficiency in missionaries emphasize that on which most mission boards insist, viz., that the men and women whom they send should be thoroughly trained. Young people, filled with zeal, and having sometimes a very limited training, think they are quite ready to go to the foreign field, and in their eagerness to be at work they do not take kindly to the thought of long years of training and education. But such a course of training is necessary for different reasons.

(1) It is necessary to equipment for the work. The mastering of a strange and difficult language requires a knowledge of languages and their study. The education and training of native workers requires training and education. The missionaries are to be leaders among the peoples to whom they go, and need fitness for that work.

(2) A second reason is teaching heathen people is slow and tedious work. The worker is often weary in it and there is much to discourage. The steadfastness of purpose that carries one through a long and trying course of preparation is a token that these same qualities will help to carry him through the trials of the work. If there is not strength of purpose for the former, there will not likely be for the latter. Those who enter the work with limited preparation for it are more liable to remain but a limited time in it.

**A WESTERN TYPE.****Robertson Church, Vancouver.**

For the Record.

The key note of the West is optimism. This in turn prompts action, hence the almost incredible development of our Western land in these last few years. The pace of the Prairie Provinces is fast, but not less so is that of British Columbia, and nowhere is this more apparent than in Vancouver.

The Presbyterian Church laid on herself a stupendous task in seeking to keep abreast of the spiritual needs of the ever growing population. Robertson, Vancouver, is an exemplification. Just a year ago a new centre of work in the suburb of Grandview became a necessity. Unanimity and enthusiasm marked the movement from the beginning. A building was erected, capable of seating over three hundred, to be used as a school room when a larger church becomes necessary in the near future. The opening services were held 15th November, a year ago. In December, Rev. David James was asked to supply for six months. In June he received and accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate, and on the 20th of July ult., was inducted by the Presbytery of Westminster.

A note of praise and encouragement was sounded throughout all the addresses and while a feeling of self-satisfaction might have been pardonable on the part of the members, yet the predominant thought was that of the future, big with responsibilities.

At the January communion there were thirty-nine members, in April sixty-six, and at the September communion eighty-five. There are eight elders and twelve managers. There is a Sabbath School of over one hundred scholars, a Y. P. S. C. E., and a Boys' Club.

The congregation has been self-supporting from the beginning and while keeping its own house in order is not unmindful of the claims outside. The Duplex Envelope System is in use, and the Mission Schemes of the church are contributed to, while a committee has been chosen to act in conjunction with the Layman's Missionary Movement.

This is as it should be. With the hands of the West stretching out towards the far East, missions should bulk largely, and increasingly as the congregation grows. Its short history has been a full one and it might be interesting to forecast figures for the future, but far beyond that is the vision of spiritual service which opens before it.

**THE KEY TO THE MISSIONARY PROBLEM.**

(Selected).

The Missionary Problem is becoming more serious every year. The tremendous need is being revealed to us, as the doors on every hand are opening. Like a curtain being drawn aside, we see the vast territory that is still unevangelized. It is marvellous what great results have followed the comparatively small efforts of the Christian Church. This should only make her long to do greater things.

How can the Church of Christ accomplish what is expected of her, by her Master? How can these dark places be lit up by the Gospel? There is enough "Living Bread" for all. When, and in what way shall the hungry be fed?

If it is a problem that arrests our attention; that keeps us thinking and wondering, and longing to see better understood by Christians, that its solution may be arrived at.

Many suggestions are made, and various methods used to meet the world's need, but are we going at it in the right way? Are we using the key to solve this problem? we would suggest true prayer as being the key, that will adequately solve the problem and obey the Master's command.

True prayer constantly reminds us that it is God's work, a fact we sometimes forget.

True prayer will always lead to large givings, for no one can truly pray for a thing without trying to answer his own prayers; it will constrain the individual to go—God frequently uses the petitioner to answer his own prayer. True prayer will honor God, for it is an acknowledgement of our dependence upon Him.

True prayer is the prerogative of every Christian, the weakest and poorest, as well as the strong and rich can engage in missionary work in this way.

If there be less planning and rushing, less of the stereotyped methods used, and more real, earnest prayer, prayer from the heart, agonizing prayer with an importunity like that of Jacob "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me" surely there would be more work of the right kind.

"Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest." "Ask and it shall be given you." "He that spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him, also, freely give us all things?" But—Prayer is the Key.



# Our Foreign Letters

## NOTES FROM KOREA.

(Rev. Dr. Grierson, in a recent letter to one of his co-workers, Rev. D. M. McRae, who has been on furlough, tells of progress. Some extracts from his letter are here given).

"The Church in this country is given Opportunity with the biggest capital letter yet. Previous times were but as child's play compared to this. Even Sungjin is prospering and people are coming in, not in ones and twos, but in villages and towns. Our local church has reached the limit of its capacity, and even with twelve men or more out preaching in the villages where new work is started every Sunday, there is scarcely floor space for all who attend here.

"We are building again, on the field in front of the hospital, and hope to be able to accommodate four hundred in the edifice. This will be nothing like your Ham Hung Church, which I hear is to accommodate one thousand. Our old church is to be our new Girls' School.

"You will have some idea of the progress of the work in this region this year when I tell you that our comparative colporteur and book-room sales of Testaments, were, for the year of 1907, one hundred and ninety-seven, for the year 1908, three hundred and seventy-two, for January to March, three months of 1909, eleven hundred. There are very loud calls from both Kapsan region and from the direct North, both in Hoi Ryung, and Kando and from Vladivostok. Kyung Sung has a rapidly growing church and the mission is bound to face the responsibility for the people of these great northern regions.

"I am off in a few days, God willing, to the Tuman region for a month's trip. I am very busy getting ready and at the same time building an addition to the Sai Pol Hospital which is too crowded now."

The following extract of a letter from

Rev. L. L. Young, another of our missionaries in Korea, tells also of growth:—

"We are living in changed times. New Testaments are selling like hot cakes. The native workers say that they frequently come across houses with a placard in front requesting Bible sellers to call.

"The colportage sales since January 1st averaged over twelve pounds per month. Besides the colporteurs there are six others engaged in selling books on commission. I send in an order for more books about every fortnight. What does it all mean? Since last Autumn, in over a dozen places in this field, buildings have been bought and set aside for churches. I wonder how long it will last. I feel so helpless, surely God is speedily preparing the way for His Son's return."

### Statistics of our Korean Missions.

Elders . . . . .	7
Evangelists, men . . . . .	11
"    women . . . . .	6
Baptized this year . . . . .	286
"    total . . . . .	1,141
"    children . . . . .	162
Catechumens this year . . . . .	745
"    total . . . . .	1,108
Adherents . . . . .	5,594
Theological students . . . . .	9
Academies . . . . .	3
Boys' Schools . . . . .	22
Girls' " . . . . .	11
Academy Students . . . . .	110
Students at Boys' Schools . . . . .	495
"    "    Girls' " . . . . .	230
Places of worship . . . . .	134
Churches . . . . .	53
Raised for support of evangelists, yen. 1,173	
"    "    "    "    schools . . .yen, 3,545	
"    "    other purposes . . . .yen, 6,996	

Total . . . . .yen, 11,714

A yen is half a dollar, so that the infant church of our own mission in Korea has given this year nearly six thousand dollars for carrying on the work in their own land.

**LIFE AND WORK IN CHINA.**

LETTER FROM OUR MISSIONARY, MRS. GEO.  
M. ROSS.

Pei Tai Ho, China, Aug. 24, 1909.

Dear Dr. Scott,

One of the pleasant features of our resting time at Pei Tai Ho is the opportunity of meeting others who are engaged in Christian work.

A few days ago an informal meeting was called of all those interested in work among women. Of those who gathered were a few who have spent some forty years in China, having passed through many and various experiences.

In talking over the work as carried on in different parts of North China, the common need seemed to be more Christian Chinese women to teach their sisters. This need, only time, patience and loving companionship can fill, in helping those whom the Holy Spirit may choose for His work.

The matter of station classes being discussed, all were interested to hear of the large one held at one of our own stations, (Chang-te Fu,) which has once reached one hundred and ten in numbers, and is self-supporting, fuel and lighting besides, of course, rooms and cooking utensils being the only help given by the church.

Some missions are in the habit of giving a small sum of money to each woman to help her provide food during the time spent at classes. It is felt, however, in our field, that it will mean more to the women if they come at the cost of some sacrifice, nor can they be taunted with coming for what they receive from a worldly standpoint.

Some ladies of long experience in work among women in Peking told of some of the foreign influences which work against the spread of the Gospel. Having friends among the Chinese women of good social position in the capital, they tell how these deplore the pace of living that is now being set among women of position. The use of foreign wines, attendance at places of amusement conducted by foreigners whose only object is gain, the midnight suppers following such entertainments, the turning of night into day, and, worst of all, the numbers of women being added to some of these homes.

One Chinese lady, on being asked if, in these enlightened days, some protest could not be made by the women of the family, she answered "Never." If anything is to be done it must come either from a widow or from an unmarried woman. Such a protest coming from one of several wives of one man would only be attributed to jealousy, which is one of the most heinous of sins in the Chinese mind.

Another matter mentioned by one of the workers from Peking was one which she urged should be protested against, not only by the Chinese women but by all of us.

Of recent years a number of Chinese students have gone abroad to England, to the United States and Canada and have taken their places beside, if not above, the students of western lands. Some kind of halo seems to surround them, and they are, as we often say, "made much of." People seem to feel under obligation to make up to them what they may have missed in their social life at home. Some of these men have married wives in these western lands.

A case was known to the missionary in question, of a bright young American girl being brought home by her husband to China, to find that she was neither the first nor the only wife, but that henceforth she had no position either among her own countrymen or among the Chinese. The family treated her kindly, were fond of her, in fact, but she was merely a secondary wife in the home, doomed to spend her days in the midst of conditions which from her earliest days she had been taught to regard with loathing and to look upon as positively sinful.

The pathos of such a condition should surely arouse within the minds of people at home so strong a sentiment that such things would become impossible.

The Chinese abroad may (it was said) even imagine himself free to act as his own wishes dictate, and his intentions may have been good, to treat this wife according to the custom of western lands. but, once again in his own country, which takes no cognizance of the marriage laws of other lands, so far as its own subjects are concerned, he is surrounded by forces, traditions and sentiments against which all his good intentions are powerless.

Again, a plea was made for the united



effort of all engaged in Christian work for the suppression of the cigarette trade in China, which, it is feared, will soon become a worse curse than even opium has been. Even in the interior cities of Honan, not only boys and men, but women—the ladies from the official families, smoke cigarettes, and often come to our homes smoking them, and when we visit any of them we are glad when we get out again, that we may breathe air, which is not laden with cigarette smoke. Some of the ladies find it hard to do without them.

A missionary present mentioned that during the past year she had made a railway journey, and found herself the companion of an agent of an American cigarette firm, who boasted that his firm were this year spending one million dollars in advertising, and expected to double that amount next year.

In each large case of cigarettes, they give away a chess board and men. The Chinese, as they have found out, being particularly fond of chess-playing, they take this plan to work their way. Dealers are all anxious to procure a set knowing that it will increase the popularity of their places of business.

We used to read of Christian nations sending by the same ship, missionaries with the Bible, while in the vessel's hold went rum to hinder or counteract their influence, but it seems we have not yet passed that day.

Those gathered here at Pei Tai Ho are privileged to listen this week to Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, England, who represents the Kesurck movement. All hope to go back to work better fitted to do that committed to their hand. We leave next week for our station Hwai King Fu.

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We are poor judges of great and small. The little service which we can render may be all that is required to complete the circle of some greater work. That which is poorest in appearance may be most necessary. At least our duty is plain—not to pretend to be what we are not, not to leave our place at will in search of another, not to measure ourselves by ourselves—but to offer to God just what we have and what we are.—Bishop Westcott.

## A REFUGE FROM THE HEAT.

LETTER FROM REV. A. W. LOCHEAD.

Chi Kung Shan, China,  
August 26th, 1909.

Dear Dr. Scott,

Our work in Honan is many-sided. If a school or church is needed, the missionary must look after the building of it as well as the teaching and preaching. We are looking forward to the time when Chinese will themselves do both, as at home.

For the past three months I have been superintending the building of the Church and High School at Weihweifu. I have had from 150 to 180 men regularly at work. This is the central station of our Honan mission. Here, in the meantime, will be trained Christian boys and young men who will be our future workers.

Two weeks ago I left Honan, with the intense heat which we have had this Summer, and came up here to the hills, where some of our missionaries come to recruit.

The day I left Weihwei we had the first good rain that has fallen in eleven months. This has been followed by other showers, and the grain is growing rapidly, giving promise, not of plenty, but of sufficient to avoid the fearful famine that threatened.

In eleven months there had been a rainfall of scarcely four inches, and the country looked like a desert. The heat of the latter part of July and the first week of August was very excessive, much greater than had been experienced in North China for many years.

Chi Kung Shan is some 250 miles south of Weihweifu, in a range of hills running East and West between the Yellow River and the Yang-tse-Kiang, and parallel with them.

Tradition tells that this was the stronghold of Chi Kung (Count Chi), a famous robber, who defied authority and levied toll on all the merchants and travellers who passed this way.

On the western side of the hill is the old fortification that he built, inclosing a fertile little valley with abundance of water, where his followers made their home, and on the highest crest of the hill, a great pyramid of rocks, is another fortification, and a little old temple, where by the aid of

heaven and their own strong arms, the robbers intended to make their last stand.

What became of Count Chi and his gentlemen adventurers neither history nor legend tells; but now some missionaries and other foreigners occupy at times his ancient mountain stronghold.

The hill is perhaps three thousand feet above the level of the sea. The land which the government has set apart for us is divided into two sections, one for missionaries and the other for business men. The business men's part is much larger, but not so high nor so beautiful as that of the missionaries.

We have a glorious view on all sides. North and South the mountains descend gradually to the foothills, and slope off to the great plains of the Yellow River on the North and the Yangtse on the South; but East and West are range upon range of hills, stretching away like the waves of the illimitable sea.

After a time of rain and mist, when the clouds roll away, and the sun comes out, bathing the hills and plains in its golden light, the eye can reach on and on, almost indefinitely until earth and sky seem to blend in one.

The beauties of light and shade, cloud and mist, rainbow and shower, over this vast landscape, and in the early morning and at sunset the varying shades of green and blue and purple on the nearer and more distant hills, are a never-failing source of delight.

In North Honan, the rainfall is so light for the greater part of the year the whole countryside is a uniform khaki colour, which palls upon the sight, so that here we can never cease to rejoice in the wonderful beauty of the verdure.

From early Spring till late in the Autumn the mountain is fragrant with the perfume of innumerable flowers, a home for insect life of all kinds, bee and butterfly and all the rest, and when day departs, the fireflies, like tiny electric lamps, give life and beauty to the night.

Even in midsummer the weather is often so cool that fires are needed, and sometimes for weeks at a time there is almost constant rain and clouds and mist, the dampness penetrating everywhere, and clothes will almost mould on one's back.

Sometimes during the rainy weather the setting sun will break out between the upper and lower banks of clouds, the mountain tops showing through like islands in a storm-tossed sea. It is only after a dark and stormy day that there comes such wondrous beauty. Perhaps it is only they who have passed through the darkness and storm of affliction that can see the face of God in its greatest loveliness.

Here on the mountain top, amid so much that speaks rest to the tired body and mind and breathes a heavenly peace into the soul, a number of missionary families get away for a little from the withering, sweltering heat of the plains, and gather strength for the work of another year.

In the business community there are about one hundred residents. Some of their bungalows are beautifully built. It is a very cosmopolitan community: Russians, Japanese, Norwegians, Swiss, Germans, French, English, Scotch, Americans, Australians, Canadians, Italians, Poles, but English is the common medium between all.

In a few days very few will be left here. The clouds and mists and winds will keep their lonely vigil until the heat of another season repeoples the hill with these fair-skinned, blue-eyed foreigners who cannot stand, like the yellow race, the heat of the Chinese summer.

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In a Chinese village where there were few Christians, the heathen laid their idols at the door of the church so as to insult the Christians. The Christian children threw the idols into a pond. A crowd of heathen then rushed into the church one Sunday during the meeting and began fighting. One of the men aimed a gun at Mr. Kwoa, the father of some of the children that had thrown away the idols. One of the heathen happened to get his arm in the way, and he was shot instead of Mr. Kwoa.

Then they made a charge before a judge that Mr. Kwoa had tried to murder them, and they brought forward as proof the man with the wounded arm. The judge hated Christians and put Mr. Kwoa into prison, where he was kept six months. The Christians could do nothing but pray.

One day the judge said he wanted to see the gun that Kwoa used to shoot the man. They brought from his house an old rusty gun; and after looking at it the judge said it showed that it had not been used for years, and he gave orders that the man should be freed and the liars should be beaten.—Junior Endeavor World.



## A TOUR IN KOREA.

PRIVATE LETTER FROM REV. A. R. ROSS.

Sungjin (Joshin), Korea,

Dear Mr. Heine:

Besides smaller trips this year, I had one long one to the interior of which trip I must tell you. Early in May, there were some mining men occupying rooms in my house, and on the 5th of that month, we set out together for the district of Kapsan, North West of Sungjin at a distance of 270 li (90 miles).

They were going to the Kapsan copper mine to begin operations for an American firm, and I purposed visiting a group of believers there, and others further on. We had twenty-eight Korean ponies in our party, carrying food, clothing, mining implements and dynamite, two of the ponies being loaded with things in connection with our missionary work (my bed, food, etc., besides copies of Scriptures).

I was interested on this trip in seeing a new kind of seed-sowing. The seeder was composed of a bag of seed attached to a hollow stick, the latter being perhaps two and a half feet long. The grain made its way down through the stick, as he carried it, with the end away from the bag downwards, and fell out as the farmer struck the hollow stick with another one. As he walked across the field he thus sowed his seed in long furrows.

Our trip to the copper mine took us four days, as we were delayed by rain. Much of the traveling is uphill and over rough roads. At times in climbing boulders over swampy places we were very near having accidents, but God was good to us in that no one was hurt in the party.

While at the copper mine I was busy for several days teaching the Bible and examining would be catechumens and holding services in the evenings.

One day, I accompanied one of the mining men, who is an Australian, and several Koreans, down into the Korean mine. We descended about one hundred and twenty feet through a low, narrow passage, having almost to go on hands and knees at times.

It was a real pleasure to me some days later to walk upright into a tunnel to a distance of one hundred and twenty-five

feet, height about six feet and about six feet in width. This splendid tunnel is the work of these mining men who are trying to tunnel right under the old Korean mine. Leaving the copper mine, I went on seventy li (twenty-three miles), to another place where the magistracy of Kapsan district is.

On the road, I saw men making large iron pots, which the Koreans use over their fire-places to boil water, cook rice and prepare food for their animals. This was the process:—A Korean pumped air through a passage under the ground that kept a fire glowing in which scraps of iron were melted in an iron pot. Then from it the liquid iron was put into a kettle-shaped vessel, from which it was poured into a large earthen mould, to give it the shape required, and so the pots were made.

The road along here was made beautiful to the eye owing to large patches of zalias in blossom on the hillsides. Though large trees are often scarce in Korea, the growth of small ones, of flowers, of shrubs, etc., makes the old hills which are very numerous, attractive. At the magistracy village I spent an evening with a Christian family whose house was an offering to the Lord. At present, the Christians meet there, and if the cause grows large, these people will move out and give up their house to the Lord's work.

The next day my Koreans and I travelled sixty li, climbing a steep hill and visited two more groups. After that, we covered some fifteen li in reaching Chung Pyung Jang, a place in the district of Samsu and our best group in the Kapsan Samsu districts. I spent about a week there.

From Chung Pyung Yang, we returned over about the same road four hundred and fifteen li, mostly down hill, to Sungjin, having been away about a month.

Our hearts were greatly rejoiced on learning lately that the Western Section, Foreign Mission Committee, will open a field in this needy land, and in this day of Korea's opportunity. Blessed be God for his goodness.

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It is better to make a thousand mistakes and suffer a thousand reverses than run away from battle.—Henry van Dyke.

# Life and Work.

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## STORY OF A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

For the Record.

I had laid my table with great care for a company of guests when my little girl accidentally overturned a tureen of gravy on the snowy cloth.

What should I do. It seemed a drop too much for my tired nerves—many drops too much for my table cloth. I was about to jerk my child down angrily from the table, when a blessed influence held me. I caught the expression on her face. Such a sorry, frightened, appealing look I never saw before, and suddenly a picture of the past came and stood out vividly before my mind's eye. My child's face revealed feelings which I had experienced twenty years before.

I was myself a little nervous girl about eight years old, in the happy home of my childhood. It was a stormy day in winter, soon after coal oil lamps were introduced, and my father had bought a very handsome one. The snow had drifted up against the kitchen windows, so although it was not dark, the lamp was lighted. Mother was sick in bed upstairs, and we children were gathered in the kitchen to keep the noise and confusion away from her.

I was feeling myself very important, helping to get supper, at any rate I imagined I was helping, and in my officiousness I seized the lamp and went down cellar for some butter. I tried to set it on the hanging shelf, but I didn't give it room enough, and down it fell on the cement floor.

I shall never forget the shock it gave me. I seemed almost paralysed. I dare not go upstairs. I was afraid to stay down there. To make it worse, I heard my father's voice in the kitchen. He had cautioned us again and again to be careful of that lamp, and now there it lay smashed to pieces.

But his voice seemed to give me the impetus I needed to go up and meet the

scolding or whipping, or both, which I felt sure awaited me, and which I really felt I deserved, so I crept up the dark stairway, and as I entered the kitchen I met my father with such a stern look upon his face that I trembled with fright. I saw there was no need to tell him what had happened. He had heard the crash, and if he hadn't my face would have told the story.

The children stood silently around waiting to see what father would do, and I saw by their faces that they were terror-stricken; for that lamp had been the subject of too much talk and wonder to be smashed without a sensation. As for me, I felt so frightened, so confused and sorry that I couldn't speak. But upon glancing again at father, I saw the angry look die out of his eyes, and one of tenderest pity take its place. I doubt not that he saw the same look in my face then that I saw in my child's face to-day.

In a minute he lifted me in his arms and was hugging me close to his breast. Then he whispered—Oh so kindly! 'never mind, little daughter, we all know it was an accident, but I hope you will take the small lamp when you go down cellar again. Oh what a revulsion of feeling I experienced. It was such a surprise to me, that I was suddenly overwhelmed with feelings of love and gratitude, and burying my face I sobbed as if my heart were breaking. No punishment could have affected me half so much, and nothing can efface the memory of it from my mind.

How I loved my dear father to-day, as the sight of my little girl's face brought it all so freshly before me. Will she love me as dearly, I wonder, twenty years or more from now, because, moved by the same impulse that stirred my father's heart in that long ago time, I was able to press the little frightened thing to my heart, and tell her kindly that I knew she did not mean to spill the gravy; will she be helped by it when she is a mother as I have been helped by it to-day?



## GETTING MEN FOR THE MINISTRY.

BY REV. J. W. COCHRANE, D.D.

The causes for the Church's failure to attract young men to the ministry are commonly regarded as chiefly economic. It is doubtless true that if the pull of a prosperous business age were not so strong, and the salaries of ministers not so small, and the assigned years of efficiency not so short, we should see a change in the attitude of our educated youth.

But, let me ask, how many eager and ambitious men such as we want to see in the ministry expect to have starvation salaries and the deadline at forty? They think that whatever may befall others it will not come to them. Ah, happy optimism of youth! The poor living, the unpaid debts, the nerve-racked, work-worn wife, the ineffectiveness decreed by selfish churches, is not a vision seen through youthful eyes.

Let us go deeper down than this in assigning causes. Why not let us admit that it is the materialism of the age, penetrating to the remotest corners of all our life, religious as well, that the old-time optimism as to the dignity and the glory of the preaching vocation has lost its lustre, and that the Church and home are responsible for this condition? It is the unconcern of the Christian home and the Christian Church that is the cause fundamentally.

If religion took hold of the life of our people; if parents were educating their children to lives of Christly service, and ministers and teachers presenting the claims of the ministry and the missionary life, nothing in the world of affairs, nothing in the educational life would prevent the boy hearing the call and responding to it.

Back of the college we must go in our search for candidates, back to the granaries of the Church, the home and the Sunday school. Here lies a field of richest promise and an abundance of choice material at the plastic time of life before other pursuits preempt the field. The decisive years for or against the ministry are between sixteen and twenty. The boy is yet under the influence of parents, pastor and Sunday school teacher.

Every church and every home is in possession of the strategic position. The pastor and parents together hold the key to the situation if they will but see it. It is the apathy and the indifference of those who have the children in the formative period of life that accounts more than anything else for present conditions.

You cannot get the finest spirits to enter a calling because there is an assured competency and an air of comfort and elegance about it. The call to the ministry is a call

to follow footsteps stained with blood, and the best of our youth respond to a vigorous appeal like that of Garibaldi who offered wounds and exposure and death to his troops; like that of Mizzini who cried, "Come and suffer!" Wherever certain men have gone, like Maltbie Babcock for instance, young men have followed into the ministry.

Why did F. B. Meyer become a preacher? Because his father took him Sunday mornings to hear a great preacher who believed in his task. "We need," cried Bishop Lawrence at Harvard, "a half dozen Rainsfords to walk up and down this yard." Austin Phelps entered the calling because his father believed that the pastoral office had no superior, and to be a prophet of the gospel was a loftier honor than to be a prince of the royal blood. Andrew Murray brought up eleven children, five of the six sons becoming ministers and four of the five daughters becoming ministers' wives. He had twenty-three grandchildren either ministers or missionaries.

I believe this view of the situation comprehends a transformation of the home life of our membership, and any effort that fails to recognize the need of renewing home religion is a fruitless effort. How much does the average minister do in the way of public and private appeal concerning the claims of his own profession? I have never heard in my life a sermon directed toward this end. At a recent conference of over four hundred theological students over one-half said they had never heard such a sermon.

If we might pledge ourselves to devote a portion of our time to the erecting of the broken-down family altars, if we might inspire our Sunday-school workers with the thought of selecting for special prayer the finest type of our youth for separation unto this work, what a change would be seen in a few years!

The minister who works personally among the boys, knowing them, loving them, studying them, appealing to them, will have a steady stream of candidates entering the ministry. An obscure country pastor in New Hampshire prepared a hundred and sixty-two young men for college, many of whom entered the ministry.

There is a picture in a little country church in Ontario around the border of which are thirty small photographs of the sons of that church in the ministry. Over against it is the picture of one of the largest churches in our own communion with thousands in the church and the Sunday school and not one of its product in the ministry. Ah, the secret of the ministerial supply lies with the ministry itself!—"Assembly Herald."

### CHRIST FOR ME

A hymn used in the Ulster revivals of 1859.

And my immortal choice is made,  
Christ for me.

He is my Prophet, priest, and King,  
Who did for me salvation bring,  
And while I've breath I mean to sing,  
Christ for me.

Now who can sing my song and say,  
Christ for me?

My life and truth, my light and way,  
Christ for me.

Can you old men and women there,  
With furrowed cheeks and silvery hair,  
Now from your inmost soul declare,  
Christ for me?

Can you young men and maidens, say,  
Christ for me?

His will I love, and him obey,  
Christ for me?

Then here's my heart and here's my  
hand,

We'll form a little singing band,  
And shout aloud throughout the land,  
Christ for me!

### THE TOUCH OF SYMPATHY.

She was not a brilliant woman, but one of those sweet, loving natures that go singing their way through all the burdens and sorrows of life, cheering up everybody they meet.

This is the story that a successful young man of business with a brilliant prospect before him told me of her on the day of her funeral. Said he: "Three years ago I was out of work, out of money, and tired nearly to death. I came into town, and hungry and worn out, I lay down in a yard in front of the village church.

While I lay there resting in the shade, a sweet-faced, motherly-looking woman came out on the porch of a little house across the street to water her flowers. Hungry as I was, I was hungrier yet to have some one speak kindly to me, and to come into friendly relations with some one.

Obeying a sudden impulse, I got up, went across the street, and asked for a drink of water. She brought it to me in the most gracious manner possible, and then, evidently seeing how tired I looked, asked me to take a seat. With great delicacy, she drew out my story until I told her all that was in my heart.

She took me into her dining-room, gave me a meal as gently as she would have served her own son, and then after praying with me and for me, and encouraging me, she made me take a little help, and I went

on my way like a new man. All that I am and hope to be I owe to that hour's kindness received from that good woman.—Sunday School Times.

### HOW TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

This is a very important and serious question to many. They desire to become Christians. They hope sometime to become Christians. But they delay to take the step which will make them Christians through ignorance, or mistaken notions, as to what the step really is. The very simplicity of it is frequently a stumbling block.

One becomes a Christian by simply accepting Jesus Christ as Saviour, and God as a loving Father and Friend; that is by believing him to be such and acting accordingly.

No matter what the past life has been, or what the condition of the feelings at the time, the act of acceptance of God as a loving Father and Friend makes a man, or woman, or child a Christian.

Each one can have evidence that God is a loving Father and Friend. The Bible teaches it. All through this Word of his he is set forth as "gracious and merciful, full of compassion, long-suffering and abundant in goodness."

He is said "to pity us like as a father pitieth his children" (Psalm 103: 13); "to be good to all," and that "his tender mercies are over all his works" (Ps. 145: 9).

In the first epistle of John, 4: 18, God is said to be "love," and Paul in Romans 2: 4 speaks of the "riches of his goodness and forbearance and long-suffering."

But the crowning evidence of the Scriptures of his love and compassion for his creatures, and deep desire for their salvation, is the record they present of a Saviour's suffering life and death. God gave himself in sacrifice, in the person of his Son, for sinful men, that he might convince them of his love for them, and insure the removal of every barrier to their union with him as their Father and Friend.

Then, in addition to the Bible's teaching that God is a loving Father and Friend, every one has, or ought to have, the evidence of his own reason, or intelligence, if he will but reflect upon it.

As one who has given existence to the creature and endowed him with spiritual faculties, and owns him body, soul and spirit, and as One who is infinitely perfect in all his attributes and in all the outgoings of his being, incapable of hate, malevolence or revenge, he cannot, from the very essence of his nature, sustain other than a paternal and friendly relation to those whom he has formed and breathed into the breath of his own life.



If separation, repulsion, antagonism exists between God and the creature it must in reason be owing entirely to the latter. God must still love and desire to be loved. He waits and yearns to be accepted as a loving Father and Friend, and he who does this enters into his household—becomes a Christian.

There closely follows, as a result, and as an evidence, of this acceptance of God and of having become a Christian, the cultivating of an acquaintance with God, and the seeking to know his will and wishes, in order that the life may be conformed, as far as possible, to these.

By such a course the evidence of the new relation to God becomes evident to the believer's consciousness and to those who observe him.

Acquaintance with God is cultivated through a reading and study of his Word, through meditating upon his goodness, through communion with him in prayer, through intercourse and fellowship with other Christians, through attendance upon the ordinances of the Church and through some form of active service in God's cause.

It is through the life that the Christian comes to experience a filial relation with God. He is accepted as a Father and Friend upon the statements of his Word and the dictates of reason and intelligence, but He only comes to be experimentally known as such, through walking with Him and through converse and study of his Word and works.

A person is sometimes heard to say after a visit or lengthy interview with another: "I never really knew him before." An outward acquaintance had perhaps been enjoyed for years, but it had not given such an insight into his true character and such an appreciation of his virtues as had an hour or two of close and intimate converse.

That "burning of heart" which the two disciples experienced on the way to Emmaus (Luke 24: 32) will come to Christians only after, like them, they have talked with God by the way and he has opened up to them his Word.

We recall an instance in pastoral experience of one who became a Christian as above described. He was a young man, moral and upright, but wordly. Revival meetings were being held in the church, some of which he attended. One evening, while the congregation was standing singing, after an earnest appeal had been made to those who were not Christians to come out on the Lord's side, this young man left his pew and coming forward said to us: "Will you please come to my room after the meeting closes?" and then passed out.

We went, of course, as requested. His first words to us were: "I want to become a Christian. Will you tell me what I must do?"

We explained to him that he had but to

accept God as his Father and Friend and begin living to him. We pointed out the evidence for this and showed him how God was waiting for him to accept him, having redeemed and saved him through his Son.

His reply was: "Well, I will do so, and begin with God's help to lead a Christian life." After a prayer we left him.

At the next meeting he rose as one who had accepted God. Soon after he united with the church. He began attending prayer-meeting and taking part. He enlisted in Sunday School work. He exhibited such an interest in the welfare of the church that he was soon elected an officer. In a short time business led to his removal to a large city. He identified himself at once with a church and entered upon Christian work in connection with it. Having married, he became the head of a Christian household.

Thirty-five years have passed. These have brought to him some severe trials and weighty responsibilities, but the loving Father and Friend, whom he accepted in his youth, has stood by him through them all up to this time and kept him faithful to duty, and, through experience, he is enabled to say: "I know Him whom I have believed."

And such may be the experience of all who will simply accept Him on the statements of his Word and the promptings of the Spirit and his own reason and begin living to Him.—The Philadelphia Westminster.

### LIVING THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

To engage in the performance of home duties faultlessly, without petulance, without haste, without fretting—to repress the sarcastic and unkind word, to be calm in the hot moment of anger, to do without weariness, and to suffer without murmuring, to be charitable in judgment and trample out of the heart the Pharisee spirit, deeming lift at once too short and too costly for quarrels and for pride; to maintain a chivalrous honor in all business relations; to hold back from the temptations of doubtful or hasty gain; to wear "the white flower," not "of a blameless life" only, but of a life cleansed from its earthliness and made pure by the Holy Spirit; to walk about the world and before men with a calm heart filled with love; to shed abroad the 'sweet savor of Christ,' and allure men to the heaven to which they know you to be traveling—these are but many-sided exhibitions of the one holy character, many facets of the one jewel of fidelity by which you are to be "approved" of your Father which is in heaven.—Punshon.

**AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.**

The following story contains a true ideal, at least along one line, of prayer and its answer. God does not as a rule interfere with nature's laws, which He Himself has established, but is it not most reasonable, that the Great Spirit should communicate with, and influence, human spirits, as in the story of this conductor, which is taken from an exchange.—Ed.

"Not long ago an engineer brought his train to a stand at a little Massachusetts village where the passengers had five minutes for luncheon. A lady came along the platform and said: "The conductor tells me the train at the junction in P. leaves fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday night; that is the last train; I have a very sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance for the long, long journey into the country. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the engineer, "I wish I could tell you."

"Would it be impossible for you to hurry a little?" said the anxious, tearful mother.

"No, madam, have the time-table, and the rules say I must run by it."

She turned sorrowfully away, leaving the bronzed face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently she returned and said, "Are you a Christian?"

"I trust I am," was the reply.

"Will you pray with me that the Lord may in some way detain the train at the junction?"

"Why, yes, I will pray with you, but I have not much faith."

Just then the conductor cried, "All aboard." The poor woman hurried back to her deformed and sick child, and away went the train climbing the grade. "Somehow," said the engineer, "everything worked to charm. As I prayed, I couldn't help letting my engine out just a little. We hardly stopped at the first station, people got on and off with wonderful alacrity, the conductor's lantern was in the air in half a minute and then away again. Once over the summit it was dreadful easy to give her a little more, and then a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot through the air like an arrow. Somehow I couldn't hold her, knowing I had the road, so we dashed up to the junction six minutes ahead of time."

There stood the other train and the conductor with the lantern in his hand.

"Well," said he, "will you tell me what I am waiting here for? Somehow I felt I must wait your coming to-night, but I don't know why." "I guess," said the

brother conductor, "it is for this woman with her sick and deformed child, dreadfully anxious to get home this Saturday night."

**SETTLING DESTINY.**

Alfred Cookman was preaching one night years ago in New York City in a church with two galleries. It was the close of a series of meetings. He had been there weeks, preaching night after night to thousands and thousands of people and many had found the Lord, but his brother, George Cookman would not come out to the meetings.

At last Alfred went down and visited him in his office and begged him to come that last night, and he promised him he would. Then Alfred Cookman went to the Christians and begged them to pray as they never prayed before that God would send George to the meeting, and that he might be saved.

This night the church was packed to the doors, and as Alfred Cookman stood up to preach, he looked from gallery to gallery, and away over to one side he saw his brother George. He lifted his heart to God in prayer, and said, "Now, Lord, help me. Help me to do my best to-night."

He preached such a sermon as he had never preached, and the Holy Ghost honored it and people wept all over that vast assembly. A woman right down in front of him broke down and cried so they could hear her all over the house. When she did that, Alfred said, "I would give my life and everything I have, if my brother George, who is in this house to-night, would weep like that." When he had finished his sermon and gave the altar call, they came from all over the house, but George, away up in the gallery, sat still.

By and by he took his overcoat and hat and started down the stairway until he reached the door that led out into the street. Something turned him around, and he started this way and that, and wavered and wavered until he settled the question, then he turned boldly around, went up to the altar, fell on his knees, threw up his hands and prayed to God to save him, and God saved his soul and Alfred Cookman shouted the praises of God for answering his prayer and settling the destiny of George.

But the woman who cried out at that meeting also settled her destiny that night, for some months or years later, Alfred Cookman, while in New York, was called to a certain house. He went and found a little hovel. On entering he found a woman dying, and asked her, "Why did you send for me?"



She said, "Mr. Cockman, do you remember the time you preached the last sermon of a series of meetings you held in this city, when a woman cried out, and you said you would give your life to hear your brother George cry like that?"

He said, "Yes, I remember the circumstance."

She said, "Well, I was that woman. That night God broke my heart, and the Holy Spirit wanted me to go to the altar, but I would not go. I wavered and wavered until at last I went out, and God never spoke to my soul again. I am lost and doomed and going out into the night. I am lost, and I know it."

Oh, the thought came to me when I heard the instance, "It is not only true of that woman and that man, but that very thing is being repeated all over this land! In every meeting, souls are turning towards God and heaven or are turning the other way and taking steps toward hell."—Sel.

#### HOW HE FOUND A WELCOME.

Some years ago a young man came from the west as a student. He did not know a solitary human being in either of the "Twin Cities." At his boarding house he was asked where he thought of going to church. He mentioned the place he had chosen, not because he knew anybody there, but because it was near at hand.

"Well," the questioner replied, "they will soon freeze you out from that congregation."

"I'll give them a chance to welcome me, anyway," was the rejoinder. "I don't believe they are as cold as you think."

The next Sunday morning found the student waiting in the vestibule for an usher to show him a seat. All of them were busy at the time, and the young man waited—did not run out of the door—just waited until some one had had a fair chance to notice him.

After a while he felt a little squeeze of his arm from somebody behind. He turned and was confronted by a rather stout gentleman of strong but kindly features. There was but one word of inquiry—"Stranger?" "Yes, sir," the young man replied. "Come with me to my seat." "Stranger" obeyed. Shortly after two ladies entered the same pew. Not a word was spoken until, after the benediction.

Then the stout gentleman uttered another interrogatory word, "Student?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Come and take dinner with me." (Aside: "What's your name?") "This lady is my mother, and this, my sister. Here, let me introduce you to one of our elders, and here comes the Pastor, Dr. Cox. Say, Mr. Shelly (a deacon) come over here; here's a new friend I have just found; we want him to get acquainted.

"Now let's start for home." (On the way): "Sing?" "A little—not very much—just enough, I guess." "Come up to our mission Sunday-school after dinner and help us will you? I am superintendent." "Sure."

That day was the beginning of three years of happy acquaintance and helpful social intercourse with as cordial a congregation as ever assembled in any Church.

The young man found that the best place of all to extend his acquaintance was the mid-week prayer-meeting, which invariably ended up in a "chatter" after dismissal. The young man might have shot out of the door the instant the benediction was pronounced, but it seemed to him to be only fair treatment of the church people to give them a chance to approach him.

Some of the members were a little backward, of course, and eyed him a few times, but when he came to a third and fourth meeting the "eyeing" ceased. None of the young ladies rushed up to shower attentions upon him, nor any of the elderly ladies, either, the very first time.

But not many "times" had passed before the good women of the church began to speak to the young stranger, and when a rational, not an artificial, opportunity came along, the older introduced him to the younger women.

Within two years the "Stranger" had passed out of existence. He knew by sight, by name, and was on cordial speaking terms with almost every one of the four hundred members of that church.

Why was this? Two simple reasons cover the case: First, The stranger did not expect the congregation to make a stampede for him the minute he first appeared. The congregation did not expect that the stranger would vanish out of the door without giving them a chance.

The obligation worked both ways. That opened the door—as it always does. The stranger did not wait to be lionized, but went on using the start he had to win still further acquaintance with the people who had always held out the "glad hand" to every one who would reach out and grasp it.

Moral: Be steadily in evidence. Be approachable.—H. H. Stiles.

"Prevent a friend from doing you good, impress him with the idea that he is of no use to you, and his affection will cool. But ask a man for little services he is ready to render, let him know and keep in his mind that he has conferred a benefit upon you, and he will like you all the more for it, become interested in your welfare, and feel real devotion for you. I have never known this experiment to fail."

**"THIS, TOO, SHALL PASS AWAY."**

Art thou in misery, brother? Then, I pray,  
Be comforted! Thy grief shall pass away!

Art thou elated? Ah! be not too gay—  
Temper thy joy—this, too, shall pass away!

Art thou in danger? Still let reason sway,  
And cling to hope—this, too, shall pass  
away!

Tempted art thou? In all thine anguish lay,  
One truth to heart—this, too, shall pass  
away!

Do rays of loftiest glory round thee play?  
King-like art thou?—this, too, shall pass  
away!

Whate'er thou art, where'er thy footsteps  
stray,  
Heed the wise words—this, too, shall pass  
away!

—Selected.

**THEIR QUARREL PROBLEM.**

They had not quarreled before, not in all the three years of their "keeping company," nor yet in the three months of their married life. But now they had one, and it seemed all the worse for being the first of its kind, this dread quarrel of theirs. Although not satisfactorily settled, it was over, and she was sitting on the arm of his chair making it up.

"Everything seemed tae gang agen me the day," she said rather woefully, giving her still tearful eyes a furtive dab with the corner of her apron.

"Ay, whiles that's the way. An' it was jist the same wi' me. I was mebbe a bit cross masel'." And after this great concession John stuck his clay pipe in his mouth and pondered.

Jeanie sat idling still, wondering too. "But hoo was I tae ken that ye'd been crossed, too?"

"That's jist what I was wonderin' masel'. I was wonderin' if we cudna hae some kind o' sign, so that you cud see at yinst if I'd been crossed."

"Or, you cud see if I had a bad day," completed Jeanie.

"Ay."

"Weel, John, man, it's no a bad idea that o' yours."

"Noo," suggested he; "supposin' you wis tae pit on a red body, or," seeking inspiration nearer hand, and fingering the corner of her snowy apron, "supposin' ye pit yer apron on askew."

"Man, that's a graun idea!"

"Then," said John, "when I'm feelin' a wee bittie aff, A'll jist stick ma cap richt over ma left ear like, eh?"

"Ay," said his wife, 'an' the gude tempered yin can jist be a wee bit mair conseeperate, an' ken no tae be troublin' the cross yin. It's a fine plan. Ye're aye that clever, John."

"Aweel, we'll see hoo it warks, lassie," answered canny John.

For many a long day those two sunny people did not need to put the suggestion into execution, and so it was almost forgotten.

One day, however, Jeanie had a real bad day. To begin with, John left late for work, and the day started wrong. She put a pan of fruit on the fire to make jam, and lo! the butcher's van came to the door at the crucial moment, and soon Jeanie's ears and nose were horrified by burning sugar and fruit. The butcher had nothing that John would like—another worry. And in the afternoon, when she had some linen to bleach, the rain came down in torrents and spoiled all her work. She felt so cross, and wondered how she could meet John as brightly as usual. Then, as she seized her apron to shift the stew-pot on the fire, she remembered, and smiled quite cheerily as she tied it on a-squint.

What a day John had! He started late, and arrived at his work hot and impatient. He was carting gravel from the river to the big house, and it was weary work in the hot weather. At noon-day his bread was dry and the sun was hot, and in the afternoon he got soaked in the thunder-storm. As he drew near home the dumps got the better of him, and he hoped Jeanie was not in a mood for joking, as he felt distinctly cross. Suddenly he thought of his plan, and tugged his cap to the left.

"That'll jist gie her a hint," he thought.

At that moment he turned the corner, and there stood Jeanie at the cottage door with her apron all awry.

"Jeanie, lass, are you cross?" shouted John, with a hearty laugh, pointing to her apron.

"Jist about as cross as ye are yersel'," and Jeanie snatched off his cap and kissed him.—Scottish Review.

"Worship is the highest act and attitude of the human soul. Man is never more exalted than when he bows in adoration before his Maker and Redeemer. The beasts of the field never convene for worship. Man alone, of all created beings, offers homage to his Creator. In so far as man neglects worship, he neglects what is highest and divinest in his nature. To neglect or refuse to worship is to drift back toward animalism. The more spiritual we are, the more worshipful we will be."



**MRS. SEYMOUR'S MAXIMS.**

1. Never relax the self-watch.
2. Never utter the hasty word or speak the sharp retort.
3. Never indulge in unkind or thoughtless criticisms of others.
4. Never complain, except to God.
5. Detect the one blue spot in the sky.
6. Never permit hard or distrustful thoughts to lodge within the soul.
7. Be always more thoughtful of others than of self.
8. Be quick to find excuse for those who are forward and awkward.
9. Suffer the pains, and trials, and privations of life sweetly, submissively, trustfully.
10. Drink the bitter cup with your eye fixed on the Father's face, without murmur or complaint. This you may do when Christ dwells within.

**PERPLEXING QUESTIONS.**

A distinguished Japanese official visited New York recently and a member of the municipal government who had been in Japan and speaks Japanese undertook to show him around.

"Is that an officer making an arrest?" asked the Japanese, as he saw a man stop a milk wagon.

"Not exactly," replied the official; "he is a milk inspector, and his duty is, under the law, to see that no impure milk is sold in the city. If the milk is all right he will let the milkman pass on; if not he will arrest him."

"What is impure milk?"

"Milk that has been mixed with chalk or water."

"Is the chalk a poison?"

"Oh, no; it impairs the quality, that's all."

"Does water in milk make anybody sick?"

"Why, of course not; but when a person pays for milk he wants milk, not water, which he can get for little or nothing when he desires it. It is a swindle on the public to put water in milk."

"But you say no one is hurt by it."

"Feelings are hurt, that's all."

Soon after they passed a low corner saloon, when the door opened, and a man who came staggering out tripped, struck his head against a lamp-post, and fell heavily on the sidewalk, where he lay as one dead.

"What is the matter with that man?" asked the foreigner from Japan.

"Full of benzine," replied the municipal officer, with a glance of disgust.

"Benzine! What is that?"

"It is a name we have in this country for poor liquor—poison whisky, you understand."

"Bad whisky is a poison?"

"Deadly poison sometimes."

"Has the man a license to sell whisky same as the milkman has to sell milk?"

"Of course, or he couldn't carry on business."

"And do you inspect the whisky as you do the milk?"

"Never."

"Yet there may be poison in it, while the milk is adulterated with chalk and water, which do no harm in particular, you say."

"Ahem," said the city official, twisting about uneasily, "let's look at the markets."

At the markets they found officials inspecting the meat which was on sale.

"What do they do that for?" asked the Japanese.

"To see that the meat is healthful," was the reply.

"If a man should eat a piece of unhealthful meat, would he stumble on the sidewalk and split his head open against the lamp-post, as the man did coming out of the saloon? Would watered milk make him do that?"

"Why, certainly not."

"Yet you inspect meat and milk and let men sell poisoned whisky, which kills people, as much as they please. I can't understand your country."—*Epworth Herald*.

**THE QUESTION OF SUCCESS.**

In nine cases out of ten, a man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of father or mother has kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he stowed away all the time—in short, if what was light fell to him, and what was heavy about the work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk until shirking has become a habit, unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents.

On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk his responsibility, or to dodge work, whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens has become a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents, as they bid him goody-bye, may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.—*Advocate*.

# The Children's Record.

## GIVE THYSELF.

A missionary was preaching to the Maori tribe of New Zealanders. He had been telling them of the sufferings of Christ—how He poured forth His soul unto death for them; and as he concluded the hills rang to the thrilling question:

"Is it nothing to you, all you who pass by? Behold, and see if there be any more sorrow like unto His sorrow."

Then stood forth a plumed and painted chief, the scarred warrior of many fights, and as his lips quivered with emotion, he spoke:

"And did the Son of the Highest suffer this for us men? Then the chief would like to offer Him some poor return for His great love. Would the Son of God like to accept the chief's hunting dog? Swift of foot, and keen of scent, the tribe has not such another, and he has been to the chief as a friend."

But the missionary told him that the Son had no need of such gifts. Thinking he had mistaken the gift, he resumed:

"Yet perhaps he would accept my well-tried rifle. Unerring of aim the chief cannot replace it." Again the missionary shook his head.

For a moment the chief paused; then, as a new thought struck him, suddenly despoiling himself of his striped blanket, he cried, with childlike earnestness: "Perhaps He who had nowhere to lay His head will yet accept the chieftain's blanket. The poor chief will be cold without it, yet it is offered joyfully."

Touched by love's persistency, the missionary tried to explain to him the real nature of the Son of God; that it was not men's gifts, but men's hearts that He yearned for.

For a moment a cloud of grief darkened the rough features of the old chief; then, as the true nature of the Son of God slowly dawned upon him, laying aside his blanket and rifle, he clasped his hands, and looking up into the blue sky, his face beaming with joy, he exclaimed:

"Perhaps the Son of the Blessed One will deign to accept the poor old chief himself?"  
—Selected.

## A GLORIOUS LESSON.

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the Free Dispensary, where the young doctor had an unsalaried position.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me you were not doing anything?" he thundered. "Not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," exclaimed the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow men? Never mind about the money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live."

"That speech," I said to a friend of mine, one who has spent many years as a conspicuously successful teacher, "went into the bones of the young doctor's life, and strengthened him for a life of usefulness."

"Ah," said the professor, "that one speech was worth years of text-book reading. And yet it was made without an instant's preparation."

"Far from it," I answered quickly. "It had taken sixty years of noble living, struggling against sin and self, pressing forward in the paths of righteousness, bearing the cross, following hard after the Perfect Man, to prepare that old Christian to make that speech. Then the moment came, and he was ready to teach the glorious lesson."—  
Young Folks.



**EDDIE'S MISSIONARY BOX.**

Eddie had become interested in gathering money to send the Gospel to the heathen and hit upon this happy device. He rummaged in the garret and found an old-fashioned powder-horn, which he decided to make into a missionary box. His older brother said he might have the horn, but wondered what he was going to do with it.

The large end of the horn had a wooden bottom, and Eddie scraped it smooth, and asked his brother if he would cut some letters on it. "Yes," said his brother, and Eddie gave him these words:

"Once I was the horn of an ox,  
Now I am a missionary box."

Eddie inked the letters, and then as he showed his box to his friends they were all so pleased with his ingenuity that they all put something into it, and he became a large contributor.—Ex.

**THE LEGEND OF THE TWO SACKS.**

An ancient legend describes an old man traveling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him. In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, which were soon quite hidden from view and forgotten. In the one hanging around his neck, under his chin, he threw all the sins which his acquaintances committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along day by day, which necessarily hindered his course.

One day to his surprise, he met a man coming slowly along, also wearing two sacks.

"What have you here?" asked the old man.

"Why, my good deeds," replied Number Two. "I keep these all before me, and take them out and air them frequently."

"What is in the other big sack?" asked the first traveler. "It seems weighty."

"Merely my little mistakes. I always keep them in the sack hanging over my back."

Presently the two travelers were joined by a third, who, strange to say, also carried two sacks—one under his chin and one on his back.

"Let us see the contents of your sacks, exclaimed the two first travelers.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger, "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sack looks heavy; it must be very full," observed the old man.

"There you are mistaken," replied the

stranger; they are big but not heavy; the weight is only such as sails are to a ship. Far from being a burden, it helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little use to you," said Number Two, "for it appears to be empty. And I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did that on purpose," said the stranger, "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through, and is lost. So, you see, I have no weight to drag me down backwards."—Exchange.

**HAYDN AND THE SHEEP.**

Like most great men Joseph Haydn, the great musician, began to be great when he was a little boy. His father was a German wheelwright, and I dare say never meant him to be anything but a wheelwright, either; but he showed such a taste for music and had so sweet a voice that it was quite clear that he was meant for something different. When eight years old, we are told, he was chosen to be a chorister at St. Stephen's church, in Vienna, and music, was thenceforward the business of his life.

But while he was yet a lad, he and one of his young companions set out on a little tour. There were no railroads in those days (for Haydn was born in 1752), and they were too poor to go by diligence, so they walked, carrying the few things they wanted in knapsacks. Of course, they could not do without some music, so their flute went with them.

They had reached Italy, and while crossing the Apennines, sat down to rest. It was hot; and I dare say they were weary, so the flute was brought out to refresh their spirits. The blue Italian sky was overhead, and there were vineyards in the valley below. On the hillside, sheep were feeding, though they hardly noticed them, as Haydn began playing to his friend and himself.

But presently—would you believe it?—first one sheep lifted up his head to listen, then another; then the first drew a little nearer, the second nearer still, and the others all followed, and the whole flock stood as if spellbound around Joseph Haydn and his friend.

The boys were much astonished at this very unlooked-for behavior on the part of their dumb companions, and were still more so when they found that the sheep entered into the difference between the lively and the sad. For when Haydn played a plaintive air, they drooped their heads in sympathy, and when he changed it into a cheerful strain, they came closer still, and even rubbed against his legs to show their pleasure.—From *The Young Christian Soldier*.

## FROM A GIRL'S VIEWPOINT.

### A Paper at a Girls' Club.

The "Learn-to-Do-Well" Club, with its winsome girls, had gathered for their monthly meeting. It was composed of Mrs. Snow's Sabbath school class, and was the outgrowth of an earnest purpose on the part of their teacher to help these young, bright girls to see life from its highest and best viewpoint.

After the formal opening of the meeting with Scripture reading and prayer, the first assignment was always the paper.

Upon this evening it had by rotation fallen to Helen Carter, a bright, lovable girl, a leader among her associates, and one who always commanded attention. When she was called to the place assigned to the speaker, expectancy was manifested in the attention of every member present, which increased as she read the following:

#### "Giving, From a Girl's Viewpoint."

When this subject was assigned to me I had no convictions regarding it, and my interest was not greater than my convictions. Just as soon as I knew that, according to our club rules, I must prepare a paper for this club meeting, I began to think what my point of view was regarding it; and I was ashamed to find that I, Helen Carter, almost seventeen years old, had not an idea upon this subject, and that I must begin at the very beginning.

The day after our last meeting I went in to Boston, and, going up the West End from the North Station, I saw two small girls standing on the sidewalk, the older one holding a baby in her arms. Just as I reached them, a lady passed with a beautiful bunch of lilacs in her hand. Both children gazed in admiration. Then the "little mother" said to the girl beside her, "If that lady had given those flowers to me, I would have given half of them to you."

Wasn't that beautiful? That poor child had nothing to give her little friend except a generous thought, and I, with a yard full of lilacs, had never, even in imagination, thought of giving a cluster of them away for the happiness they might bring to somebody who did not have flowers. How very small and how very unworthy I felt beside that poor child with the baby in her arms! But she taught me a lesson in giving.

When I got home from Boston that day, I went out into the yard and stood before our lilac bushes. They never looked so beautiful to me before. I saw in each bunch silver and gold and diamonds for the plucking, and in every one was photographed a little girl with a baby in her

arms and a little friend beside her. I imagined I heard the lilacs say, "If that lady had given those flowers to me, I would have given half of them to you."

I picked a cluster next morning and smuggled them off to Martha Holt. Her mother does our washing. You know Martha has some hip disease, and has to use crutches. When I gave her the lilacs she was so pleased that again I felt ashamed that I had not thought of such a small service before. When she went out of the room to get water for the flowers, I noticed a missionary mite box and another box on the small table that also held her crochet work.

"Martha Holt, a poor crippled girl, whose mother takes in washing to support herself, has a missionary mite box!" Those were the words I said to myself.

But I said something more; and if I had said it aloud, it would have been a jerky exclamation something like this: "Helen Carter, get your pocketbook, quick! before Martha Holt comes back, and do you put every dime and nickel you have into that box!"

I obeyed the command quickly, for Martha's crutches on the kitchen floor reminded me that there was no time to lose. I scarcely had time to say good-bye to the chocolates that I was going to buy that morning. I don't know how much money I had in my purse, but I do know that it was all that was left of my month's allowance. I wished for the moment that it was a thousand dollars. I really believe I should have put it all into Martha Holt's missionary mite box.

I was looking on the other box when Martha came into the room. It was about the size of the mite box, with just "Malachi 3, 10" written on the cover. When Martha came back I said to her, regardless of politeness: "Martha, what have you in that little box?"

Martha blushed a bit, but said, "Oh, that's my tithing box!" Then she explained that when she received her pay for crocheting or when she had any money she always put by one-tenth of it for the Lord. There was very little she could do, she said, but she could "pay her tithes unto the Lord."

Then came my turn to blush. Right then and there I said some mean things of myself to myself, and the worst of it was that every mean thing I thought of myself was true.

All at once I remembered my club subject, "Giving, from a Girl's Viewpoint." By the time I reached home that morning I had done considerable thinking. I got my Bible and found Malachi 3, 10, and I read these words: "Bring ye all the tithes into



the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Then I got a box and wrote this whole verse on the cover, and put it on the table in my room. There is not a penny in it yet, for I haven't a penny to my name; but there are going to be some further on. I expect to get more good out of my tithing box than the Lord will. And now, I wonder why I never thought of it before.

Two weeks ago I received a letter from my cousin Adele, who lives in New York. Some of you met her last summer. She is such a dear girl. I knew from the tone of her letter from the very first that something good had come to her. Every sentence spoke happiness. Near the close of the letter it all became clear as daylight. She explained: "Dear Cousin Helen, I have given myself to Jesus Christ, His for service henceforth."

A panorama of what that might involve flashed before my vision. I read those words over and over again. Then suddenly a new light on giving dawned upon me. I not only saw Adele going through life with that motto, but I began to feel that it was the right thing for everybody to do. "Given myself for service!" Before I slept that night it was all settled so far as it concerned me. I gave myself for service. I have been happy as a bird ever since. Why should I not give myself to the Master for service?

"Giving, from a Girl's Viewpoint!" I have evolved three viewpoints upon this subject:

1. To give thought for the good and the happiness of others.
2. To give one-tenth of all my money to the Lord.
3. To give myself for service.

There was no discussion following the reading of the paper; but a hush fell upon the little company. Each one present was considering life from new viewpoints.

And when Mrs. Snow said, "Girls, let us pray," every one present knelt with the leader as she offered a prayer of praise and thanksgiving that such a blessed experience had come to Helen Carter, and besought the Heavenly Father to come into the life of all the dear girls who had listened to those beautiful words of consecration.

When the roll call gave opportunity for each one to respond, the first girl who spoke moved that giving from the viewpoint of Helen Carter be recommended as the viewpoint of every member of the "Learn-To-Do-Well" Club, and that motion was unanimously adopted.—Sel.

## DR. GRENFELL'S CONVERSION.

As the hour is made up of the moments, so life, in its entirety, is made up of an aggregation of little things. As we deal with the little things or the little things affect us, so in the main is our living. An illustration of the power of little things as affecting character is that related by Dr. Wilfred Grenfell.

In 1883 he attended the meetings of Mr. Moody at Northfield. At that time his chief interest was athletics and all kinds of sport. It never occurred to him that a really manly fellow could be a Christian.

He drifted in to hear the American evangelist one night. An elderly clergyman, with a tendency for long prayers, wearied him, and he was about to leave the room. "We will now sing a hymn while the brother finishes his prayer," broke in Mr. Moody in his unconventional manner, while the minister was still addressing the throne of grace.

It saved the situation, and Dr. Grenfell was not merely attracted by the practical wit shown on this occasion, but was deeply impressed by Mr. Moody's common sense and manly attitude. The result was his conversion, and the carrying to the people of Labrador some years later a simple, earnest faith very like Mr. Moody's in its practical character.—Ex.

## EVERYBODY LIKES HER.

There is a type of girl that everybody likes. Nobody can tell exactly why, but after you have met her you turn away to some other woman and say:—"Don't you like Miss Grosvenor?" Now the reason you like her is a subtle one; without knowing all about her you feel just the sort of girl she is.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

And by-and-by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and therefore you like her?

### THE WORN BIBLE.

Two men came to a missionary in Africa after travelling two hundred miles to see whether they could get a whole Bible in a certain language.

He asked how they came to have the Bible at all at their home.

One of them said that twenty-five years before he had gone to work in a town, had learned to read, and when he went back had carried a Bible that a missionary gave him.

For twenty years he had been reading it to his people, and some of them had become followers of Christ.

He took out of a sheepskin case that he had made, the Bible the old missionary had given him, and said, "It is getting worn, but the Bible never gets old."—Junior Endeavor World.

### WHICH WILL YOU BE.

You can hardly imagine a boy saying "I am going to be a second-class man. I don't want to be first-class, and get good jobs and high pay. Second-class jobs are good enough for me." Such a boy would be regarded as lacking in good sense, if not in sanity.

You can get to be a second-class man, however, by not trying to be a first-class one. Thousands are doing that all the time, and so second-class men are a drug upon the market.

Second-class things are only wanted when first-class can't be had. You can wear first-class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first-class butter, first-class meat, first-class bread; or, if you don't, you wish you could. Second-class men are no more wanted than any other second-class commodity. They are taken and used when the better article is scarce, or is too high priced for the occasion. For work that really amounts to anything first-class men are wanted.—Sel.

### WATCHING THE OTHER BOY.

"When I was a boy," said an old man "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called to us, 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees a boy idling, tell me, and I will attend to the case.'"

"'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, whom I don't like. I'll watch him and if I see him look off his book I'll tell.' It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"'Indeed!' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'

"'I saw him,' said I.

"'You did? And were your eyes on your books when you saw him?'

"I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.—Selected.

### SEVEN LINKS A DAY.

In the earlier days of our continent, in an eastern sea-coast town lived a blacksmith who forged anchor-chain links. He was a splendid blacksmith but not a speedy workman. His motto was, "Seven links a day and well done."

There came to the town another blacksmith who made ten links a day by rushing, but he could not move the other man. "Seven links a day and well done" was still his motto.

Yonder out at sea a storm is brewing; the waves are tossing high, the sky is black, the elements are in a tremendous discord. A ship is trying to anchor; one is plunged over the side, and for a few moments the chain tightens, holds, and then snaps. Another is quickly let go, and it does the same.

Finally the reserve anchor is let go. The chain pays out, tightens, and with baited breath the sailors watch. If this chain breaks they are doomed men. The chain tightens, quivers in the blast, but she holds! The ship is saved! It had been forged by the honest old blacksmith whose motto was, "Seven links a day and well done."

Slow but sure is better than speedy but fail. Let other Christians and workers be brilliant if they will; but let us be content to plod faithfully in our present sphere doing well all that we do, and there can never come the hour of failure.—Ex.

### HIS GREATEST TREASURE.

A certain shepherd boy was keeping his sheep in a flowery meadow, and because his heart was happy, he sang so loudly that the surrounding hills echoed back his song. One morning the king, who was out hunting, spoke to him and said: "Why are you so happy, my boy?"

"Why should I not be happy?" answered the boy. "Our king is not richer than I."

"Indeed," said the king, "pray tell me of your great possessions."

The shepherd boy answered: "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take a hundred thousand dollars for my hands; my eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world. I have food and clothing, too. Am I not, therefore, as rich as the king?"

"You are right," said the king, with a smile, "but your greatest treasure is your contented heart. Keep it so, and you will always be happy."—Ex.



### HER DEGREES.

"I am an M.D.W., and a B.S., and a D.H.G.," she laughed, when some one spoke of the coveted degree a college friend had secured.

An astonished question brought the explanation: "Master of Dish Washing, Bachelor of Sweeping, Doctor of House-keeping Generally." She stopped to enjoy the joke a moment, then went on more seriously. "More than that, I would not exchange degrees with our learned friend for anything. Oh yes, it is lovely to be learned and 'degree-d,'—but so is it lovely to be anything in which you are at your best—as I am in my humbler sphere. I couldn't fill her place—but it affords me great satisfaction to think that neither could she exactly fill mine, and so we are both suited."

Such a sound wholesome attitude toward life and its duties is well worth while. Not every one can be learned in the book meaning of the term. Most of us must be satisfied with a fair, plain education, with few if any frills. But to the hosts of workers who must do things with hand as well as brain, it is cheering to think that their part in life is equal to any other.

Then, too, there is another truth embodied in the remark of the one who claimed degrees in her household duties. Each of us can win degrees with honor, if we do our work with the determination to make it fine and good. No degree is won without good work. No work is without its degrees, if it is well done, honest, faithful, worthy of the honor.—East and West.

### I'LL BE A FIRST-CLASS MAN.

You can hardly imagine a boy saying, "I am going to be a second-class man. I don't want to be first-class, and get good jobs and high pay. Second-class jobs are good enough for me." Such a boy would be regarded as lacking in good sense, if not in sanity.

You can get to be a second-class man, however, by not trying to be a first-class one. Thousands are doing that all the time, and so second-class men are a drug upon the market.

Second-class things are only wanted when first-class can't be had. You can wear first-class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first-class butter, first-class meat, first-class bread; or, if you don't, you wish you could. Second-class men are no more wanted than any other second-class commodity. They are taken and used when the better article is scarce, or is too high priced for the occasion. For work that really amounts to anything first-class men are wanted.—Sel.

### THE BLESSING OF CHEERFULNESS.

God bless the cheerful person—man, woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously, about their mission, happiness beaming from their faces.

We love to sit near them. We love the nature of their eye, the tone of their voices. Little children find them out quickly amid the densest crowd, and passing by the knitted brow and compressed lip, glide near, laying a confiding hand on their knee and lift their clear, young eyes to those loving faces.—A. A. Willits.

### ONE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Some boys will pick up a good education in the odds and ends of time, which others carelessly throw away, as one man saves a fortune by small economies, which others disdain to practice. What young man is too busy to get an hour a day for self-improvement?

"You will never 'find' time for anything. If you want time, you must take it.

If a genius like Gladstone carried through life a little book in his pocket, lest an unexpected moment should slip from his grasp, what should we, of common abilities, resort to to save the precious moments from oblivion?

"Nothing is worse for those who have business than the visits of those who have none," was the motto of a Scottish editor.

Drive the minutes or they will drive you. Success in life is what Garfield called a question of "margins." Tell me how a young man uses the little ragged edges of time while waiting for meals or tardy appointments, after his day's work is done, or evenings—what opportunity—and I will tell you what that man's success will be. One can usually tell by his manner, the direction of the wrinkles in his forehead or the expression of his eyes, whether he has been in the habit of using his time to good advantage or not.

"The most valuable of all possessions is time; life itself is measured by it." The man who loses no time doubles his life. Wasting time is wasting life.

Some squander time, some invest it, some kill it. That precious half-hour a day which many of us throw away, rightly used, would save us from the ignorance which mortifies us, the narrowness and pettiness which always attend exclusive application to our callings.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.—Success.

### A LIFE-LONG LESSON.

One day an incident occurred that had a powerful effect upon my after life. I was trundling an iron hoop when I saw a large toad hopping towards me. I wondered if I could hit him with my hoop. I raised the hoop and threw it at him with all my strength. It struck him in the back, killing him instantly. He spread out his legs as quick as a flash and looked to my wondering eyes like a little dead baby.

I had no thought that I could hit him, and no desire to hurt him, and I was very much troubled over my unfortunate marksmanship. "Why did I do it," I asked myself. "The toad was minding his own business and had not troubled me."

It taught me a lesson never to be forgotten, and when I pass that street in Salem (although many long years have gone by since that incident occurred) the whole transaction presents itself to my troubled vision and I still have that deed upon my conscience.

The troubles of the poor toad were ended, but were transferred to myself in the form of a troubled and guilty conscience. The poor toad did this good. It taught its slayer to be more thoughtful and considerate to all creatures that exist through the goodness of God.

If each of us can teach others what the poor creature taught me, we shall not have lived or died in vain.—"Our Dumb Animals."

### WHY THE CHINAMAN WEARS A CUE.

The Chinese have many customs and habits of dress that seem strange to Canadians. One of these is the manner in which they wear their hair braided in long, snake-like cues down the back.

But the Chinaman's cue is a very important part of his make-up. It not only is a badge of his nationality, but it proclaims him a loyal subject of the emperor of the country whence he comes.

The history of the Chinaman's cue is interesting. In 1616 the empire was overrun by the Manchus, and twenty-eight years later the invaders were in possession of the throne of China.

The first emperor of the Manchu dynasty commanded that the cue be worn as a sign of submission to his authority, and the conquered Chinese were compelled to adopt the Manchu style. Those who refused to do so were to be put to death.

Later the death penalty was withdrawn, and a small reward was given to each person who should adopt the cue as the emperor commanded.

Nearly three centuries of cue-wearing have established the custom so thoroughly that

the force used at the beginning to compel the Chinaman to adopt it would now be necessary to compel him to abandon it.—Sel.

### THAT MAN.

He was unmistakably drunk. He was so from choice, his own choice. At some time he took what is called "his first drink." Had he not done so he would never have been as he was when he staggered by, making the movement of those who encountered him almost as uncertain as his own. Had he never taken that first drink there would have been no second, and no such exhibition as he was making of himself in broad day on the crowded thoroughfare.

But he had taken the "first drink," and the second, and many another, and there he was to be jeered at, laughed at, scorned or pitied, according to the sentiment that ruled in the mind of the passer.

"That man" was young once. He had as fair prospects as any one. That ruinous "first drink" was taken. He meant nothing when he took it. It was a part of the night's fun. Other boys did it. He would not be singular.

When he waked next morning, hardly knowing where he was, confused, weak, distressed, he remembered he had taken a second drink, and that there had been noise and ribaldry.

He remembered too a protest that came out of his soul somewhere, and then he had taken one more glass, and the rest was oblivion.

There was overpowering shame as he waked. How could he meet the men with whom he must associate? Oh, the misery of it.

That was a pitiful day for him. He had been drunk. His life was marked with a memory that could never be effaced. Between him and home there was something now which must never be told. Poor fellow. He resolved that morning never to drink again. But what could he do? His resolves went down before temptation like grass before the scythe.

That was twenty-five years ago, and to-day "that man," bleary, shabby, old before he is fifty, battered, broken, drunken, staggered by, laughed at, jeered, scorned by all who met him.

His home is the abode of poverty. A broken-hearted woman waits the sound of his unsteady step as he comes. There is nothing but misery. Once he chose to drink his "first drink," and that choice determined his destiny.—Ex.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."



**THE SMALL DUTY.**

BY CORA S. DAY.

"I will not bother to do it this time. I am busy, and he can do it for himself, just this once," she thought, and went on about her own particular affairs. It was the smallest duty of the day—this little service which she omitted for once—the carrying of the morning paper into the sitting room to put into the feeble, waiting hands of the old grandfather, who liked to sit near the sunny window and read the paper.

It was such a little thing, and she did not bother to do it that one morning; but when the old man went to get it for himself from where it had been tossed onto a chair in the next room, he caught his halting foot in a rumpled rug, stumbled and fell, and there was a sprained limb and days of helplessness and pain for him. All because the young granddaughter had omitted the usual, thoughtful little service.

She was truly sorry for the accident, for she knew that she might have prevented it. She said as much, frankly, with real penitence in face and voice that won her ready forgiveness.

Yet, a little later in the day, her small brother came rushing in from some too-strenuous play in the yard, sobbing over a hurt finger, and seeking sisterly sympathy, as much as ministering hands, to bind up the wound.

She was busy with her music, just then. She stopped, with a little shrug and frown of impatience at the interruption, listened to half the story, then hurriedly tied up the finger, and bade the small chap run out again and not bother her any longer, neglecting to give the comforting word and soothing interest in his little misfortune.

Do you suppose she ever had read Phillips Brooks's words, "Never fear to bring the sublimest motives to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest troubles?" Does not that seem to fit the two things which came to the girl to do, and which she thought so little worth her genuine attention?

The words are like a keynote to high living. The great things come rarely, but the small duties, the small troubles, meet us at every turn, and should claim our thought and careful attention.—S. S. Visitor.

**ABOUT TELLING SECRETS.**

Agnes was home from a visit and was eager to tell everything that had happened while she was away. It was her first visit away from home alone, for she was only twelve years old, so it was an important event in her short life. It seemed as if her tongue could not fly fast enough in her eagerness to tell everything, for so much pleasure had been crowded into one little week, by the mother of the little hostess.

"Did Mrs. C—— tell you that, Agnes?" asked her mother in the midst of something she was telling.

"No, mother, I happened to see and hear some things that told me all about it. I wasn't listening, nor watching, but I couldn't help knowing."

"And do you think Mrs. C—— would like to have you tell?"

"Why—why, mother, I don't see why she would care. She didn't ask me not to mention it."

"But, my dear, she did not think it was necessary to ask a lady not to mention things not intended for her ears. In every home there are little family secrets, perhaps unpleasant happenings, that accidentally come out when guests are present, and it is a dreadful thing for the guests to even hint that they saw and heard. Would you like to have the story told if it had been about your brother, instead of Laura C——'s?"

They had a long, serious talk together and Agnes learned how sacred are the secrets that are confined to anyone, or discovered by accident. She learned that a boy or girl very soon loses the esteem, not only of grown people, but of other boys and girls, by publishing broadcast the things that should not be mentioned.

Wouldn't people enjoy having guests, old and young, a great deal more if they always felt sure that only the pleasant things would be told? Every boy and every girl who goes visiting, or who overhears on the street, or in any way finds out secrets not intended for his ears, should seal his lips henceforth on the subject. In no other way can young people make themselves popular and well liked, more than by being well bred in regard to secrets.—Sel.

**WOULD YOU BE BEAUTIFUL.**

Of course, all our young girls desire to be beautiful. But many seem to forget that beauty is more than skin deep. No perfection of skin and feature will atone for an unlovely expression. And a lovely expression can only come from a sweet nature. We all are not born with pretty faces; but we all can cultivate a sweet disposition, which will brighten the countenance and give a beauty of character far surpassing that of complexion or features.

You may not be able to alter the shape of your nose, or change the color of your eyes or the size of your ears; but, if you cultivate interest in those about you, if you acquire thoughtfulness and unselfishness, you will find that you will have great beautifiers, which will render you attractive beyond anticipation. Physical defects are not noticed where there is a pleasing expression. The charms of a beautiful character are more to be sought than delicate complexion and features.—Selected.

# World Wide Work

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## A "MODERN MIRACLE PLANT."

(The following interesting article is from a missionary pamphlet, shewing the good work of mission hospitals. Ed).

The life of a busy mission hospital is a grand sight to behold. The meeting before the daily clinic is like a regular Sunday service, with a full and attentive audience. The scene at the clinics is most impressive. The sense of need, of suffering, of faith and hope among the patients, with sense of capacity, helpfulness, sympathy and skill in the physician and his attendants, are ever present.

In one year patients came to Pang Chuang from 1,031 villages, not a few coming five to ten days' journey. In one of the busiest months there were discharged 141 patients, who returned to their homes in 123 villages, located in 19 counties. Dr. Porter has recently written: "One-half of our native churches had their origin in patients in hospital attendance."

The woes of Chinese medical treatment bear with special hardship on Chinese women. Their physical miseries are beyond estimate. The presence of an educated Christian medical woman in the sick-room, wise and winning, strong and sweet, is one of God's best gifts to China.

The Chinese have never had a rational anatomy, and to dissect any dead body would be to incur risk of dissection yourself. Acupuncture—the value of which seems to be largely due to subjective impression—is their main substitute for surgery.

The amount of disease in the dense population of China, living in conditions where sanitation is not only unknown, but impossible, is very great. That the not infrequent epidemics of the worst type, such as fevers, cholera, and the black plague do not sweep away the entire community must be owing to a possession of a kind of immunity on the part of the many. The Chinese now living are themselves the survival of the physically fittest.

Every where mission hospitals are crowded. They are giving relief to the multitudes, who, unlike our poor at home, do not have a choice of hospitals and dispensaries with physicians everywhere ready and willing to help. It is their only chance to escape from a crude, almost barbarous medical practice, and the marvelous benefits are not unappreciated.

They come in small or in large carts, drawn by oxen, mules, horses, donkeys or cows, or any mixture of these; in chairs carried by four men; on beds tied to long poles suspended from shoulder-sticks carried by four or eight men; in small and large baskets; in creaking wheel-barrows of divers patterns; astride all sorts of beasts of burden; in arms of tired parents; or slowly and painfully finding their way on foot.

An intelligent man, village mathematician, at Kuan Chaung, in the Pang Chuang region, came to break off his opium habit. He was seized with dropsy and died. His Christian funeral made a deep impression on his friends and opened the way for an outstation in his village. Ere long there were fifty members in eight or ten neighboring villages. The largest single number of students and helpers from any one village are found here. A half score have completed the college course at the North China Union College.

In one day three suicides were brought to Pang Chuang. One had eaten the heads from six boxes of watches, one drank kerosene, and one had eaten arsenic. The lives of all were saved. Perhaps opium is more frequently used with suicidal intent than anything else, especially in cities.

A man with aggravated dyspepsia came bringing a quantity of sand which he had been in the habit of eating. He made it by grinding up the stone rollers which are used in crushing the grain, and said that he ate up several during the year. It was first prescribed by a Chinese doctor, who had been using it for some years, and said



there were a number of others in his region who had acquired the habit. When attacks of pain came on he swallowed several ounces of this coarse sand, which he said held it down. Five or six pounds of sand were taken from him when he came to Pang Chuang hospital. Unfortunately his craving for it was so great that he would not remain till he was cured.—Dr. Peck, in report for 1897.

"A man came to the hospital at Pang Chuang some five years ago wheeling his wife in a barrow. The leg of this poor woman was in a bad condition, making amputation necessary. The husband showed himself one of the most patient and thoughtful of husbands ever seen in China. He was unceasing in the care of his wife, who was as bright and happy in all her trouble as ever a woman could be.

The husband helped everybody and seemed so gentle and kindly that after some months he was taken on as a gate-keeper. The two became Christians and lived in most loving harmony, a signal illustration of native goodness adorned by Christian knowledge and grace.

The wife was provided with a simple crutch after the best modern pattern, made by our carpenter. She has been very useful in teaching other women, assisting, although so crippled, in the capacity of a Bible woman.

Always happy and hopeful she has shown herself a valuable and loving Christian worker. In her village, a day's journey distant, there is a small church. Among its members are five women whose united ages are three hundred and sixty-five years. This illustrates alike the simplicity and the power of the Gospel to win its way into the hearts of those seeking the truth.

The "little gate keeper" has died, but his good wife is still active in daily effort to teach and to preach.

What, then, are the benefits which have come to be recognized as conferred by medical missions? It seems like repeating well-worn tales, and little complimentary to the intelligence of any one interested enough to read this to recount them, but, briefly, they fall into two lines.

First, the help given to the missionaries themselves, isolated as they often are by

days or weeks of travel from the nearest Occidental colony. This applies to all foreign mission fields, pioneers of civilization as they are.

Second, the benefits conferred upon the native peoples. First of course comes its value as a grand object lesson in practical Christianity.

You take the Bible to the heathen, and he may spit upon it, or throw it aside as worthless or harmful. You preach the Gospel to him and he may regard you as a hireling who makes preaching a trade. He may meet your arguments with sophistry, your appeals with a sneer. You educate him and he may turn from a heathen to an infidel. But heal his bodily ailments in the name of Christ, and you are sure at least that he will love you and bless you, and all that you say to him will have a meaning and a power not conveyed by other lips.

The waiting rooms are the central points of spiritual influence. There we find mingling little children with sallow, wasted faces; young girls shrinking from the strange doctors, and from telling their ills; women clad in rags and poverty with loathsome sores; aged dames, blear-eyed and trembling; women in silks and jewels,—surely a group to make us glad that soul life is higher than that of the body.

As an auxiliary to so-called direct mission work, the medical arm has been proved to be second to none in its efficiency in advancing Christianity in China. Whatever may be its value in other countries, in China it has no rival or equal. It is the one visible fruit of Christianity and an evidence of good, which the Chinese first notice, towering above everything else, and so readily commends the Christian religion to their attention and consideration.

The influence of the medical missionary has been profound. To the physician and surgeon, with his marvel of daring, of skill and of energy, the Chinese accord the highest praise, bearing their testimony to the increasing and lasting influence of the missionary upon the upper as well as the lower classes in China.

One great value of medical work among the Chinese, is the exhibition of the spirit of Christ, among a people whose natural tendency when another is ill to say (or

at least to feel) "What is that to us? See thou to that." It is a common thing for daughters-in-law to be quite neglected by her husband's family in case of serious illness, leaving the woman's own mother to care for her.

Nowhere in the world is there a better reproduction in modern times of what we know the Master to have been, than in that of the missionary doctor, who lavishes his abundant strength and skill for the benefit of alien peoples who instinctively despise him. This must and does bear ultimate fruit. Under these conditions it is not difficult to get entrance into the most inaccessible hearts, opened by the key of kindness and love.

It often happens that medical and especially surgical successes awaken an amount of "faith" which is embarrassing. Because a "blind" woman has been cured of a cataract, it is firmly believed that if a due number of obeisances are made, the doctor can make a new set of optics for a man whose sight was lost from small-pox in infancy.

Nowhere is there such a field for teaching Christianity as among the patients of a Christian hospital in China, and no one is so able to do it wisely and well as the doctor himself. On this account, as well as for many other reasons, it is desirable that every medical work of any size should have the service of more than one physician, so that in case of his own disability, absence on furlough, etc., the work can go on unchecked.

Besides this new spirit the generous kindness which sends men and women across seas from a strange land to give these blessings to an alien race is, when interpreted by the precepts of the Bible, made more impressive by these object lessons.

It would be a pleasure to extend these reflexions, but I think the quick intelligence of my readers will need but the suggestion, and will only add in conclusion that the mission hospital attracts the interest and good will of the influential men of the country. Their sympathies do not always go out toward the purely religious teaching, but the good of the medical work is freely recognized by them for themselves and the people; while many a poor cripple

on the hard benches of the hospital waiting-room has found in his helplessness, that he was at the "Beautiful Gate" of an unimagined future into which he has been able to enter walking and leaping and praising God.

The hospitals, too, have in training a host of young men and not a few young women, as students who will multiply the present beneficence many fold in their future service to humanity.

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### RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN RUSSIA.

It seems that Russia is really making some progress toward religious liberty, though the progress is slow and delayed. The liberal press of Russia considers the bill enacted by the Douma just before adjourning for the summer as "the most important law for the cultural progress of Russia ever passed by the Douma."

The Czar, after a fashion, guaranteed religious liberty in his proclamation in October. But the Orthodox Church continued to be the authoritative religious body, and the persecution of all other creeds has continued with little abatement. The act now passed by the Douma provides:

1. That all citizens of age shall have right to choose their own religion, and be free to change it according to the dictates of their conscience.

2. That children from the age of fourteen to twenty-one shall have the right to choose their religion with the consent of their parents.

3. That only parents shall have the right to determine the religion of children up to the age of fourteen.

The discussion of the bill in the Douma occasioned scenes of great violence, the clerical party denouncing the bill and its advocates in unmeasured terms. The conservative press, since the passage of the bill, still opposes toleration, on the ground that religious freedom is impossible in Russia. There can be no doubt that the lifting of the oppressive bondage of the Orthodox Church will develop much recoil from religious teaching. But the final outcome must inevitably be for the truth which truly makes free.—Philadelphia Presbyterian.



### CLAIMS OF THE R. C. CHURCH.

The claims of Roman Catholics to equal political and educational advantages with Protestants cannot be disputed. The Protestant who would deny his Roman Catholic neighbour equal rights with himself is not true to the Protestantism he professes to hold. The Protestantism that does anyone a wrong stands condemned as unchristian. "*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*" is the authoritative proclamation of our Redeemer. The limitation fixed by the words "as thyself," carries the Divine sanction.

But Roman Catholicism asks for more than equal rights. The Church must govern the State. The Pontiff must have the precedence of the King. We do not libel Roman Catholicism in so writing. Roman Catholics will readily admit the correctness of our representations. They will go further, and proudly defend a church which alone of all the churches has the boldness to claim infallibility.

The issue must be joined in the first instance not between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, but between Roman Catholicism and the State. The State will have to fight for her own independence, and will do so with the less hope of success the more she countenances principles that must in the long run antagonise her own.—The Christian Irishman.

### THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE.

In reading the following from the "Woman's Missionary Friend," please remember that we have a work of our own among the French in Canada (New France), who need the Scriptures as much as those in old France. And we have a Gospel boat too, in British Columbia. You will find an account of it in this issue.—Ed.

In the summer of 1871 Dr. Robert McAll was distributing tracts at the door of a café in Belleville, one of the poorer parts of Paris, when a workingman said to him: "It is said of us that we are opposed to religion. It is not true! We are done with an imposed religion, a religion of forms and ceremonies, but we are ready to hear if any one will come and teach us the true religion of freedom and earnestness." This simple incident is responsible for the opening of the McAll Mission, which is organized to carry to the French people, especially the working class, the pure, simple Gospel.

The first modest conference hall was opened in Belleville but now more than a dozen strategic centers in Paris and its suburbs are occupied, while there are other missions in equally important points all over France and even in Corsica.

There are practically no limits to the Mission's opportunities. "In every city and town many are ready to listen to the full setting forth of God's saving truth. There is a widespread dissatisfaction with superstitious belief on the one hand, and with irreverent unbelief on the other. The French nation shows signs of being increasingly weary of the very atheism which it still vaunts. Even French philosophers, popular writers, political leaders, virtually confess that France needs such a religion, and such a religious life, as she does not now possess."

Only a few years were needed to prove to the police that the Mission is a powerful friend of order. Three years after the first hall was opened the Préfet of the Seine said to Dr. McAll: "Open as many stations as you please, for I find that wherever you open a *salle*, there I need fewer policemen."

In these halls services are held nearly every evening, and in many the children are gathered two afternoons in each week, for religious instruction. Some of the halls are provided with playgrounds, gymnasiums and reading rooms, where the children enjoy themselves just as they do in other countries.

One of the Paris Sunday schools, made up of poor children, collects \$20 a year, penny by penny, and sends it to Africa. There it pays for a scholarship in a school conducted by a missionary who first heard of Christ in a McAll Mission in Paris.

The way the poor people contribute to the support of their halls is wonderful. One widow, who has several little children and makes aprons for a living, gave ten francs (\$2) a month, last year, and her oldest daughter one franc. When this woman was asked how she gave so much, when she had such hard work to get a living, she replied with a smile: "Oh, I just get up a little earlier every day and go to bed a little later, that's all."

The wife of the superintendent in Bercy says the people often ask her: "Why hasn't the collector been around to our house? We have the money all ready. I think we were forgotten this month." The career of a collector among such people must be a happy one indeed.

Much good work is done by the ministers and colporteurs who go out into the villages of the coal mining regions of Southern France. They select a place in the streets and begin to sing. The children gather to listen, then their fathers and mothers follow, and a good congregation is secured. At the close of the service every child is given a picture card with a Bible verse, and always some of their elders buy Bibles and Testaments to take home.

One of the best things accomplished by the Mission has been the distribution of the

Bible. The poor people had been taught that it was not fit to read, but as they have realized its good news they have seized upon it with avidity. Even well-dressed people ask for Scripture portions and tracts and read them with unmistakable interest.

One missionary tells of a woman sixty years old, living with her married daughter and her children, who described to him the delightful evenings the family spent with the Bible purchased of him a few weeks before. "We had the New Testament," she said, "but we are glad to have the whole Bible now. We are thus never at a loss to understand how to act in this or that circumstance, for the Bible explains it all. It is like an advocate who knows all the Code, and who is never puzzled by the most difficult or the most complicated matters."

Since 1872 many hundreds of smaller towns and inland villages have been reached by means of mission boats. Some idea of the extent of the work is given by the statement that "with a seating capacity of but 160 to each boat, the aggregate audience to which they have preached the Gospel in fifteen years has been over half a million souls." The vision of thirty thousand unreached villages had tortured Dr. McAll, until, by the magic of his Christian genius, he saw this way to carry the message of Christ to them.

*Le Bon Messenger*, the first of the gospel boats, was launched April 6, 1892. The first services were held under the shadow of the Tuileries, with an attendance of over 300. In fifteen years, we are told, "the boat has held 175 missions at 125 different places—large towns, villages and hamlets—with an aggregate attendance of some 400,000 besides its special meetings twice a week for children, with an attendance of about 75,000. Thousands of Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, tracts and hymn books have been distributed, the majority of those attending the meetings being able to pay for these books and gladly doing so."

*Le Bon Messenger* was too wide to pass through canal locks, so she was confined to the Seine and its tributaries, and another boat was earnestly desired for work in the southern part of the country. The inspiration for the building of this second boat came from the self-sacrificing gift of a seamstress, converted in *Le Bon Messenger*. A few months later American friends made large gifts. The whole amount was quickly raised, and April 7, 1902, just ten years after her older sister, *La Bonne Nouvelle* began her voyage to the center and south of France.

"The plan of work is the same as with the older boat. Stops varying from four to six weeks are usually made in each place,

meetings being held six nights a week and children's meetings on Sunday and Thursday afternoons. Visitors come aboard daily from the surrounding villages, attracted often in the first instance from curiosity, but also often lingering for serious conversations. Gospels and tracts are freely scattered, sometimes as many as 6,000 being distributed in a single month.

Great is the surprise of the peasant folk to hear the Bible read and explained, and to be able to learn to sing the simple hymns, and to hear prayers offered in their own tongue."

The lasting character of the work done is shown by the fact that *Le Bon Messenger*, returning to a region visited fourteen years before, was greeted with joy by those who had attended the earlier meetings. Tracts and Bibles received then had been cherished and in several places a Bible reading circle had been formed.

The people come long distances to attend the services in the boats. Many stand the entire evening and then take the long walk home. This they repeat night after night, as long as the boat is moored near enough to be accessible—for after it moves on they may have to wait years for another opportunity to hear the Gospel.

At one place a man said, voicing the general agnosticism: "Here we believe nothing. There is no God, and when we die all is over." After a brief conversation with the missionary he conceded: "Well, if *that* is religion, perhaps there is a God. You see, we need to be taught."

And they *do* need to be taught. This last summer a gift from Miss Helen Gould has made possible a missionary tent, to do on inland roads what the boats do on the rivers. It was suggested that this be called *La Semeuse* (The Sower), and much good seed must have reached fruitful soil hitherto given over only to weeds.

Some one has said: "One blow upon the iron when it is hot is worth a hundred when it is cold, and France is hot." The success of the McAll Mission is due to the fact that Dr. McAll saw the hot iron and had the courage to strike the blow.

The Mission has shown the people that Protestantism, the friend of progress and reform, is the religion for which they had been blindly seeking. As it spreads farther and farther, over hamlet, village and town of inland France, it will everywhere find these inquiring souls. "To them it will prove, as months and years roll on, more and more efficiently the power of God unto salvation."

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As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we of our idle silence.—St. Ambrose.



## THE TRAGEDY OF QUEBEC.

### The Expulsion of its Protestant Farmers.

The above is the title of a book by Mr. Robert Sellars, Huntingdon, Que. It may be obtained, on remitting price, cloth 50 cents, paper 25 cents, to the Ontario Publishing Co., Toronto; or to The Gleaner, Huntingdon, Que. The following extract from one of its chapters, is a page of our history which should be better known by Canadians.

"The picture of Canada under France strikes the onlooker especially in one regard—the complete isolation of its people from the rest of the world. From first to last the royal orders are that there was to be no intercourse except with France. No foreign vessel was to be permitted to enter the St. Lawrence, no goods of foreign manufacture to be imported.

To visit the English colonies was more severely punished than robbery. Canoes found on rivers leading southward were broken, and a lookout party maintained to see that none enter them. Woe to the hunter who was discovered to have sold his beaver hides in Albany. The penalties of the secular power were reinforced by those of the priesthood. From the pulpit repulsive stories were told of the Protestant settlers to the south of Canada and the terrors of the Church threatened against whoever dared to approach them.

The result of all this was, that for 150 years New France was substantially a big convent, whose inhabitants were not permitted to go beyond its bounds; kept a preserve of feudal ideas, customs, and tyranny, and, at the same time, of priestly exclusiveness.

He who would grasp the political problems that confront the Dominion must realize what that means and trace the shadow of these times in darkening our national life—the shadow projected over the Dominion by the descendants of people who, for five generations were inured to implicit obedience to absolutism in Church and State, kept separate and by themselves from the rest of the world as a preserve for priest and crowned tyrant.

Under the rule of the French kings Canada, in the common sense of the word, never was a colony. In our day, when we speak of a colony we mean a body of people who have left their native shore to better their condition in a new country. That was never so with New France, which came into existence as a place for fur-traders and ended as a military dependency.

In both states of existence it was actually a preserve of the Church of Rome. The priests who came as missionaries to the Indians, determined this. In 1615, when Cham-

plain sailed with four Recollet priests, an edict forbidding Protestants to live in Canada was promulgated. Hitherto French Protestants had been the main agents in carrying on its trade, henceforth they were excluded.

The charter granted the company of the hundred associates in 1627 went further, it specified the company was not only to permit no Protestant to take up his abode in Canada, but to exclude persons of all other nationalities—they must keep New France exclusively for Catholic Frenchmen.

Thirty-seven years later, when the West India Company were given possession, the clause was repeated—they were to permit no Protestants to settle.

The enforcement of these regulations fell to the Jesuits. Not a ship cast anchor off Cape Diamond they did not board on the hunt for Protestants. The Protestants of Rochelle in those days were the sailors of France, and it was rare none were among a crew. They were kept under watch until the ship left: no worship by them on deck, no singing of hymns, was allowed. If among the emigrants they discovered one tinged with Protestant views he was taken in hand on landing to be disciplined.

The search of the Jesuits was best rewarded when there were soldiers on board. Levied in different parts of France, it was not surprising a stray Huguenot was found. In this they were encouraged by the King. In a memorial, dated June, 1686, he tells Governor Denonville he "is delighted to inform him that a great number of conversions to the Catholic religion are taking place. Has revoked the Edict of Nantes. Hopes that the example given by France will be of use in Canada. Must labor for the conversion of the heretics. If any of them are obstinate, he will place soldiers in garrison among them, or cause them to be imprisoned, coupling that severity with the care necessary for their instruction, as to which he must act in concert with the Bishop."

What "instruction" meant and how those who fell into their hands were "instructed," the relations of the Jesuits tell—the means they used to dispossess the devil who blinded the heretic, his seeing a new light, his penitence, his adding to the triumphs of the confessor. What was done with those who would not recant, the "Relations" pass in silence.

Of their fate, however, we have a glimpse due to the ecclesiastical and civil authorities disagreeing as to what should be done with a Protestant who persevered in his convictions.

Among the new arrivals was Daniel Vvil, whom the Jesuits discovered to be a Protestant. He was taken in hand by them, what the means they used we are not told, with the result that he agreed to become a Catholic. With great pomp he was admit-



ted by Bishop Laval into the Catholic Church.

Relieved of the pressure that had been brought to bear upon him and which had caused him to do violence to his conscience, Vvil refused to attend mass. He was brought, before an ecclesiastical court when he declared his regret at abjuring the reformed faith, and his determination to hold to it. The court found him guilty as a contumacious heretic and doomed him to death. He was handed over to the civil authorities to carry out the sentence.

Governor Argenson refused, and it is his refusal that has caused the preservation of the facts of the case. Had he done as it is to be presumed his predecessors did in like cases, obeyed the order of the priests, we should never have heard of the fate of Daniel Vvil.

Awaiting a change of governor, Vvil was kept a prisoner, in the midst of a community where none dare express to him a word of sympathy or bestow an act of kindness. History abounds with instances of weak men facing death with fortitude when the sentence was carried out promptly, but here was a man who knew death was inevitable, yet subjected to the suspense of months, all the while knowing he could save his life by submission to the priests who tormented him with their importunities. Can his constancy be otherwise explained than that, in his prison, he had an Unseen Visitor who fulfilled the promise made to whoever confessed Him before men?

The fatal hour came in the fall of 1661. A new governor had arrived, D'Avaugour, who had no qualms in obeying the bishop. Vvil was brought forth from his prison, led to the public square of Quebec, and, in presence of a crowd of spectators, faced a platoon of soldiers. The captain uttered the word of command, there was a volley of flame and smoke, and Vvil lay stretched on the ground, pierced by many bullets.

When New France had attained its height in population, it was still the boast that among the no inconsiderable number there was not a single Protestant. "Praised be God," writes Governor Dennonville in an official report, "there is not a heretic here."

The children stolen in the raids on New England were handed over to the nuns, and their baptism and first communion made occasions of special celebration.

The extreme to which the spirit of exclusiveness was carried is shown in the case of a visitor from New England, who, possessed with the idea that a passage to the Pacific could be found by way of the Saguenay, had crossed to the St. Lawrence by following the Chaudiere. He was promptly arrested and sent away by the first ship.

A vexed question, which divided the colony, was whether it was justifiable to sell brandy to the Indians. The opinion of the

theologians of the University of Toulouse was sought. They decided it was, their chief reason that thereby the Indians were protected from heresy, for, if they could not buy brandy in Canada, they would go to the English settlements in New York State.

Frontenac complains that the confessional was used as an inquisition into the inner life of each family, and for every thoughtless word regarding Church or clergy the offender was called to account.

Frontenac was not alone in objecting to the use made of the confessional as a means of espionage on family life. LaSalle, the explorer, complained that, by its means, the priests "enter as it were by force into the secrets of families, and thus make themselves formidable." Frontenac declared their prying into the lives of the people to be worse than the Spanish Inquisition.

La Motte-Cadillac, on his arrival at Quebec, was astounded at the state of society, and wrote a friend "nobody can live here but simpletons and slaves of the ecclesiastical domination."

The punishment for breaking the rules laid down by the clergy were generally puerile, sometimes cruel. The girl who added a gewgaw to her attire, the son who failed to return to the paternal roof by nine o'clock the father who tarried in the tavern by the brandy-bottle, all fell within the discipline of the clergy.

Their interference extended to what is now called criminal law. On the ground that crimes concerned morals, they were active prosecutors. The rack was a recognized means of discovering evidence, the slitting of lips, mutilation of tongue, ears and hands ordinary punishments, and burning at the stake not unknown.

The King's answer was to write to the bishop to look into the matter, and if it could be done without too great an injury to trade, to have the Protestant merchants sent to France. Thus, up to the last hour of French rule, Protestants were denied domicile.

It is a cant phrase of our day to speak of the French regime as "the heroic period" of Canadian history, as a season of delightful romance. They who do so, know not of what they speak.

Personal liberty there was none, for the people were under unceasing supervision. Punishments were of constant occurrence for infraction of Church duty. Failure to attend mass or working on a saint's day were crimes.

Owing to his having appealed to the council against his sentence, there has been preserved in the official records the case of Louis Gaboury, convicted of having eaten meat during Lent. He was to be bound to the public whipping-post for three hours, then taken to the door of his parish church



where, on his knees, he was to beg pardon from God, to pay a fine of twenty francs and the milk of a cow for a year.

It is the constant pretention of Rome that the country which submits implicitly to its direction thereby ensures happiness and prosperity: that the only one certain means of a people becoming good and great is to place themselves under her direction.

In no other part of the world was its rule ever more complete than in New France, which lay at the feet of the priests from Champlain to Vaudreuil—a period of one hundred and fifty years. They had every chance to make good the pretention that their Church alone has the secret of national success, yet socially, commercially, intellectually, and politically, New France was a failure.

The country swarmed with beggars, Bishop de St. Valier complained he was overwhelmed by their visits. Bishop Pontbriand, in 1743, suggested to the King that steps be taken to rid Quebec of beggars by banishing them. Charlevoix, the Jesuit historian, could not help contrasting the easy circumstances of the New England settlers with the poverty of the people of New France.

Material prosperity is not everything, and it is possible for great moral virtue to exist where privation prevails. It was not so in New France. The state of morals in Quebec and smaller towns was a reflex of that of Versailles. To this the last bishop under French rule bears striking evidence.

Intellectually it was dead. There were no schools outside the towns, and these confined their curriculum to the three "R's" and instruction in the catechism. There was no printing press in the colony, and no resident of it was allowed, without the King's leave, to have anything printed in France. Rome had been given every opportunity to mould New France, and this was the result—a country without a single element of national greatness.

The long tutelage of Quebec under the priests explains many of the perplexing conditions that to-day hinder the Dominion in her onward march, for although the Conquest ended the rule of France it did not end the rule of Rome. Shall the subtle influence that was the blight of New France, be exercised on the institutions of our free Dominion?

"The Tragedy of Quebec" from which the above extract is taken, consists of eight chapters, 184 pages. The titles of the chapters are (1), "The coming of the English-speaking Farmer"; (2). "Canada under the Kings of France"; "Canada under British Rule," etc., etc. The book will be sent, post paid, by the Ontario Publishing Co., Toronto, or by "The Gleaner", Huntingdon, Que. Price, paper 25 cents, cloth 50 cents.

### THIRTY YEARS IN CHINA.

At the Centenary Conference held at Shanghai, in May, 1907, the following statistics were presented, giving some idea of the growth of the Protestant Church in China the past thirty years:

	1876.	1906.
Missionaries .. . . .	473	3,833
Stations and sub-stations ..	602	5,734
Ordained native preachers ..	73	345
Unordained native preachers,	511	5,722
Bible women .. . . .	90	894
Churches .. . . .	312	
Communicants .. . . .	13,035	178,251
Contributions, Chinese silver		
dollars .. . . .	9,271	301,263
No. of Societies working in		
China .. . . .	29	82

### ARE CONVENTS PRISONS?

Noticing a Chicago dispatch to the effect that a young woman, immured in a convent by her parents to thwart a love affair, had broken through the locked windows and sealed the convent walls with a rope ladder in order to wed her lover, the Michigan Catholic says:

"No girl attending a convent school is locked up behind barred windows and high stone walls. In fact a member of the sisterhood of a convent can resign from her religious life any moment she pleases. Convents are not prisons for either students or sisters."

Concerning which the Christian Advocate replies:

"Will our esteemed contemporary now tell us just what the high stone walls and barred windows are for? If these institutions are not prisons, why are they environed just like prisons?" We have often wondered at these walls and iron gates surrounding Catholic institutions and the barred windows behind which many women spend years of life and of whom no one ever hears or knows.

Other schools, seminaries and retreats are wide open and students or inmates and their friends are allowed to come and go with utmost freedom, but the Catholic convent bears a strong suspicion of being a prison. At least, young women who enter there do not come back to tell how free they were. In some sad cases they have come back to tell a different story.

If Catholics would allay the suspicion that surrounds the convent let them remove the stone walls and iron gates, or if there is a reason for these let them invite a committee of disinterested ladies to visit and inspect the convent that the public may have something more than ex-parte evidence as to the wholesomeness and sanctity of these institutions.—Michigan Presbyterian.

### SCENE IN A WOMAN'S HOSPITAL.

There has been an active spirit of revival in the hospital in Kuikiang for many months past. Not only is the evangelistic work done by the four splendid Bible women every day in the year, but these consecrated young nurses have almost daily reported conversions among their patients.

Women come in from distant places, devout heathen worshipers, and before the first week in the hospital is ended we find them in earnest prayer.

A few nights ago, as I passed through the hospital late in the afternoon or early evening, just as the nurses were getting all patients settled for the night, I witnessed a scene not to be forgotten. The lights were shaded for the night; the nurses were moving silently about, serving this helpless one and that one, but there was a low murmur all over the room and I stepped in to see what it meant.

It was not the moan of the sufferer, though this was the surgical ward and great was the suffering of many; it was not a murmur of complaint, though this, too, is often heard; but I saw that at every bed there was some one in prayer—the patients were “saying their evening prayers.”

At the first bed knelt a mother by her only boy. The little fellow had been operated upon for both feet and one hand, and the bandaged hands were clasped, the eyes closed, and we heard him very distinctly praying: “Lord Jesus, look at my two poor feet and one hand. I have so much pain—won't you take my pain away?” And the mother in her agony was trying to pray with the child.

In another part of the room was a woman of noble birth, watching at the bedside of her only child—a dear baby boy.

During the first day after entering the hospital she had prayed constantly to the gods to save her child and one of the medical students said to her: “You are all wrong. The gods did not give you your child and they cannot save him. Only the true God can do that.”

Instruction followed and from that time the mother, daily and nightly, as she watched her child, was seen kneeling and calling on God to heal him and to forgive her own sins. Some of the patients had crept out of bed and were kneeling with their faces prone on the floor, others too ill to kneel were softly praying in bed, but there was not a bed where prayer was not offered.

And it seemed to me as I turned from the scene, that I almost saw the form of One who, when upon earth, never passed by the sick or suffering without stretching forth his hand in blessing and healing, moving softly from one bed to another, say-

ing to the weary bodies and the sin-sick souls: “I will! Be thou clean.”—Woman's Missionary Friend.

### A TEST OF FAITH.

The following pathetic story from South America is told by a missionary in “The Neglected Continent.”—Ed.

“Our Mayor Domo, or head man came with us from Cuzco, where he had been living for some years and attending the meetings there. We believed him to be a Christian, but a weak one. Last month revealed him to be strong and valiant to his beliefs.

“He was engaged to be married to a Peruvian girl, whom he hoped to bring shortly to Urco; he was preparing for that joyous occasion, and Mr. Job, to whom he had talked concerning his marriage, had advised him to be married by civil law.

He, however, thought he could easily be married in the Romish Church without renouncing his religion. His future bride was a Roman Catholic and would not be married civilly.

Last month he went into Cuzco to make the final arrangements for the wedding, even buying the future bride her dresses, as is the custom in Peru.

Then he went to see the Priest, who asked him what religion he professed. He answered straightly and simply that he was of the Evangelical faith. That was sufficient. He was told that he must renounce that faith, he must swear an oath to return to the Mother Church, and that he must go into seclusion for eight days' penance.

The poor man was stricken when he heard this sentence pronounced, saying he could not and would not do it. He returned to the one he loved, but she remained firm and would not hear of civil marriage, and he returned to Urco a sadly disappointed man, having given up his earthly love for the sake of the One above whom he is trying to faithfully serve here below.” Will you pray for this poor man who has given up so much for his faith, and pray that we may be given more of such valiant disciples who are ready to suffer rather than renounce their beliefs.

“A good many try to get their religion, at least their Sabbath evening religion, on the run. Some other preacher than the pastor has a more striking theme, or some other choir has been given the right of way and sidetracked the Gospel for the evening, and your get-religion-on-the-wing Christian is on hand. No man can expect to grow in grace when he is out of the place of duty. God meets a man where he knows he ought to be and ministers grace out of all seeming proportion to the importance of the duty.”



## ITALY AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY F. B. CLARK, ROME, ITALY.

Perhaps there is no more difficult field for Christian labor than that found in the beautiful land of Italy. Its people are nominally Christian. They have heard the wonderful story of our Savior's birth, they have gazed upon paintings from the hands of great artists, depicting all phases of the life of Christ, from infancy to his cruel death upon the cross; with regard to these matters we can tell them nothing new.

On every side are crosses; on many corners a Madonna and child, with lighted candles ever burning before them, draw the attention of the people that pass by; along the country roads are shrines within which, frequently surrounded by wax flowers or wild blossoms laid there by devout peasants, is a crucifix representing the Lord Christ as agonizing in death.

Hence, those who are not cognizant of life in Italy, who have not seen its many sides or entered into the thoughts of a people who have been controlled by priests for centuries, wonder why it is necessary to send missionaries to this land and marvel at the slow process of conversion and the lack of startling statistics.

### Conditions in Italy.

For many centuries the Italian people have been, and still are, great intellectually, skilled in arts and sciences, lovers of beauty to an extent which the northerner has difficulty to understand, generous, affectionate and devoted.

The Roman Catholic Church has thoroughly understood these traits of character and has so adapted its methods that it has appealed to the people, trained them, held them and controlled them. Churches have been erected, full of brightness and beauty, of paintings and sculpture, of light and music. Through the senses men and women, particularly women, have been brought to believe that this is true religion and that by these means their souls can be saved.

Perhaps it has never occurred to many persons that these light-hearted people are longing for salvation as truly as others, that they suffer and grieve deeply even beneath a gay exterior; that men in high social and political positions are asking for something better and purer than anything which has been brought to them by the Church which has so long ruled Italy.

The first open sign of this desire to burst the bonds and think for themselves came with the struggle for liberty and unity, finally consummated by the downfall of the papal power and the accession of Victor Emmanuel II. to the throne. Unfortunately this led to the breaking away from all religion on the part of many thousands and, as in France, there was a lapse into total infidelity.

It will be seen, then, that in Italy there are two classes of people whom we are trying to reach with the pure gospel of Christ.

First, those who are held by the fascination of outward show, of gorgeous functions and miracle-working images, who are controlled by wily priests, thoroughly skilled in diplomacy and all the arts of understanding and dominating human souls.

Second, those who have gone openly against the Church, who believe in nothing, whose God is the world with its pleasures, whose motto is "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!"

The difficulties will be seen to be greater and the necessity for work will assume higher importance, if these facts are considered.

To present to a crowd of listeners—very easy to gather together, for the Italians are eager to learn and know—the simple account of the gospel story is useless, for they are already familiar with it.

To go to the polished, cultivated man of the world and say: "You ought to be a Christian," is equally useless. He will laugh in your face and point to the priests and their examples.

The woman immersed in the pleasures of life in Rome will not heed the call to come to Christ. She stops long enough between social gayeties to kneel a while in the dimly lighted cathedrals; in the midst of works of art which delight her beauty-loving nature, and turns her rosary devoutly, emerging from the richly carved portal with the virtuous feeling of having done her duty. After confession and absolution she places the responsibility of her sins on the shoulders of her spiritual adviser, who carries the burden very lightly!

Can any one wonder that the progress in Italy is painfully slow? We must *live* the gospel before the people, who are very shrewd judges of character and are very quick to observe, praise and criticise. The Italian admires and respects strength of character, self-abnegation, uprightness and honesty. It does not take him long to recognize the differences and his first question is: "Why is there this difference? Why do you believe in truth and purity and holiness?"

Then comes the opportunity to show him that it is the Christ life within one, which enables one to do what is right even at great cost to one's self. It is the *inner* and not the *outer* life that is of value, and when our Saviour dwells in our hearts we must be righteous and holy.

This, the spiritual side of our faith, is extremely difficult for an Italian to comprehend. But when he does really comprehend it, when the light enters his soul, what a noble Christian he makes! The great traits of character in the Italian nature come to the surface, no longer hidden under accumu-



lation of false teachings and perverted ideas.

It is slow, we must acknowledge. It takes a long time, but it is sure that changes in religious views are coming rapidly in Italy. Changes are being accomplished in the Roman Catholic Church itself, as is shown by the Modernist movement and the widespread unrest among the priests. This is largely due to the influence of Protestantism, working like a leaven, quietly, steadily.

The chief difference which I note after sixteen years of residence in Rome is the attitude of the people toward Protestants and our faith. They are no longer afraid of us, but treat us as friends. To be known as a Protestant would once have barred one from contact with many persons; now we are respected and gladly received, even in the best social circles.

The King himself, a man of much ability and broad views, has not hesitated to receive in audiences Bishop Burt and the representatives of our work.

To the common people we are not devils or possessed by the Evil Eye, but are welcomed as those who can help them.

The sentiment in Italy is rapidly becoming friendly toward evangelicals, who are now occupying many positions of prominence; these same men would have been ostracized and debarred from public life thirty years ago, solely on account of their religion.

There are difficulties in Italy, but not discouragements. There are tears but also smiles.—Woman's Missionary Friend.

## TEN WEEKS THROUGH CHINA.

### Leaves from a Traveller's Note Book.

BY KATHERINE LENTE STEVENSON.

#### On the Way to the Yangtse.

The journey from Peking to Hankow, on the Yangtse, was once a matter of weary weeks, but now, thanks to the spirit of progress in China, I made it in about thirty-six hours, in a sleeping car, which, though not so palatial as our own Pullmans, was yet very comfortable. To take one's meals in a well appointed car, going at a fairly good rate of speed, and to be reminded at the same time by the views from the car windows that one is in the very heart of the Orient, was an experience never to be forgotten.

Judging from the scenes, one might be living in Bible times. The patient donkeys went by, carrying their burdens, and the equally patient men and women carried theirs. The fields swarmed with laborers working with the most primitive implements, and over all there was the indescribable air of the East.

Inside the car there were electric lights and electric buttons, and though the porters wore the long blue gown and were adorned with the queue, they were still not oblivious to the power of the tip. I am sure that this blending of the immemorial past and the constantly changing present constitutes the most thrilling interest of a visit to China to-day.

One of the most remarkable meetings I have had in China was in Pao-ting-fu. It was arranged by the Chinese official and was held in a large hall belonging to the government and used sometimes as a theater. The official next in rank to the viceroy introduced me, and when I stood up to speak not fewer than eight officials were at red-covered tables before me, and between seven and eight hundred men, women and children were in the audience, the vast majority of them having probably never before heard a woman speak in public. A dinner was afterward served in my honor, attended by the "mayor" and his son and by several of the missionaries.

When you consider that twenty-two missionaries lost their lives in Pao-ting-fu in the awful scourge of 1900, you will see what a marvelous change has come to China in the not quite nine years which have since elapsed.

My next stop was at Hankow, which has been fittingly called the Chicago of China. It is situated on the Yangtse, 730 miles from its mouth, or rather, it is one of three cities situated here. Across the Yangtse is Wuchang, the provincial capital, and on the other side of the Han, which there joins the giant river, is the smaller city of Hanyang. They are practically one in three, and make an aggregation of nearly two million population.

The government iron and steel works are in Hanyang, and it is said that steel rails can be manufactured there, taken across to America and sold cheaper than those of home production.

#### Down the Yangtse.

One of my earliest childhood memories is of the pride with which I used to answer at school the question, "What are the principal rivers of China?" with the sonorous syllables, "The Hoang Ho and the Yangtse Kiang."

My interest in these particular rivers has never diminished since those days, nor could the knowledge that my early pronunciation was hopelessly at fault dim the keen enjoyment I felt in finding myself really upon the broad waters of the Yangtse. It is a beautiful river, stately and majestic, with towering mountains upon one side or the other nearly all the way, and fields so green that they seem to laugh for joy in their wealth of verdure.

Indeed, the beauty of China's scenery has been a constant surprise to me. I was not



at all prepared for so attractive a country, and the most beautiful part of the Yangtse I have not seen, because I could not take the time necessary to penetrate the far interior and to sail through its magnificent gorges.

My first stop on the Yangtse was Kiu-kiang, where I held seven meetings during my four days' stay. The meeting for the day school children was so large that there was no building able to accommodate it and it was therefore held out of doors.

In the afternoon I spoke to about 400 women, largely non-Christian, who had been gathered by the Bible women of the Methodist Mission who went through the entire city and drew them by their persuasive force.

To speak to an audience of non-Christian women in China is to have a new light on St. Paul. I can quite understand why he told the Corinthian women to keep silent in the churches, and if they wished to know anything to ask their husbands at home. When women interrupt to make remarks or to ask questions, either of the speaker or of some one of their number on the other side of the church, it is somewhat distracting—to put it mildly.

I venture the assertion that more babies fell to the floor in the course of that meeting than in all I had ever attended prior to that date. If, as my delightful interpreter—Dr. Mary Stone of the Methodist Mission—so graciously put it, each tumble evinced the profound interest of the mother, then they were interested indeed.

I went to Nanking, the provincial capital, and there seven meetings were held in which all the missions most heartily participated. A very good plan was devised for Nanking of organizing unions in each of the five mission schools and then meeting together once a quarter. They are keenly alive to the cigarette peril and eager to do all in their power to avert it before the youth of China become hopelessly ensnared.

One of my most encouraging meetings was held on Sabbath evening in a large Government Normal School with its 600 students. A special invitation was sent to the students and they packed the church—more than 100 stood during the entire service and fully 200 were turned away from lack of room. The young men evinced their keen interest in the subject by breaking out several times in quite spontaneous applause, to the surprise and delight of the missionaries.

While in Nanking I visited the Ming tomb and the old Examination Hall and was awe-struck before these silent monuments to China's past. Truly they had a civilization of which they may still be proud, when our ancestors were naked savages. And they are to-day a strong virile people who will yet play a more important part than ever before in the world's history.

## CONCERNING TROUBLE.

Whether or not there is a personal devil is a question on which theologians differ. One may eliminate the devil from his theology, but he cannot eliminate him from life. There is a troublemaker in the world whose presence all have seen and felt. The story of the fall is the one chapter with which we are the most familiar because it is part of our own biography.

When we walk with God the stars laugh and the hills break out in song. But we turn about and go the other way. The Tempter is never far distant. Whether an apple or an orange, the result is the same. Every one must finally meet his God. We fly from his presence, but he follows on.

Genesis is universal biography and the Garden of Eden is your own door-yard. We read the Bible as if it were a book, forgetting that here is a transcript of the human heart. That which brought trouble to Achan, to David, to Peter, to Judas, will do the same by every man.

One finds in this world what he looks for, and may not the same law extend into the future? The great president of our greatest literary institution would formulate a system of theology without a heaven or a hell. As well attempt to separate consequence from action. Trees produce after their own kind, and trouble is the fruit of sinful planting. We do not mean affliction or misfortune, but something but for which evil might not have been.—J. L. Scott in Philadelphia "Westminster."

## THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER.

A boy of twelve years old in Japan learned to love Jesus in a village school. When he could read he went to the village where his mother belonged, to stay among his own people. He began to teach boys smaller than himself. When the missionary visited him a year later he found him with a class of twelve boys.

They held a little prayer meeting each day in the school. In two years from the time when he began, with only some spelling sheets and some slates, he had led thirteen people to be followers of Christ. How faithful he was in spreading the glad tidings.—Around the World.

"Not gold, but only men, can make  
A people great and strong;  
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,  
Stand fast and suffer long.  
Brave men who work while others sleep,  
Who dare while others fly—  
They build a nation's pillars deep  
And lift them to the sky."—Emerson.

## WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE WORLD ?

(The following, by a writer in the Philadelphia "Westminster" is written concerning the U.S.A. Some of it may not apply in equal measure to Canada, but the great underlying truth of the article is true everywhere; the matter with the world is sin.—Ed.).

A controversy has been going on as to "What's the matter with the Church? It prompts us to ask the question: "What's the matter with the world?"

Shakespeare makes one of his people say, "The times are out of joint." That is a fair statement for to-day. Suicides are frequent. Insanity increases in an alarming ratio. Murders are reported almost daily. Separations of husbands and wives by mutual consent and without divorce are common. Divorces are so many as to be a great national scandal. Justice has become a misnomer. The poor are, in the courts, helpless against the rich. Municipalities openly defy the law. If an officeholder make open stand for honest government, he is set at naught, and relegated to private life when his official term ends. Reform is a by-word and a hissing among the politicians. Greed is insatiate. A noble altruism, as the inspiring cause of social action is unknown. The saloon and its allies are a dominant force in party politics. Prices for the necessities of life continue to soar in spite of crops and legislation. What is the matter with the world ?

The religious man can answer. The world will laugh at the answer, but it is complete; as complete as it is brief. The matter with the world is sin. This is hard fact and not conjecture. It is bold, aggressive, law-hating, truth-scorning, God-defying. It takes possession of a human soul not as a conqueror, but as an inheritor. Its only ambition is ruin. Its only law is defiance of good. It rules the world.

What makes the scandals that disgrace the social life of our cities? Sin.

What brings strikes? Sin.

What fills the prisons? Sin.

The world does not enjoy being told it is a sinner. Fashionable Mrs. Muchrich, whose punch-bowl at her receptions inflames the brains of her guests and makes the very young among them sinfully silly, and sillily sinful, does not invite him a second time who dares to tell her that part of the crimes of the world will be laid at her door. Parties are not sinful; but sinful parties are, and there are too many such.

The theater is condemned and it is commended. The matter with the world is not that it goes to the theater. It is rather that the theater goes into it. Chorus girls would

not be wicked if the sin-possessed feeders on the beauty and virtue of young womanhood would let them alone. And yet it is an indisputable fact that there was never yet a theater that was renowned for holiness.

Who ever heard of an altruistic card table? Are any of the chief glories of life indebted to the beer saloon? Card-table, theater and dance are what they are because of sin. There is no reason why either of the three should be dangerous to young life except that reason furnished by sin. A game of cards in a home may be merely a pastime.

But the card-table as an institution of modern society is a menace to all morals. Therefore wisdom says to parents in the home, "better not." The same line of thought governs dance and theater. Against anything which can be turned into an occasion for sin to debauch and destroy, the home should be on its guard.

What is the matter with the world? Greed is the matter with it. Lust is the matter with it. Riches is the matter with it. Fraud is the matter with it. A bank teller is found short in his accounts. He has a wife and child. Rents are high. Prices of clothing and provisions are too large. His salary is fifteen hundred a year. He tries to live on his income and debt overtakes him. Then he steals. Where is the blame to lie? At his own door? Yes, of course. But the powers that make high rents and high prices for necessities and low margins for service are as much at fault as he.

"The world is out of joint." It howls at religion, laughs at the Church, scoffs at narrowness of belief, and sneers at empty pews and mediocre preachers. But in doing so it sneers and scoffs at that which is the only real conserving power in the life of the country at the present hour.

The voice of the world cries "make money." The only voice that cries "make character" is that of the Church. The world has no conscience. The world has no code higher than the old "the devil take the hindmost." The world founds no Christian Associations. The world reaches out no hand to ruined life. Its hands are too busy ruining still more life. The world makes no prayer except to its own god—gold. The world saves no souls. The world is blind to the light which Christ sheds. The man who is in the world and of the world and in whom the world is is a lost soul.

It is time for the world to stop the cry, "What is the matter with the Church? and look to itself. Let the world seek the Church, fill it, support it, stand for it; and it will find a Church keen, strong, earnest, true, working for, praying for the world's rescue from sin. For the matter with the world to-day is just sin—hard, old, wicked sin.



# The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Sept.	Rec. Mar. 31 to Sept. 30.
Home Missions....\$	2,193.41	\$21,983.46
Augmentation.....	192.80	2,062.45
Foreign Missions...	1,128.83	21,774.24
Widows' & Orphans'	65.97	752.14
Aged Ministers....	92.30	709.70
Assembly Fund....	52.00	1,433.40
French Evangeliztn	427.64	1,791.67
Pt-aux-Trembles....	333.87	1,482.67
Tem. Moral Reform.	293.05	962.32
Knox College.....	58.92	325.16
Queen's College....	25.00	156.44
Montreal College...	29.00	88.90
Manitoba College..	15.85	188.80
Westminster Hall..	1.00	18.18

Received during September  
at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,  
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the Donors.

## Ontario.

Thamesford, St. A ...	107 76	Peterboro, St. Pa. ....	800
Strangfield .....	8 72	Tor. Ave Road .....	500
Goldsmith .....	3 70	Stratford, Kx. ....	300
Vaughan, Knox. ....	39	Rev. H. S. Lee .....	9 80
Dungannon .....	28	Carlow .....	10
Seaforth, 1st .....	87	Hermion .....	2 65
Belmore .....	37 50	Hillsdale, St. And ...	14
Guelph, St. And. ....	200	Mrs. P. Scott .....	5
Kenyon .....	39	Newtonville .....	5
Kintyre .....	169 50	Lindsay, St. And. ....	100
Rev. A. H. Drumn ...	92	Claude .....	100
Aylmer, Knox .....	74 65	Dorset, Paint ss. ....	2 40
Walton, Duff's .....	34	Campblvl, St. Da. ....	70
Mrs. Patterson, Mrs		Bethel ss. ....	5 85
McEwen, Carl. Pl. ...	250	Hillsburg, St. A. ....	9 31
Mrs. McEwen. ....	50	Winchester, St. Pa. ...	100
Helen F. McEwen. ....	20	Clarksburg, St. Pa. ...	45
W. Adelaide .....	5	Spragge, Un. ss. ....	3 35
Ham St. Paul's .....	700	Queensboro, St. ss. ...	4 75
St. Thos. Knox .....	550	Rv. J. R. S. Burnett. ...	14 65
Hornby .....	14 80	Fort Wm, 1st .....	70
Harrowsmith .....	3	Bathurst, S. Sherb. ...	41
Molesworth, St. A. ...	61	Tor, Cent, Baraca. ....	18
Innerkip .....	24 10	Cedar Hill ss. ....	4 10
Leith .....	17 75	Smith's Falls, St. P. ss	5
Brucefield, Un. ....	24	Wilbur & Lavant ...	19
Moore, Burn's .....	61 40	Tor, Bloor .....	3 500
Blyth, St. And .....	57	Arkona .....	11 50
Stirling, St. And. ....	12 55	Ham, Chal. ss. ....	5
Rev. W. G. Wilson ...	10 40	Tor. Chinese .....	49 08
Rev. J. M. Nicol. ....	9 15	Dunblane .....	4 20
Woodbridge .....	44 25	Kew Beach .....	150
Kemble .....	55 20	Cedarvil, Mor. ss. ....	6 87
Sarawak .....	27 03	Gravenhurst, Kx .....	68 80
Campblfrd, St. A. ....	33 85	Clinton, Willis .....	74 03
Banks .....	12	E. Adelaide .....	47 10
Gibraltar .....	12	Avonton .....	36 15
Ailsa Craig .....	59 32	Bancroft .....	5 35
Rev. W. R. McIntosh. .	10 80	Tor, Doverct. ....	75
Mrs. Agnes Braden ...	50	Tor, Emmanuel. ....	18 49
Dundas, Knox .....	150 56	Pakenham, St. A. s.s. .	5 82
Bethel .....	20	Rv. J. A. Miller .....	6 80
Tor, Bonar .....	300	James Warren .....	20
Oro, Guthrie .....	35	Greenbush ss .....	13
Nassagaweya .....	38	Peterboro, St. Pa. b.c.	62 50
Varna .....	47	Tor, Old St. A .....	200
Thomas Maguire .....	6	Swansea .....	6 15
Mrs. R. N. Grant & Cl	5	Beverly .....	42 45
Billings Bridge .....	40	Rev. A. G. McKinnon. .	37 60
Caledonia ss .....	18	Madoc, St. Pass. ....	3 17
S. Nissouri .....	18 35	Miss I. Broomfld .....	5
Tor, Cooke's ce. ....	25	Beaumaris .....	148 50
Ottawa, Bank. ....	200	Windermere, etc .....	27 50
Sarnia, St. Pa. c.e. ...	25	Barrie, St. A. ss. ....	25
Arkona .....	2	Cedar Hill, Zion .....	10
		Exeter, Caven .....	13 75
		Grand Bend .....	9

Poland .....	11	Grattan, Un.. ss .....	4
Brightside .....	3 70	South Ops ss .....	1 50
Lavant .....	1 30	Vaughan, St. A. ss. ....	8 30
Madoc, St. Col. ....	3 18	Newbury ss .....	2 25
Bellingham .....	2 51	Whitefish ss. ....	75
Gordon Lake .....	1 03	Victoria Mines, ss. ....	3 52
Plummer .....	1 11	Tweed, St. And .....	52
Leeburn .....	1 61	Lucknow ss .....	5 79
Mills .....	2	Greenbush, Un. ss. ....	1 60
Cowal, Chal. ss. ....	11 50	Pinkerton ss .....	3 70
Woodstock, Chal .....	120	Atwood ss .....	7 59
W. Bentinck ss. ....	3	Wellandport ss .....	2 20
Collins Inlet .....	1	W. Adelaide .....	15
Annie McLennan. ....	40	Mar ss .....	3
Theedford, Knox. ....	38 60	King, St. And .....	11
Berriedale .....	4 65	Almont, St. Jno, ss. ...	5
Dean Lake .....	5 35	Ham., Kx. ss. ....	10
Walford .....	1 20	Harrow ss .....	3 50
Commanda .....	4 50	Chatsworth ss .....	2 24
Chelmsford .....	3 25	Acton, Kx, ss. ....	9 05
Goulais Bay .....	1 80	Zephyr ss .....	6 85
Massey .....	2 80	Hornby ss .....	6 10
Cochrane .....	6 50	Camlachie ss .....	6 50
Webbwood .....	5 20	Raymond ss .....	1 55
Englehart .....	2 25	Grand Bend ss. ....	21 25
Bonfield .....	4 60	Lion's Head .....	4
Korah .....	4	Banks, Knox. ....	6 30
Tomiko .....	8	Bellevil, Jno, ss. ....	15 30
Warren .....	37 70	Sparrow Lake, ss. ....	3 25
Westboro, w.f.m s. ....	5	Dutton, Kx, ss. ....	3 88
Kirkhill .....	34	Woodland ss .....	4 10
Stratford, St. And. ....	54	Camden, Eight, ss. ....	3
Avonbank y.p.s. ....	25	Pakenham .....	43
Lake Charles .....	14 70	Paisley, Kx, ss .....	8
Rockcroft, St. A. ss. ...	1	Singhampton ss. ....	4 15
Woodville ss .....	10 65	St. Cath. Haynes ss. ....	6
Tor, Cooke's ss. ....	19 57	Embro, Kx .....	240
Galt, Central ss. ....	17 60	Winchstr Spgs, ss. ....	3
Smithville ss .....	2	Kingscote, St. Jno, ss. .	25
Tor, St. Mark's ss. ....	6 25	Rosemont, Kx, ss. ....	4 79
Tor, Old St. A. ss. ....	4 40	Fenelon Falls .....	19 40
Elmira, Gale ss .....	3	Parry Sound, St. A. ....	42 78
Barrie, St. A. Chinese. .	10	Brooke, 10th li., ss. ....	2 37
Bervie, Kx ss. ....	2	Gamebridge ss. ....	2 13
Fitzroy Hrbr ss. ....	5 75	Dawn Centre, Caven ss	3 70
Chesterville ss .....	3 45	Oakdale ss. ....	5 82
Carleton Pl, Zion. ....	90	Culledon, ss. ....	5 70
Brighton, St. A. ss. ...	7 67	Silver Water, ss. ....	4 55
Ridge, Ormsby, etc ..	21	Ophir .....	1 85
Winchstr. St. Pa. ss. ...	12	Dunn's Valley .....	35
Picton, St. A. ss. ....	2 50	Desbarats ss .....	3 50
Vasey ss. ....	7	Spanish ss. ....	1 30
Markham, St. A. ss. ...	6 51	Fort Wm, St. A., ss. ...	36
Bobcaygeon, Kx ss. ....	14	Theedford ss .....	8 66
Strabane ss .....	7 70	Warren ss .....	8
Brown's Cors ss. ....	6	Ospringe ss .....	4
Creemore, St. A. ss. ...	7 41	Oakley ss .....	2 83
Curry Hill, St. A. ss. .	9 20	Gray Ch, Un. ss. ....	3
Lancaster, St. A. ss. ...	19 21	Armow ss .....	13
Mono Cent, Burns' ss. .	5	Cedar Grove ss .....	5 50
Hullett, Burns' ss. ....	5	Mono Mills ss. ....	4
Carelton Pl, St. A. s. .	5	Cromarty ss .....	9 47
Atwood, List'l ss. ....	1 82	Scotland ss .....	2
Pleasant Vals .....	4 25	Micksburg ss .....	6 30
W'mstown, Heph ss. ...	6 25	Havelock ss. ....	3 30
Kingston, Zion ss. ....	75	Tor., Cowan ss. ....	10 04
Wolfe Is'd, etc., ss. ...	6 20	Aspdin ss .....	2 35
Essa, 1st ss. ....	5 40	Sand Hill ss. ....	5
Bayfield, St. A. ss. ....	5 02	Cotton Beaver ss .....	6
Morrisb'g, Kx ss. ....	14	Laurel ss .....	5
W. Gwillimby ss. ....	3 50	Black's Cors, ss. ....	5
Collingw'd, St. A. ss. .	1 70	Desboro ss .....	3 80
Bowmanv'l St. Pa. ss. .	7 00	Dunnville ss .....	3
Oakville, ss. ....	8 60	Gordonvil, ss. ....	4
Allandale ss. ....	7 29	Collingwood .....	15
Corbetton, ss. ....	6 02	Smith's Falls ss. ....	10
Fergus, Mel, ss. ....	12 08	Pt Edward ss .....	3 30
Maitland, Un. ss. ....	1 26	Eramosa, 1st .....	83
Normanby, Knox .....	23 50	Wilton ss .....	6 11
Seaforth, 1st ss. ....	13	Bury's Green ss. ....	3 33
Fergus, St. A. ss. ....	8 73	Cumberland ss. ....	9
Newcastle .....	6	Collingwood .....	400
Rv. Robt. Knowles. ....	8	Eden, Union ss .....	4
Rv. A. E. Mitchener. .	10	Cornwall, St. Jn, ss. ...	11 50
Rv. G. F. N. Atkinson. .	12 19	N. Easthope ss .....	7 25
Raymond .....	6 85	Normanby, Kx, ss. ....	7
Utterson .....	5 30	Bond Head ss. ....	11 40
Port Sydney .....	6 85	Brantford, St. A. ss. ...	2
Arkona ss .....	2 80	Florence ss .....	2 50
MacLennan ss. ....	4 84	Preston .....	53 95
Cache Bay ss .....	6 30	Guelph, Chal .....	600
Sturgeon Falls .....	5 13	Janet A. Brown .....	2
Vars, Knox ss. ....	6	Milbertz ss .....	1 82
Korah ss .....	2 19	Brethour ss .....	1 50
Rainy Lake ss .....	2 50	Pt. Arthur, St. Pa. ss. .	13 81
Peterboro, St. Pa. ss. .	25	Yearley .....	11 50



Moonstone ss ..... 5 25			W. H. MacBeth..... 101 50	Greenwood, St. Col.... 15
Tor., Col. St. .... 900			Dubuc .....	Vernon. St. And. ss... 10 25
<b>Quebec.</b>		<b>Manitoba.</b>	Tantallon .....	Langley .....
Winslow..... 6		Sidney, Arizona.. 4 50	J. A. Allan..... 75	Hosmer ss .....
Portneuf..... 14 09		P. la Prairie, Knox.... 400	Bonnieview..... 5	
Valleyfield..... 57 75		Treherne..... 50	Elbow .....	<b>New Brunswick.</b>
Kingsbury, St. A..... 38 70		Oak Lake Y.P.G..... 20	Ashford .....	St. Stephen ss..... 9
Mr. Henry Birks ..... 250		Oak Lake .....	Estevan, ss..... 9	
Namur .....		Ebor .....	Fleming..... 11	
Mont, Erskine ..... 2,000		Dauphin .....	Moosomin ss ..... 22 40	
Mont, Stanley b c..... 50		Cypress Riv. c. e..... 25	Manor ss .... 5 50	
Sawyerille .....		Rosebank, etc ..... 16	Wolseley ss..... 11 55	
Maisonneuve, c. e..... 2 39		Sandhurst .....		<b>Prince Edward</b>
Barbara A. Martin..... 100		Routledge .....		<b>Island.</b>
Mont Stan. Miss. Ass'n 200		Mayville .....		Alberton ss..... 5 37
Flooden .....		Wallace, Kx. ss..... 9 30		
Chatham, St. Mungo's. 14		Hargrave, St. A. ss.... 5 75	<b>Alberta.</b>	
Andrew Boa .....		Glenboro ss ..... 5 30	Red Deer Lake.... 32	
Richmond, Chal. .... 100		Eden ss .....	Glenmure .....	<b>Nova Scotia.</b>
Portland .....		Cadurcis ss .....	Ryley .....	Gertrude R. Smith ... 9
Bessie McQuat & Cl.... 18		Elkhorn ss .....	Poure Brebant .....	Hantsport ss..... 2 35
Tetrcavilss .....		Morden, Kx. ss .... 16 85	Edmonton, Wmstr. 8 2 60	
Valleyfield ss .....		Poplar Pt. ss .....	Independence..... 13	
Mont, Fairmt ss..... 9 71		Meadow Lea ss..... 2 67	Agricola, St. Pa.... 3 15	<b>Miscellaneous.</b>
Trout Riv. ss .....		Raeburn ss .....	Raymond .....	pr Agent Halifax.. 2,201 05
Pte Clair, C. Park ss... 8		Hartney ss .....	Homewood .....	Dom. Alliance, M. & S.
Rockfield ss .....		Renwick ss .....	Strathcona .....	Reform .....
Up. Lachute ss..... 3 15		MacGregor ss .....	Innisfail .....	"L. F." .....
Que., Chal..... 500		Napinka ss..... 3 15	Innisfail ss..... 5	Readers of "Christian" 14 56
Georgetown .....		Oakville .....	Claresholm ss... 15 75	Anonymous... 20
Ft. Coulonge, ss. .... 20		Carberry, Kx ss..... 8 25	Milverton..... 10	Rev J. Griffith, Honan. 20
Silver Creek ss..... 2				Est. John S. Wallace... 50
St. Lambert ss..... 10				Rev F. J. Anderson,
		<b>Saskatchewan.</b>		India .....
		Fleming ss..... 2	<b>British Columbia.</b>	"M. M." .....
		Rokeby .....	Arrowhead .....	"Friend" .....
			Victoria, St. A .....	
			Victoria, St. Pa. .... 38 30	

"WHEN NO MAN CAN WORK."

This may be the last year of your life. Time is hurried. I take my hour-glass, and put it down before me many an hour, just to see that time is in a hurry and won't stop. The yellow sand from off some tawny desert runs down—nothing can stop it; runs down, a few grains at a time, persistent as the unsealed glacier in its onward movement, and as certain as the rush of the great sea—going, going, till at last every grain has seeped out, and the bulb above is empty and the bulb below is full.

We haven't much time. You cannot stay here long; you have got to go quickly; pretty soon you will be gone, and your hands will have rest for a million years. Get tired while you are here. Word hard. Don't whine because you have to work; but thank God you have the chance to do it. Be so honorable in the world's industry, and so eager to serve, that you will covet the hours you sleep. Work, work! Hurry up! Don't waste time. Don't do things you will have to do undo. Keep at your work, and do it right.

Pretty soon it will be time to stop; and a strange visitor will come by, and say: "Quit work!" You will say: "It is not night." But he will persist—"Quit work."

"It is only two o'clock; I have only just begun for the afternoon."

"Quit work!"
 "It is not sundown yet, may I not work till night?"

"Quit work!"
 And you will lay down your hammer on the anvil, with your hands black with the grime of the smithy, and you will go out

with him, and he will say to you: "It is time to quit work."

And you will say: "Will I be back in the morning?"

"No, not in the morning."
 "Will I be back to-morrow?"
 "No, not to-morrow."
 "Where are you taking me?"

"I am taking you to a land very far off, and from whose 'bourne no traveller returns.' Come along. This is the way."

"Can't I go back once?"
 "No," and somehow there is a little sternness in his voice.

But you will say: "I must go back a minute, only a minute, just once, to tell—"
 "No, come on!"

Oh, who is it? It is the master Death. You cannot go back—not for a minute; no, you might just as well ask for a century as for a minute. Suddenly it will be pitch dark and Death will be gone, and you will be in the silence, where you can hear the blood beat around your temples like the flow of a rushing river, all alone.

Pray God that, when you get there, Christ will be with you, lest you perish in solitude.— Bishop Quayle, in Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

"Prevent a friend from doing you good, impress him with the idea that he is of no use to you, and his affection will cool. But ask a man for little services he is ready to render, let him know and keep in his mind that he has conferred a benefit upon you, and he will like you all the more for it, become interested in your welfare, and feel real devotion for you. I have never known this experiment to fail."



# The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Sept.	Rec'd Mar. to Sept. 30.
Foreign Missions.	\$23,179.11	\$32,734.98
Home Missions.....	1,008.50	3,722.26
Augmentation.....	163.93	1,800.15
College.....	497.55	7,180.40
A. and I. Ministers..	14.00	1,731.37
French Evangelizatin	27.00	493.26
Pt-aux-Trembles....	1.00	125.00
For North West.....	984.68	1,742.56
Children's Day Col..	145.19	247.97
Assembly Fund.....	16.00	81.10
Bursary Fund.....	18.00	801.10
Library.....	—	207.89
Widows' & Orphans.	7.00	33.00
Temp., Moral Reform	32.48	145.55
Unallocated.....	862.84	2,026.92
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$26,957.28</b>	<b>\$53,078.51</b>

Received during Sept,  
At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,  
by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the donors.

Reported .....	\$26,121 23	Mrs. M. S. Tucker.....	100
Murray Harbor N.....	23	Clara M. Christie.....	10
J. Stanley Ross .....	25	A. A. D.....	20
Metapedia.....	3	Bertha Gordon.....	2
Barney s Riv. Friend ..	5	James Hamill.....	1
New Mills.....	5	Mrs. B. Bowness.....	1
Kempt Rd. friend. ....	1	Riv. John, St Geo.....	66 75
Jennie Miller.....	5	Mrs. E. McAleese .....	1
Bertha Muller .....	5	Margaree Harbor.....	1 90
Clarinda Miller .....	5	Elmsdale .....	25 50
B. S.....	10	Pictou Landing.....	11 80
Board, College.....	212 75	Gordon Robinson.....	10
Refund .....	7 10	Abtent Nova Scotians.	97
Interest.....	40 63	George Brown.....	1
Rouleau.....	5	Daniel McKenzie.....	1
Widow's Mite.....	5	Westchester. ....	13 50

James Henderson.....	2	Mrs. Dodge .....	14 86
Cariboo River.....	31	E. Sec. w.f.m.s.....	22,061 76
R.....	10	Welsford, Jerusalem..	3 50
J.....	10	Scotsburn.....	50
W. New Annan.....	39	Mem'y Rv. J.Cameron.	10
Gairloch .....	18 11	Cape John.....	50
Middle River .....	13 15	Charlottetown, St. Jas.	10
W. River, St. Mary's	61 81	"Chemist" U.S.A.....	10
Hx., Park st.....	53 54	Brookfield, P.E.I.....	33
David McLure.....	20	Clyde Riv., ".....	30
Dundas, Annandale....	77	Coldstream .....	75
Riverside .....	5	Blackville, Indianto'n.	15
John D. McVicar.....	10	J. H.....	31
Black River, &c.....	42	Hx., Ft. Massey ss. ...	4 64
Cascapedia w.f.m.s....	11	Bridgeville ss.....	4
Bainev's River .....	64	Lyon's Brook ss.....	5
Grand Bay.....	9 55	" .....	35
Lunenburg ss.....	40	Acadia ss .....	3 50
Maitland .....	15 68	Sackville ss.....	1 55
Elmsdale .....	17	Thompson .....	52
Miss Rogers, w.f.m.s..	946 15	Alberton lady.....	2
Souris, Bay Fortune..	55 20	G. M. L.....	20
Charlottetown friend..	30	Abercrombie, &c.....	16
" .....	30	Neil's Hlbr., Ingonish.	12
The Points .....	21 80	Refund.....	10
Sydney, St. And.....	500	A. S. Mackintosh .....	100
Bridgewater ss .....	25	Cass River ss .....	8
Scotsburn c.e.....	15 25	West Bay ss .....	2
M. H. Townsend.....	5	Dundas ss.....	5 25
Moncton.....	108	Port Hood ss.....	5 25
W. River, Green Hill..	5	Pictou, Knox ss.....	10 70
Cape George.....	20	Clev land ss .....	2 15
Nashwaak.....	34	Stellarton, St. John's.	7 48
Harvey, Acton.....	13 30	N. G'gow, P.E.I. ss ..	3 75
N. G'gow Un. Ch. mem	10	W. Br'ch Riv. Jno.ss...	10 80
Miscou, Shippegau ..	1 50	Presbyterian.....	5
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It never does any good to get angry. I once asked a very genial business man how it came that he never got angry. He said: "I find it the best policy to let the other fellow get angry. It always does harm to the cause you represent, besides causing one great humiliation."—The Bible Teacher.

"To bear somebody's burdens; to light somebody's pathway; to ease somebody's heartache; to wipe away somebody's tears. This is really to live, not to get all one can, but to give all he can; not to shirk, but to serve. This is the life that is worth while."

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There is always time to find  
Ways of being sweet and kind;  
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Smiles and goodness everywhere;  
Time to send the frowns away,  
Time a gentle word to say;  
Time for helpfulness, and time  
To assist the weak to climb;  
Time to give a little flower,  
Time for friendship any hour.  
But there is no time to spare  
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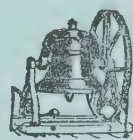


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Criticism should not embitter, but benefit us.—Jordan.

Character is a by-product of service.—Robert E. Speer.

Daily prayers are the best remedy for daily care.—Anon.

Govern thy lips as they were palace doors, the king within.—Arnold.

Every man's task is his life-preserver.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

What looks like the best road does not always lead to the right place.

If I cease becoming better, I shall soon cease to be good.—Oliver Cromwell.

True eloquence consists in saying all that should be, not all that could be said.

"Many men are called to preach the Gospel, all men are called to practice it."

"Only what we have wrought into our character during our life can we take away with us."

To have what we want is riches; but to be able to do without, is power.—MacDonald.

Do not refrain from doing your own little because you can not do the much of some one else.

Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are on the earth.—The Apostle Paul.

A man who lives right has more power in his silence than another has by his words.—Phillips Brooks.

If you see a fault in others, think of two of your own, and do not add a third one by your hasty judgment.—Flamner.

It is one mark of a superior mind to understand and be influenced by the superiority of others.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Whosoever does anything to depreciate Christianity is guilty of high treason against the civilization of mankind.—Macaulay.

How can any man be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might while he is deliberately or carelessly weakening his body.

In every part and corner of our life, to lose one's self is to be a gainer, to forget one's self is to be happy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The first service anybody can render society is to present it with a strong, symmetrical and self-restrained individual member.

The things that belong to men must be understood in order to be loved; the things that belong to God must be loved in order to be understood.—Pascal.

The best way to show your value of the religion of Christ is to practise the precepts and follow the example of Jesus every day.

For swearing over a telephone, a New York magistrate fined an offender two dollars and costs. A severe lecture was thrown in gratis by the magistrate.

Consecration is not wrapping one's self in a holy web in the sanctuary; it is going into the world and using every power for God's glory.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Beauty and truth and all that these contain drop not like ripened fruit about our feet; we climb to them through years of sweat and pain.—James Russell Lowell.

"Do you say you can't get ahead because you do not have a pull?" Well, seeing you have no pull, how would it do to try a push? More young men have succeeded that way.

The August McClure's has a story of a man who kept strict account of the time and money spent in saloons for 30 years. He wasted 32,874 hours and spent \$17,364.60.

Your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost. Return ever to the one great argument. In proportion as you honor the Spirit of the Living God, you will come to honor His living temple.

The man who carries a grudge little realizes that he is carrying instruments to wound and lacerate himself; that he receives the damage which he intended for another.

He who goes down into the battle of life giving a smile for every frown, a cheery word for every cross one, and lending a helping hand to the unfortunate is a true missionary.

It is a great deal better to live holy than to talk about it. We are told to let our light shine; and if it does, we will not need to tell anybody that it does. The light will be its own witness.

Who is a true man? He who does the truth, and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to act, and in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it.—Thomas Carlyle.



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RECORD.

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The  
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY AUTHORITY

OF

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OF

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IN

CANADA.

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Volume XXXIV.

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JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1909

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REV. E. SCOTT, M.A., D.D., Editor.  
OFFICE, Y. M. C. A. Building,  
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# Presbyterian Record

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VOL. XXXIV. ,

DECEMBER, 1909.

No. 12

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## SOME FACTS ABOUT THE RECORD.

This issue completes the thirty-fourth yearly volume of the RECORD, the eighteenth year under the present management.

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The regular monthly issue for the year has been sixty-two thousand copies, containing three millions of pages monthly, a distribution of one hundred thousand pages per day, for every day of the month, every day of the year. It should do some good.

---

The work of making the RECORD and getting it to congregations has three aspects, commercial, mechanical and literary.

The commercial is two-fold. One part of it comes at the beginning, the other at the end. That at the beginning has to do with the paper makers and printers, contracting with the former for paper, with the latter for printing, binding, mailing, etc.; and includes the constant care to insure that the quality of paper and work be maintained, so far as the small price fixed by the Assembly for the RECORD can secure it.

The other part of its commercial aspect has to do, not with its production but with its disposal, and includes correspondence with individuals and congregations all over the church, from C.B. to B.C., the care of the mailing lists with their constant changes, and the keeping of accounts of so large a circulation, not to speak of other correspondence, more or less remotely connected with the church, which finds its way to the office, with inquiry and request on a great variety of subjects. All these things combine to make a multiplicity of detail, that can only be realized by experience of it.

---

The mechanical part of making the RECORD, belongs to whatever printing office may have the contract for the time being.

The RECORD is printed in three sections, or "forms" of sixteen pages each. The centre "form" is printed first, and folded; then a second form is printed and folded to

be put over the first form, like a cover; while the third form, the first eight and the last eight pages, is printed and folded to be put like a cover over the second form; and then the colored cover over all.

It takes a printing press, running ten hours a day, at a thousand impressions per hour, more than a week to print one of the three "forms" which go to make up the RECORD.

So soon as one "form" is printed another has to be ready for the press; and, including the cover, which is printed in large sheets, the printing of an issue of the RECORD keeps a press running practically the whole month.

Whenever one month is printed, the first "form" of next month's RECORD should be ready to begin its more than six day's run. From one year's end to the other, and year after year, a press may be said to be running practically the whole time printing the RECORD.

When the three "forms" of an issue are printed and folded and gathered and inserted, one inside the other, making up a RECORD, it is stitched with wire, put in bundles, under power pressure, trimmed with machine knives, counted out in parcels of all sizes, as required, wrapped and tied, and the half dozen tons weight of each issue is packed into two hundred and fifty to three hundred of His Majesty's mail bags and carried all over the Dominion, to the more than two thousand volunteer helpers who kindly distribute it to the readers.

---

The literary work has to do with filling the pages. Like the commercial it has a two-fold aspect; it deals with the subject matter of the RECORD and with its literary form. It aims on the one hand at reading matter suitable and helpful, in every page and paragraph, and on the other at having each sentence and line and letter and punctuation point correct.

While care for the details of form takes much time, the real difficulty is the hunger problem, how to get, in the intervals of



other work incident to so large a circulation, enough of the right kind of reading matter, to fill the sixteen page form, nearly every week.

This hunger problem is accentuated by several elements of handicap. There is first the obvious limitation that much of that which fills men's lives and appeals to their interest, farming and shipping, politics and commerce and much else, is excluded, except to point a moral. It has a distinctive field, the moral and religious, and its contents must be limited to that field.

A second limitation is that even religious or church "news" is practically excluded. A "monthly" cannot give "news." What might be news, the day after one issue finally goes to press, is five weeks old before it can appear in the next issue. It is no longer "news;" and besides, it has long since appeared in the daily and weekly papers. This practically excludes a large class of matter which gives interest to weekly religious publications.

A third limitation is that controversial subjects, in which there may be widespread interest but strongly divided opinion, must be touched sparingly.

---

There is yet a fourth handicap, the greatest of all in that it directly prevents the RECORD fulfilling the purpose of its establishment by the church. The theory of a monthly church Record is that it is a record, not of "news" or incidents, concerning individuals or congregations, but of the organized work which the church, as a whole, is carrying on through her different "schemes." It is established by the church as a medium through which those specially in charge of the various "schemes," and knowing most about them, can keep the whole church informed of the conditions and needs of the work under their care.

In some other churches each "scheme" has its page or more in the monthly church organ, and those in charge of that "scheme" keep that page filled more or less often, different departments alternating, so that every part of the public work of the church is, at frequent intervals, fully set forth by those who have charge of it, and who know it best.

In the RECORD this supply of reading matter, a supply which the RECORD was

specially established to publish, is in large measure wanting. We have our Colleges, Home Missions, Augmentation, French Evangelization, Foreign Missions, etc., etc., with the beneficiary "schemes" such as the Aged Ministers' and Widows' and Orphans' Funds, and other lines of work, and yet, looking back over the RECORD for years past, a presentation of some of the oldest and most important "schemes" by those in charge of them, and who know them best, is sought in vain. Bricks are demanded of the RECORD, statements of the work, and some of those who have the straw do not supply it. Stubble is gathered as opportunity offers, but the RECORD fails by so much of the end for which it was established.

This handicap is emphasized by the fact that when those in charge of a special "scheme" or department of church work have a statement to make to the church, they frequently print, at so much extra cost to the church, a special leaflet, perhaps ten or twelve thousand of them, reaching one-fifth the number to which the RECORD would carry it, instead of sending their statement, at no extra cost, through the medium which the church has already provided.

All these limitations, the greatest one of them wholly unnecessary, make difficult the work of filling the RECORD with suitable matter.

---

During the eighteen years of the present management, there has not been an issue or a "form" that has not been prepared and made up for the press by the editor, personally, and, so far as memory serves, not a page or an article, or even an item has appeared during those years that he has not either written or edited or revised or examined or selected.

The same may be said of the Maritime Presbyterian, for the eleven years preceding, of the Children's RECORD for thirteen years concurrently with these other two, and of the S. S. Lesson Helps for the year 1898, when they were published from the RECORD office, to test whether they could be made self supporting, before removing them to Toronto and making them self dependent.

---

The "Staff" of the RECORD Office consists of the editor and a lady assistant.

## —CENTS PER MEMBER PER—

One thing that is made prominent to-day in nearly all the circulars and conferences in connection with the forward movement in missions, is the small amount that is required per member to "evangelize our share of the world."

The amount usually named, a few cents per member, per day or week, is a very inadequate standard for most givers, and the mention of such a figure is liable to make them self satisfied, and to cut the nerve of all incentive to advance. Moreover there are many members able to do little or nothing and many more who, even if able, are unwilling, and the willing have to do more, with its larger privilege and profit to themselves.

The so many cents per member system is in a sense a vicious and hurtful one, in that it lays before men an entirely wrong standard. The standard of Scripture is "As God hath prospered," and by this standard there are few alike.

It would be a forward movement if conveners, secretaries, etc., would drop, for ever, the so many cents per member standard, and seek to cultivate instead, the standard of say—the tithe and upward, and the measurement of love, which is not "how much **should** I," but "how much **can**" I give. The lover to the beloved, the parent to the child, never thinks, "how much **should** I do," but, "how much **can** I do" for the best good of the one I love. True love to Christ and humanity, never measures itself by—cents per.

**Bird's Eye View.**

Of our Foreign Missions is a neat and tasteful pamphlet of thirty-two pages, illustrated, by Rev. R. P. Mackay, D.D., Confederation Life Building, Toronto, from whom it may be ordered for free distribution. It sums up briefly our foreign fields and work, "our share of the world."

According to the estimate of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, forty millions is Canada's share of the unevangelized world, of which fourteen millions have been adjudged as the share of the Presbyterians in Canada. We have this number in the fields already occupied, viz., approximately, eight millions in Honan, three millions in India, one million each in South China, in Formosa and in Korea, besides the New Hebrides, Trinidad and British Guiana.

**HOME MISSIONS, WEST.**

By DR. E. D. McLAREN, H. M. SEC.

Number of Mission Fields... ..635  
(Each field contains several preaching stations, over two thousand in all).

Total receipts for 1908... ..\$156,739  
Estimated expenditure for 1909... ..195,000

Every thoughtful Christian realizes that the country whose religious growth does not keep pace with its material development is foredoomed to failure. National greatness can rest broad-based only upon national righteousness.

We are laying to-day the foundations of the Canadian nationality of the future. If, in this foundation work, we fail to use the enduring elements of religion and morality, the superstructure of our national life will necessarily be devoid of both strength and beauty.

For the successful prosecution of this work two things are absolutely essential: more men and more money. During the present winter at least seventy-five fields will have to be left vacant, and in many of them ours is the only Church that has been giving service. In so far as the supply of missionaries is concerned the situation is grave enough to awaken deep anxiety. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

But prayers for more missionaries must be accompanied by gifts of more money. Even with a considerable number of fields unsupplied, the expenditure for the current year will probably be about \$30,000 in excess of last year's revenue. Is this too much to ask from such a Church as ours, on behalf of such a magnificent work, in a time of such abounding prosperity?

Year by year the Home Mission Committee has had to appeal for increased contributions. This increased expenditure is the unmistakable evidence, and, up to the present time, has been a fairly accurate measure of our country's expansion.

There are 635 fields under the care of the Committee this year, containing over two thousand preaching stations.

The construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has meant the establish-



ment of at least one hundred new towns between Winnipeg and Edmonton.

The immigration to Canada in 1907 was sufficient to have enabled a village of 760 inhabitants to be started each day, from the 1st of January to the 31st of December!

And "the end is not yet." For many years the tide of immigration will flow with increasing volume, and the demands upon Canadian Christians must increase proportionately. Rapid growth is generally accompanied by growing pains; and the ever increasing burden of Home Mission work is simply the cost to the Christian public of the rapid expansion of our national life.

That burden must be borne if the heritage we are to bequeath to our children is to be a genuinely Christian country. For loyal soldiers of the King "there is no discharge in this war." We must pay the price of our country's well-being or suffer the consequences of our neglect.

If the contributions for this year do not exceed those of last year, the Reserve Fund will be practically wiped out next spring, and the Committee will be forced to withdraw from many of the fields already occupied as well as to refuse all requests for the opening of new fields.

Do our people generally realize what an appalling calamity that would be?

It would mean for the church:

(a) Loss of spiritual power. The secret of joy and strength is the faithful discharge of the duties that lie nearest.

(b) Loss of material resources. The Home Mission field of to-day is the base of supplies for to-morrow. The future success of every other department of religious activity depends upon the energy with which Home Mission work is prosecuted now. In a growing country the Church that does not grow with the country is doomed.

(c) Loss of opportunity as a church. All through newer Canada the forces of good and evil are contending for the control of a vast new Empire. For thirty years we have been in the very forefront of this magnificent struggle: must we lay down our arms and say that we can fight no more? For thirty years we have been setting the pace for all who wished to follow the long trail: must we fall to the rear be-

fore the journey is half over, and relinquish the honourable position of leadership in this supremely important enterprise?

It would mean for the Home:—

Increased anxiety about loved ones far away. Every Canadian community has its living interests in the newer districts of the country—the men and women who have gone forth to do the pioneer work of Canada. Must they be left to battle with the hardening influences of materialism and the destructive forces of sin, unaided by the presence of the missionary and the Church? What unspeakable grief that would cause in thousands of Anglo-Saxon homes!

It would mean for the Individual:—

Heavier odds against him if he wishes to do right: less restraint upon him if he wishes to do wrong.

It would mean for the Country:—

A lower standard of both personal and public conduct and a proportionate absence from the life of the nation of the elements that are most essential to its well being. Can we think even for a moment of these inevitable results of a Home Mission deficit without realizing the tremendous gravity of the situation, and the absolute necessity of largely increasing our giving to the Home Mission Fund.

(Copies of the above article, with additions, in leaflet form, display type, for gratuitous distribution, may be had on application to Dr. E. D. McLaren, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.)

#### Home Mission Lectures.

The Board of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, has three stereopticon lectures, pictures with descriptive lecture, on the West and Yukon. They will loan these, express paid, to any who may wish them for a "Home Mission Night" at two dollars each, to cover expressage and necessary expenses. Address Miss Mary A. Hopkirk, 86 Bismark Ave, Toronto.

#### Tracts on Giving.

The Committee on Systematic Giving, of the Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Rev. James Buchanan, of Dundalk, Ont., Convener, has issued a couple of Tracts, prepared by the Convener, entitled "Scriptural Giving, The Church's Great Reform" and "What Owest Thou Unto Thy Lord." These tracts are brief, simple and scriptural, and should do much good. They may be had, postpaid, at 25 cents per hundred, from the Armac Press, 42 Agnes St., Toronto, or from the Convener as above.

**PRESBYTERIAL EVANGELISM.**

PROF. KILPATRICK, D.D., TORONTO.

The responsibilities of a Presbytery for the religious life of the congregations within its bounds is very great. If it is not felt and discharged, an important element in Presbyterian policy is omitted, and the consequences are very grave. Nothing has been more hopeful in recent years than the serious and worthy manner in which Presbyteries have sought to address themselves to the discharge of the episcopal functions devolving upon them. In particular, it is most interesting to note that several Presbyteries are seeking to carry out the work of evangelism in their respective districts.

This type of evangelism is new in the history of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Not that evangelism is new. But hitherto it has been occasional and congregational; and often the evangelists have been selected from beyond the ranks of our own ministry.

Now the attempt is being made to organize Presbyteries for the work, to carry it out simultaneously among a number of congregations, and to have, as missionaries, ministers of our own Church, who are willing to give their time and strength to the help of their brethren. Among the Presbyteries, where this type of evangelism is being attempted, are:

Orangeville, Peterborough, Stratford, Owen Sound, Bruce, in Ontario; Glenboro, Rock Lake, Brandon, in Manitoba; Regina, Arcola, Alameda, Qu'Appelle, in Saskatchewan; Red Deer, Vermillion, Calgary, in Alberta. All of these take place in November and December.

The success of such an endeavor will depend, under God, upon the preparation made for it, the skill and completeness of all arrangements in connection with it, the quality of the preaching, and the faithfulness of the personal work.

Above all, results for the glory of God, and the good of the Church, can only be expected, when the whole enterprise is carried out in the spirit of prayer. No mere method, however brilliant or novel, can command success. No mere machinery, under whatsoever patent, can secure the result. This whole matter belongs to the region of spiritual realities. The supreme need is spiritual power. The essential condition is prayer.

No doubt, the ministers and missionaries know this and are acting on it. But the Church at large is vitally concerned in what they are doing, and owes to them the fraternal duty of co-operating with them in intercessory prayer.

Even now, while the work is progressing in so many different localities, let congregations in their public assemblies, and families gathered in worship, and individuals in their private communion with God, "wait, for the promise of the Father," and seek, for those now engaged in this high and sacred task, the gift of the Spirit.

Without this, the work will be weary and fruitless. With it, "the joy of the Lord" will be the strength of the workers; and the issue will be seen in lives quickened and churches stirred. Doing this for our brethren, we shall share in the "good things" which the Father gives to them that ask Him.

**SOCIAL AND MORAL REFORM.**

Rev. J. G. Shearer, D.D., the Secretary of this department of the work of our church, has forwarded leaflets issued by his committee. They are by different writers and on various subjects;—e.g. "The White Slave Traffic," by Hon. Edwin W. Sims, U. S. District Attorney, Chicago; "The Social Evil," by Recorder Weir, Montreal; "Law Enforcement in Canada," by Dr. Shearer; "Local Prohibition," by Rev. Prof. Pidgeon, D.D.; also a Special Memo for the use of speakers in the Campaign for Social and Moral Reform.

The object of the Campaign now going on is three-fold:—

(1) To arouse to a sense of the scope, need and importance of the work of Social and Moral Reform;

(2) To appeal to the people in the interests of the special efforts now making, to secure amendments to the Criminal Code;

(3) To secure adequate financial support for the work of this department. Dr. Shearer states that the four cents per member that is sometimes mentioned will be entirely inadequate, that a very much larger average will be required from the stronger congregations to meet the necessary work of this important department, if it is to do its best work for our church and country.



**DATES AND PLACES OF MEETING  
OF THE SYNODS AND PRESBY-  
TERIES OF THE CHURCH.**

*Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon decided; also notice of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given here it is because they are not received.*

**The General Assembly meets in  
Halifax, First Wednesday of June, 1910.**

**Synod of the Maritime Provinces.  
New Glasgow, 1st Tues. Oct., 1910.**

1. Sydney.
2. Inverness, Fort Hastings, 6 Dec., 11 a.m.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 11 Jan., 1.30 p.m.
4. Wallace, Amherst, 3 Tues. Feb. 2.30 p.m.
5. Truro Truro, 21 Dec. 2 p.m.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 21 Dec., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg.
8. St. John, St. John, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, 14 Dec., 11 a.m.
10. P.E.I., Charlettetown, 1 Mar. 10 a.m.

**Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.  
Cornwall, 2nd Tues., May, 1910.**

11. Quebec, Richmond, 7 Dec., 4.15 p.m.
12. Montreal.
13. Glengarry, Vankleek Hill, 1 Tues. Mar.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 4 Jan., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Arnprior, 30 Nov., 10.30 a.m.
16. Brockville, Brockville, 1 Mar.

**Synods of Toronto and Kingston.  
Toronto, 2nd Tues., May, 1910.**

17. Kingston, Kingston, 14 Dec., 2 p.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 14 Dec., 2 p.m.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Whitby, 19 Jan., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 11 Jan. 10.30
23. Barrie, Barrie, 14 Dec., 10.30 a.m.
24. North Bay, Huntsville.
25. Temiskaming, Cobalt, March.
26. Algoma, Sault Ste. Marie, 1 Mar., 8 p.m.
27. Owen Sound, Owen Sd., 7 Dec., 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen Palmerston 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
29. Guelph, Guelph, 18 Jan., 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Hamilton and London.  
Stratford, Last Monday of April, 1910.**

30. Hamilton, Hamilton, 4 Jan., 10 a.m.
31. Paris, Ingersoll, 11 Jan., 11 a.m.
32. London, London, 7 Dec., 10.30 a.m.
33. Chatham, Chatham, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 7 Dec., 11 a.m.
35. Stratford Stratford, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
36. Huron, Clinton, 18 Jan., 10.30 a.m.
37. Maitland, Wingham, 21 Dec., 10 a.m.
38. Bruce, Paisley, 7 Dec., 11 a.m.

**Synod of Manitoba.  
Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov., 1910.**

39. Superior, Port Arthur, Mar., 10 a.m.
40. Winnipeg, Man., Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Pilot Md., 2nd Tu. Feb., 3 p.m.
42. Glenboro, Holland, Feb.
43. Portage, P. La Pra., 1st Tu. Mar., 2 p.m.
44. Dauphin, Dauphin, Feb.
45. Minnedosa, Strathclair, 8 Feb., 2 p.m.
46. Brandon, Brandon, 3rd Mon. Feb., 7.30.

**Synod of Saskatchewan.  
Prince Albert, 1st Tues., July, 1910.**

47. Yorkton, Yorkton, Feb.
48. Arcola, Redvers, Feb.
49. Alameda, Estevan, 1st Tu. Feb., 9.30 a.m.
50. Qu'Appelle, Sintaluta, Feb.
51. Abernethy, Abernethy, 2 Tues. Feb. 1910.
52. Regina, Regina, 2nd week Feb., 9 a.m.
53. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, last Tu. Feb., 3 p.m.
54. Prince Albert.
55. Battleford.

**Synod of Alberta.  
Edmonton, last Wed., April, 1910.**

56. Vermilion Vermilion, 15 Dec., 9.30 a.m.
57. Edmonton, Strathcona, 7 Dec., 10 a.m.
58. Lacombe, Lacombe, Dec.
59. Red Deer, Innisfail, Feb., 2 p.m.
60. Calgary, Calgary, 7 Dec., 9.30 a.m.
61. High River High River, 14 Dec., 11 a.m.
62. Macleod, Macleod, Feb. 10 a.m.

**Synod of British Columbia.  
Vancouver, 1st Wed., May, 1910.**

63. Kootenay, Nelson, Feb.
64. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
65. Westminster, Vancouver, 14 Dec., 10 a.m.
66. Victoria, Victoria, at call of Mod'r.

## LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

### The Campaign in Western Canada.

BY REV. A. E. ARMSTRONG.

For the Record,—

If the present Campaign of the Laymen's Missionary Movement in Western Canada were a pre-election political campaign, rather than a crusade in the interests of the Kingdom of God, it might fittingly be termed "a triumphal tour." With scarcely an exception every place visited by the deputation has answered in the affirmative,—with a unanimity and a heartiness characteristic of the West—the question on the streamer hung before them and forming the central theme of the addresses delivered, "Will Canada evangelize her share of the world?"

To date, the points visited are as follows:—In N. W. Ontario, Port Arthur, Fort William and Kenora.—In Manitoba, Portage la Prairie, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Brandon, Souris, Carman, Oak Lake, Roland, Hartney, Virden, Manitou, Boissevain, Deloraine, Napinka and Melita.—In Saskatchewan, Moosomin, Grenfell, Regina, Wolseley, Indian Head, Moose Jaw, Oxbow, Estevan and Weyburn. In Alberta;—Medicina Hat, Lethbridge and Macleod.—In British-Columbia,—Fernie, Cranbrook, Nelson, Rossland, Grand Forks, Kaslo, Robson and Revelstoke.

In addition to the above thirty-eight places, about thirty cities and towns are yet to be visited, mainly in the northern parts of these four western provinces. The plan is to launch the Movement in over sixty central points in the West, that its influence may radiate throughout the surrounding country during the coming winter. It is hoped that through a number of men in each centre becoming interested, the contagion may spread rapidly by reason of large numbers of men propagating the missionary spirit in pulpit, on platform, in the press, in organized effort, in conversation and in the reading and circulation of missionary literature.

This plan is being facilitated because in practically every place men were present from the surrounding country and other towns. In many instances it is known, that men have returned to their commun-

ities to arrange men's missionary suppers and to introduce the weekly envelope system and other approved methods into their own congregations. What may it not mean to this country to enlist as active workers even a small number of men in three or fourscore places who have seen a vision and caught the spirit of this modern missionary uprising?

The campaign is being conducted by nearly thirty men who are taking, some the whole, others a part, of the tour. As it is a combined effort of the Laymen's Missionary Movement and the Mission Boards, the deputation consists of laymen, missionaries and secretaries of the Movement, and of the Mission Boards. Thus the subject is dealt with from three viewpoints—the business man, the mission field and the home organization.

The main feature of the visit to each place is the men's missionary banquet. Unquestionably this form of meeting is the only successful way to launch the movement. Experience in two or three towns where a banquet had not been arranged, only confirms the conviction, deepened by scores of successful banquets, that the only way to get an attendance of uninterested men is by a carefully prepared banquet. Besides getting the men, the banquet furnishes an atmosphere which is highly conducive to arousing interest and evoking action.

The main feature which is NOT seen in this campaign is the appeal for funds. Men are surprised to hear of or see a missionary programme of any sort in which no money is solicited. It is true that a great deal is said about the need for contributing more money to missions, but men are urged to become interested in the world-wide work of missions and, as a result of their increasing interest, give more largely to their own church's missionary funds. This movement believes that an intelligent interest will call forth a ready and adequate response in sympathy, money, prayer, and life. This campaign is, therefore, one of education through information and inspiration.

Besides the banquet a conference on practical and successful methods is conducted in each place, the general topic being "How to bring a congregation up to its highest missionary efficiency." In larger cities



denominational meetings are also held to discuss the best means of making the most of this movement in the local congregation with a view to undertaking its share of the denominational missionary responsibility.

I had intended writing also regarding some of the reasons why this movement is so signally successful in enlisting men of all kinds in the chief business of the church, but my letter is already lengthy and I shall defer discussing that subject until next month.

This movement is of God. It has on it the stamp of the Divine. It is permeated by the Spirit of the Christ who proposes to win men out of every nation unto His allegiance. Its energy and vitality are the evidence that the Holy Spirit is inspiring the church to seize the unprecedented opportunity of this our day and generation in making Christ's gospel universal.

That is why, through this "the most potential movement ever known in the Christian Church," young men are seeing visions and old men are dreaming dreams; visions of a world's need and dreams of a world's conquest to Jesus Christ. "Thy people shall offer themselves willingly in the day of Thy power."

Vancouver, 10 Nov., 1909.

Whatever a man gains he can hold in his grasp only for a little while. "As for man, his days are as grass. As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it and it is gone and the place thereof shall know it no more." That man is poor indeed who, whether gaining or losing, whether in health or sickness, has no treasure in heaven.

Christianity broadens life instead of narrowing it; fills it to overflowing with that which makes for man's enjoyment here, instead of robbing it of any of its sweetness. Experience teaches that God has linked happiness to righteousness and that from every standpoint godliness is profitable.—W. J. Bryan.

The spiritual life is not knowing, not hearing, but doing. We only know so far as we can do. We learn to do so by doing. What we do truly, rightly, in the way of duty, that, and only that, we are.—Frederick W. Robertson.

## SABBATH SCHOOL WORK IN THE KOOTENAYS.

By REV. J. C. ROBERTSON, B.D., SECRETARY.

For the Record,—

Four weeks in the Kootenays!

It was not exactly a holiday, but it was just as interesting and delightful, possibly indeed, more so.

Sometimes the traveller is on a steamer for a day at a time going from one end of a lake to the other, and there are half a dozen such lakes, each with its own fleet of steamers built on its own shores. Sometimes he is on a railway train going up the side of a mountain, literally up into the clouds, and down again on the other side, and always there is a grandeur in the scenery that is more likely to compel silence than speech on the part of any one who has eyes to see.

Such a combination of snow capped mountains and deep green valleys, of rushing rivers, and crystal lakes, it would be difficult to find anywhere else outside of Switzerland, and perhaps not even there.

The opportunity to see something of all this, and something else still more interesting, came to the writer through the Sabbath School Committee of the Synod of British Columbia. Their request, promptly acceded to, was that the General Secretary for Sabbath Schools should spend some time during the Autumn in promoting Sabbath School work in the Kootenays, following up the evangelistic campaign so successfully carried out a few months before.

The Convener of the Presbytery's Sabbath School Committee made all the arrangements some weeks in advance, providing for a meeting every week night, except Saturdays, with almost unlimited opportunities for meetings on Sundays. The programme was so carefully planned that it was found possible to carry it out with scarcely any changes, visiting almost every congregation in the Presbytery, in the short space of four weeks.

Looking back over these four weeks' work, many impressions stand out clearly, and some of these which have to do with the work of our Church may be briefly stated.

One very definite impression is the marvellous foresight and perseverance of our Home Mission leaders, who succeeded in establishing a Presbyterian Church in practically every mining camp in the Kootenays during the first great rush of prospectors and miners to that district, fifteen or twenty years ago.

Another abiding impression is the equally great perseverance and real heroism of successive bands of ministers and missionaries, who from that day to the present time have continuously held this far-flung line of outposts against very heavy odds, and with all too little support from the main body.

And there is still another company, without whom this work simply could not have been done, namely, those who during all these years have made it possible to keep the Sabbath Schools in active operation, and thus to provide for the religious instruction, especially of the younger people. This work is all the more noteworthy when it is remembered that in a good many of these towns, for longer or shorter periods, there has been no public service, and that there are to-day a number of towns in which the only church is the Presbyterian Church, and the only service that of a student missionary during the summer months.

The writer visited several such towns during October just after the student missionaries had left for college, where no public service of any kind was likely to be held again for the next six months, and realized more vividly than ever before the magnitude of our Home Mission problem, and the urgent need for volunteers to man these deserving fields.

There was, however, this one very bright spot in what would otherwise have been a somewhat discouraging outlook, that in every one of these towns, without a single exception, there was a little group of men and women who were willing to give of their time and their talents to teach all who desired, and also all who could be persuaded, to attend the Sabbath School, and who are resolved to continue this work throughout the year, whether a missionary can be sent to them or not.

At one of these towns while waiting for the train on the morning following the

meeting, one of the pioneers of the place volunteered the following statement as to the value of this work: "I tell you, the little Sunday School that meets over yonder (in the church) is putting a stamp on the children of this town, and it is a wonderfully good stamp."

There can, indeed, be no doubt about it in the mind of any careful observer, that one of the strong forces for righteousness in the Kootenays is the force represented by the officers and teachers of the Sabbath Schools, who in the face of many difficulties are faithfully doing this important work.

The one impression deeper than any other left in the mind of the writer after meeting group after group of these workers, and learning something of the self-sacrificing work they are doing, is that in them our Presbyterian Church has a force of Sabbath School workers of whom we have much reason to be proud, and who put to shame many a member of our Church, who, in more comfortable surroundings, is shrinking from the insistent call to teach in our Sabbath Schools, where the conditions are in every way much more favorable than in the Kootenays.

There are some lessons which can be learned more readily away from the great centres than in them, and one of these very clearly illustrated in the Presbytery of Kootenay, is that the test of the living church as well as the measure of its strength is the number of its members who are willing to deny themselves in order to help some one else, and more especially who are willing to teach others what they themselves have first learned of the wonderful love of God in Jesus Christ.

It is not only from the study walls of pastors, but from the walls of every shop, every counting-room, and every hall of justice and legislation, that the countenance of Jesus is looking down and saying, "Do all for me."—T. L. Cuyler.

Translators are always needed in heathen fields but the greatest among such is he who can translate the example of Jesus Christ into the dialect of daily life, into the universal speech of pain, poverty and suffering for the sake of others.—A. J. Gordon.



# Our Korean Mission for 1909

## WONSAN STATION FOR 1909.

Missionaries	Arrival
Mrs. W. R. Foote.. . . . .	1898
Mrs. W. R. Foote.. . . . .	1898
Rev. A. F. Robb, B.A.. . . . .	1901
Mrs. A. F. Robb, B.A.. . . . .	1901

### Statistics.

Theological students.. . . . .	6
Academy students.. . . . .	57
Attending primary schools.. . . .	290
Native workers.. . . . .	25
Native workers supported by the native church.. . . . .	13
Regular meeting places.. . . . .	35
Added during the year.. . . . .	18
Church buildings.. . . . .	14
Communicants.. . . . .	630
Added during the year.. . . . .	196
Catechumens.. . . . .	536
Added during the year.. . . . .	393
Total members and adherents.. . .	2,297
Contributions by native church. . .	\$1,252.50

During the year now closing we have been privileged to see a steady advance in every department of our work. Our force of workers was not large and considerable time was given to duties outside our own station. By mission appointment, Mr. Robb spent three weeks in Song Chin, and one month in Ham Heung. Mr. Foote's appointments kept him absent from the station three months, one of which was spent at Ham Heung and two at Ping Yang, teaching in the Theological Seminary, where our workers are also trained.

Sickness in Mr. Robb's home has also broken in upon our time. First, Mr. Robb was laid aside for some weeks during the winter, then their little girl, Marion, since the middle of June, suffered a long and painful illness from a series of abscesses following scarlet fever. For a long time, her life was almost despaired of, but God in His great mercy, has restored her to missionaries. The Wonsan church building

We had no woman in the station this year who could devote the necessary time to work among the women and girls in the outstations. Both Mrs. Robb and Mrs. Foote, apart from their household duties; with teaching in the academy, lower schools and city work, which gave them several hours' daily engagements, were unable to overtake this most important branch of service. However, they went over part of the field and kept in touch with the churches as mentioned below.

Owing to the destruction of crops and fields by floods, famine has pressed sorely upon the people of Mun Chon. The foreigners in Korea contributed liberally to the relief of the sufferers, but many had to remove elsewhere to seek a living in the meantime. Sales of Scripture were greatly lessened, and the Christians were unable to contribute to the church and school work as in other years.

### Evangelistic Work.

WONSAN CHURCH: The Wonsan congregation has continued to grow in numbers and in strength. Around it, as a centre, have sprung up eight smaller congregations. Every Sunday men are sent to these places to conduct the service. The Koreans initiated this movement of their own accord. One Sunday those who would like to do service of this kind were asked to send in their names to the elders. About forty responded and were placed on the volunteer list. From that time, every Sunday morning, a number of men may be seen starting out from Wonsan to proclaim the Master's message in these congregations. They always walk and frequently go in pairs. Two of the congregations are twelve miles from Wonsan. In the evening they attend the central church and briefly report on their mission.

This is the first year that we have had a staff of elders. They have been a great help both to the congregation and to the mis-

which seemed so large at the time of its erection, has been twice enlarged since then, but is again too small for our requirements.

Besides the regular Sunday service and mid-week prayer-meeting, services are held almost daily. On Monday evening the officers of the church frequently meet; on Tuesday morning, a study class for new women is held, and in the evening several Bible classes are held in various sections of the city for men; on Thursday, separate study classes for the men and advanced women are conducted; on Friday evening the following Sunday School lesson is studied, and on Saturday evening instruction is given those not yet baptized.

Two communion services were held during the year when sixty-six adults and twelve children received baptism, and one hundred and ten catechumens were enrolled. In the Sunday School there are ten classes of men, three of boys, eight of women, three of girls.

#### **Work for Women.**

In this department, Mrs. Foote and Mrs. Robb carried on the local work on much the same lines as in former years. The woman's Sunday School has grown so that it was necessary to send the girls out to the girls' school building, while eight classes of women filled up the women's part of the church.

Midweek Bible classes were held by Mrs. Foote in Sin Pungni, and for part of the year in the new branch church in lower Wonsan. Mrs. Robb continued her Thursday class in Wonsan. In October a week was devoted to the general class for women in Wonsan, which was attended by almost one hundred.

**SCHOOL FOR YOUNG WOMEN:** To meet the needs of a number of bright young women, Mrs. Foote and Mrs. Robb had a Saturday school for them, teaching the Bible, writing, arithmetic, geography and hygiene. An advanced school for girls and young women is greatly needed to train leaders for evangelistic and educational work among the women. An instance of this need was noted in a county town where a number of people had established a school for their daughters. They had selected as the best available teacher a young woman who had been self-taught, and the whole curriculum consisted

of the Korean Primer. Two other schools are asking loudly for teachers as those they have are not well qualified.

#### **Country Work.**

In the country there has been a steady growth both in the number of groups and in the number of believers in each group. During the autumn and winter Bible training classes, lasting a week or ten days each, were held in all the groups. The missionaries taught in the larger centres, and the Korean helpers held the classes in the smaller places. The missionary and his helpers visit the groups and churches under his care as frequently as possible, which is all too seldom.

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The following instances illustrate the way in which groups of believers spring up and develop. At the beginning of last year a Korean came to the missionary's house in Wonsan, asking for the "Jesus doctrine" books. The "moksa" (pastor), was away at a country class, but the "pouin" (missionary's wife), talked with him and gave him books. Two months later he came for some more books.

Nothing more was seen of him until December, when he and another man arrived in Wonsan, saying that a number of people in their village, seventy-five miles away in the mountains, had decided to believe, and urging the missionary to come and teach them. This he promised to do as soon as possible and in the meantime sent them a native preacher and colporteur.

They brought good reports, but before the missionary could visit them, two men came again, urging a speedy visit, saying many more were likely to believe.

It was not until the middle of May that the Missionary's engagements permitted him to visit the group. Here he found about thirty believers meeting regularly for worship and studying the New Testament. After due examination seventeen of them, having been attending worship for some months, and showing some knowledge of the Scripture and grasp of the truth, were enrolled as catechumens. Yet this was the first visit of the missionary, and had been preceded by only two brief visits of the native helpers.



Another instance:—Ten years ago, a missionary and his native helper went to the county town of Mun Chon, fifteen miles from Wonsan. A young man in the neighbouring village heard of their arrival. He had studied Confucianism and Buddhism, and went to confound the folly of the Western barbarian. But he took with him from this interview a copy of Luke's Gospel.

Gradually he came to a knowledge of the truth, and in spite of the bitter opposition of his family and numerous relatives, all dwelling in the same village, declared himself a Christian. His wife followed him into the church, but they stood alone in their village, and in loneliness of spirit they have patiently endured persecution throughout the years, witnessing a good confession of Jesus Christ and seeking to win others to the way of life. A group of believers was gathered in the nearby county town, and a neat church built. Others in neighbouring villages were led to Christ, but their own village remained obdurate.

Now, at last, they have begun to see the fruit of their toil and endurance and prayers. Three of their relatives have been baptized, and at our last communion season, no less than eighteen young men of his family and village were enrolled as catechumens, declaring before all men their faith in Christ. The tears were rolling down the cheeks of Mr. Chon and his good wife, as in a voice choked with sobs, he gave thanks to God for his great grace.

#### **Country Classes for Women.**

Besides women's work in the city, Mrs. Foote held classes in three of the larger country churches, and one of these, Anpyun, where there is a girls' school, she was able to visit several times. Many of the groups, however, have now been two years without a visit from a lady missionary, and others have never been visited. To work this field with any degree of efficiency there should be two single ladies on the station, one to do school work and one to itinerate.

Mrs. Foote has kept in touch with the work south of Wonsan as well as possible, through two Bible women, who have given efficient service. At one class, a prize was offered to the woman who would memorize the most Scripture verses during the time

the class was in session. The competition awakened a keen interest and the winner was a new believer who could not distinguish one letter from another, but learned the passages from her husband as he read and reread them to her. Since then she has been diligent and now reads nicely.

Mrs. Robb held an eight days' class in the church at Tokehi in November and one in Mun Chon in March, at both of which the interest was good. Short visits were made to Song Mun, Mun Pyong and Po Mak churches. At the last place, it was a great pleasure to find about twenty women and girls eager to study and learn to read.

She could stay but one day and night with them, but left the two Bible women, Abigail and Rebecca, to carry on the first class held in that place. Other groups had to be left unvisited. Even with the thought of the little children at home tugging at one's heart-strings, this country work is most enjoyable, and one gets nearer to the women in a week of constant association.

#### **Conclusion.**

In August, we had the great pleasure of welcoming Miss Rogers to Korea, and of having her with us until annual meeting. We hope that she may be very happy in her Master's service in the land of her adoption.

There was great rejoicing in Wonsan when Dr. McMillan returned from furlough, and it was known that she could spend two months in Wonsan. We hope that the Home Church will soon be able to send a medical man so that Dr. McMillan may return to Wonsan.

During the year over one hundred and fifty General Assembly certificates, diplomas and seals were distributed, for correctly reciting the Shorter Catechism and Scripture verses.

Wang Hsin, a Chinese convert, was during the Boxer troubles commanded to repent, and this was his reply: "I have repented already. Before, I was a bad character; now, by the grace of God, I have changed for the better; I am not going to change again for the worse;" and he was cut to pieces.

**HAM HEUNG STATION FOR 1909.**

Missionaries.	Appointed.
Rev. D. M. McRae, B.A. . . . .	1898
Mrs. D. M. McRae, B.A. . . . .	1898
Miss K. McMillan, M.D. . . . .	1901
Rev. L. L. Young, B.A. . . . .	1906
Miss L. H. McCully . . . . .	1900
Miss C. F. Mair, B.A. . . . .	1905

**Statistics.**

Theological students.. . . .	2
Academy students.. . . .	44
Primary school pupils.. . . .	327
Native workers.. . . .	36
Supported by native church.. . . .	17
Regular meeting places.. . . .	37
Added during year.. . . .	20
Church buildings.. . . .	21
Added during year.. . . .	8
Communicants.. . . .	373
Added during year.. . . .	40
Catechumens.. . . .	338
Added during year.. . . .	200
Total members and adherents.. . . .	1,997
Contributions by native churches.. . . .	\$2,613

A year ago our small force felt, on returning from the annual meeting that we were indeed small. But we have surely been shown that it is "not by might nor by power but by My spirit." The battle has not been ours this past year.

Never has the country work so spread and grown. The school work has been heavy, but progress has stamped it. The building of the new church in the city has brought burdens and problems with it, but it is a constant joy as well.

Mr. and Mrs. McRae have been sorely missed, but we rejoice with them in their rest away at home. Dr. McMillan, also a member of this station, enjoyed her well-deserved furlough; we are glad to again welcome her back to Korea.

Many visitors have cheered us, but best of all is the one who has come to stay, Miss Elizabeth McCully. Our thanks are to the One who led her here, and the good band who sent her. Her presence means much, her music is already being put to many uses, and with a knowledge of the language she is so busily studying, we see years of blessed service before her.

We close the year with gratitude for as-

sistance rendered by the busy members of the other stations, for continued good health in the absence of a physician, and many blessings too numerous to recount.

**The City Church.**

For nearly three years the Ham Heung congregation has been preparing to build a new church. Two years ago, a large number of fine logs were secured, and about five hundred yen in money collected. In March of the present year, work was finally begun; Mr. Paik, a carpenter trained in Pyeng Yang in modern methods of building, was secured to manage the job. To him is largely due the credit for the erection of the substantial and really fine looking structure now almost ready for opening.

The building is L shaped, each wing being 74x27 feet. It will have a seating capacity of over one thousand. In accord with good Korean custom, the ladies will occupy one wing and the men and boys the other. Underneath the wing occupied by the men is a large basement which will be used for committee meetings and Sabbath School work.

Too much praise cannot be given the congregation for the zeal so often manifested. In April, a collection of 1,008 yen (a yen is half a dollar) was taken at one time, and this, during the next few days, was increased to over 1,300 yen. Women, in large numbers, who could not give money, gave their rings, their much-prized and often only bit of jewelry; others volunteered to work, and day after day, with their waterpots on their heads, they carried the water needed in such large quantities in preparing the material out of which the walls were made. In no place is the Scripture, "the glory of a woman is her hair," more true than in Korea, and yet some of the school girls gladly sold the half of that precious adornment of nature that the hands of the workmen might not be stayed.

Many of the men were at work without pay a good part of the time. Some of them during the Summer giving as much as a month of their time. When one considers that the average wage of these men does not exceed fifteen yen (\$7.50) per month, one begins to realize that much sacrifice has been made in order that a suitable



house of the Lord might be erected in this big heathen city.

The building, when finished, will, in addition to contributed labour, cost four thousand yen (two thousand dollars gold). Notwithstanding their heroic efforts, there will be a debt of over one thousand yen, which will be met, by whom?

#### **Classes.**

The annual winter class for men met this year in February, and was attended by two hundred and fifty men and boys, of whom nearly two hundred were from the surrounding towns and villages. Messrs. Foote and Robb were present from Wonsan, and a very profitable ten days were spent in study.

In May, the first session of what we hope to become a strong Bible School for the Mission, was held in this city. The object in this school is to gather the teachers from the various churches connected with the three stations together for a period of Bible study each year, meeting in rotation at the different stations. This session, which lasted ten days, was attended by forty students. Mr. Robb and Mr. Young gave courses on different books of the Bible; Mr. Kim, the Academy head-teacher, gave an interesting course on creation. It is hoped that next year the term can be lengthened to one month, and that the school can be made to meet the needs of the mission by training native teachers and evangelists.

#### **The Book Room.**

The Book Room is still kept open, but under new management, for the skillful hands of Yi Lu Han, the silversmith, are no longer there. In July last, after a long illness, he was carried to his rest.

#### **The Prison.**

This year, permission was given for a short time to preach in the prison, but during the summer this was withdrawn. However, the Master is not without His witness there, for the country church teacher, referred to later as being a prisoner there, preaches with all the ardour of a Puritan. Already some twenty of his companions are rejoicing with him in the light of the Cross.

#### **Woman's Work.**

The most notable development in our woman's work this year has been the forma-

tion and growth of a Women's Missionary Society, organized in November, on the model of the W. F. M. Society's Constitution of our Home Church. Articles and By-laws, as far as adaptable, were translated into the graceful and elaborate Korean.

While the aim was, primarily, to send out women preachers to all parts of this Ham Heung district, we saw the opportunity of bringing even our ignorant women into co-operation with world-wide evangelization. With this in mind, prayer was given precedence of all other effort, and a prayer list of countries arranged for daily use in the homes. Thus women, to whose ears, even the very names of Africa, India, etc., were strange, began to pray faithfully for these lands.

In the Ham Heung parent society, Miss McCully was made president, Miss Mair, treasurer, Biblewoman Hannah, secretary, and Mrs. Yi Man Ok, vice-president, while the work of gathering new members and collecting money was entrusted to committees of native women and girls.

Branches of the society were formed a few months later in four of the outstations, as the result of a trip taken by Miss Mair and Hannah, and soon after, at our annual Women's Class, held in the city, attended by women from all parts of the field, the work was further developed. The city membership is now 115. The seven organized branches, with a few "scattered helpers," add about 150 more.

With a monthly fee of five cents for women, and one cent for girls, the amount of \$51.00 has been reached, and, adding special collections for church building, prison, Christmas, poor fund and other things, we have a total of \$78.95 for our first ten months.

These funds have been applied to the main purpose of the society, namely, the support of women preachers. One has been constantly employed since the first of the year. During March, four others were sent out, and in June, two, by special collections. Apart from this, Hong Won, our strongest branch, has been able to keep another woman at work all through the year.

We have been touched with the joy our Korean women feel that they are associated with the great society of sisters at home.

**Continued on page 561.**

# Life and Work.

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## THE MISSIONARY AT WORK.

BY SIR ANDREW FRASER, K.C.S.I., LL.D.,  
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF BENGAL, INDIA.

(ADDRESS AT CANADA'S NATIONAL MISSIONARY  
CONGRESS, TORONTO, APRIL, 1909.)

As I stand before this audience I am greatly moved at the thought that so many have come together, many of them at so great an expenditure of time and trouble and money, all to consider the things that concern the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I came out gladly to this Congress in the hope that I should see something of Christian spirit. I did not anticipate all that I have seen. The half had not been told. I thank you for coming together, and for the influence that I believe your coming together has had on my heart, because you love the Lord Jesus Christ, and you have received me as you have received me because you think that I love the Lord Jesus Christ too.

I think that one thing that will occur to you after what you have heard this evening is, how one is to judge in regard to mission work.

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You have heard about missionary critics, and those who tell us about mission work and bring no favorable reports, but are doing all that they can to destroy our faith in the work of the missionaries. Then you heard the first speaker to-night who told of all that he had seen; and you heard another speaker who told not only what he has seen but what has been done in his own heart through the missionary.

A man who comes from the mission field as I do, without a direct personal interest in the work as a missionary, but rather as one who has been out to see and to testify about it, ought to tell what he thinks, and is the kind of witness that ought to be

heard. We have to consider this very carefully.

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We are here to-night to consider this theme: that the knowledge of missions is an inspiration to obedience. Now, how am I to know about missions? What kind of witness am I to hear? To whom am I to give my attention? Whose evidence is to form the basis of my knowledge of missions?

There is a verse in the Psalms of David which I command to your earnest attention—"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." I don't think I need to talk to sensible men about the meaning of that text. When I want to learn about the works of the Lord I go to the men who have sought them out, and I go to those men because those men have pleasure in them.

If I go to a botanist I go to him because he has sought out all that he can about flowers, because he takes pleasure in flowers, because he is able to tell me of the work of the Lord in flowers. I don't go to the man who is engaged only in making money when I want to find out the wonders of God in geology; I want to know whether he knows geology. I don't want to know even whether he is a sensible man; that is not enough. I want to know whether he takes interest and pleasure in the thing about which I am enquiring.

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It is in that way that we have to deal with the missionaries from the foreign field. It is the sheerest impertinence in any man to come and testify about missionary work if he has never taken any interest in it at all. It is the worst form of impertinence, because it is disloyalty.

We have no right to say that the works of the Lord are not great until we have ascertained that they are not so. A man who goes and looks around without caring



what he sees, and then comes to us and tells us that he has seen nothing, is not a wise man. I don't want to say anything stronger.

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Now, sirs, there are men that do that very thing. And when a man comes to me to tell me about Christian work that is going on anywhere, whether it is in the home field or in the foreign field, I want to know what experience he has had of it, what he has seen of it, what interest he has taken in it, what capacity he has for judging and speaking of it, before I care to hear him at all.

This may seem commonplace, but it is of the very highest importance; and I do not mention it to you only for yourselves; I mention it to you that you may take it away and tell other people, tell people who are being misled that they ought first of all to test the witnesses who come to them.

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Now, let me suppose that I am meeting a hostile witness in regard to mission work. I should like to say to him:

"Well, have you come from a place where missionaries have been working? If so, how many of them were among your acquaintances or your personal friends? With how many of them did you discuss their work? How many of their institutions did you see? What colleges did you visit to hear them lecturing to the students from our Holy Scriptures? To what schools did you go, that you might hear them teaching the boys? What hospitals have you gone to that you might see them gathering the sick around them, as our Lord and Master gathered the sick around Him when He was on the earth? What have you heard about the work among the men and women; among the boys and the girls? Have you gone out into the villages and heard the missionary preach? Have you seen the people gather round him, with all their sense of sin and weariness, to listen to this strange and glorious message of the Gospel? Have you gone to a native congregation? Have you gone to see the native Christians at their work? Have you heard a native evangelist or a native pastor preach? Have you worked or stood alongside of a native Christian? Have you ever cared to ask anybody whether he was a Christian or not?"

If he answers all those questions or such

questions satisfactorily, then he is probably able to tell you something about mission work.

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Now I shall venture to commend myself as a witness in regard to missions. Not because I am desirous to commend myself, but because I think that you are entitled to know what my qualifications are, and also because I think it is a good thing that this principle which I have laid down should be exemplified by an illustration.

I have been thirty-seven years in India. I have served long in one province, and a considerable time in another. I have been twice, on each occasion for a period of one year, connected with a commission, once as a member and on another occasion as president, which commissions travelled all over India, so that I visited every province in India, and a number of native states.

I have never lived anywhere for any length of time at all without knowing all the missionaries. I have had some of the missionaries among my best friends. It has been my duty to visit schools and colleges and to see lessons given. It has been my pleasure to go and stand and hear missionaries preach.

I have belonged to a native congregation. I am an elder in a native Church. I have sat under a native Presbyterian minister. I am moderator of the Indian Presbyterian Church, which consists for the greater part of natives, and I know native Christians both as personal friends and also as acquaintances.

I have worked as an elder in a congregation alongside of another elder, who was an Indian, and with him I have visited all the families in our district and have become acquainted with the Indian Christians in their poorest circumstances and in their best times. I know something about what I am talking of.

You did not send me out to prospect and come and tell you what my ideas are about the worthiness of this work, but I come back to you as though I had been out, for it is God's providence that takes us where we go, and I was a servant of God out there, and I come to God's Church at home to tell the Church what I have to tell about mission work.

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You will, perhaps, ask me, as hard-headed business men might ask the man who has been sent out, "What do you think of this enterprise? Is it a work in which we ought to invest our money, or is it a thing from which we should stand aloof?"

I say to you, invest, invest, invest. Invest your sympathies, invest your prayers, invest your money, invest your efforts; do what you can to push forward this glorious work. It is a work which is glorious, in my belief, not only because I believe in the Lord Jesus and in the gracious promises which He has given, but also because of what I have seen of the results of mission work in the past, and of the tendencies and aspirations of humanity in the mission field.

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Now I should like to draw your attention to one or two little incidents out of a long experience I have had in the mission field. I have not time to-night to take you to the field as I should like to do, and to show you the missionary at work, to draw for you, as it were, such pictures as the magic lantern sometimes brings you of the missionary in the midst of the village, or of the missionary in the school, or of the missionary in the hospital, or of the missionary in the service at the Church, or to bring before your mind many of those scenes that I have often witnessed of the work of the missionary in the mission field.

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I should like to tell you that one great thing which I have noticed in the mission field is this—that apart altogether from the direct results of missionary work, apart altogether from the Christians who have been brought out by the missionary effort, there is all over India, wherever I have gone, the dissemination of great ideas such as we had not at all when I went to India thirty-seven years ago.

In many parts of India there are men who know about Christianity, who know about our great principles, who practice the principles of our faith, sometimes almost without realizing whence these principles come.

Mind you there is something more in the mission work than the conversion of individuals. God forbid that I should ever venture for a moment to countenance the theory that the conversion of the individual is a small matter. The Lord Jesus spent hours

in trying to convert one poor woman. The Lord Jesus spent hours of the night after a weary day in trying to convert one man that came to him by night. He did not despise the day of small things, or the individual conversions.

But remember, we are not only sent, we are not only all of us commissioned to preach the Gospel to the individual, but we are sent out to disciple the nations; and I rejoice to think that there is a great preparation taking place in India, of which I speak because I know it; there is a great preparation for the turning of the peoples of India to the Lord Jesus.

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Besides this most important dissemination of Christian ideas I should like to tell you also that there are a number of men who were among my personal friends, who were undoubtedly Christian men, and who couldn't, without difficulty, come out.

I might tell you of one man with whose case I came into acquaintance, who applied for baptism, was tested, accepted and baptized because he had learned the truth in a family of a man who never embraced Christianity formally himself, and was never baptized, and was not known out of his own family as a Christian, but who had family worship every morning and evening, and read our Scriptures, and was the means of bringing this man, who went to his house as a tutor to his children, to the Lord Jesus Christ.

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I am tempted to tell you one other little story, because it is one of great interest. We had meetings in Rajpur every Sunday morning that were addressed by ourselves sometimes, and sometimes by men who came to us from outside.

There was no missionary with us, except a kind, simple, German missionary who kept a great deal to himself in the heart of the city. He used to attend these meetings, but he did not take a public part in them because they were in English, and his knowledge of English was still a little defective.

One man attended these meetings who attracted our attention again and again. He seemed full of the deepest earnestness as he listened specially to the story of Christ's life and death, that glorious Gospel which



the Apostle Paul says was delivered unto us in the living and dying and resurrection of the Lord Jesus; but every now and again this man absented himself from the meeting, and we could not help thinking that perhaps it was because he felt himself being drawn over.

I went home on sick leave. My father stayed behind in Rajpur, where he had been living with me. Because my leave was short, he did not go.

Some time afterwards my father wrote to me and said, "I have just had a visit from our friend the doctor"—he was an Indian doctor—"and he tells me that he believes in the Lord Jesus and that he accepts Jesus as his Saviour, but he says, 'Of course it would never do for me to be baptized, because I should thereby be separated from my people, from my family, from my nation, and the influence that I have and the work that I am doing would be completely marred; and so, as this is a spiritual religion, and baptism is an outward form and ceremony, I don't propose to be baptized.'

"Of course," my father continued, "I was not going to coerce him, but I said to him, 'I understand your point of view, but I should like to draw your attention to the fact that there is a plain command to confess Christ and to be baptized. I leave you to consider that command.'"

He did not hear anything more about baptism for some time, but at last this man got blood-poisoning and was dying. He sent for my father, and said, "Baptize me at once, because I cannot go into the presence of Christ with the sin of disobedience upon me."

My father said to him, "I would rather not baptize you; baptism is not for the end of life, but for the beginning of it; it is meant to be a public profession at the beginning of a Christian life, and if I were to baptize you now, instead of being a benefit to Christ's cause it might be an injury, inasmuch as they would say that I had taken advantage of your dying weakness to baptize you."

He said, "But I will be going into His presence with disobedience on my conscience."

My father replied, "Confess your sin and trust to Him, and not to the act of baptism

for salvation, but if you are in earnest about wishing to obey, ask the Lord to let you obey and to spare you to testify."

The man said, "Will you pray?" and my father prayed with him, and from that hour he began to amend. He grew stronger and stronger, but never a word was spoken about baptism. He regained his health completely, and my father wrote to me and said, "It is very distressing, I have seen him; I never raised the subject, and he has never raised it with me."

The next mail brought me this—that the man had come out in his tonga, that is, his bullock cart, to my father's house, and he had said to him, "Now, sir, I am ready to go about my work; no one can say that it is in weakness of mind or of body that I am being baptized; I ask now to be baptized."

My father, who was not a missionary, but the minister to the Europeans, and did not know anything of that vernacular, said to him, "I should love to baptize you, but I think if I were you, I should take my place among the poor of my own people, and go down to their little German missionary and ask him to baptize me alongside of the poorest of my own people. As the Lord Jesus took his place with the poor of the flock, so go you and take your place alongside of the poorest of your own race. If you don't see your way to that, I will baptize you; otherwise do it."

The man said, "I see the right of it, and I will do it." And he went down to the German missionary and was baptized.

Now, I tell you this story not only as the story of a conversion, but as a story which shows you clearly by illustration what is the point of view of so many of the secret disciples.

And now I want to draw two other pictures for you before I turn from these illustrations.

I was travelling with my father on another occasion near the river Wangunga. We crossed the river on the Saturday and pitched our tents.

A man came over in the afternoon and said to me, "I understand that you have got a clergyman with you; would it be possible for him to celebrate the Holy Communion to-morrow? I was converted long ago in

Bombay Presidency, hundreds of miles away, and since then I have come here and lived, and I have a little congregation of seven gathered out from amongst the heathen."

Here was this lonely Indian Christian working without a missionary and without any connection with missions. He had been converted in the mission field in Bombay, and he had carried this blessed Gospel with him, and there was a little congregation of seven gathered out.

The next day we sat down around the Lord's table with those seven people, and round the open sort of shed in which we met there was gathered a great number of the village people who saw us celebrate the Holy Communion and heard the words which we were able to address to our fellow Christians at the table of the Lord. And then we had a service amongst the Indian heathen, so-called, telling them about the same Gospel which they had seen exemplified within the house.

My father said to me that he had never been moved so much by anything as by the thought of this solitary Indian working away amongst his own people and reflecting Christ and drawing them to Christ and building up a wee church of his own there in the wilderness.

Let me tell you the other story which I said I wanted to tell. At Darjeeling I went out thirty miles inspecting a few schools amongst the hills in a very hilly district, so very different from the hot plain by the Wangonga of which I have been speaking. I came to a little place on the Saturday, about thirty miles from Darjeeling. I had with me one of the missionaries. We pitched our tent and stayed over one Sunday.

It was a most delightful thing to us, both of us being Scotch, and both of us Highlanders, to see the people coming over the hills, to the service of the sanctuary. Can you remember the state of things in the Highlands when I was a boy forty years ago? There are some of you perhaps who can—how one used to look at the people straggling over the hills, and how you used to meet them on the road, and you would say, "Mary, have you got all this way?" And the poor old woman would say, "Oh, aye, I am just as strong as ever I was on the Sabbath."

It was exactly the same thing that we saw. We saw those Indian Highlanders coming over the hills—women carrying their babies, some of them in baskets over their back as the fishwives of Newhaven, near Edinburgh, carry their creels, some of them carrying them on their heads, as the Indian women more generally do; and there they were, coming mile upon mile for the sake of mingling with their fellow-converts in this blessed service which takes place every Lord's Day there at the little church on the hill. It was a splendid scene. It was a scene that dwells in our minds forever, who have seen it.

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I see that I have jotted down several other stories to tell. I don't propose to tell them all. There is one story, however, that I think I will give you. I went one time with my wife to see a leper village. There were seven hundred inhabitants of that village, and all of them lepers.

Just outside of it there was a little asylum for the children who had not been tainted, and there were one or two little houses for the officers in charge. The man in supreme charge was a German missionary named Hahn.

The village consisted of a number of little cottages, not more than ten to fifteen lepers being allowed in one cottage, and it was a wonderful thing to see the cleanliness of the place. But what was far more wonderful was to see the leper missionary, Mr. Hahn, go round amongst these people without one shadow of a shade of disgust in his face—nothing but the tenderest and the kindest and most smiling of welcomes for every one of them—and to see their faces light up as he came near.

Friends, have you ever thought of Jesus when He met a leper? When Jesus met a leper he stretched forth His hand and touched him. Who of us would do that? I would not. And I would not on principle, because the Master may do what He likes; the servant must do what he is let.

But why did Jesus touch the leper? To show us what ought to be the feeling of our heart; how our hearts ought to go out in love and sympathy so that we could stretch forth our hands to help them. Mr. Hahn has learned to keep his hand off, but you could see that his heart went right out, and



it was a beautiful thing to go through that sad, melancholy place, and to see how Jesus had made it glad.

After I had gone around the whole place we announced that we were going to have a service in the church, and the bell rang and they came, poor souls, some of them hobbling along on their broken bodies; they came there to the church and sat down in rows to listen to the Gospel.

Mr. Hahn said that he would like me to speak to them, and then he turned to them, and said, "Your Lieutenant-Governor"—or, as they call me, your Lord Sahib—"is going to say a few words to you." I can tell you that I seldom felt the presence of Jesus more than when I was speaking to those poor, despised outcasts, whom the love of Jesus had made us able to take to our hearts.

All the asylums of Bengal, with only one small exception, are now in the hands of missionaries, because we know that there is no one that is so prepared to sacrifice everything for love as missionaries in the service of the Lord Jesus.

And as you have heard this evening, if you go on to study mission work you will have your impulses growing, and those impulses will press you to more study.

There is another thing that has been brought before your attention again and again during these meetings, and that is that the Lord God has formed a purpose about His Son, and that the purpose of God will stand. "There be many devices in a man's heart, but the purpose of the Lord, that shall stand"; and Jesus shall reign, and He shall be upon the Throne surrounded by a great multitude that no man can number.

You have been told that those who are working with Christ in His work will share His Throne and will enter into His joy. That is a thing that you have been asked to look forward to. It has been given to you as an inspiration.

There is a third thing that I should like to tell you. Oh, are your hearts ever dull and dark for the absence of Jesus? Do you ever feel that His life seems to have been withdrawn? That you cannot tell where to find Him? That you cannot feel for Him?

That he seems to be gone from you? Why

is it? May it not be just this—that Jesus is seeking the lost, and you are staying behind?

### CHARACTER MOULDED BY PURSUIT.

Whatever be the ambition that rules a man, that ambition will give to the man something of its own complexion and character. Our pursuits react upon us, and bring us more or less into sympathy with them. So, if a man have an earthly ambition, he becomes earthly; if he have a heavenly ambition he becomes heavenly.

Our pursuit, whatever it is, somehow moulds us into its likeness. If a man gives himself to cunning and intrigue, his heart becomes a labyrinth of tortuous, crooked ways. If a man's great ambition is to be rich, his heart in time becomes as hard as the gold he is pursuing. If a man's ambition is to scatter seeds of kindness, he finds that "the quality of mercy is not strained; it blesses him that gives and him that takes."

Thus our character is moulded by our pursuits. As a heavy cloud casts its dark shadow upon the earth, or as the setting sun gilds the earth with beauty, so we catch something of the color of the object to which our face is turned. If we look to the earth chiefly, we get the earthly look. If we lift our face to the heavens, we get the heavenly look. Wherever our treasure is—on earth or in heaven—there our heart will be; and it is the heart that gives the tone to the whole man.—Ex.

### SIN'S GREEDINESS.

There is no form of sin that does not affect in every department of one's life the one who commits it. A man who was making a special effort to succeed in an entirely secular matter which was nevertheless of great importance to his welfare, was at the same time having a fight to keep his spiritual life at its highest and best.

Then he realized that he had no right to expect to succeed in the first detail, which called for the most watchful care, unless he won the victory also in the other seemingly remote effort. Failure in the one would surely tend toward failure in the other. Victory in the one would give added strength for the other.

We are not, like ocean steamers, built in separate water-tight compartments. Our lives are intercommunicating between head, heart, hands and spirit. There is no such thing as a "one sin" man. Sin's love of company is beyond the control of one who gives any sort of sin a welcome.—S. S. Times.

## FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE BOOK.

BY REV. JOSEPH RORKE.

When you saw John, you were instinctively drawn to him. There was nothing stately in his presence or manner, but there was a look of alertness about him, and deep earnestness in those gleaming eyes which looked at you beneath his overhanging brows, which impressed you favourably. He was somewhat under the average height and a "black-a-vised man," as the people phrased it, or in other words he had dark hair, and a short black curling beard.

You felt, when you had a talk with him for a few minutes, that here was a man who knew what he was about, for he had no time to waste, and here too was a man who was dead in earnest about religion, and religion with him was a life business. It saturated his speech, it toned down the aggressiveness which was natural to him, until he was almost womanly in his tenderness; it brought a merry twinkle to his eye, and it tingled down his arms to his hands so that they grasped yours in an unforgettable shake.

His home was a very humble one. A room and kitchen sufficed for him and his wife and children. His weekly wage was about thirty shillings, but with broken time, etc., the average throughout the year was a few shillings less. The most prized furniture of the home was its few books, which included some of the great Christian Classics, such as Boston's "Fourfold State," and Baxter's "Saints' Rest," also Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Scriptures in three huge volumes, a book or two on history, and, if my memory serves me right, Milton's "Paradise Lost."

To see John A—— in his glory, it was needful to stand in the crowd that gathered round him at the street corner on Saturday evening, when he mingled wise words about temperance with Gospel appeals to the sodden wastrels who paused to listen, or on a Sunday evening when, metaphorically, he had his coat off, and went tooth and nail for his hearers in burning, heart-searching words.

There was no "Larger Hope" in his preaching, but a great deal about "the terror of the Lord" and the urgency of the Gospel message, backed up by some apt story which brought an unusual moistness to many eyes.

He had also large Bible classes for young men and women. They met on separate evenings in a hall which they had hired, and many young men and women owed their souls to "John's" faithful appeals.

It is true that his language had more force than elegance, but he understood his hearers and they understood him. He knew the human heart and he knew God's book,

and he had experience of God's grace. Nobody seemed to notice his grammatical blunders. Indeed they were almost a help, for they identified his speech with the everyday language of the people.

It was my privilege to be a good deal associated with him, and he opened his heart to me again and again. In private I found the man, who in public had his face set as a flint, like a little child, leaning on me sometimes, though less experienced than himself, for comfort and cheer.

He was often sorely troubled about the waywardness of some lad or girl, and utterly worn out by his travail of spirit as well as his labours. I felt humbled and rebuked many a time by his unflagging zeal. Heaven and Hell were very real to him, and time and death and judgment and the cross. He saw and felt and spoke.

One day I asked him to tell me how it was that he was first brought to Christ, and his story was to this effect: "I was a careless beggar until long past my apprenticeship. I never bothered my head about God or devil. I could take a good stiff glass now and then, though I was not a drunkard.

"One of the fellows in the yard where I was working says to me one day, 'Would ye like to hear Richard Weaver?'

"Says I, 'Yes, I would like fine,' without thinking very much about it.

"Says he, 'Will you go with me to-night? He is in the City Hall.'

"At night we went to the City Hall. How Weaver preached! He swung his arms about and shouted, 'sinner! sinner! sinner!' until my hair nearly stood up.

"There was an after-meeting, and I stayed behind, though I wasn't very anxious, but only a bit restless.

"Weaver comes up to me and says, 'Young man, do you believe that you are a sinner?'

"'Yes,' says I.

"Says he, 'Go home and thank God for Jesus Christ.'

"Then he left me, for there were a great many waiting. I was very angry at this funny way of speaking to me, and I vowed that I never would go back to such a meeting again.

"Next day, when I was working in the yard, the words came back to me, 'Young man, thank God for Jesus Christ.' I worked hard and tried all sorts of things to get them out of my mind, but it was no use. They kept always coming back to me, 'Thank God for Jesus Christ. You've never thanked God for Jesus Christ.'

"At last I could bear it no longer, and I went away into a quiet corner, and I thanked God for Jesus Christ for the first time in my life. I rose to my feet a new man. That's a good many years ago, and



life's been a different thing to me ever since, and I feel that I can't thank or serve my Saviour Jesus Christ enough."

Such was the story of this humble and remarkable man, which I have Anglicized that it may be intelligible to all. His soul was born in an act of gratitude to God for Jesus Christ. I have often thought that many like him might feel the stirrings of a new life, were they to cry for the grace of "opened lips," and honestly try to thank God for Jesus Christ.—"The Monthly Messenger" of the Presbyterian Church of England.

#### UNIVERSALISM.

The following estimate of Universalism from "The Michigan Presbyterian," is courteous and kind, but candid and true. It shows very clearly that Universalism has nothing to give rest and peace to the restless soul of man. It has not that which men need and want.

"The Universalists have been holding their national convention in Detroit during the past week, and hundreds of delegates have come from all parts of the land, especially from New England.

"Fraternal greetings have been received from the Jews, Unitarians, Congregationalists and some of the Evangelical bodies.

"A good deal has been made of the fact that the Presbyterian ministers did not invite the Universalists to supply their pulpits last Sunday.

"But why should a Universalist wish to occupy a Presbyterian pulpit? To proclaim his peculiar views while knowing that these are utterly at variance with the Presbyterian faith? Surely no Universalist would wish to be so discourteous.

"Or would he wish it as an opportunity to preach the living, life-giving gospel of the Son of God? That is the kind of preaching Presbyterians want and that is just what Universalists fail to give their hearers. They have no message that meets the urgent need of the human heart. They do not have the note of warning for the sinner nor do they have the word of cheer and comfort for the Christian.

"Their history proves that their doctrine does not appeal to the people who want the benefits of religion. For the past fifty years no sect in the land, considering their numbers, has been more highly favored by wealth or education or culture, and yet they have made very little advance.

"What, to-day, are their schools, colleges, seminaries of learning, or their missions at home or in foreign lands, or what help are they bringing to evangelize the negroes, Mormons, Mexicans or mountaineers, com-

pared with other bodies that were less favored in the early beginnings?

"The Universalists are a cultured, pleasant people, and aim to do good work along the lines of social and moral reform, but they have never taken religion seriously, and yet the people who have grown tired of self and sin want a serious religion.

#### HOW BILL JONES BECAME MR. WILLIAM JONES.

Big, hulking Bill Jones drew a dollar a day as a roustabout in a western factory and spent most of it for whisky and doggery. He started in to break up the noon shop meeting and wanted to fight. He did not want education or religion. The leader saw that he needed a bath and told him if he wanted one he might drop in at the Y. M. C. A. and they would take care of him.

The next night he showed up and was put under the sanitary shower, and he came again. He braced up, got cleaner clothes and stopped in at the reading room. His wits began to work. Later he decided that he did want education and went into the classes in arithmetic and penmanship.

He brought his wife and little girl to the building to attend lectures and entertainments and liked this social life better than the saloon's. He got bigger wages, his wife got a new dress, and his tenement began to look like a home.

Then he dropped into the services. The songs touched a new chord in his life. Then he "went in for the full thing"—all the association had to offer—and instead of a bottle in Big Bill's pocket there was a Bible, and he goes to bed sober at night after reading a Psalm and family prayers.

It was first the bath and the gymnasium with their physical benefits; then the reading room and educational classes, and the mental awakening; the entertainments and friendly touch, the men's meetings and moral redemption, and the man and his life and home were different.

That was nine years ago, and Bill Jones is now Mr. William Jones, practically in charge of the entire plant where he was a roustabout. He draws a big salary, owns a fine home, is a prominent member of the church, and one of the most valued citizens in the community, while the little girl, whom the drunken brute used to beat, graduated valedictorian at the head of her class of 150 in the high school.—Charles B. Brown in Association Men.

Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives.—U. S. Grant.

### THE SOURCE OF UNHAPPINESS.

The source of nearly all the evil and unhappiness of this world is selfishness. We know it; but we still keep on being selfish. We see that the world might be made ideally beautiful if only all people would live unselfish lives; and yet we keep on being selfish. We strive after the things that will minister to our immediate satisfaction, and hate people who get in our way and hinder the attainment of these things. And so we keep on, and the world jars and is unharmonious and is darkened and is miserable; and we wonder why God has not made things more fair, when it is we ourselves who are marring the purpose of God, which we can plainly see.

### WHAT IS THE CHIEF END OF LIFE.

Under the above heading the following from an exchange is an excellent commentary on, or rather amplification of the great question which opens our grand old Shorter Catechism "What is the chief end of man."

The end of life is not to do good, although so many of us think so. It is not to win souls although I once thought so. The end of life is—to do the will of God. That may be in the line of doing good or winning souls, or it may not. For the individual, the answer to the question, "What is the end of my life?" is: "To do the will of God, whatever that may be."

Spurgeon replied to an invitation to preach to an exceptionally large audience, "I have no ambition to preach to ten thousand people, but to do the will of God"—and he declined.

A young minister in Illinois, on a small salary, who has a wife and five children, recently received an offer of \$50.00 per week and all expenses to go on the lecture platform. He replied, "The Lord never called me to lecture, but to preach the Gospel"—and dismissed the matter from his mind.

If we could have no ambition past the will of God, our lives would be successful. If we could say, "I have no ambition to go to the heathen, I have no ambition to win souls; my ambition is to do the will of God, whatever that may be," that makes all lives equally great, or equally small, because the only great thing in a life is what of God's will there is in it. The maximum achievement of any man's life, after it is all over, is to have done the will of God.

No man or woman can have done any more with a life—no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon can have done any more with their lives; and a dairy-maid or a scavenger can do as much.

Therefore, the supreme principle upon

which we have to run our lives is to adhere, though temptation, and prosperity, and adversity, to the will of God, wherever that may lead us. It may take you to China, or you who are going to Africa may have to stay where you are; you who are going to be an evangelist may have to go into business, and you who are going into business may have to become an evangelist. But there is no happiness or success in any life till that principle is taken possession of.—Selected.

### THE COST OF THEIR PRAYERS.

"I want you to spend fifteen minutes every day praying for Foreign Missions," once said a pastor to some young people in his congregation. "But beware how you pray, for I warn you that it is a very costly experiment."

"Costly?" they asked in surprise.

"Ay, costly," he cried. "When Carey began to pray for the conversion of the world, it cost him himself, and it cost those who prayed with him very much. Brainerd prayed for the dark-skinned savages, and after two years of blessed work it cost him his life.

Two students in Mr. Moody's summer school began to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more servants into His harvest; and, lo! it is going to cost our country thousands of young men and women who have, in answer to this prayer, gone forth to foreign fields, or pledged themselves to this work."—Forward.

### POVERTY AND WEALTH.

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.

"Comrades, I was born in poverty, and would not exchange its sacred memories with the richest millionaire's son who ever breathed. What does he know about mother or father? These are mere names to him.

Give me the life of the boy whose mother is nurse, seamstress, washerwoman, cook, teacher, angel and saint all in one, and whose father is guide, exemplar and friend. No servants to come between. These are the boys who are born to the best fortune.

Some men think that poverty is a dreadful burden and that wealth leads to happiness. What do they know about it? They know only one side; they imagine the other. I have lived both, and I know there is very little in wealth that can add to human happiness beyond the small comforts of life. Millionaires who laugh are rare. My experience is that wealth is apt to take the smiles away."



### ETERNITY, WHERE SHALL I SPEND IT?

Many years ago when the elder Forbes Winslow was living—the most eminent pathologist in diseases of the mind that England ever produced—there came over from France a young Frenchman to consult Dr. Forbes Winslow. He brought letters of recommendation from many eminent men in France, among them one from Napoleon III, at that time Emperor of France. Dr. Forbes Winslow read the letters, and then turned to the young Frenchman and said:

"What is your trouble?"

He said: "I don't know."

"Have you lost money?"

"No, not lately."

"Have you suffered in honour or reputation?"

"No, not so far as I know."

"Have you lost friends?"

"No, not recently."

"Then what is it keeps you awake?"

He said: "Dr. Winslow, I'd rather not tell."

Dr. Winslow said: "If you don't tell I can't help you."

"Well," said the young Frenchman, "my trouble is this: I am an infidel, and my father was an infidel before me. But strangely enough every night when I lie down to sleep this question rises before me, 'Eternity, and where shall I spend it?' During the night I can't think of but that one thing, and I can't sleep; or if I succeed in falling into troubled slumber it is more awful than my waking hours, and I start from some horrid dream all a-tremble. That question haunts me all the night, 'Eternity, and where shall I spend it?'"

Dr. Forbes Winslow said: "I can't help you, but I can tell you a physician that can." He took his Bible from a table, and turned to Isaiah liii., 5, and read, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and by His stripes we are healed."

There was a curl of scorn upon the Frenchman's lip. He said: "Dr. Winslow, do you mean to tell me that a man in your eminent scientific position believes that effete superstition of Christianity?"

"Yes," said Dr. Forbes Winslow, "I believe in Jesus Christ, and I believe in the Bible; and believing in Christ and the Bible has saved me from becoming what you are."

The man dropped his head for a moment. Then he said:

"If I am an honest man I ought at least to be willing to consider it, ought I not? Will you teach me?"

Dr. Winslow consented, and the physician of the mind became the physician of the soul. He showed the young man from the

Bible the way out of darkness into light. In three or four days his doubts were all gone, and he went back to France with his mind at rest, for he had settled the question of "Eternity, and where shall I spend it?" He would spend it with Christ in glory.

Thank God I know where I shall spend eternity. Do you?—Dr. Torrey.

### THE SOUL'S LONGING.

Nothing can satisfy the longings of the soul but God. The soul is immortal, and, therefore, cannot be fed with earthly things. Riches, honor, ease, comfort and all that can be bestowed will fail to satisfy its hunger. It cries out for God. It must have communion with the unseen and the eternal. It seeks intimacy with the world above.

What a thought! Each of us has domiciled in these bodies this spark of immortal life, and it longs for its freedom from its entanglement. It will revel amid these surroundings where God is honored. It drinks in the beautiful and the sublime. It soars, and sings, and shouts, eager for its native element; can hardly be content with its present surroundings. Like the eagle in its cage, it longs for an upward flight.

The highest mountain crag of earth will not answer for a perch. Beyond sun, moon and stars it must soar. Beyond where morning light shines, or evening shadows gather, it must ascend.

It is an impressive and awful thought that, as individuals, we have this soul in custody. It is my soul. It has been committed to my care. Its welfare is in my hands. Shall I be true to the promptings of this spiritual nature, or recreant to my sacred trust? I feel the stir of vast enterprises around me. Within the struggle continues. I cannot repress these feelings. It is immortality that is asserting its rights. The soul seeks for help. It must have it. See to it, my brother, that it is properly fed.—Selected.

### PREPARING THE WAY.

A pathetic story that comes from China gives an illustration of how medical missions prepare the way for the advance of Christianity. A military graduate was successfully treated for a cataract at the mission hospital in Hankow. As he returned to his home forty-eight other blind men gathered about him, and begged him to lead them to the wonderful foreign doctor. So this strange procession of blind men, each holding on to the other's rope, walked for 250 miles to Hankow, and nearly all were cured. One, who could not be cured, received, while in the hospital, the better gift of spiritual healing.—Ex.

# The Children's Record

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## INDIA'S DEGRADATION.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. DR. F. SMITH.

Let me tell you something of the great "mêla" which took place here in Ujjain this summer, of which you have heard.

It is an important event occurring once in twelve years. Many thousands of weary pilgrims come to bathe in the holy river, and wash away the twelve year old accumulation of sin in its life-giving stream. I have no pleasure in describing it. It is a horrid nightmare. Pictures that might be sent would be considered indecent and are prohibited.

It gave us the opportunity to sell 411 Scripture portions and 1,000 other Christian books, but it was on the whole rather a hindrance than a help to our work.

The last was the great day of the feast. The Maharajah of Gwalior was to take part in the proceedings, and a gorgeous pavilion was erected on the river front. The seething, swaying multitudes! Every tower and roof and window was freighted with a human cargo.

Then the procession of 40,000 Gurus, or holy men, led by flags and insignia of the different orders, on elephants. As one of their doctrines is that clothes are a mark of sin, and the wearing of clothes the greatest sin, the rest can be imagined. A procession of 40,000 in the midst of hundreds of thousands of interested believers, intensely interested and hungering for something they do not find.

The police had a hard time, but did, on the whole, very well. When the Gurus reached the river they immersed themselves and then passed away from the crowd to their solitary meditations.

When some of the people are asked what they got at the "Mela," the answer is, "We saw a vision,—men wholly given up to the service of God." One poor old hungry man said, "Can you tell why I get nothing? I have visited all the sacred places, others say they get visions, I get nothing. If I could get just one vision, I would be satisfied."

These "holy" men live in the villages, but not to teach or help, simply to beg, to be

supported whilst they seek their own salvation through emotional excitement, ecstasy. They have no thought for the people's good, who are sheep without a shepherd.

The work and the people are full of interest to me. May the Lord of the harvest send us more labourers and more power.

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## HALLEY'S COMET.

It will be the most superb sight that our generation has seen in the heavens.

First seen by Dr. Max Wolf at Heidelberg on September 11, it will become visible to the unaided eye, and by January or February will be a splendid object.

The comet is named from the English astronomer Halley, who died in 1742, after a long life of acute scientific observations. He was the first to foretell the return of a comet, and this comet is the one whose return, in 1759, he confidently predicted; and it did return. It comes every 75 years.

Halley's comet, therefore, taught the world that comets are subject to the law of gravitation, and are not the wild wanderers they had been imagined.

This comet has a recorded history of about 2,000 years.

It was the the fiery sword hanging over Rome that portended the death of Agrippa, 11 B. C.

It flamed, a terrible omen, above Jerusalem in A. D. 65, just before Titus destroyed the Holy City.

In 1066 it was William the Conqueror's oriflamme.

In 1456 it filled Europe with terror of the Turk, who had just seized Constantinople; and the Pope ordered prayers for safety from "the Turk and the comet."

It was last seen in 1835, when it was visible for nine and a half months, and attained a length of one-third the space from horizon to zenith.

Since then it has been out in space 3,400,000,000 miles from the sun. It is now about 500,000,000 miles away, and will come within 4,500,000 miles of us. Just now it is in the constellation Orion, near Gemini; only you need a fine telescope to see it. "How wonderful are Thy words, O God!"



## TWO HONAN GIRLS.

By MRS. MENZIES, OUR MISSIONARY.

"Let me mention two interesting cases," writes Mrs. Menzies, our missionary at Hwaikign, Honan, China.

"One, a young girl about eighteen years old, came to have her eyes treated, but nothing could be done for them. She seemed very sad and lonely, but stayed on because those who brought her also wanted treatment.

Although she had not the use of her eyes in study, she learned much more quickly than the others, and seemed to find comfort and joy in the knowledge of the truth.

Before they left she had learned several hymns by heart, a little prayer and the ten commandments, and she said she would be happier now when she went home for she could speak to God, she seemed to feel the presence of the Saviour.

The other case was that of a little girl too, the daughter of an official in Shansi. She remained three months in the hospital and during that time learned to read, studying the Catechism and several hymns.

I had been told that she had a fearful temper, but she seemed most patient and grateful. To help to while away the time she learned to do hair pin braid and cork work and was interested in pictures and a doll the children gave her.

She left taking her little book with her and promising to tell her sisters at home about what she had learned, and asked for copies of the hymns that she knew that she might show them.

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## KILLING THE DRAGON.

A little boy, four years old, was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister, and the next day he said to his father.

"Father, I want to be a saint."

"Very well, John," said his father, "you may be a saint if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."

"I don't mind," replied John, "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one!"

"So you shall, my boy."

"But when can I be one?" persisted the child.

"You can begin to-day," said his father.

"But where is the dragon?"

"I will tell you when he comes out.

So the boy ran on contentedly to play with his sister.

In the course of the day some presents came for the two children. John's was a book, and his sister Catherine's a beautiful doll. Now, John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls, and when he found that his sister had what he considered a much nicer present than his own he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears.

His father, who happened to be there, said quietly: "John, John, the dragon is out."

The child stopped crying, and said nothing. That evening, however, when he bade his father good-night, he whispered: "Papa, I am very glad Catherine has the doll. I did kill the dragon."—Sel.

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## TRADE-BRINGERS.

"My, that is a shabby suit you are wearing. You must get a new one. You look disreputable."

He was standing before the show-window of a clothing store. He was talking to himself, or rather to the rusty-suited man he saw in the big mirror.

Those big mirrors are trade-bringers. Looking at the elegant new suits in the window, then catching sight of his own rusty suit in the mirror, the contrast makes a man feel ashamed.

He didn't realize how sorry he did look. He sees himself as he really is, by the contrast. And at once he wants to fix up. It is helpful for a man to see his own shabbiness. It is the first step toward improvement.

A man had some unclean personal habits; he told stories not fit to hear; he was rather loose in his business morals; he was irreverent. Yet he thought himself a church member in good standing.

He went on a camping vacation with some gentlemanly, Christian, business young men. They had a jolly, good time. But with all their joking, he did not hear a single smutty or irreverent word. They read the Bible, sang and prayed about their camp fire night and morning.

By contrast he saw his own shabbiness and was ashamed. He had not before realized how much he did lack of being a Christian gentleman. The Bible as a looking-glass in which to see himself, and contrasting himself with some upper-class men, taught him a wholesome lesson, showed him that he was a lower-class man, made him want to fix up.

What effect does your life have on other men? And mine? Are we trade-bringers for the business of making men better? Do we help the Bible draw men to Christ?—Cumberland Presbyterian.

### A BRIDE'S INFLUENCE.

There was a man employed in the steel works at Okura, Japan, who, with his wife, was much opposed to Christianity. He had a sister in Tokyo who became a Christian five or six years ago, and from that time prayed for that brother and his family.

Last year his wife died, leaving six children. Very soon he began looking for another wife, as he had a hard time getting along without one. The sister in Tokyo wrote him of a young woman, a friend of hers. She told him that if he could marry her she would be very kind to his children, and added, "She is a Christian."

The man was in despair and thought even if she were a Christian he must have some one, so he went to Tokyo to investigate. The young woman was no other than the daughter of the pastor through whose leading his sister had become a Christian.

When he saw her he at once wanted her, for she is very pretty.

At first the father would not consent to giving her to a non-Christian man, but he would not give up.

The young woman said she was willing to go, for she knew and loved the sister, and she respected the man and felt that it was a place where she could do much good.

So, finally, with the understanding that there should be a Christian wedding, and she should always be allowed perfect freedom in her religious belief, the father consented, and they were married in his church. Then she left Tokyo and came away down here to be the mother of these six children.

One of the first things she did was to have the old grandparents, her husband's father and mother, come back. They had left because of the unkindness of the former wife.

I have seldom seen a happier home in Japan than theirs. The children love their stepmother, and she is devoted to them.

The old grandmother, seeing the love and tenderness of her new daughter-in-law, said, "Well, if that is Christianity I want to know more about it." So she has been going to the Bible woman to learn about the Bible.

Her husband has been reading his Bible for some time, and recently he went with his wife to some special meetings. The last evening he knelt and prayed that God would reveal to him Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and that he would forgive his sins and make him, too, a child of God.—Alice Finlay, in *Woman's Missionary Friend*.

### WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

When our houses take fire, says Dr. Cuyler, the first impulse is to go after a bucket

of water. But if temper takes fire, the first impulse is to throw on more fuel.

Now, the best bucket of water for a roused temper is resolute silence. If, whenever an irritating act were done, or an injury struck us, we should firmly seal our lips for even ten minutes, we would save ourselves many a quarrel, many a heartburn, many a mortification, many a disgrace to our religious profession. Speech is often explosive and shattering. Silence is cooling. It cools off and cools other people. One of the calmest men I ever knew told me that he used to be violently passionate, but he broke his temper by resolutely bridling his tongue until his anger died away.—Exchange.

### PETER'S REPORTS.

BY SYDNEY DAYBE.

"I didn't think you would hurt me so," said mother.

Peter hung down his head and felt ashamed. He knew that the hurt was a very bad one. Mother was looking over the school report he had just brought her.

"Reading 60, spelling 55. Conduct,—O, dear, Peter! 40! Perhaps I should not feel so over the lessons, for I know that some boys are not as bright as others about learning—but, conduct! That a boy of mine should behave no better than the boys who come out of homes where they get little training. What kind of a mother do your teachers think you have?"

Very well Peter knew what the low conduct per cent. meant. The whisperings to his seat-mate when he should have been studying. The drawing funny pictures on his slate to make the boys laugh. And that dreadful day when he put out his foot as Jim Day passed his desk, and Jim had fallen.

"I'm sorry—" he began in a choked voice. Peter began to wonder whether he could not keep from making his mother sorry again in this way. It would mean a good deal. He had said he would go off with some of the boys early next morning to fish. That surely meant a tardy mark on his next report. It was hard to give it up. But was all the fishing in the world worth that look on mother's face?

Soon the boys began to miss the fun they had learned to look for from Peter. They called him "teacher's pet," and he did not like it.

But there was another side to it, he soon began to find out. It was good to have in his heart the feeling that he was doing right. He soon began to find it nice to have his teacher look pleased with him. And O, how good it was to have the hurt look all gone from mother's face when he brought her his next report.—Ex.



## HOW THE RED CROSS SOCIETY BEGAN.

There were many battles fought in Italy during the struggle for independence in which Garibaldi played so great a part.

But there was one battle that has a peculiar interest for all soldiers and all people who care for soldiers, because something happened that brought about a great benefit to fighting armies. Yet it seemed a little thing at the time.

It was this: that one man was struck with a great idea and he did not let it die out of his mind.

It is a midsummer day in the year 1859, and a blazing Italian sun is pouring down its beams on a grim battlefield of blood and death. The battle of Solferino is being fought between the Italians, with their allies the French, Napoleon III., at their head, and the Austrians under their emperor, Francis Joseph. Three hundred thousand men are facing each other, and the line of battle extends for fifteen miles.

All day long the fighting goes on. Each position of advantage is stubbornly contested. The dead are piled in heaps and the wounded lie unheeded, to be trampled on by the cavalry or driven over by the heavy artillery. One who was present that day describes it as one of the bloodiest battles of the nineteenth century.

As the dreadful scene rises before us, the question comes to our minds: Was there any care taken of the wounded? Yes, during the battle flying ambulances were stationed at various points, which attended first to the officers and then to the men—if the medical staff had any time left for them.

But—and this is the important thing to notice—the ambulance flag was respected only by its own side. The Italian ambulances were exposed to the Austrian shot and shell and the Austrian ambulances to the Italian just as much as any other part of the field. That seems very cowardly and unfair to you and me now. And one man brought about a change.

The Italians, with their good allies, the French, won the day, and the Austrians were forced to retreat. It was evening when the retreat commenced. They tried to carry as many of the wounded as possible, but thousands were left behind to die for want of a helping hand. They lay there parched and dying, with no one to give them even a drop of water.

True, there were men prowling around in the dark, but they were cruel wretches who had come to steal valuables and even clothing from the bodies of the dead and wounded soldiers.

But there was just one man that night who saw all this suffering and cruelty, whose heart was wrung with pity for the

poor, neglected, wounded soldiers. His name was Henri Dunant, and he was not a soldier, but a civilian gentleman. And then and there he thought of a plan for helping the wounded soldiers, and resolved to adopt it.

His first care, however, was to see what could be done for the poor sufferers at that time. Many of them were removed the next day into the neighboring town of Castiglione, where they were given shelter in the churches and public buildings.

There was abundance of food and water, yet they were dying for want of nurses to minister to them. So Henry Dunant organized a volunteer band of nurses. They were peasant women, but they did their best and were kind to the poor soldiers.

Dunant at his own cost procured a load of sponges, linen, tobacco, camomiles, oranges, citron and sugar. He was always in and out among the soldiers, and they got to love him dearly for all the help and relief he had brought them. They used to call him "le monsieur en blanc," "the gentleman in white," for he always wore white clothes. Another name they had for him was "the Good Samaritan of Solferino."

It was a good name for him. It was no more his business than that of anyone else to concern himself with the wounded of the Austrian and allied armies. But as with the good Samaritan of the parable, his brother's need made him neighbor. He showed no distinction between wounded friend and wounded enemy. "Tutti fratelli," "they are all brothers," was the motto of Dunant and his brave band of helpers.

What was the grand idea which came into Dunant's mind after the battle of Solferino? It was simply this—that every army should have its permanent ambulance corps, properly instructed and equipped, that they should possess the privilege of safety from attack on the field of battle (that is to say, they were not to be fired on by either side) and that, in order to secure their safety, a new, special flag or emblem should be displayed by the ambulance corps of all nationalities. This was Dunant's idea. The Red Cross on the white ground was to be the common flag.

What the Red Cross means is so familiar to all of us now that it is hard to realize that before Dunant thought of it the wounded and those attending to them were fired on as much as anyone else on the field of battle.—St. Nicholas.

"The greatest agency to-day in keeping us advised of the conditions among Oriental races, is the establishment of foreign missions. The leaders of these missionary branches of the churches are becoming some of our most learned statesmen in respect of our proper Oriental policies."—President Taft.

**CHINESE BELIEF IN DEMONS.**

The Chinese are very loath to travel after dark, not only because the roads are dangerous, but because of the greater danger of meeting with demons who have got loose from the "infernal regions," and are seeking to catch some one to send back as their substitute. Demons "fly in a straight line"; therefore walls are built crookedly to intercept them.

They may also be trapped like eels; so it is a common practice to hang an ordinary eel trap over the doorway of a house supposed to be visited by demons. These traps, made of bamboo, are of various lengths and sizes; but those used for demon-trapping are about a foot and a half long by six inches in diameter. They are conical in shape, and so plaited that an eel or demon, having once entered, is unable to come out again.

The trap is hung up by a piece of string immediately opposite the front door, and it is hoped that the demon, in his search for the door, will accidentally enter the mouth of the trap and find himself a prisoner.—Youth's World.

**TAKING THE COLLECTION.**

Bishop Potter tells of a missionary whose work was among the mining camps of the West, where he would take a room over the local grog-shop, "round up the boys" and talk them into tears and penitence.

After one of his sermons he ran his eye over his rough congregation, and, picking out the greatest desperado of the lot, announced, "Billy the Kid will now take the collection."

The gambler called upon sprang to his feet, seized his hat as offertory plate, and began his round. The first man he approached offered a 25 cent piece. Quick as lightning out came Billy's revolver. "Young man," he said quite politely, as he pointed the weapon at him, "take that back, this is a dollar show." And with hat in one hand and six-shooter in the other, he put the finishing touch to the sermon they had heard. He got as many dollars as there were people present.

Whatever we may think of the method, the sermon evidently gripped Billy.

Think seldom of yourself, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the foot path to peace—H. Vandike.

**CONQUERED BY LOVE.**

A soldier in the army of the Potamac was the terror of his company. He was disobedient, cruel, quarrelsome, and vicious. As a result he was often terribly punished, but there was no reformation. In due time, by the fortunes of war, a captain from another regiment was placed in command of that company.

The very first day the orderly sergeant informed the captain of the terrible character of this incorrigible soldier. That afternoon the man perpetrated some misdemeanor, was arrested by a sergeant and brought before the captain. He looked at him for a moment, and, speaking to the sergeant, said:

"Let him go to his quarters."

"Shall I keep him under guard?" inquired the sergeant.

"Oh, no," said the captain, quietly.

That evening the captain called his sergeant, and said:

"Go down to Mr. Blank's quarters and tell him to come up to my tent; I wish to see him."

"Shall I bring him up under guard?" inquired the sergeant.

"Oh, no," said the captain. "Just tell him to come. I guess he'll come, if you tell him."

In due time the soldier stood inside the captain's tent, cap in hand. He was of fine physique, brave and daring.

"Take a seat, sir," said the captain.

The soldier obeyed, but all the time looked defiance. The captain inquired of his home, his relations, etc., and then said:

"I have heard all about you, and thought I would like to see you privately, and talk with you. You have been punished often—most times, no doubt, justly, but perhaps sometimes unjustly. But I see in you the making of a first-class soldier—just the kind that I would like to have a whole company of; and now if you will obey orders, and behave as a soldier should, and as I know you can, I promise on my honour as a soldier that I will be your friend, and stand by you. I do not want you to destroy yourself."

With that the soldier's chin began to quiver, and the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said:

"Captain, you are the first man to speak a kind word to me in two years, and for your sake, I'll do it."

"Give me your hand on that, my brave fellow," said the captain. "I'll trust you."

And from that day on there was not a better or more exemplary soldier in the army of the Potomac. Love conquered him.—New York Observer.



**A GHOST WEDDING.**

Did you ever hear of a ghost wedding? I never did till the other day.

Years ago a little girl was betrothed to a Chinese lad. The money was paid to the parents, the feast was eaten, and all things seemed propitious, but later the lassie sickened and died. Some years passed and the lad having grown up was married to a young wife. In place of "wedding bells," fire-crackers and incense sticks were offered to the gods.

Lately came news of sickness in this family. The bridegroom came to the father of the little girl who died so long ago, saying, "The spirit of your daughter is beginning to make trouble in my family, and you must pacify the spirit. You must use some of the wedding money, which my father paid you many years ago."

So, in a few days a red paper wedding chair, paper trousseau, paper furniture, fire-crackers and incense sticks were all prepared, and the father with his oldest living child, a boy of seventeen, started for the ghost wedding of the sister who died so long ago.

On their way they stopped at every way-side shrine and burned incense; on arriving at the home of the "bridegroom," a feast was given, fire-crackers were set off, paper clothes, red chair and incense were burned, and the family was left happy, in the hope that the spirit had been propitiated.

Can you realize what these superstitions mean to the heart of the brother of the ghost bride? He has been in our school several years. He reads, talks and writes English. "You know I do not believe in it," he said, "neither does my father, but he must either pay back a good sum of money or have these foolish ceremonies."

Will you not add your prayers to ours that God will drive out these dreadful superstitions?—Mary Gilman, in *Woman's Work for Woman*.

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**PASS IT ON.**

The joyful news must not be kept, but must be carried to the other sorrowing ones, and must be carried quickly. There must not be a moment lost. The happy women must not sit down together in mere personal enjoyment of the blessed news; there are others in the darkness of sorrow, and to these they must hasten with the gladness. We must not forget in our joy of the Christian life that there are others who have none of this joy; our mission is to carry the news, and to rejoice as we go on our way.—J. R. Miller.

**BESSIE'S TEMPTATION.**

Bessie was a little English girl about nine years old. She is a woman now, and many years have passed, but the memory of that great temptation is very fresh in her mind.

She went one afternoon with her grandma to call on a lady. Mrs. Brown's parlor had few attractions for the little girl, and the old ladies' conversation was not interesting either.

Mrs. Brown told her she might go out and amuse herself in the grapery. This was a small conservatory leading from the parlor, where was growing a very fine grapevine, at this time loaded with large bunches of the finest grapes. There were a few flowers around on shelves. The grape-vine was trained back and forth across the roof, and the luscious fruit hung down very temptingly. There was a seat all around the grapery, and where the roof slanted Bessie could kneel and easily touch some of the grapes with her head.

The view from the windows kept her busy for a while. She watched the people, the teams, and the boys and girls playing around, and wished she were with them having fun. But the aroma from the grapes soon brought her thoughts back to them. She had not often tasted hothouse grapes; they were too expensive. Such as these would cost at least a dollar or more per pound.

Her mother was sick at home, and she soon began to wish she could have some of the grapes for her. Then came the tempter: "How nice a bunch of those grapes would be for your dear mother!" It was almost as if she heard the voice softly talking. You can easily reach a bunch and drop it in your coat pocket. Mrs. Brown can't see from where she is sitting, nor can your grandma."

"That's so," thought Bessie; in fact, she softly whispered.

"It is for your mother," the voice continued. "You know you cannot buy her any—they cost too much—and they would taste so good."

"Yes, and it isn't as if I wanted them for myself," said Bessie.

"Well, just try and see if you cannot reach that little bunch above your head."

"Yes, I can reach it. See! My hat easily touches it, but—oh, it would be stealing! And God can see me.

When Bessie knelt to pray that night she did not forget to thank God for helping her in the time of temptation.

This is a true story.—Annie E. Biram, in *Zion's Herald*.

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The will of Christ ought to be more to you than the goodwill of your neighbours.

**Continued from page 544.**

### **City Work.**

Last year we told of the organization of our City Women's work into small groups with leaders over each, who have to look after church attendance, teaching, reading when necessary, and have general oversight of those committed to their care. We have found the plan work very well this year, and, by having the teachers meet for a weekly Bible Class and each month give a report of their work and show their record books of church attendance, we have been able to use them as a medium through which to reach the ever-increasing numbers of women to whom we cannot minister personally. It is also a means of developing the women, who, while they cannot leave their homes to go out as preachers, can render this smaller service.

Two women's Sunday Schools have been held during the year on Sunday morning, Miss Mair meeting with girls and women in the girls' school, and Miss McCully, with women only, in a small rented room in another ward of the city. The Sunday afternoon preaching service for women only has been held as before. Besides the Bible Study Class on Friday, Miss McCully has had a more general Bible Class for women on Tuesday evenings, the studies respectively being Exodus and Matthew.

A general class was held in March, which was attended by country women as well as many from the city. It was a week of much blessing, and many, we believe, were helped by the studies from the Word on sin, salvation, and the Lord's coming.

In May, a three week's training class for women was held here in Ham Heung, Miss Robb coming from Song Chin to assist in the teaching, while Miss Elizabeth McCully, who had just arrived, helped in the singing lessons and gave some Bible talks which were interpreted to the women. Forty women were in attendance from all parts of our three fields, and we all felt it was a time of special favour from the Lord as we waited upon Him with these sisters for teaching from His Word and power for His service.

### **Bible Women.**

Every part of the field has been visited, and on every hand the reports are more

than gratifying. Perhaps the most interesting has been from far-off Chang Chin, where Esther and Lydia travelled together a most difficult three hundred li (one hundred miles), and found a little group of Christian women who would hardly let them away, so anxious were they to be taught. From this place, where money is rarely seen, came a donation of 400 cash, about thirty cents, to our W. M. Society.

The increasing desire among women to learn to read is another sign of the rapid change coming to Korea, and of the marvellous opportunity given to us to hasten its evangelization. The women of Korea are awaking, as evidenced by such very surprising announcements as that of the formation of more than one "Powin Huai" (women's society), and of the existence of girls' schools among the heathen.

One of our greatest needs is trained women to enter these doors and bring these women to Christ. We hope the coming year may see the opening of a Korean women's school in this mission.

### **Itinerating.**

At the beginning of the itinerating season last year, Mr. Young resolved to visit all the churches in this field at least once before the next annual meeting. He is able to report that he has succeeded in keeping his vow as far as the churches then in existence are concerned, but that at the present time about half of the churches in the field, he has as yet not seen. That is to say, new groups to the number of about twenty, which sprang up during the year, he was unable to visit. It has indeed been a year of wonderful growth in new groups.

Three hundred li back into the country, where previously no missionary had been, two churches were found flourishing amid the ravages of Korean rebels on the one side, and the suspicion of the soldiers on the other. The leader of one of the churches is at present serving a year's sentence in jail, for having bought and paid for a cow which the rebels forced upon him. This is surely a case of being between the upper and nether millstones.

At Pun Chin, five pleasant days were spent. Here, thirty-seven catechumens were examined and twenty-nine admitted. The



Sunday morning services were particularly refreshing. At the close of the services, an old man who had been baptized for some years, arose, and with tears streaming down his face, confessed to having had two wives. He said he had put away one, and now wished to confess openly his fault and have his brethren's forgiveness as he had sought and found his God's.

Since last year three more native workers have been sent out into the whitened field.

The Yong Heung River churches combined, and the Hong Won church, by itself, now support each an evangelist of their own; while the Ham Heung church has undertaken a part of the support of a second one.

Miss Mair made a trip to Hong Won in November, and another to Yong Hung in March, where she held Bible classes for the women and inspected the girls' schools. On the latter trip she visited four other outstations and also saw two new groups of believers, where has yet no women had come in.

Miss McCully made visits to Cheng Pyeng and Yong Heung in November, and another to Puk Chong this month. On the latter trip she visited, besides the two churches at Hong Won and Puk Chong, six smaller groups, in all of which the opportunity for work seems very great. At a place called Chang Chin, a whole school of over thirty with a teacher who seems an earnest inquirer, began to attend the church, and were most urgent in their request to be taught the truths of the Gospel.

At the foot of the high mountain pass, on either side, were found two young men, lately decided to become Christians, who walk, one thirty, the other forty li, every Sunday in order to attend church in Hong Won. At the close of a day's journey, they take turns in crossing the mountain, a distance of ten li, in order to study together the Word of God.

Such evidences of God's power and grace gladden the heart of the missionary, and must surely bring joy to the Lord of the harvest.

#### **Educational.**

Unlike so many other mission fields, it is not necessary here to give free education in

order to get people within the reach of the Gospel. Here they come to hear by the thousands; but it is absolutely necessary to educate men to be the future leaders and ministers of our church here. Nearly every boy in our Academy is looking forward to work for the Master. Praise the Lord, we are not asking for funds to train men for positions in the State, but we are asking for support to train men to lead the Presbyterian Church of New Korea.

In April, we were able to get Mr. Kim, a well qualified teacher, to take the head position in our Academy. He is a graduate of the Government Normal School in Seoul, where he was much under the influence of Mr. Hulbert, an American. Mr. Kim has since had seven years' experience in teaching. His education and humility, coupled with his zeal for the Lord, as shown by his having given up a salary of eighty yen (forty dollars) per month in a heathen school to come to us on a salary of \$25.00. We feel warranted in hoping that the purpose of the school may be realized and true workers for the Lord be developed.

With the exception of Mr. Kei's salary, which comes from fees charged the boys, and which they are ill able to stand, all the other expenses, including the \$25.00 per month to Mr. Kim, we are hoping to get from the F. M. Committee or from interested friends at home. Money or no money, our schools must go on, and by faith we believe they will.

#### **Primary Boys' Schools.**

Seven registered primary schools, including that in Ham Heung, are now in our field. The lack of competent teachers is one of our greatest difficulties, and as we see the opportunity before us to develop these bright young lives, we feel that we must do much more than we have in the past, if we are even to keep pace with heathen schools and to hold our Christian boys. We have followed the course of study prescribed by the Korean Presbytery, and this year have spent some time in the effort to persuade our untaught teachers to conform to it.

Our city school, being nearer at hand, has had better inspection from the missionaries,

and some assistance in teaching from two academy students, who thus helped themselves through the school year.

Country schools have had to suffer much from lack of supervision, and are far below par. The expenses of these primary schools are met by the native church, who, while they make great efforts, are able to provide only very poor equipment, even for Korea.

The list of constant expenses, repairs and equipment is, we believe, in time going to be met by the good friends at home, and our prayer is, that that time may soon come to pass.

Our natives support their primary boys' schools, and are supposed to pay ten cents a month for each of their girls. A few do so, but the big majority cannot. Knowing that they can send their children to other fairly good government schools, but heathen ones, where they have no fees to pay, makes us timid about urging money matters on them.

A GLIMPSE OF MEDICAL MISSIONS.

A man living twenty-five miles away had contracted a kind of fever which is followed by swellings and loathsome wounds in different parts of the body; this man's leg was affected.

He determined to get to the Hospital. He could not walk, and no chairman would carry him. He sat down, putting his hands on the ground behind him as far as he could, then lifted his body back, his leg wrapped round with straw and leaves to keep it from being hurt as it was dragged along. By-and-by his hands blistered; he tied them up also with straw and struggled on—a fortnight's journey, and with a mountain pass 3,000 feet high to cross. The doctor found him one morning not far from the Hospital, utterly exhausted, 'a mass of dirt, filth, disease, and pain.'

He was put in a separate room—the other patients would have crawled out of any ward into which he might have been taken. "It required all the grace I had to cleanse his leg and head and body."

The wound gradually mended, and by-and-by it only needed skin. His own was too unhealthy for transplanting. No Chinaman would sell his skin, even at a dollar the square inch. Mrs. Watson's German nurse gave five strips of her skin, four of which grew. "The man can now walk with a stick, and is a new creature." It is a glimpse of the Medical Mission worth remembering.—Sel.

SONG CHIN STATION FOR 1909.

Missionaries	Appointed.
Rev. Robert Grierson, B.A., M.D...	1898
Mrs. Grierson.. . . .	1898
Miss Jennie B. Robb.. . . .	1903
Rev. A. R. Ross, B.A., B.D.. . .	1907

Statistical Summary.

Size of field—15 counties in Korea proper; Kando (Chientao) in Manchuria.	
Regular Meeting Places.. . . .	62
Regular Meeting Places added during year.. . . .	42
Church Buildings.. . . .	18
Church Buildings added during year	11
Communicants.. . . .	138
Communicants added during year.. .	47
Catechumens.. . . .	234
Catechumens added during year .. .	152
Total members and adherents....	1,300
Theological students.. . . .	1
Academy pupils.. . . .	9
Primary school pupils.. . . .	95
Workers supported by native church	6
Contributions by native church. . .	\$1,408.00
Treatments in dispensary and hospital	8,000

This is the 9th Annual Report. As God has so blessed our work under last year's motto of "Can do," (based on Phil. 4: 13), we have adopted an even more optimistic and believing motto for the coming year, namely, "Greater things", (based on John 1: 50).

Evangelistic Work.

It is with deep gratitude to God that we wish to acknowledge His blessing upon this work beyond what our faith could grasp. Through His Grace the missionaries have been able to herald the good tidings in many parts, and have, with joy, witnessed the growth of the work.

At one time it is in Yi Won to the south that we see the missionary and his helpers surrounded by a crowd, who listen to the Gospel message; at another we find them in the far north, in Kando (Chinese territory), visiting groups of believers; or, in the person of the native worker, trying to touch the needs of Koreans in Vladivostok (Russian territory); or again we meet them in the interior and hard to reach districts of Kapsan and Sam Su.



In addition to the teacher or immediate helper of the missionary who is engaged in this work, we find a zealous type of man in the native evangelist, supported by the native churches.

In addition to those mentioned above, God has given us an earnest band of colporteurs, through the kindness of the British and Foreign Bible Society who support these men, who carry the Scriptures among Christians and heathen, and preach for the Master.

So great has been the demand for the work of these men, that people in some of the country places have tried to retain them against their will. As a colporteur expressed it:—"Let me go" he said to the people, as he literally had to tear himself away (in order to visit other parts) from those who wished him to teach them.

The work of the colporteurs during the past year has been very good owing to to the great call for copies of the Scriptures. Last January at a village north of Song Chin, a crowd gathered one morning to hear and see the missionary and his helpers as they sang and preached. At the close, the latter were able to sell twenty-five copies of the Scriptures inside of half an hour before setting out on the road.

The wave of new interest in the Gospel, that touched other places in Korea this past year, was very marked in the Song Chin field. New groups of believers, figuratively speaking, seemed to spring up in a day. We must admit that other than pure motives may have led many of these Christians to profess a belief in the Gospel; yet from among them the Spirit of God is bringing many forth who will prove earnest and sincere.

The early stages of things were illustrated some time ago, in the case of a group of new believers, who adopted an effective yet humorous way of enforcing the observance of the Sabbath, by having the different ones bring their hoes to the place of worship and pile them in the corner, so that no one could on the sly break the Sabbath by working in the fields.

Besides the direct preaching of the Gospel, Bible teaching has an important place in the evangelistic work of the missionary. The teaching is often, when possible, ac-

companied by what is very acceptable to the Korean Christians, namely, the teaching of singing. The people in the country parts eagerly welcome these classes, and they do form quite a factor in the grounding of our Christians in the truth.

Turning to the local work in Song Chin, the missionary, when at home, has worked in preaching service, in Sabbath school, in prayer meeting, in Bible and singing classes, for the spiritual uplifting of the people. The results have been encouraging this past year.

With great praise to God in our hearts, we saw the erection by our local people this summer of a splendid church building, size 22 by 54 feet at a cost of about \$475, and calculated to seat about 350 people.

The work has received a good impetus through the erection of this church. May we not go forward with new hope from The God of Hope, expecting Him to realize in this section of His field, "more than we are able to ask or think" to the Glory of His own blessed name.

### **Women's Work.**

During a good part of the year the burden of this work has fallen largely on Mrs. Grierson as in former years, for with the exception of four months in the winter season, Miss Robb was working elsewhere.

The women's Thursday class for Bible study was continued as usual throughout the year with a fair attendance; and from January to April, an evening class was held twice a week for the young women of the congregation, the subject studied being, arithmetic, geography, and Scripture.

In March a ten days' Bible study class was held for the women, not only of the local church but also for those of the out-stations who could attend. The enrollment was 82, 26 coming from ten out-stations.

Especial mention should be made of some young women whose desire to attend the class was so great that they were willing to travel on foot from their homes, 140 miles distant, crossing twelve high rocky mountains on the way. The zeal they displayed, and the delight with which they studied were an inspiration to all.

Miss Robb spent three and a half months among the country groups, holding Bible

classes, for the women in the larger congregations, and spending a day or two in the smaller groups. Longer time would have been required to travel over all the field, and as yet no woman missionary has visited any of the groups north of Kyung Sung or south of Tan Chun.

#### **Bible Women's Work.**

In addition to Mrs. Grierson's faithful Dorcas, Bible women Esther and Naomi have been employed during the mission year, and two others since March. These women have worked zealously and have travelled long distances, selling portions of the Scriptures, preaching the Gospel, teaching the women in the new groups, and encouraging the older Christians.

It was with much regret that we parted from Dorcas a few weeks ago, when after about seven years of self-denying and untiring service on our station, she left us to return to her home town.

#### **Medical Work.**

It must not be forgotten that the smallness of our staff, and the fact that the doctor is also the senior evangelistic worker in our immense field, makes our medical work different from any other medical work in Korea. It cannot be expected to be "up to date," or to be continuously successful, with the doctor almost four months of the year away teaching in the country, and when at home, ever occupied with church and school work.

Nevertheless the past year has been the most prosperous in our history. We had to have a new room added to our dispensary, and recorded the names of 1,743 new patients.

As many of these, while entered but once on our books, were treated many times, we calculate that we had 8,000 treatments during the year, more than 50 per cent. increase on last year. Patients have come to us even from far-off Vladivostok and from the Tuman River region, as we had the only surgical plant north of Wonsan.

We had more than 100 operations under chloroform and took in \$365.74 in sales and fees.

Asking only \$50.00 last year from the F. M. Committee, we were, of course, not able to keep well stocked up, or to pur-

chase many instruments to supplement our humble equipment; we must ask more this year. Alas! that we must in our medical and educational work for lack of men and means, do such third class work with such fourth class equipment.

In this report the doctor in charge is careful to do two things:—First, give glory to God for His wonderful power in blessing and assisting in the medical work, preventing mistakes—giving success. Second:—Give credit to the first assistant, Kim Yung Pai, almost as dear to us as a son, whose intuition, courage and skill, have taken the place of knowledge, enabling him to carry on the work in the absence of the doctor, while he at the same time reads hard to fit himself for better work in the future.

If God would put in the heart of some friends in Canada, to send this young man to Seoul to study in the medical college (it would not cost over \$100 a year), in four years' time we would have a medical missionary in our mission to do first-class work and relieve the missionary doctor for evangelistic and educational work.

We do not fail to mention the loving kindness of the Lord in sending to Kapsan, as doctor to the American Copper Mines, a Christian physician who previously worked with the Southern Presbyterian Mission in South Western Korea. He took a good deal of Christian literature with him and has engaged a Christian helper to aid in religious work. It is almost as if another missionary had been appointed to our field; and so God has given us, through the mining company, not only the educational funds we have asked for in vain, but the missionary as well. "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, the humble shall hear thereof and be glad."

The Station wishes to record the deep gratitude of its members on learning of the decision of the Western Committee to share our work in Korea, and it is eagerly anticipating the early arrival of the first contingent.

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Japan is preparing to celebrate the jubilee of Protestant missions, as two years ago Christian China celebrated the centenary of her missions.



# Young People's Societies.

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## TOPIC FOR DECEMBER.

### THE AWAKENING IN KOREA.

By REV. R. P. MCKAY, D.D.

The story of Korea is often told but loses neither its interest nor its power. We never tire of hearing about the wonderful works of God. Not in Eternity will the story grow old.

#### The Country.

We often hear of strategic points. Korea is strategic. It stands related to three of the greatest empires in the world: Japan lies to the East, China to the West, and Russia touches it on the North. It might be said that Japan touches it all over, for now she holds Korea and no doubt will continue to hold her. But think of the situation. Is it not like leaven hidden in three measures of meal, and may it not be that this Christian activity in the centre will operate until the whole is leavened? All things are possible, for the Gospel is omnipotent.

#### Physical Features and Resources.

Korea is a long narrow peninsula, mountainous and more closely related to Japan than to China. Look it up on the map. There are many beautiful valleys in which the people live. These valleys are cultivated with wheat, barley and rice. Rice is one of the most important products of the country. The mineral wealth is great and under Japanese energy is beginning to be developed. Fish are an important source of revenue. Forests were extensive in the long-ago, but they have been largely wasted, as they are being wasted in many other countries. The climate is temperate, mild in the south, but more rigorous in the north.

#### The People.

Estimates vary, but there are not less than 13,000,000. There are thirteen provinces, so that if evenly distributed there would be about 1,000,000 in each province.

They are not, however, evenly distributed. They are more dense in the milder climate of the South. The people are mild, gentle polite and hospitable, but they are industrious and possessed of great determination and courage.

Their patriotism is unbounded. Their love of their country is not surpassed even in Switzerland. This explains their intense feeling against Japanese domination, and the sacrifices they are willing to make in order to maintain their independence.

At one time some sleight-of-hand men were asked by a foreigner whether they would go to America for a year, if Mr. Barnum would engage them "for much money." The reply was "Very many thanks,—we can not leave our own country, for we would die of homesickness." Some years ago, Mr. Yi, of the Korean legation at Washington, found life away from home insufferable and obtained leave to return.

#### Religions.

There are three religions in Korea, as in China and Japan,—Confucianism, Buddhism, and Spirit Worship. But in Korea these religions have not the grip upon the people they have in the other two countries. The temples are fewer and less picturesque. They reflect the poverty of the people. There have been no great religious leaders for centuries. The priesthood are held in contempt.

There is no intense religious interest and the worship is perfunctory. When asked why they go to the ancestral tablets or the graves of their ancestors to present their offerings,—whether it is fear lest the ancestors bring them evil, or whether to implore favour and help,—the usual answer is that it is neither fear or hope, but that it is the "custom" to do this.

That the status of the Buddhist priest is not high is seen in the fact that no monk may enter the capital. Any one found within the walls is put to death,—or that used to be the law. Consequently, no Buddhist

temples are found within the walls of the capital. The monks themselves are harmless enough. They seem too lazy to be harmful.

Notwithstanding all this lack of interest, the Koreans are intensely superstitious. Events that are easily explained are to them full of terrible suggestion. Spirits, good and bad, abound, and any event in life may be controlled by their interference. Bodily ailments are ascribed to them, and innumerable are the ills with which they are credited. Hence conjurers are employed whose business it is to protect from these evil influences and of course promote these superstitions to their own advantage.

#### Christian Missions.

Dr. John Ross of Moukden, Manchuria, must be credited with the beginning of Protestant Missions. Korea borders on Manchuria. Years ago there was a neutral strip of land between the two countries that was prohibited to settlers. Little by little it was occupied. Whilst there was supposed to be no communication between the countries, yet embassies bearing tribute from Korea to China, gave opportunity for others to pass.

The result was that the Scriptures in Chinese came to Peking. Koreans in the north made enquiries what this Christian religion meant, and Mr. Ross, through this, studied the Korean dialect and made a translation of the New Testament. Some Koreans visited China to study the Christian religion and thus the work began. Some of these became evangelists and extended the work.

#### Dr. Allen.

He is unduly credited with being the first to enter Korea, yet his story is interesting. In 1884 he was sent by the Board of Foreign Missions of the United States, North, from China to Seoul, the capital of Korea. He was not known as a missionary. He was sent as a physician to the American legation, which position gave him standing with the Korean government.

He was present at a banquet at the palace, when an attempt was made to assassinate Prince Min Yong Ik,—who was, next to the King, the most prominent man in the kingdom. This gave Dr. Allen an op-

portunity of displaying the value of western medical science.

His successful treatment of the Prince led to his being asked to treat the King and the members of the Royal family. This gave him an opportunity of conversing with the King as to hospitals in western lands, which led to the erection of a hospital in the capital. Thus, by the quiet prudence of the missionary under the manifest leading of the Spirit of God, a country that two years before was closed to the foreigner, became open for the missionary and his message.

#### Missionaries.

There are four Presbyterian Boards at work,—U.S.A. North, U.S.A. South, Canadian, Australian; two Methodist,—American North, American South; and the Anglican Society for the propagation of the Gospel. The Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army and Bible Society are also in the field. There are in all 286 missionaries, including the wives of missionaries, occupying twenty-five central points. If the estimate made by the Laymen's Missionary Movement is carried out, a missionary for every 25,000, there will be 520, nearly twice the present number.

#### Results.

The door was opened twenty-five years ago; so late as in 1887, twenty-two years ago, the first little company of communicants sat around the Lord's Table to commemorate the dying love of our Lord. This they did in secret in the city of Seoul. To-day, there are 200,000 professing faith in Christ, and multitudes are being added year by year.

But in Korea, as elsewhere, we cannot judge results by the number of communicants. We must reckon the changed attitude towards the outside world and towards the Christian religion; the new school system; the new Christian literature; the revolution effected by medical science; the social and political changes and all moving together away from the benighted and superstitious past into the light of day. Christian thought has found its way into the lives of multitudes who have not yet identified themselves with the Church of Christ.

#### Revival.

The church in Korea is Pentecostal. It



was in 1906 that the remarkable movement began in Pyeng Yang, but for years before there have been in evidence the characteristics of revival found in the Acts of the Apostles.

(1) **THE WORD.** They love the Word of God. They not only study it in the home and in the ordinary church services, but they have special classes for Bible study, lasting usually about ten days, but sometimes longer. Men and women, pastors and church members, meet and study and pray, that they may catch the spirit and inspiration of the Word, that they may know its power.

(2) **WITNESS.** They go everywhere, preaching the Gospel. It is in some missions made a term of communion,—that the candidate has led some other to Jesus Christ. There are many Christians who cannot give money, but they give days or weeks of time to the preaching of the Gospel. There are native Christians who without salary give their entire service to the supreme privilege and duty of publishing the good news.

(3) **MISSIONARY.** The Pentecostal church was missionary. They did not limit their services to Palestine,—they went to the uppermost parts according to the Lord's command. So the Koreans have not only reached out to the remote portions of their own country, but they have sent messengers to their own people scattered throughout the world,—in Siberia, in California, in Mexico, in the Islands of the Sea. They feel as we all ought to feel, that if the Gospel is true, it is supremely important and claims the best that we can do.

(4) **SELF-SUPPORT.** The Koreans are following the example of the early church in this to an extraordinary degree. Out of their deep poverty their liberality abounds. Men have been known to sell the rice upon which the family was expected to live and buy millet,—a cheaper food,—that the difference might go for the support of the Gospel. They build all their own churches and largely support their own preachers. A missionary wrote the other day about a girl who sold her hair that she might contribute to the Lord's work.

(5). **CHURCHES.** Churches multiply rapidly. There are now probably 1,500, and some of them are very large. In Pyeng Yang the

central churches will accommodate 1,500, and the attendance is so large that there are two congregations in succession, the men filling the church at the one service, and the women at the other.

### **Urgency.**

When tides of blessing come, the church should be up and doing, for opportunities pass. Such an opportunity came in Japan and in Siam and was lost. It takes decades to recover the loss, if it ever can be recovered. Should all the churches to-day unitedly enter the open door and adequately man Korea, the whole country might be captured. What might not the results be in all the East?

### **THE WAY YOU LEAN.**

The tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans; that is we shall go after what we are inclined to—is not that so?—this makes it all in all to us what the bent of our mind is.

Twenty years ago there were two boys in my class in the Sabbath School, bright, lively fellows, who interested me very much.

One of them made me sometimes feel anxious. I often found him out in the evening, in the company of young rowdies. When I asked him how it happened, he used to say he was out on an errand, the boys spoke to him, and he could not help speaking. Perhaps that was so, still it made me uneasy. I once said to his mother: "Is not Willie too much out at nights?" "Willie out at nights! Oh, no; Willie does not go out at nights."

The other boy, whose name was Arthur, I never met among the rowdies. His evenings were spent at home. I always found him studying his lessons or reading with his sisters, or amusing himself at home.

That was twenty years ago. Both boys had begun to show which way they were leaning, and how their tastes inclined them. Twenty years will show it plainer.

The other day I heard of Willie. Somebody met him in Manchester.

"What is he?" I asked. "A good-for-nothing, if not worse," was the answer; "a shabby, idle, drinking fellow, whom nobody cares to employ."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear it—sorry but not surprised. I wonder where Arthur is!"

"Arthur! Why didn't you know, he has just been taken into partnership with that old firm with which he served his time? They could not spare him, so they had to take him in."

"Good!" I said. "It is just what I should have expected. He leaned right."—Sel.

**CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.****Calls from**

- Knox Ch., Brandon, Man., to Mr. Geo. A. Edmison of Russell, Man.  
 Alma St. Ch., St. Thomas, Ont. to Mr. Hall Wood of Tavistock. Accepted.  
 Selkirk, Man., to Mr. W. L. Findlay of Cannington.  
 Ballinafad, Ont., to Mr. Peter Currie of Warsaw.  
 Flesherton, Ont., to Mr. J. A. Ross of Essex.  
 Alliston and Burns Churches, Pres. Barrie, to Mr. W. T. Ellison of Carluke.  
 Binscarth, to Mr. J. B. McLaren of Brandon.  
 Brandon, Man., to Mr. G. Edmison of Russell.  
 Russell, Man., to Mr. H. Feir of Saltcoats.  
 Avonmore, Ont., to Mr. S. D. McPhee, of Belfast, P.E.I.  
 Zion Ch., Hull, Que., to Mr. J. F. MacFarland of Warkworth. Accepted.  
 St. Andrews Ch., Nanaimo, B.C., to Mr. J. R. Robertson of Revelstoke. Accepted.  
 St. Paul's Ch., Ottawa, to Mr. Jas. Little of Brampton, Ont.  
 Melita, Man. to Mr. M. P. Floyd, of Killarney, Man.  
 Baddeck Forks, N.S., to Mr. John McNeill of Bayfield and Bethany.

**Inductions into**

- St. Andrews Ch., Burks Falls, Ont., 12 Oct., Mr. A. T. Barnard.  
 Whitechurch and Langside, Ont., 14 Oct., Mr. R. McEachern.  
 Athelstan and Elgin, Que., 4 Nov., Mr. W. T. B. Crombie.  
 St. James Sq. Ch., Toronto, 25 Nov., Dr. A. Robertson.  
 Knox Ch., Port Colborne, Ont., 16 Nov., Mr. G. M. Dix.  
 St. And. Ch., Belleville, Ont., 15 Oct., Mr. R. S. Laidlaw.  
 Rothsay and Cotswold, Ont. 18 Nov., Mr. John R. Wilson.  
 Drummond Hill, Niagara Falls, Ont., 8 Dec. Dr. Wm. Wallis.  
 Walton, Ont., 2 Dec., Mr. R. L. Lundy.

**Resignations of**

- Black River, N.B., Mr. Wm. Myers.  
 Franklin, Man., Dr. J. H. Woodside.  
 Tilbury, Ont., Mr. P. E. Nichol.

- Birtle, Man., Mr. J. C. Cameron.  
 Niagara Falls, Ont. Mr. John Crawford.  
 Thorold, Ont., Mr. J. W. McLeod.  
 Knox Ch., Montreal, Dr. Jas. Fleck.  
 St. Andrews Ch., New Liskeard, Ont., Mr. F. E. Pitts.  
 Greenwood, B.C., Mr. M. D. McKee.

Rev. A. E. Armstrong, writing of the Laymen's Missionary Movement Campaign, which has been carried on during the past weeks from Lake Superior to the Pacific, says,—“One feels that its possibilities are immeasurable in leading the church out to an adequate performance of her real task and the fulfilment of our Lord's last and great command.” Read Mr. Armstrong's article, written from Vancouver, on another page of this issue.

Of Medical work in Honan, Dr. W. J. Scott writes.—“Eventually, operating, ward work, and instructing Chinese assistants, will, I hope, form the foreigner's chief labors, and the Chinese students will look after the dispensary work themselves, work which they can be trained to do admirably. The role of the foreigner in China, as far as I can see it, is to help the Chinese to help themselves, and leave himself multiplied, many times, in the shape of Chinese nurses and doctors.”

**HOW MUCH OWEST THOU?**

A man once said to Sam Jones: “Jones, the church is putting my assessment too high.”

“How much do you pay?” asked Jones.

“Five dollars a year.”

“Well, “how long have you been converted.”

“About four years.”

“Well what were you before that?”

“I was a drunkard.”

“How much did you spend for drink?”

“About two hundred and fifty dollars a year.”

“How much were you worth?”

“I rented land and was ploughing a steer.”

“What have you got now?”

“I have a good plantation and a good pair of horses.”

“Well,” said Sam Jones, “you paid the devil two hundred and fifty dollars a year for the privilege of ploughing a steer on rented ground, and now you don't want to give God, who saved you, five dollars a year for the privilege of ploughing horses on your plantation.”



The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Oct.	Rec. Mar. 31 to Oct. 31.
Home Missions....\$	3,898.61	\$25,882.07
Augmentation.....	408.89	2,471.34
Foreign Missions...	2,816.62	24,590.86
Widows' & Orphans'	136.51	888.65
Aged Ministers....	167.31	877.01
Assembly Fund....	587.40	2,020.88
French Evangeliztn	252.18	2,043.85
Pt-aux-Trembles...	249.44	1,732.11
Tem. Moral Reform.	101.88	1,064.20
Knox College.....	64.99	390.15
Queen's College....	18.35	174.79
Montreal College...	7.00	95.90
Manitoba College...	50.75	239.55
Westminster Hall..	4.25	22.43

Received during October  
at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,  
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the Donors.

<b>Ontario.</b>		Islay ss .....	3 25
Tor., Vic., ladies' b.c.\$	12	Byng Inlet ss.....	7 10
Laird ss.....	2	Schreiber ss .....	10
Burford ss.....	4 20	Baie-de-Dore ss.....	6 60
Gorrie ss.....	1	Mono E. ss.....	2
Elsinore .....	4 43	Newburgh, Camdn. ss.	9 43
Logan, St. Pa. ss.....	2	Pontypool ss.....	2 75
Ballinafad ss.....	4	Chatham 1st ss.....	6 37
Dunblane ss.....	5	Seaforth, 1st .....	81
Niag., St. And. ss.....	3 55	Molesworth ss.....	4 81
Sprague's Rd., Un. ss..	8 74	Tor., Dunn Ave. ss.....	28 94
Ashburn, Burns' ss....	4 20	Hawkesbury ss.....	3 45
Greenbank ss.....	6 20	Dixon Corners ss.....	5
Inwood ss.....	8	Burnbrae, St. And. ss..	5 65
Monckland ss.....	3	Collin's Bay ss.....	6 20
Wilbur, Mundells ss..	4	Kinburn ss.....	7 20
Killaloe, Zion ss.....	3 53	Farran's Point ss.....	4 39
Varna ss.....	2 25	Galt, St. And. miss. ss.	2 50
Quaker Hill ss.....	10 49	Sebright ss.....	2
Ripley, Knox ss.....	10	Culloden .....	20
Waterloo ss.....	6 90	Marvelvil, St. A. ss....	2 15
Markdale, Cook's ss....	6	E. Oxford, St. A. ss....	3 35
Mt. Forest, Wmstr....	63 75	Tweed, St. And. ss.....	14
Appleton ss.....	8 50	Dean Lake ss.....	1 75
Ashton ss.....	3	Farbutt ss., No. 2 ss..	1 60
Ayton, Knox ss.....	7	Richard's Landing ss...	4 30
Ravenswood ss.....	6	Melville ss.....	9 30
Wallace, 3rd un. ss....	3 70	Callander ss.....	6
Thurlow, St. And. ss..	9 25	Tor., St. Giles's ss.....	11
Carholme ss.....	5	N. Brant ss.....	8
Nassagaweya.....	63	Rocky Saugn., Brns' ss.	3 90
Drayton ss.....	9	Kintyre ss.....	23 55
Morewood ss.....	5	Mimico ss.....	5
St. David's .....	13 56	Allansvil., un. ss.....	1
White Lake, St. And..	45	Leaskdale, St. Pa.....	31 60
N. Easthope.....	60 74	Keewatin, St. And. ss..	12
Baxter ss.....	7	Piccadilly ss.....	8
Verschoyle, St. And. ss	3 50	Tichborne ss.....	5
Billings ss.....	1 90	Tait's Corners .....	36 16
Powassan ss.....	9 95	Waubuno, Guthrie ss...	2 67
Elv.....	2 50	R. M. Boswell.....	200
Cold Springs ss.....	6	Longf'd Mills, mem. ss	3 54
Deer Park.....	200	Lancaster 2nd ss.....	4 15
Meaford, Erskine ss....	6 57	Millbank ss.....	4 88
Chesterfield.....	50	Newton ss.....	4 39
Rev. Archd. Stewart..	8	Barr River ss.....	2
W. Tor., Victoria.....	300	St. Mary's 1st ss.....	13 45
Glenallen, Knox ss....	5 37	E. Hawkesbury ss.....	7 65
Shallow Lakes ss.....	2	Burnstown ss.....	4 28
Port Hope, St. Pau'l..	115	Walton, Duff's ss.....	4 08
Brooksdale .....	24	Little Current, Kx. ss.	7 62
Brookdale ss.....	8 07	Thornhill .....	9
Depot Harbor ss.....	8	Mildmay ss.....	7
		Atwood .....	22 18

Cannington, Kx., ss...	5	Warkworth.....	28 31
Ripley, Kx. ss.....	5 45	E. Normanby ss.....	10
Bucefield, un'on.....	29	Woodland, St. Matt. ss	6 40
St. Ann's ss.....	3 38	Vernonville ss.....	10 19
Bancroft.....	1	E. Puslinch ss.....	18
Meaford, Erskine .....	100	Stratford, Kx. ss.....	10
First Essa ss.....	25	English Sett en ent...	53 40
N. Lunenburg ss.....	5	Malloryth, St. Jno. ss.	3 65
Hillier .....	2 45	Bancroft, h.x. ss.....	1 36
Consecon.....	3 85	Bath ss.....	2
Lyn, Christ Ch. ss....	5	London, St. And. ss...	26 93
Caradoc, Cook's ss....	4 43	Wardsville ss.....	4
Exeter, Caven ss.....	12 50	Dundas, Kx. ....	17 63
Melbourne Guib. ss....	3 50	Pembroke, Calv. ss....	16 85
Norwich ss.....	3 17	Owen S., St. Paul's ss.	2 09
Belgrave, Kx. ss.....	6 85	N. Caradoc, St. And. ss	7 24
Shelburne, Kx. ss.....	3 80	Claremont, Ersk. ss...	7 80
Merriton, St. And. ss.	6 25	Bright ss.....	4 92
Sarnia, St. Paul's.....	76 50	Allensville, Cairns....	6 78
Penetanguishn ss.....	4 86	Aspdin .....	1 30
Mary Kirk ss.....	76	Yearley .....	1 92
Ailsa Craig ss.....	11	Nippissing ss.....	1 50
London, New St. J....	12 95	Flos, No. 2., 2nd line ss	5
Muskoka Falls, Un. ss.	3	Rv. Crawford Tate ..	68 97
Creedford ss.....	8 80	Eau Claire ss.....	2 23
Rothsay, Calvin ss....	1 57	Bonfield ss.....	79
Granton ss.....	4 50	Brule ss.....	1 58
Deseronto, Ch. Redee-		New Liskeard .....	46 40
mer ss.....	7	Earls court, St. Da. ss..	8
Perth, St. And. ss.....	10	Whitney .....	24 25
Carp ss.....	11 36	Scarboro', St. And....	23
Courtright, St't ss....	3 70	" ss.....	23 42
Hespeler, St. And....	5 90	Nashville ss.....	6
Dundas, Kx. ss.....	73 45	Glen Morris ss.....	6 20
Stirling, St. And. ....	7 80	Barton .....	15 50
Maxville ss.....	21	" ss.....	7 50
Embros, Kx. ss.....	4 85	Sunderland, St. And ss	8
James Eadie .....	2	Cresswell ss.....	5
James Young.....	2	Fort Frances ss.....	2
Shannonville.....	6 28	Aberdeen ss.....	2
Miss Mitchell .....	10	Melrose ss.....	4 85
Wallaceberg, Kx.....	60	Glenburnie ss.....	4 21
Moore, Burns ss.....	5	Lachlan, McDonald....	40
Englehart, St. Pa. ss..	2 75	Norman ss.....	5 25
Blake ss.....	8 50	Nicholson ss.....	3 50
Scarboro', Melville ss.	13 74	Ivy ss.....	7 70
St. Cath., Kx. ss.....	4	Knoxville ss.....	5 45
Georgetown ss.....	9 70	Little's Corner ss.....	2 30
Blytheswood ss.....	9 40	Leaskdale ss.....	3
Ingersoll, St. Pa. ss....	14	Lon. Junct., St. Pa. ss.	2 50
Plattsville ss.....	7 42	Lake Charles ss.....	2 45
Fenln Falls, St. And ss	6 40	McDonald's Cor. Kx ss	3 40
Preston.....	6	Wyevalle ss.....	4 50
Linehouse ss.....	5 90	Van Vlack ss.....	3 50
Atkins Cor. ss.....	3 30	Campblvl., St. Da. ss..	17
W. Flamboro' ss.....	2 25	Bloomfield ss.....	75
Toronto, St. James sq.	40	Brigden ss.....	5
Beverly ss.....	14	Woodstock, Kx.....	274
Lonsdale ss.....	3	Barrie .....	100
Loring ss.....	4 75	Hampden .....	5 60
Williamsford ss.....	3 50	Argyle ss.....	1 50
Maynooth ss.....	2 25	Brougham, St. Jno. ss.	5
Burgoyne ss.....	3 90	Pickering, St. And. ss.	8 12
Nairn, St. And. ss....	15 60	North Ekfrid ss.....	2 71
Oma-h ss.....	4 04	Dryden .....	5 85
Ennis Killen ss.....	2 80	Bear's Creek ss.....	1 30
Bristol Cors. ss.....	2 80	Hilly Grove ss.....	1 10
Auburn, Kx. ss.....	5 50	Manitowaning ss.....	3 40
Vittoria ss.....	4	Glenlee ss.....	4
Drummond Hill ss....	4 30	Wellesley, Zion ss....	5
S. Mountain ss.....	7 10	Carling .....	11 46
S'mcoe, St. Paul's ss...	6 85	Shesheshkong .....	9 85
Miss N. McIntosh & Cl	6	Eramosa, 1st ss.....	2 50
Alberton ss.....	3 70	Bruce Min's ss.....	3
Mandaumin ss.....	4 55	Toronto, West ss.....	5
Amman ss.....	7 50	Kinmount ss.....	3 34
Waldemar ss.....	6 26	Lynden ss.....	7 25
Bethel ss.....	5	Dunbarton ss.....	6 60
Aultsville, Imman. ss.	6 01	Shakespeare ss.....	5 80
Craigleith ss.....	2	Walkerton, Kx.....	214 70
Plummer, Eman. ss....	1	Edenvale ss.....	9 00
Hibbert .....	17	Watford .....	20 13
Cheltenham ss.....	5	Sundridge, Kx. ss....	2 87
Harriston, Kx. ss.....	10	Springfield, Chal. ss..	4
Flos, Kx. ss.....	4 65	Heckston, St. And. ss.	10-05
St. Vincent, Kx. ss....	5 70	S. Ste. Marie, St. A. ss	102 77
Weston .....	125	East Zorra, Burns .....	5 15
Goderich, Kx. ss.....	15 53	" " " ss..	3
Winterbourne ss.....	3	Lieury ss.....	4
Mt. Pleasant ss.....	4 60	Wlesherton, Chal.....	6 25
Toronto, St. Enoch's ss	7 71	Sarawak ss.....	4 88
Kenmore ss.....	9	Dracon .....	5 60
Oro Tp., Guth ss.....	4	Kintore ss.....	3 55



Warwick, Kx. ss. ....	5 94	Rock ss. ....	2 60	Wingham, St. A. ....	107 03	Tor., Central ss. ....	12 20
Black Creek ss. ....	1 37	Alexandria ss. ....	5 61	Brightside ss. ....	2 50	Lindsay, St. And. ss. ....	2 75
Felton ss. ....	2 35	Keady, Chal. ss. ....	8 90	Bathurst, Cal. ss. ....	2 62	Willo v Moore ss. ....	5 20
Lochwinnoch ss. ....	8 50	N. Derby ss. ....	4	Merivale ss. ....	5 60	Kip en, St And. ....	75
Goldsmith ss. ....	75	Bradford, St. J. ss. ....	3	Tottnhm, Fraser ss. ....	5	Paris ss. ....	8 82
Ottawa, Stewarton. ....	270	Fairfield E. ss. ....	1	Brampton. ....	6 10	Hartfel, Pevnsy ss. ....	2 55
" ss. ....	18 58	Doe Lake ss. ....	60	Sunnidale Cors. ss. ....	5 50	Burnstown ss. ....	23
Indian Lands ss. ....	8 50	Hibbert, Roy's Sta. ....	12	Martintown, St. A. ss. ....	16 50	Comber, St. And. ....	62 30
Wyoming ss. ....	3 57	S. River, Chal. ss. ....	1 25	West Lorne ss. ....	4	Elora, Kx ss. ....	5
Westmeath, St. A. ss. ....	7 92	Omeme ss. ....	4 31	Holstein ss. ....	12 90	Mt. Forest, Wmstr ss. ....	12
Sixteen, Kx. ss. ....	5	Guelph, Chal. ss. ....	13	Harrington, Kx ss. ....	8	Chester ss. ....	6
Cookstown ss. ....	8 10	Blackstock ss. ....	1	E. Kildonan ss. ....	7 60	Torbolton. ....	15 50
Mt. Albert, Chal. ss. ....	6 78	Dewittville ss. ....	2	Peterboro, St. A. ss. ....	10 50	Crumlin ss. ....	3 96
Perth, Kx. ss. ....	10	Port Arthur, Kx ss. ....	6 95	Rosseau, St. A. ss. ....	7 25	N. Wmstr, 1st ss. ....	9
N. Easthope ss. ....	4	Valetta ss. ....	4 50	Maple Lake Sta. ss. ....	1 50	Mrs. L. Hanna. ....	13
South Plympton. ....	25	Glencoe. ....	100	Orrville ss. ....	2	Tor., Rosedale. ....	5 0
" ss. ....	3 87	L'Original, St. A. ss. ....	4 27	James Turner. ....	100	Rodney ss. ....	13
Strathroy, St. And. ....	91 45	Sunbury ss. ....	3 75	Komoka ss. ....	6	Tor., St. Giles ss. ....	20
Kilsyth. ....	26	Centreville ss. ....	5	Rylstone. ....	14	Monck ss. ....	5 50
Scotia, Un. ss. ....	3 51	Tor., Cowan Ave. ....	200	Tor., Chal. ....	375	Rv. David MacLaren. ....	16 40
Plum Creek ss. ....	2	Hagervl, St. A. ss. ....	4 80	Tor., Ersk. Mrs. Dal. cl. ....	6 25	Claude. ....	100
Swansea, Morn. ss. ....	9 40	Valens ss. ....	2 75	Holland Centr ss. ....	1 50	Centre Road, Kx. ....	98 46
Oro, Esson ss. ....	12 27	Tor., Reid Ave. ss. ....	5	Warton, St. Pa. ss. ....	6 65	Vaughan, St. A. St. P. ....	14
Kilbride ss. ....	6 60	Ethel ss. ....	9	Woodbr ge ss. ....	6 60	Seymour W. ss. ....	5 82
Rev. Hugh McLean. ....	10	Beaverton, Kx ss. ....	2 65	Lindsay, St. And. ss. ....	13 91	Brucefield ss. ....	9
Oro, Central ss. ....	3	Sonya, St. And. ....	35	Towline ss. ....	2	Porstnouth. ....	4
Oro, St. And. ss. ....	3	Melbourne, Guth. ....	12	Tor., St. Jas. Sq. ....	200	Esplin ss. ....	7 71
Hymers ss. ....	3 26	E. Zorra, ss 10 line 2. ....	9 82	Calabogie. ....	19 33	Cresswell. ....	3 70
Stewartville. ....	19	Wmstown, St. A. ss. ....	10	Avonbank ss. ....	5 41	Mandaamin ss. ....	1 10
Winterbourne. ....	19	Cottesloe ss. ....	5	Elora Knox. ....	133 30	Beulah ss. ....	1
Brantford, Alex. ss. ....	6 75	Snow Road ss. ....	5 31	Brucefield, Un. ....	28	Cobalt ss. ....	6 75
Milltown, Kx. ss. ....	2 18	Mississippi ss. ....	3 27	Bracebridge, Kx ss. ....	9 92	Maple Val, St. A. ss. ....	10 35
Hawkesville, St. A. ss. ....	3	Amos. ....	57 25	Newtonville ss. ....	2 70	Trenton, St. A. ss. ....	5
Nottawaga, W. ss. ....	1 70	Berlin, St. And. ....	231	Cobourg, St. A. ss. ....	5	Aberardr, St. Jno. ....	26 45
Rylstone ss. ....	4	Almonte, St. And. ss. ....	12 81	Iderton ss. ....	1 25	Essex, St. And. ....	12 03
Linwood ss. ....	2 05	Grafton ss. ....	16 75	Everett, Kx ss. ....	6	Elora, Chal. ss. ....	5
Earlton ss. ....	1	Allistn, Burne ss. ....	11	Beechwood, St. A. ss. ....	13 55	Clifford, Un ss. ....	2 38
Woodville. ....	130	E. Seneca ss. ....	5	Ailsa Craig. ....	175	Rv. D. N. Coburn. ....	14 10
Hamilton, St. Pa. ss. ....	52	Strabare. ....	38	Carlisle. ....	75	Rv. N. H. McGillivry. ....	8
Wroxeter ss. ....	15 73	Aspdin. ....	10	Chalk River ss. ....	6 51	Rv. H. J. Pritchard. ....	8
Crawford ss. ....	6 40	S. Indian ss. ....	4 30	Nia on Lake, St. A. c.e. ....	30	Rv. G. S. Scott. ....	16
St. Cath. Kx. ....	172	Casselman ss. ....	5 30	Caintown, St. Pa. ss. ....	5	Rv. T. R. Shearer. ....	8
Clifford, Kx. ss. ....	5	Thessalon ss. ....	4 15	Mattawa, St. And. ss. ....	2 05	Rv. L. W. Thom. ....	10
Lakefield ss. ....	7 76	Lamon ss. ....	5	Ratho ss. ....	2	Rv. J. H. Woodside. ....	8
Markham Tp., Mel. ss. ....	2 03	Ham. Wmstr. ....	9 65	New Glasgow. ....	14 85	Rv. James Black. ....	8
Aylmer, Kx ss. ....	3	Campbellford ss. ....	10	Rodney. ....	14 65	Rv. R. G. McKay. ....	15 15
Teeswater, Kx ss. ....	10	Rv. N. R. D. Sinclair. ....	8	New Glasgow ss. ....	4	Sowerby, Kx ss. ....	2
Woodstock, Chalss. ....	5 08	Rv. F. O. Nichol. ....	5 60	Rv. F. Davey. ....	75	Blake. ....	34 15
Clydesdale ss. ....	1 05	Tor., Riverdale ss. ....	6	Bervie. ....	30	Middlevil, St. P. ss. ....	2 60
Smith's Falls St. Pa. ....	200	Horning's Mills, Kx ss. ....	7 21	Spanish Mills. ....	81 55	Southwold, McB ss. ....	1
Merrickvill, Kx ss. ....	3 64	E. Tor., Emmanuel. ....	12 30	John Island. ....	25 65	Sault Ste. Marie, St. A. ....	75 32
Dunganon, Ersk ss. ....	3	Port Albert, St. A. ....	25	" ss. ....	7 33	Rockville ss. ....	86
Portsmouth ss. ....	2 53	Rv. F. Davey. ....	11	Janetvil ss. ....	2 50	Margaret Craig. ....	25
Oxford Mills ss. ....	4 59	Euphemia, Cam. ss. ....	1 26	Ballyduff ss. ....	1 75	Sonya ss. ....	13 41
Cyrslr ss. ....	2 88	Colquhoun ss. ....	3 25	Centre Bruce. ....	17	E. Gloucestr ss. ....	20
Beswick ss. ....	2 50	White Lake ss. ....	6 49	Gravenhrst, Kx ss. ....	8 10	Strangfield ss. ....	3 25
Bellevil, St. And. ....	100	Ventnor ss. ....	4	Daywood ss. ....	2 09	Clinton, Wills. ....	17 19
Giroux Lake. ....	15	Gibraltar, Kx ss. ....	1 30	Centre Road, Kx ss. ....	3	Markham, St. And. ....	50
Monkton ss. ....	3 47	Berkly, Cook's ss. ....	1 10	Elphin ss. ....	3	Rv. G. F. F. Atki. son. ....	12 88
Carmunnoch ss. ....	2 77	Riverview, Kx ss. ....	5 50	Egypt, Thorah ss. ....	4 75	Dr. Gustavus Munro. ....	15 47
Carlingford, Kx ss. ....	1	Southwld, McBD ss. ....	20 50	Cornwall, St. Jno. ....	34	W. Ft. William ss. ....	3 25
Nassagaweya ss. ....	7 75	Beaverton, St. A. ss. ....	7	Jasper ss. ....	2	Otta., Erskine ss. ....	11 70
Melrose. ....	24 36	Rv. A. Henderson. ....	8	Shannonvil ss. ....	6 83	Matheson ss. ....	3 42
Prooline, Beth ss. ....	4	Binbrook, Kx ss. ....	4	Oro Tp. Willis ss. ....	6 50	Bryanston ss. ....	2 65
Beeton ss. ....	7 87	Ospringe. ....	13	Gordonville. ....	6 05	Gananogue, St. A. ss. ....	10
Dunnville, Kx ss. ....	19	Cornwall, Kx ss. ....	21 54	Northeote ss. ....	6 10	Lakeport ss. ....	7 80
Arthur, St. A. ss. ....	32 75	Leith ss. ....	3	Otta, Bank St. ....	200	Westwood ss. ....	2
Colborne, St. A. ss. ....	20 66	Berlin. ....	6	Admaston, Barrs. ....	20	Ham., McNab. ....	530
Nottawa ss. ....	1 75	Aldboro ss. ....	4 77	W. Adelaide ss. ....	7 60	Streetvil, St. A. ss. ....	14 70
Lindsay, St. A. ....	100	Biddulph, Frsr ss. ....	8	Lindsay, St. A. ....	100	Holst-in. ....	10 80
Blackstone. ....	9 50	Kirkfield, St. A. ss. ....	7 50	Blackstock ss. ....	7 75	E. Wawanosh. ....	43
Falding. ....	10 55	W. Adelaide. ....	28 25	Motherwell ss. ....	6	N. Gower ss. ....	8
James Bay Junct. ....	25 45	Vaughan, Kx ss. ....	6 05	Tarbert ss. ....	4	N. Caradoess. ....	5 52
Est. Rv. E. B. Rogers. ....	4 000	Wmsburg ss. ....	5 45	Tor., Old St. A. ....	200	Rv. T. A. Fell. ....	8
New Liskeard, St. A. ss. ....	9 12	Lobo, Mel. ss. ....	5 25	Nichol ss. ....	1 92	Rv. Hugh Cowan. ....	16 40
Hyde Park ss. ....	5 7	Port Credit ss. ....	5 59	Alliston ss. ....	7 32	Ridge. ....	3 60
Blakeith ss. ....	5	Bluevale, Kx ss. ....	12 25	Hollin ss. ....	2	Rv. J. A. Cranston. ....	8
S. Ste. Marie, St. A. ....	6 55	Priceville. ....	50	St. Thos., Alma ss. ....	8 15	Rv. Thos. J. Davidson. ....	8
Est. Rv. Dr. Hamilton. ....	400	Fleshrtm, Chal. ss. ....	2 23	Dixie ss. ....	7 90	Rv. H. J. McDiarmid. ....	16 90
Rv. Jas Hamilton. ....	37 50	Stewartvil ss. ....	7	Amhrst Isle, St. Pa ss. ....	3 50	Bathurst. ....	2 75
Ridgetown, Zion ss. ....	5	Ancaster, St. A. ss. ....	2 50	Esquesng, Bostn ss. ....	3 57	Rv. John Radford. ....	8
Malton, Burns ss. ....	3	Waterdown, Kx ss. ....	7 85	Bishop's Mills ss. ....	4	Watford ss. ....	5
Norval ss. ....	2 70	Brampton, St. A. ss. ....	8	Manotick ss. ....	5 35	Otta, St. And. ....	90 66
Palmerstn, Kx ss. ....	12 24	St. Thomas, Kx ss. ....	8 95	Eganvil, Mel. ss. ....	9	Spring Hill ss. ....	5
Teeswater, Kx. ....	50	Calabogie ss. ....	2 43	Plum Creek ss. ....	9 23	Perth, Kx. ....	14
Lacona ss. ....	11 58	Edwards, Kx ss. ....	75	Tavistock, Kx ss. ....	2 30	Arthur, St. And. ss. ....	6 23
Southmptn, St. A. ss. ....	7	Metcalfe ss. ....	2	Eden Mills. ....	18	Rv. Wm. McConnell. ....	8
Doon ss. ....	2 50	Reay ss. ....	1 30	Arnprior, St. And. ....	93 75	Rv. John David on. ....	8
Londesboro, Kx. ....	19	Tor., Chinese. ....	21 60	Wolfetown ss. ....	5 50	Tenby Bay ss. ....	60
" ss. ....	5	Bolsover ss. ....	5	Otta, St. Paul's. ....	10	Chatham, 1st. ....	330
Hamltm, Central. ....	700	Enniskiln, St. Jno ss. ....	1 60	Bolton, Caven. ....	4	Riversdale. ....	30
Aberadr, St. Jno. ss. ....	6 50	Raleigh ss. ....	5 95	Mr. W. F. Moffat. ....	2	Beverly. ....	10
Brantfrd, Bal. St. ss. ....	5	Tamworth, St. A. ss. ....	2 68			Quaker Hill, St. A. ....	51







Big Rock ss.....	50	Little Bow, N. & S ...	21	Nanaimo, Needhm ss ..	3	Mira, Eton ss ..	4
The Hall ss ..	2	Rv. W. G. Brown .....	8	Cascade ss .....	3	Estate late Catherine	
Daysland ss.....	4	Cumberland ss .....	1 90	Vancr, 1st .....	10	McDonald.....	200
Strome ss.....	2 75	Sunnydale ss .....	1	Victoria, St. Pa. ss. ..	4 35	Bay View ss .....	3 25
Killam ss.....	3 50	High River, Chal ss..	2 90	Vancr, Robrtsn ss.....	13 90	Rv. J. H. MacVicar...	8
Homewood ss.....	2 85	Bergen .....	20	Victoria, 1st ss .....	16 60	S. Maitland ss .....	4
Lougheed ss.....	2 30	Lackey ss .....	2 10	Okanagn Centre, ss....	4 35	St. Geo. Channel ss....	1
Lochend ss .....	1 70	Camrose ss .....	4 20	Agassiz ss.....	5		
Raymond ss .....	6 50	Cottonwood Grove....	50	Extension ss.....	2 35	<b>New Brunswick.</b>	
Nebraska ss.....	1	Norwood ss .....	8 25	Sandwich ss .....	5 10	St. And. Greenock ss..	8
Pinchr Crk, Kx ss....	10 40	Lethbridge, Kx ss. ....	10	Ymir ss .....	5	Gleason Road, St. J. ss.	2
Red Deer Lake ss....	12 30	Maple Creek, Robert-		Ymir ss .....	15	Caracuet ss .....	2 25
Cowley ss.....	4	son Mem. s.....	11 05	Merrit ss.....	1	Up. Brighton ss.....	1
Little Red Deer.....	9 50	Mountain Mills ss.....	8 75	Victoria, St. A. ss. ....	18 85	Lower Napan ss.....	2
Manly ss.....	3 20	Imperial ss.....	3 45	Alberni, St. A. ss .....	3	Paspebiac W. ss.....	2 50
Meridian .....	3	Strathcona, Kx .....	50	St. Aidan's ss .....	4		
Coleman, Inst. Ch, ss..	5	Tofield, St. And. ss ....	3 45	Gordon Head ss.....	4	<b>Prince Edward</b>	
Cochrane, St. A. ss....	6 80	Richardson ss.....	5	Keremos ss .....	10	<b>Island.</b>	
Davis ss.....	5 30	Strathcona, Kx ss....	15	Pender ss .....	4 25	Clyde River ss.....	3
Medicine Hat ss.....	11 40	<b>British Columbia.</b>		Kitsilano ss .....	17 20	Marie ss.....	7 20
Vegreville ss .....	3 60	Fernie, Knox ss.....	7 25	Victoria, St. Col ss ...	5 30	S. Pinette ss.....	3
E. Clover Bar ss.....	3 6	Hulcar ss .....	3 70	Ashcroft.....	17 50		
Agricola, St. Pa ss....	5 10	Cedar Cottage ss.....	8 40	Enderby, St. A ss.....	7 10	<b>Miscellaneous.</b>	
Delaware St. A.....	10	Vancr, Mt. Pleas ss. ....	12 75	Central Park .....	23 40	Rv. J. Goforth.....	20
Canmore ss .....	3 50	Sapperton, Kx ss.....	8 85	Golden, St. A. ss .....	5	Rv. John Eadie .....	8
Rv. T. M. Murray.....	15 45	Cranbrooke, Kx ss....	11 60	Mission City ss.....	2 50	Friend, Oil City.....	20
Pine Ridge.....	2	Vancr, Dun a ss. ....	5 35	Sooke, Knox ss.....	25	W. H. M. S. ....	619 57
Mauley.....	2	Arrowhead ss .....	3 10	Alberni, Ind. Miss.....	4 50	Pr Rv. A. D. Menzies..	47 31
Lac Ste. Anne .....	1	N. Vancr, St. And. ss..	8 50	" " ss.....	5	Rv. W. Gauld.....	8
Okotoks, St. Lu ss....	5 20	Gutelius ss .....	6 55	Needles ss.....	1 85	Mrs A. S. Jamieson,...	7
Clear View ss.....	2	Winlaw ss .....	5	Fort Langley, St. A. ss.	3 05	Rv. Wm. Millican .....	8
Spring Bank ss.....	4 75	Kaslo, St. A. ss .....	5 25	Victoria, Kx ss .....	7 5	Rv. D. Macgillivray...	13 80
Beaver Lake ss .....	2 75	Haney, S. A. ss.....	7 75	Revelstoke, St. A.....	10 85	Pr Rv. J. McP. Scott..	40
Penhold, Chal ss. ....	2 10	Silverton ss .....	5 05	North Bend .....	50	Pr Rv. J. E. Menancon	75
Innisfail ss .....	5 10	Princeton ss .....	7	Spallumcheen.....	20	A Friend.....	20
E. Clover Bar ss.....	4 75	Kelowna, Beth. ss.....	7 75	Kitsilano ss.....	2	St. John's, Nfld, St. A. ss	7
Ministik, Deville.....	3 50	Harrison Riv ss .....	2 65	<b>Nova Scotia.</b>		Est. David Armstrong	1,525 50
Kelvin Grove ss.....	5	Atlin, St. And. ss.....	30	Blue Rocks ss.....	2 30	Pr Rv. S. J. Taylor....	98 60
Hillhurst ss .....	5	Chilliwick ss .....	10 40	Waverly ss .....	3 70	Pr Agent Halifax.....	150
Lone Pine ss .....	5	Van Anda ss .....	11 50	Westvil, St. Phil ss....	15 56	A Friend .....	250
Olds ss .....	5	Union Bay ss.....	4 10	Lunenburg ss.....	8	Harbor Grace, Nfld ss.	3 14
Davisburg .....	21 25	Denman Island.....	13 50	Amherst, St. Ste ss ..	16 80	Pr Rv. Dr. McCurdy..	1,228 31
Pine Creek .....	22	Midway ss.....	1 60	Waterville ss.....	2		
Melrose.....	4 60	Galena, Brisco ss.....	5	W. Quoddy ss.....	3 75		
Ponoka ss .....	6 60						
Rv. A. D. Archibald....	7 15						

The Presbyterian Record

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Edited by E. Scott, M.A., D.D.

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# The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Oct.	Rec'd Mar. 1 to Oct. 31.
Foreign Missions.	\$2,335.27	\$35,070.25
Home Missions.....	331.27	4,053.52
Augmentation.....	127.77	1,927.92
College.....	652.17	7,832.57
A. and I. Ministers..	60.00	1,791.37
French Evangelizatr	79.20	577.46
Pt-aux-Trembles....	—	125.00
For North West.....	260.00	2,002.56
Children's Day Col...	916.82	1,164.79
Assembly Fund.....	20.00	101.10
Bursary Fund.....	30.00	831.10
Library.....	56.65	264.54
Widows' & Orphans.	5.00	33.00
Temp., Moral Reform	34.50	180.05
Unallocated.....	225.85	2,252.77
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$5,134.50</b>	<b>\$58,213.00</b>

## Received during October,

At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,  
by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,  
and divided among the Funds  
as directed by the donors.

Reported .....	53,078	50	Riv John, Salem ss....	4 30
New Aberdeen ss.....	8		Carleton, N.B. ss.....	10 60
Wallace ss.....	3		Shediac ss.....	3
Sydney ss.....	10		Kensington ss.....	4 34
Elmsdale ss.....	8 21		Belfast, Newton ss...	5
Millford ss.....	7		Moser Riv. ss.....	7
Gay's River ss.....	8 31		St Peter's ss.....	10 70
Neil's Harbor ss.....	5 00		Brae ss.....	3 50
Bridgetown ss.....	2 25		Clifton, P.E.I. ss.....	6 52
Newtown ss.....	2 58		Old Barns, c.e. ss.....	10
E. Riv., St. Mary's ss..	2 51		Salina.....	5 81
McLellan's Brook ss..	1 50		Rv. Jas. McLean, D.D.	60
McLellan's Mt. ss.....	1 50		Bethany ss.....	2 45
Riv John, Salem ss..	1 75		Kenneth ss.....	1 00
E. Westworth ss.....	1 24		Windsor Friend.....	10
Yarmouth ss.....	8 17		Miss M. C. Polson....	5
Isaac's Harbor.....	5		Springville ss.....	5
Plaster Rock.....	11		Montague ss.....	1 68
Elmsdale, mem.....	10		Hilden ss.....	4 55
Lr. Stewiacke.....	10		Eldon ss.....	4 30
Hx., Park.....	52 00		Redbank, St. Step. ss.	9
Sunny Brae, St. Paul..	40		" St. Phil. ss.....	3
New Mills.....	100		Chatham, St. And.....	14 01
Gulf Shore ss.....	1 30		Pt. a la Garde ss.....	2 60
Boulardarie ss.....	2		Valley ss.....	2 38
Grand Falls ss.....	5		Hx., Chalmer's.....	50
Trenton.....	11 25		Brookway, York Mls..	10
New Glasgow 1st.....	150		Dalhousie ss.....	11
Eureka ss.....	7		Roseburn ss.....	4 50
Dalhousie Junction ss.	3 79		Napan, Union ss.....	3
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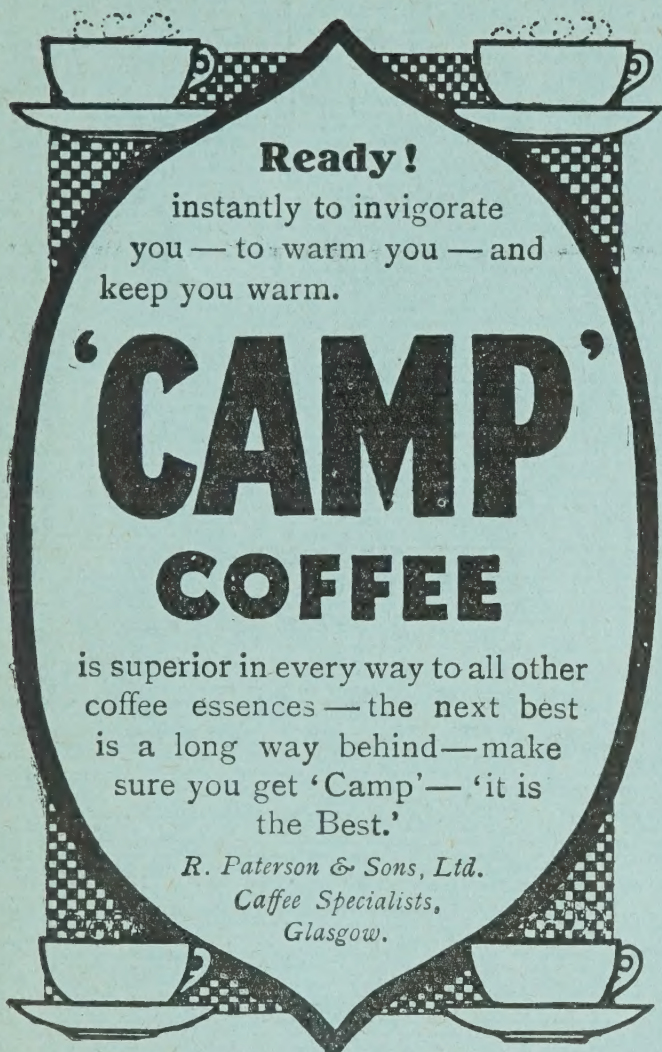
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in the civil courts for advice given under  
the sanctity of the confessional. The world  
moves, and generally upward."

Rabbi Hirsh says: "Seventy-five per cent.  
of the white slave traffic in Chicago is in  
Jewish hands. The owners of the most of  
the immoral resorts on the West Side are  
Jews. Even in Gentile neighborhoods Jews  
stand out prominently in this nefarious  
business." The Jew is in this hellish busi-  
ness because there are immense sums of  
money to be made out of it, just as he is in  
the theatre business. And in both businesses  
he can, unfortunately, see nothing else but  
the money.—Ex.

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A lie, cast upon the waters, after many days will come back again.

It is a great accomplishment to know how to make the best of life as it comes.

"I'd rather walk with God in the dark,  
Than walk alone in the light."

The great value of the widow's mite lay in the fact that it was not her "spare cash."

Forgiveness is man's deepest need and highest achievement.—Bushnell.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.—Solomon.

"So long as one speaks of his sins with relish, he would be lonesome without them."

"Wealth does not consist in what one leaves behind, but in what he takes along."

No man can take more happiness out of life for himself than he puts in for others.

The reins of the body must be given into Christ's hands ere he can fully reign over the soul.

The greatest fault, I should say, is to be conscious of none but other people's—Carlyle.

To persevere in one's duty and to be silent is the first answer to calumny.—Washington.

What to others are disappointments, are to believers intimations of the way and will of God.—John Newton.

There is no thought that more transforms a man's life than the thought that he can tie his life up to the doing of the will of God.—Spier.

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street, not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng, but in ourselves are triumph and defeat."

Seldom can the heart be lonely if it seek a lonelier still; self forgetting, seeking only emptier cups of love to fill.—Frances Ridley Havergal.

"When the Keeley cure fails, try the Calvary cure," said a mission worker to a crowd of down-and-outs. That advice has been tested and found good.

God wants work of us. He is working. He offers His power to us if we will work with Him. Greater deeds than have ever been done do not wait upon His willingness, but upon our obedience.

"Now I get me up to work,  
I pray Thee, Lord, I may not shirk;  
If I should die before to-night,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my work's all right."

Any indulgence which leaves a person with lessened powers, is dissipation, and to be included in the temperate person's catalogue of "Thou shalt nots."

There are a great many things which God will put up with in a human heart; there is one thing he will not put up with—a second place.—Ruskin.

"We can all do more than we have done, and be not a whit the worse; it never was loving that emptied the heart, nor giving that emptied the purse."

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees. What love begins can only be finished by God.—Victor Hugo.

The right measure of energy is not accomplishment, but purpose. A high purpose unattained is better than a low one realized, the energy being the same.

"We may fully trust the promises of God, for His justice will not suffer Him to deceive, His grace will not suffer Him to forget, His truth will not suffer Him to change, and His power makes Him able to accomplish all that He has promised."

Be not anxious about little things, if thou wouldst learn to trust God with thine all. Act upon faith in little things; commit thy daily cares and anxieties to him, and he will strengthen thy faith for greater trials that may come.

"My theology now," said the dying Spurgeon to a friend, "is in four little words, 'Jesus died for me.' I do not say that this would be all I should preach were I raised up again, but it is enough to die upon—'Jesus died for me.'"

To carry with us the thought of God in every employment and entertainment of the day—this is to walk with God. In reading, in studying, in working with the hands, in walks and drives, to keep fresh the presence of God is to bring the divine into our lives.

Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness—these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value. Are they not almost the staple of our daily happiness? From hour to hour, from moment to moment, we are supported, blessed by small kindnesses.—F. W. Robertson.